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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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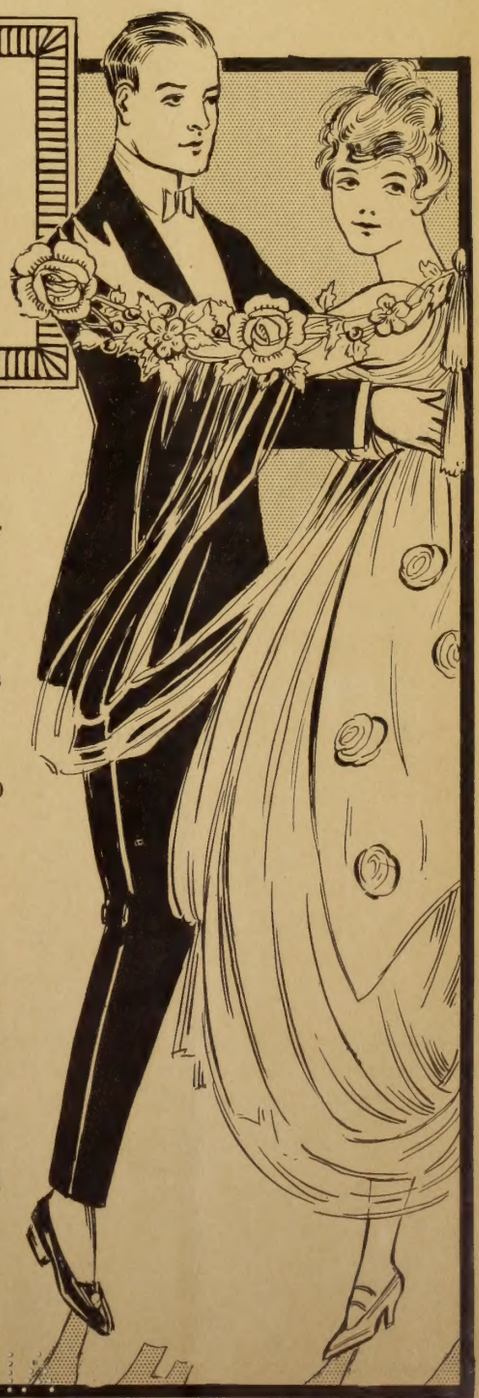

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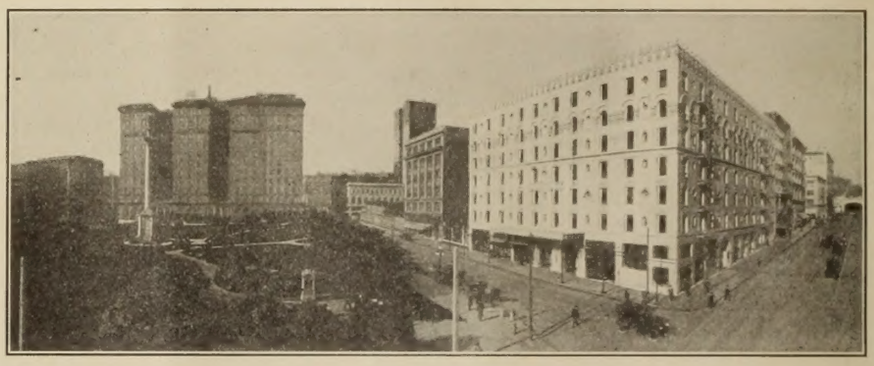

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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An Idealist's Law

The Pacific Mail Company is going out of business in November, after which the Japanese will make a clean sweep of the Pacific. Such is the outlook. Something may occur to disappoint Japanese expectations, but as to this there is no speculation at present. A situation has been made by our scholarly government at Washington, and that situation portends the disappearance of the American flag from the Pacific. Whether the Japanese are to have exclusive enjoyment of the deep Pacific bosom is a question that must hang fire until the nations of Europe have had their say. In the near future these nations will have much to say on this question. Twenty-one of them have been served with notice that the United States intends to terminate such provisions of treaties with them as conflict with the Seamen's law which Congress passed at the last session at the dictation of our renowned water front idealist Mr. Andrew Furuseth. Already five nations including England, have served notice that they will not comply with the enactments of our Congress made for the benefit of Andy's union boys. So it would appear that Andy has raised an international disturbance. Indeed he has done more than that. As the twenty-one treaties that conflict with Andy's ideals deal with consular functions, the settlement of estates, diplomatic immunities, customs, port and lighthouse dues and too many other matters to be listed it is clear that Andy has badly complicated matters. These are matters of small consequence in Andy's philosophy. Andy is concerned only about the welfare of the sailor and the prosperity of the Seamen's Union. The object of his bill is to provide work and luxuries for white seamen, the only seamen that join the union. When this Furuseth law is enforced every sailor will sleep in a feather bed and have money to burn in every port.

The Idealist's Blunder

Now that the nature of the Seamen's bill is becoming generally known the Congress that passed it is receiving much severe censure, and Andy is writing letters to the press in defense of his pet creation. He denies that it is on account of the Seamen's bill that the Pacific Mail is going out of business, and he points out that the company announced its intention to go out of business at the time of the passage of the Panama Canal bill into which was injected a proviso that no railroad company should own or operate or have any interest whatsoever in any steamship property which competed with itself. This bill did force the Pacific Mail to give up part of its traffic, but in time matters were adjusted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the company intended to develop its Pacific trade, and would be doing so now on a large scale had not the Seamen's bill been passed. This bill provides that 75 per cent of the crew of each department in a steamship must understand the orders of an officer. Fully 90 per cent of all seamen on ships operating in the trans-Pacific trade are Japanese, Chinese, Singhalese, Malays or Hindus. They have interpreters to interpret the orders of officers, but they don't join Andy's union. Hence they must be got rid of. If all ships are to be compelled to operate under Mr. Furuseth's union labor law, American, German, French and British merchant vessels will have to quit doing business with this country, and Andy will be the dictator of the world's merchant marine. But has the water front idealist done anything for white seamen? Not a thing. He has made competition with the Japanese impossible, and the Japanese are making preparations to take full advantage of all that Andy has done for them.

When a Professor Is Fired

Judging from the pother it has caused the dismissal of Professor Nearing from the teaching staff of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania was about the worst thing that has happened in this country since the Baltimore convention. Professor Nearing lost his job because he talked too much. Consequently the right of free speech received a terrible blow in Pennsylvania. This we learn from raging, indignant, wild-eyed college professors all over the land. The right of free speech is very dear to every college professor who believes it to be his mission to prop the tottering pillars of government. Every college professor to whom every problem of the day is a burning one is extremely jealous of the right of free speech. What the crank college professor conceives to be the right of free speech is the right to preach whatever he pleases and to teach the young idea to shoot in whatever direction seems right according to the angle of his mental vision. To the trustees of a college or university he concedes the right to employ him on whatever theory they may hold regarding his qualifications. The right to dismiss him is another matter. The trustees have no right, in the professor's opinion, to conclude that by abusing the right of free speech he is injuring the educational institution that pays him his salary. His profound conviction is that a conclusion so detrimental to his interests being necessarily fatal to academic freedom does great harm to the school. Thus reasons Professor Nearing and all the learned gentlemen of academic circles who are in sympathy with him. Professor Nearing is the typical college dogmatist, a fine specimen of the kind of material out of which the faculties of American universities are being fashioned. It is to the Professor Nearings of the land that we are indebted for many curious contrivances by which the outward fabric of society is to be made to respond to the vague demands of the inner life. Professor Nearing is of course on a high moral plane whence he scans the large stretches of time. In all probability that good word "service" that has been prostituted to cant by all our uplifters is spoken nasalwise by this apostle of free speech who is now free to take to the soap box where he belongs and where he may assail whatever displeases him without fear of any trustees. He has been fired, but not gagged. If his message is really important he doesn't need a university behind him.

The Hearst Power

To love power, to be possessed of the instruments of power and to be afraid to use them—this is the irony of fate exemplified in the career of Mr. William R. Hearst. We know that Mr. Hearst loves to boast of his power. He is incessantly pointing with pride to the things he has accomplished by means of his powerful newspapers. And such is the vanity of the man that we frequently find him in the role of the fly on the coach-wheel exclaiming: "What a dust do I raise! And at what a speed do I drive!" The evidences of his power are not always what they seem. Often, as in the Franck case, Mr. Hearst makes a big noise in glorification of himself when his head ought to be drooping in shame. As soon as Franck was pardoned Hearst called on all of us to behold to what good use he had put his tremendous influence. Far away from Georgia, in a personal, private letter to the Governor he had appealed to executive clemency. The letter was full of fine rhetoric and fine sentiments and the Hearst ego throbbed in every line Now this letter might have been of some value had it been published in the Hearst paper of

the city of Atlanta before action was taken in the Franck case by the Governor. But it was not published in that paper. Nor has that paper defended the Governor for doing what Hearst privately urged him to do. Thus we see that with all his boasted power the great self-advertised philanthropist, patriot and humanitarian has not the courage of his convictions. Mr. Hearst is a very rich man. He inherited great wealth, which he has used ingeniously to lower the tone of the American press, to debase the profession of journalism, to befuddle and demoralize the mob and sap the institutions of his country. In these accomplishments Mr. Hearst has vindicated his power and earned the contempt of all decent people.

Some Hearst Policies

Pamper local prepossessions and prejudices. Such is the shibboleth of each of the Hearst newspapers. Therefore it was against Hearst policy for the Hearst newspaper in Atlanta to urge the commutation of Leo Franck's sentence. We do not know whether Hearst really felt that Franck should not be hanged, but better that he be hanged than that Hearst should lose a subscriber in Atlanta. Owing to certain business considerations it was not for Hearst to soften the prejudices of the people of Atlanta or to make it easier for the Governor of Georgia to obey his conscience. Enough that Hearst write a letter by which he might vindicate his sympathy with the Jews of America in their efforts to save the life of a victim of race hatred. Such is the man who is proud of the Southern blood that he has called to public attention; the man of great power who is molding public opinion in the United States and making a great pecuniary success of his profession. Mr. Hearst's great respect for local prejudices is receiving fresh illustration in Los Angeles where his paper is agitating for the substitution of Los Angeles for San Francisco on the Southern Pacific Railway's station sign boards. It is a great injustice to Los Angeles, he says, to advertise San Francisco instead of Los Angeles. Nay, "it is an insult to the great city and port to ignore it as a terminal point." To the tourist who has been to "the great Pacific terminal," who has seen "the second largest city in area in the United States, there is no meaning for him in a sign that tells him as he rolls eastward that he is so many miles east of San Francisco." These signs, the Los Angeles Examiner says, are "a ridiculous survival," and they should be changed. Thus does the proprietor of the San Francisco Examiner gladden the hearts of the Middle West yokels who are hugging the delusion that acres of oranges make a city. Wherever there is an ass Hearst sees a potential subscriber, wherever there is a growing band of fanatics he sees a field for new circulation, and so now he is in cahoot with the rich captains of the prohibition industry and aiding the propaganda under cover with a series of articles purporting to be from the pen of Jess Willard the prizefighter, but which are written by a reporter. There is no form of mean deception that this son of the South will not practice for gain.

The Big Diplomatic Contest

Italy having joined the Allies the question now is, What will Rumania do? Rumania can mobilize a well-equipped army of one million men. So a great deal depends on the attitude and policy of Rumania. Further, the attitude and policy of Rumania will determine the conduct of other Balkan States. These are considerations that the diplomatists of Europe have had in mind ever since the first gun was fired, and the diplomatists of all the combatant nations have been busy in the Balkan States. They have found the situation there a most complicated one, for there are conflicting interests not only between the States but in the States. Where the people are for one side the ruler is for the other, as in Rumania, and what is wanted by one State is precisely what another State insits on having. How to conciliate all interests is a problem the statesmen of Russia, England and France have been sweating over nearly a year, and their difficulty increases with every German victory gained against the Russians because it is Russia that holds the key to the Balkan situation, and Russian prestige must be sustained to make assurance sure. But there is always a prospect of the Rumanians rushing in, for the sympathy of the masses are undoubtedly on the side of the Allies. While the high society of Rumania is decidedly Francophile, the lower clergy, and with them the masses, are Russophile, belonging to the same Eastern orthodox church. Some of the leading statesmen of Rumania, however, would rather side with Austria than Russia. They remember that Rumania fought with Russia and won a brilliant victory for her, and that Russia appropriated the best part of the spoils. At the Congress of Berlin in 1878 Russia insisted that Rumania should cede to her the provinces of Bessarabia. Now it is Bessarabia that Rumania wants, and doubtless Russia is willing she should have it. But Bulgaria must get something too. Bulgaria wants Central Macedonia which fell to Serbia as the prize of the Second Balkan War. Here is a complication that must be straightened out. The Serbian Government pleads that it dare not yield Macedonia for fear of Serbian public opinion. The Serbians are looking forward to a great extension of territory including Bosnia and Herzgovina, but the Dual Monarchy has not yet been dismembered, nor are the Germans backing up, and it is still a long way to Berlin, even to Constantinople. Moreover the Germans have diplomatists as well as guns and soldiers, and they are sensible of the victories to be won on the Balkan peninsula. Meanwhile the paramount question is, What will Rumania do? Rumania is suffering. Her export trade is practically dead. Neutrality means to Rumania the indefinite prolongation of the moratorium.

Perspective Impressions

Why not greet Bryan with bell-ringers and yodlers so as to make him feel at home?

Wonder if the great Chautauquan will expect a "percentage of the gate" when he speaks at the Fair?

Suggestion for Bryan Day at the Fair: Have D'Arcy Ryan arrange a display of fireworks to be called "Blowing-up of the Peace Ship Piffle."

With William J. Bryan as orator of the day one may best give vent to his patriotic feelings this Fourth of July by shunning the formal celebration.

Terrible is the power of the American plutocrat, but where is there one with the power that was exercised in Washington by Andy Furuseth when he scuttled what remains of the American merchant marine, put Japan in possession of the Pacific and tore up twenty-one treaties?

Poet Markham occupied a pulpit last Sunday. And yet the preachers wonder why the pews are empty.

Certain millionaires make the mistake of thinking that their wealth is the reward of their virtue. In reality it is the punishment of their wickedness.

"This nation," says the San Francisco Coast Banker, "some day is going to realize the true worth of Mr. Hearst and reward him accordingly." An apotheosis, or the other thing?

Says a Washington despatch: "President Wilson is having the new Seamen's law closely reviewed to determine whether its effect on American shipping makes amendments necessary." With all due deference we submit that it is not the part of wisdom to sign a bill before finding out the nature of it. Mr. Wilson signed the Seamen's bill.

'Tis said property makes a slave of its owner, but who would not rather be a bondman to an estate than suffer the servitude of poverty?

"Billy Sunday got converted, quit drinking, and is now the greatest evangelist in the world," writes the press agent who is doing Jess Willard's autobiography. We have no diffculty in repressing a feeling of gratitude.

There are blue books, green books, yellow books, white books and red books each designed to prove that its author tried to keep the peace. In time we shall learn that it was the militant and savage Belgians that started all the trouble.

According to the latest war bulletin from the City of Paris Dry Goods Company Paul Verdier "nearly lost his life in the trenches," where, it appears, a shrapnel splinter tore off the heel of his boot. This seems to imply that Paul, like Achilles, is vulnerable in his dancing apparatus.

Varied Types

CCXXXVI—DR. RUPERT BLUE

By Edward F. O'Day

You who have been to Hamelin Town near Hanover City cannot have forgotten the Rattenfangerhaus, the Rat Catcher's House. A quaint old house it is, as becomes a house associated for centuries with that quaint old legend of the Pied Piper. But do you know that there is a Rattenfangerhaus in San Francisco? It stands on one of the Fillmore street hills, quite an ordinary house, with nothing quaint about it. It was in that house I first met Dr. Rupert Blue.

It was in 1907 that Dr. Rupert Blue, a very modern sort of Pied Piper, came to San Francisco and opened the Rattenfangerhaus. He did not come a stranger, as the Pied Piper came to Hamelin. He had done the city considerable service during the bubonic plague trouble of 1903-4; so he did not have to explain his qualifications when he returned.

"In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats:
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats,"

the Pied Piper told the burghers of Hamelin, but Dr. Rupert Blue did not blow his own horn in the ears of San Francisco. He just looked us over, decided that

To see townsmen suffer so
From vermin, was a pity,

and went vigorously to work.

We were pretty badly afflicted with rats. It is true that they hadn't presumed quite as much as they did in Hamelin Town. They didn't fight the dogs and kill the cats, or bite the babies in the cradles; they didn't lick the soup from the cook's own ladles, split open the kegs of salted sprats, make nests inside men's Sunday hats, or spoil the women's chats by drowning their speaking with shrieking and squeaking in fifty different sharps and flats. But they ate the cheeses out of the vats, sure enough, and acted as the go-betweens for bubonic plague.

Dr. Blue didn't lure the rats to drowning like the Pied Piper did. He did not lead a little Mopseman round the rat-infested house and play on a Pan's pipe like the Rat Wife in "Little Eyolf." Such methods are not the fashion any more. Dr. Blue made every householder in San Francisco clean up his basement and lay concrete walks; he dropped poisoned bread down sewers and cable car slots; he had a dozen other effective ways of leading Mr. Rat to destruction.

I don't know how many rats were entered on the bills of mortality at the Rattenfangerhaus on Fillmore street during that relentless campaign of 1907-8. But I do know that rats died by thousands—

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

and that when Dr. Blue announced that he was through, San Francisco which had grumbled a good deal about the expense of the rat-drive, realized with a great deal of satisfaction that it was the cleanest city in the world, bar none.

Dr. Blue was a surgeon in the United States Public Health Service at the time of that purification. Like everybody else who got to know him at that time, I found him a quiet-spoken, unassuming, genial gentleman who never talked about his work unless you asked him to. And indeed, his work spoke for itself; it was thorough, it was scientific and it was constructive work.

The next time I met Dr. Blue I saluted him as "General" and he smiled. It was on the floor of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore. Only a few months before Dr. Blue had been appointed Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service.

"A lot of good that does me here," he said with a whimsical smile. "I got in on this," he added, showing me the badge of an assistant emergency surgeon. "I've got to go now and see if anybody has fainted," and the Surgeon General walked off to the temporary hospital at one end of the big armoury.

The other day, when I met Dr. Blue again, another great honor had come to him. He had just been elected president of the American Medical Association, one of the highest honors in the profession to which he belongs. I found him, need I say? the same quiet-spoken, unassuming, genial gentleman as ever.

I suppose everybody knows that there are two Blues, Rupert and Victor. Victor is two years older than Rupert who is just past forty-eight. Victor went to Annapolis, and has had a distinguished career in the navy. He was advanced five numbers in rank for extraordinary heroism during the Spanish-American War. He served with distinction in the Asiatic Station, rose to be Chief of Staff of the Pacific Fleet, and is now Chief of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington. Let me add one thing more of Victor Blue: He was a friend of Lucien Young.

Rupert Blue was born in Richmond county, North Carolina, in 1867. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and took his doctor's degree at the University of Maryland in 1892. In 1909 this university made him a Doctor of Science as well. In the following year he graduated from the London School of Tropical Medicine, and he ended still another course at the University of Wisconsin as late as 1913. Of course he was not a mere student or a mere collector of college degrees all these years. He had entered the United States Public Health Service as an interne in 1892. In '93 he was an assistant surgeon; in '97 he was a passed assistant surgeon; and a surgeon in 1909. He reached the top of the service as Surgeon General in January, 1912. Where has he served? It would be more fitting to ask, Where has he not served? Cincinnati, Galveston, Charleston, S. C., San Francisco, Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Genoa, Italy, New York, Norfolk and New Orleans all know the worth of Dr. Blue's work in the eradication of disease. He served through the terrible yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans in 1905. He had charge of the sanitation of the Jamestown Exposition in 1907. He came to San Francisco to keep an eye on the sanitation of our Fair, and stayed for the convention of the A. M. A. And he was genuinely surprised when the A. M. A. made him president.

"What was the outstanding feature of the A. M. A. convention?" I asked Dr. Blue the day after the convention adjourned.

"The fact that the medical profession is working toward its own undoing," answered Dr. Blue, and he went on to explain.

"There was apparent a spirit of altriusm which showed itself in a sincere desire to improve the public health as well as to improve the work of the individual practitioner. A convention like this provides the medical man with an opportunity to increase his efficiency. And it greatly advances the cause of preventive medicine.

"That is why I say that the medical profession is working toward its own undoing. It is working toward the prevention of disease. Pasteur said that certain infectious and contagious diseases could be made to disappear from the map. With the co-operation of the general public that saying can be made good; typhoid, smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever and tuberculosis can be made to disappear. A convention like this shows that there is more hope for the tubercular person every year. Every annual convention of the A. M. A. marks a step or two in advance. But we need the hearty co-operation of the general public. And the public is interested in the public health. The public is taking a profound interest in tuberculosis, cancer, malaria and the social diseases.

"The advance of preventive medicine is sometimes retarded by the patent medicines that are advertised so prominently. It is unfortunate, for instance, that sufferers from tuberculosis should put their trust in patent medicines which advertise sure cure when what these sufferers really need is expert advice, open air and instruction in the precautions against the spread of their disease. Most patent medicines that advertise to cure are fraudulent."

I asked Dr. Blue how the lay person should regard the papers read at a medical convention.

"The papers read at a convention of this kind," he answered, "are the work of safe and solid men. They are not sensational. There are eight or ten sections at an A. M. A. convention, and the papers read before each section must receive the approval of the executive committee of the section before they are published. Not all the papers read are published. The result is that the papers finally published are selected papers prepared by experts in their several lines. The newspaper reports of papers must be accepted with caution. Theories may be advanced which do not prove acceptable when they have been tested. The approved papers are published in the Journal of the American Medical Association which is edited by Dr. George H. Simmons and is the greatest medical weekly in the world. Anything published in this Journal carries weight."

I commend this statement to San Franciscans who discovered some new cause for anxiety every time they read the newspaper accounts of the convention.

"I believe in the final triumph of preventive medicine," said Dr. Blue. "Progress will be gradual, but with proper legislative and public support it will be certain."

"You are an optimist," I said.

"A robust optimist," he answered in a low but emphatic voice which inspired confidence.

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The Lantern

By Robert McTavish

I wonder if any of my friends are not reading The Lantern. If so they are friends whom I have not met since I began reading this exquisitely charming little magazine, or they are friends to whom I have given the impression that my praise is uncritical. At all events I have done my best to arouse the curiosity of friends, and to have them share with me a new pleasure. As to uncritical praise, I regard it as the most unfriendly service a man can render to a friend. I hope I am not guilty of it. But let us see. The fourth number of The Lantern is now out. It lies before me. I have read it from the first page to the end of the last. I did the same with each of its predecessors, the first of which went through two editions and is out of print along with the second number. So it is clear that there are others who think well of this new magazine which made its appearance unheralded and which has been going along swiftly on its own merits. These are days of many and persistent adventitious aids to circulation. Magazines are forced on people. The cost of printing the average yellow magazine is more than the price charged. The profit comes from advertisers. So I have often wondered whether advertisers get the worth of their money out of a magazine that has an artificial circulation. For certainly if one takes a magazine to get a set of books on the side and to help a boy solicitor it does not argue that one reads the magazine.

But I am wandering from my topic. What is there in this Lantern that I find so good, and that gives it impetus in the magazine field? In the first place it is a magazine that stimulates the flow of ideas. It is like one of those linguistic explosives called paradoxes that are employed by Chesterton to startle the mind out of a rut. There is here something distinctive. It has a literary flavor all its own. But it is not at all highbrow. It has a wide appeal. There is food for thought in it, and there is food for lovers of the piquant and the exotic. To read it is like setting out on a fresh journey, along a pleasant road on a blithe spring morning. With The Lantern one wanders across life and across literature, and there is exhilaration in the journey. This fourth number opens with an essay, or rather a study by Theodore Bonnet entitled "A Famous Wit and Beauty." The subject is a ravishing, unmoral French woman of the days of Louis XIV, the voluptuous, brilliant Ninon de l'Enclos. Ninon was a woman far more interesting than the Poisson lady, known to fame as Madame Pompadour, who made her appearance in the reign of Louis XV, but the gay chroniclers of life under the Bourbons devoted fewer chapters to the lady of many lovers than to the mistress of the royal weakling. And so I am glad that Mr. Bonnet has given Ninon her due. Evidently he has visited unfrequented quarters in quest of information which he gives to us in entertaining style, speaking to us on easy terms. He has studied a primary passion in a human body, and made us understand how it was that a frankly unchaste woman made herself beloved and respected even by the nobility of her day.

After this introductory essay comes a poem entitled Toleration of which this is the first of several stanzas all in the same delightful strain:

Believe as I believe, no more, no less;
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

The whole is excellent satire on the spirit of toleration as we have come to know it in this great country.

Next comes Edward F. O'Day at his best in an essay on "Heretics, Ancient and Modern." The ancient heretics of whom he treats were the Manicheans, in whose mouths, as St. Augustine said, were "the snares of the Devil." Mr. O'Day shows that the tribe left a numerous progeny, and that the Manicheans still cumber the earth, being the Prohibitionists of today. Manicheism as Mr. O'Day shows "was pessimism of the blackest sort.'" As a religious system it was denounced by the church of Christ, and after seven hundred years it was swept away, but the pessimism that was the root of it persists. This essay is an artistic clean-cut presentation of a subject full of historical interest. I have questioned some of my clerical friends on the subject. Two of them I found were Lantern subscribers. They told me O'Day had the right dope on the heretics. "Logical, captivating and instructive," was the criticism of one of them.

There is a very clever piece of short-story writing in this fourth Lantern. It is the work of Arthur Mills, and it is called "Exhumed." It is an old passion that is exhumed in the story, and the exhumation takes place in a cafe where a man and woman who were once lovers meet after years of separation. There is genuine art in the manner of this story. And there is genuine art, the frail rose-leaf art of Watteau, in what follows—a poem by A. E. Housman, "In The Mead." This is verse that trips on daintier feet than any verse that I have seen in magazinedom in many a day. And it tells a pretty story.

In addition to all these things there is an essay by Theodore Bonnet, "The Importance of Being Next," which abounds in sophisticated reflections, and there are several pages of epigrammatic meditations and musings, besides two more of Baudelaire's beautiful prose poems.

A unique magazine, to say the least. There is nothing like it published in this country today.

The War

What the Teutons Have Done in Galica, and What They Must Do to Win Success—Why Gustave Herve's Paper was Suppressed

By Robert McTavish

Two months ago Germany and Austria opened the campaign for the clearing of the Carpathians and the recovery of the Russian holdings in Galicia. In one month they won back Przemysl and compelled a retreat in Southern Poland. A little later they took Lemberg and threatened to turn the line of the Vistula. Presently the Russians were driven across the Dneister and town after town in the path of the Teutons was evacuated. But all the while the retreat of the Russians was as orderly as that of the Allies in France in the first month of the war. At this writing desperate battles are on all along the Teutonic front, but a decisive victory is yet to be achieved. Wonderful is the advance made by Germany. Weeks ago she relieved her ally of an imminent and vital threat, but she has yet to force a decision.

The present war is a new and strange thing. There are no standards by which it can be measured. There are some who hold that really decisive battles are of the past, and it is almost certain that while nations fight battles will never again be as decisive as they were. In a few weeks' fighting at the beginning of the war, Austria-Hungary lost nearly twice the total number of the combatants at Waterloo; but she still fights with vigor. Russia, at this moment, holds a greater number of prisoners than the total number of those engaged at Mukden. On two occasions have battle lines, as apart from lines of entrenchment, been completely pierced without producing any decision, as the term was used before this war. A decision today seems to call for the impossible: a speed of manoeuvre which is not given, a greater force than can be manoeuvred in the area, a heavier bombardment than even the genius of German organization can procure. At Waterloo, a fighting force was so dealt with that its fighting value ceased. But in the retreat from Mons, in the stand against von Morgen before Warsaw, armies fought against heavier odds, and were more roughly handled without putting an end to the fighting force of the nations they represented, or even of the units engaged. What does this mean? Apparently it means that a victory is today simply a relative thing: while one side reels, the other is stunned; that one side is incapacitated from taking the offensive for a longer time than the other.

Now if we apply these principles to the campaign of the Teutons in Galicia it would seem that nothing short of a decisive victory, one that would lead to the collapse of Russian fighting power, would justify the losses they have suffered. Even though they be able to entrench the line of the Dneister and San they will not have gained much strategically or militarily, for the Russians will be able to manoeuvre in other directions. And the Russians have thus far shown wonderful recuperating power. Also the Russian Staff has shown considerable finesse in the tactical movements in the Galicia area.

Meanwhile military experts in France and Germany are saying that while Germany is depleting her reserves of men and munitions lavishly the Russians are growing in strength both as to personnel and material.

Evidently there is much dissatisfaction in France with the way the war is going in the West. I say evidently because I have been reading what Gustave Herve said in his paper the Guerre Social. Here are some of the things said by Herve that brought upon him the strong arm of the Government:

"Every attempt to pierce the enemy's lines since winter has evidently failed. We failed on the Soissons side, in the costly affair of Crouy.

"We have tried to strangle the little hernia which the German lines form on the St. Mihiel side. We have certainly captured Les Eparges at a cost of unprecedented bravery and terrible losses, but the St. Mihiel hernia operation has not been performed.

"We tried to pierce the German lines in Champagne, we made a great effort, but, let us admit it, in spite of losses which make us shudder we did not get through.

"At the present time it looks as if an effort were being made to get through north of Arras. After a brilliant start the operation drags and the question suggests itself whether, after the month that the affair has lasted, the Germans, having received enough notice, have not accumulated considerable forces behind the points we are attacking. This time, it is hoped, will prove the lucky one, but after so many times hoping in vain we begin, if not to despair, at least to feel uneasy.

"Every one has an impression that although our military affairs may not be going badly they are not going very well, and that there is something in the huge machinery that is not working properly. What is it?

"Is there a scarcity of munitions that prevents great results? Are there not enough to carry on a violent offensive for several days in succession? Do the English lack these things? If that is so let the defensive be maintained until a sufficient stock is obtained, but do not, even under the pretext of lending a hand from afar to the Russians, let hundreds of thousands of men be killed in affairs which it is impossible to push through and which can only be continued a few days from want of munitions. Let the nation and army be told once for all that the offensive will only be taken when the English and we have a full supply of munitions and not before.

"Has the high command enough psychology to refrain from employing the remains of an army corps that has suffered severely in earlier affairs, before raising its spirits by infusing new blood and constituting new staffs?

"Have the higher officers and generals, whose bravery none questions, enough youth, keenness and go to be in the midst of their troops at the tragic moment of assaults, to carry them along and electrify them? At a time when there is a return to bayonet charges and hand to hand fighting, as in the good old times, would it not be well that higher officers and generals be near to the front and that at certain special times they draw their swords as the generals did in olden times under the Revolution and during the Empire?"

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Poems About San Francisco

CCIII—TAMALPAIS

(The following pretty verses were published in a recent issue of "Everywoman," a local paper for women.)

By Fannie Y. Smith

Some time when skies are blue and clear,
  And Nature each seduction tries
To lure us to her heart more near,
  Shall we go up Mount Tamalpais,
Leaving behind the weight and care
  Of humdrum things, to find anew
A region of delight, as fair
  As Circe's Isle. A perfect view
Spread out, for our enraptured eyes
  Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

Up to the ether blue we mount
  To find the air like foaming wine.
With quickened pulse we take no count
  Of time. Before us lies divine
Old Ocean! and far out at sea
  White glimmering sails soft fall and rise.
Ah! could we ever feel more free,
  Than here, upon Mount Tamalpais?
No need for speech, so full each heart
  With beauties of the earth and sky,

That move us, with a gentle art
  To send a whispered prayer on high.
A dreamy languor holds us fast,—
  Heart speaks to heart through kindling eyes.
Ah! might the dream forever last!
  With Nature, you and Tamalpais.

The Spectator

The Chamber Wakes Up

"A nation-wide campaign for the abolition of laws hampering the American merchant marine and the enactment of legislation which will foster the growth of a great commercial fleet flying the American flag, has been launched by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce."

I sat up and took notice, amazed notice, when I read that in the Call Monday evening.

"The campaign has been inspired, say Chamber of Commerce men, largely through the announcement of the Pacific Mail that it intends to quit the transpacific service trade on November 1."

I rubbed my eyes. I wondered whether I was really reading this in the Call, or simply dreaming it. I pinched myself. Sure enough, I was awake. So I read the whole article more carefully. I learned that the Chamber had enlisted the aid of four hundred commercial organizations in its campaign; that resolutions had been adopted calling upon the President to appoint a commission composed of men familiar with the steamship business to draft a bill "modeled upon the maritime regulations of countries with a flourishing merchant marine;" and that the resolutions recited the need for American trade expansion, the opportunities for such expansion provided by the Canal, and the fact that capital will not engage in this business because of the maritime laws of this country. When I read all this I had to laugh. But then I thought of Rennie P. Schwerin and the Pacific Mail, and my laugh died away.

When It Is Too Late

So the Chamber of Commerce has come out of its trance at last! The "hatchetmen" have decided to lay aside their hatchets. Having killed the goose that laid the golden egg, they are going to try to bring it back to life. There are three men whom I should like to see interviewed on this extraordinary right-about-face of the Chamber of Commerce. One of them is R. P. Schwerin. But perhaps he is too disgusted to talk, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame him. The other two are William R. Wheeler and James K. Lynch, the men who started the fight which is driving the American flag from the Pacific Ocean. For that fight was begun by the Chamber of Commerce. It was begun as a fight upon the Pacific Mail. The Chamber of Commerce dealt American shipping on the Pacific the first blow. Certain adjustments in Washington saved our shipping until Andy Furuseth got busy with his Seamen's bill. Andy completed the work the Chamber began.

An Interview with Schwerin

In January, 1913, after the law prohibiting steamers owned or controlled by railroad companies from using the Panama Canal had been enacted by the Congress, an interview with R. P. Schwerin appeared in the pages of Town Talk. This seems to me a very good time to refresh the memory of the Chamber of Commerce men as to what the vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Mail had to say in that interview.

"The great cry has been, Build up the mercantile marine," said R. P. Schwerin in that interview; "and I raised twelve million dollars for the purpose of building it up. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler used every effort to prevent me. The Pacific Mail intended to increase its fleet by the construction of four thirty-seven thousand ton steamers. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler made it impossible for us to build them. These ships would have engaged in traffic between the Atlantic seaboard and the Orient by way of San Francisco. That traffic was necessary if the Pacific Mail was to continue to exist. As it is, I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail."

The Why and Wherefore of the Fight

"Why was this fight made by the Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler, its traffic manager, to debar steamers controlled by railroads from the canal?" continued Schwerin. "In order that Mr. Weeeler by a grand stand play might show people what an influence he could wield. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler are responsible for that law. They directed the public opinion of San Francisco in favor of that law and against the Pacific Mail. Mr. Wheeler said so in Washington. Mr. Wheeler said in Washington that the Chamber of Commerce was unequivocally and unanimously in favor of the prohibition which has debarred the Pacific Mail from the canal. The fight was initiated here. And despite the fact that President Taft was very anxious that those four ships should be built in order that direct communication twice a month might be established between New York, San Francisco and the Philippines, the bill was passed."

A Wire from James K. Lynch

"Mr. Wheeler told the congressional committee at Washington," continued Schwerin, "that the Chamber of Commerce was unequivocally and unanimously in favor of the bill. That was not true. A protest against that attitude of the Chamber of Commerce was forwarded to Washington by some of the leading members of the Chamber." At this point in his talk Schwerin showed a list containing the names of twenty-seven firms, bankers and capitalists of San Francisco, and a very imposing list it was. He continued: "In connection with that protest let me show you a remarkable telegram which was sent to Mr. Wheeler by James K. Lynch. Mr. Lynch is president of the First National Bank and chairman of the traffic bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. The telegram was read in the Senate by Senator Works who made a very bitter speech in which he voiced the sentiments of Mr. Wheeler." Schwerin showed the following telegram in the pages of the Congressional Record:

San Francisco, Cal,
July 5, 1912

William R. Wheeler,
New Willard Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

Robbins McIntosh and other members of executive committee think best have Congressman Knowland appear as guest and address meeting of board of directors of the Chamber on the 9th. We all feel that our present position is a good one, and a general meeting of the Cham-

ber at this time, when so many are out of town, might be controlled by Pacific Mail henchmen, who are extraordinarily active. Have seen your letter to Mann; congratulate you again on the work you have accomplished. The lineup of signatures to protest is amusing. Leaders are firms under business obligations to Pacific Mail and the others fall for bull about American flag. Would just as easily sign petition on the other side if asked. Under circumstances don't consider it necessary for Teal to appear.

JAMES K. LYNCH,
Chairman Traffic Bureau, Chamber of Commerce.

The Ever Ready Hatchet

"Bull about the American flag!" "Pacific Mail henchmen!" It seems that Mr. Lynch or some of his confreres would be willing to modify that language a little, judging from the latest activities of the Chamber of Commerce on behalf of American shipping. Is it any wonder I should like to hear from Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Lynch? Before I leave this subject let me quote one other remark of Schwerin's, from the same interview. "The hatchet is always out in San Francisco," he said with pardonable bitterness. "The condition in that respect is getting worse instead of better. The more the people get together and yell, 'Show the San Francisco spirit,' the worse things seem to become. There are more hatchets today than there ever were. Everybody is slashing right and left."

The Clockwinder Meets K. C. B.

"Put it there. I'm glad to see that you are making good." The Man that Winds the Ferry Clock extended his hand as he spoke, and it was grasped by K. C. B., late of Seattle, now of the Examiner staff.

"Are you sure I'm making good?" K. C. B. asked.

"I know that folks are reading you, and that's enough, isn't it? Every day somebody asks me what I think of you. Of course you haven't set the town on fire, but this town is shy of conflagrations, and it's full of wise guys who sit around with hammers defying men to make good. But you've caught on, and I can tell you how you caught on. I can give you the psychology of it."

"Give it to me," said K. C. B. eagerly.

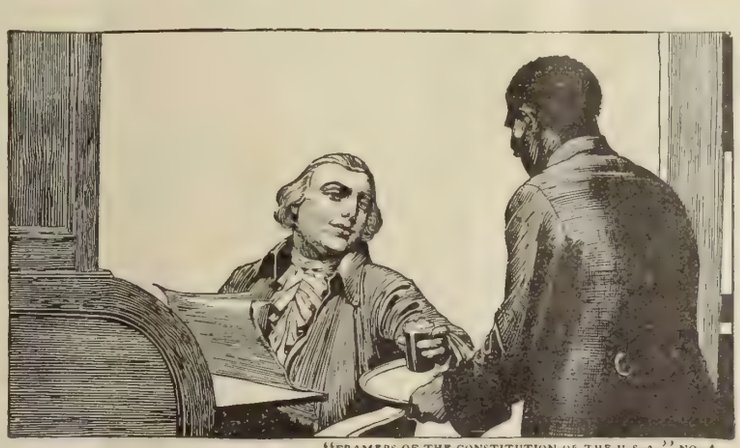
"Well, it's like this," said the clockwinder. "This town is made up of sceptics and smart alecks. All of them are convinced that they know what's what and what's not what. Now you came into town with a new brand of stuff. You took 'em by surprise. They had no criterion to go by. They looked at one another and asked, 'What is this guy driving at?' Nobody could tell them. So they read it out of curiosity, and presently they began to enjoy it without knowing why. They were looking for funny stuff, and you were giving them a vein of tenderness and making them acquainted with a gentle, kindly individuality, which is something we don't meet every day. I'm onto you, K. C. B., and I like you. I like you because of the good-natured whimsical note and the touch of the commonplace which is so refreshing in a world of affectation and make-believe. Keep it up, old boy, don't slop over, and they'll all understand after awhile."

The Peace Players

The Chicago Little Theatre Company is in our midst and is about to give two performances of a very great Greek play. To be specific, the play is "The Trojan Women" by Euripides, the performances are to be given at Festival Hall on the Exposition grounds, and the dates are Thursday and Friday evenings, July 8 and 9. The tragedy will be given in English, in the beautiful poetical version of Gilbert Murray, the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford who is known in this country by more than our handful of classical scholars because he delivered a series of lectures at Harvard a few years ago. The Chicago Little Theatre Company, it seems, has been presenting this play throughout the country, and, I believe, devotes the receipts of the venture to some good purpose connected with the war. The company chooses to be anonymous, perhaps because anonymity on the stage is so very rare as to excite curiosity and attract to the box office people who might shun a Greek play if there were no factitious stimulation of their interest. The announcement of the performances is coupled with certain statements which are also calculated to excite a more or less artificial interest. "The Trojan Women" is billed as "the world's greatest peace play." We are told that it is "the most vivid, the most poignant, and the most beautiful illustration of war's utter futility and unmitigated evil, particularly as war affects women and children." We are further told that the play is sent "as a direct message"— of the pacifists, be it understood. The Chicago Little Theatre Company may therefore be described as a company of peace propagandists.

Familiar Language

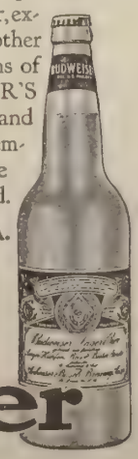
We are not unacquainted in this jumping-off place of civilization with the sort of language I have quoted. David Starr Jordan, the Norman Angell of America (or is Angell the Starr Jordan of Great Britain?) is a citizen of our great and glorious State, and honors us with his company when he is not starring (or should I say starr-jordaning?) as a peripatetic preacher of pacifism. He too has lectured us on "war's utter futility and unmitigated evil, particularly as war affects women and children." So we may be pardoned if we find this familiar language not quite overpowering. Perhaps we are a little case-hardened; perhaps we are "fed-up" on the inexhaustible superlatives of peace-mongering; perhaps we are a bit too interested in the progress of the war itself, in the vital problems it presents and in the decent discipline of the rather unruly passions it looses, even among non-combatants, to give concentrated attention to words,



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U S.A." NO. 4

Gouveneur Morris— "Father of the Penny"

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouveneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued LaFayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and generous. He loved society, and his hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A. that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. During these 58 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.



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words, words. "Peace, peace; when there is no peace," says Jeremiah, and we cannot but share his irritation. This is not ingratitude toward the Chicago Little Theatre Company. We receive them with open arms. Heaven knows, we have an unappeased appetite for the best in drama, and those who propose to enrich our scanty experience of the Greek drama deserve a hearty welcome. But we receive the Chicago players as artists, not as peace propagandists. We shall go to see "The Trojan Women" because we regard it as one of the masterpieces of Greek literature, not because we assent to the dictum that it is "the world's greatest peace play."

"The Trojan Women"

"The Trojan Women" was first produced in Athens 2330 years ago when war was just as dreadful a problem as it is today. It was the time of the Peloponnesian War, just a year after Euripides' city Athens had violated the neutrality of the island of Melos, massacring the men and selling the women and children into slavery. Will it be said that Euripides was a pacifist, and that he wrote "The Trojan Women" as an argument against war, as a peace play? The pacifists who are responsible for the tour of the Chicago players do not say so, but it seems that they would have us believe as much. They read their own propaganda into the play. They ask us to see this play and "purge our souls" of "the unreality of our thoughts and feelings" concerning war. "If ever wars are to be ended," they tell us, "the imagination of man must end them." Also: "The imagination of a great poet alone can finally show to the imagination of the world that even the glories of war are an empty delusion." And so they ask us to behold these miserable women of Troy—withered old Queen Hecuba, Andromache, the widow of Hector, Cassandra, the outraged priestess of Apollo and beautiful Helen, the cause of the ten years' siege. It is indeed a terrible picture which Euripides paints. Here is woman bowed beneath a load of woe almost too awful for endurance. Here is victory robbed of all its glamor. Here is death in all its horror, and the greater horror of life. "The Trojan Women" wrings the heart.

A Pacifist Plea?

But is it a pacifist plea? Is it a helpful weapon in the hands of the devotee who strikes for peace? Does it help to prove the pacifists' contention, the contention of Ben Franklin who wrote: "There never was a good war or a bad peace?" I cannot see it. I should like to call from the shades one of those old Greeks who fought at Troy, and ask him his opinion! I think he would say that justice is greater than peace. I think he would ask us to take that old legend of Troy seriously for a moment. What did they fight for, those Argives who took ten years out of their lives for the reduction of the Phrygian capital? Did they not fight for the sanctity of marriage and for the inviolability of sacred hospitality? Or if you prefer to put it in the terms of generalization so fashionable nowadays, for European virtue as represented by the good husband Menelaus against Asiatic license as represented by the adulterer Paris? I think that old Greek would say that war waged for such a cause was not "utter futility, unmitigated evil," even even if it brought woe to women and children. I think he would ask us not to think only of the guiltless Hecuba but also of the guilty Paris, not only of the innocent babe Astyanax but also of the wronged Menelaus. I think he would smile if we pointed out that the millennium did not come after the end of the Trojan war, and that he would tell us no warrior who fought there expected such a consummation. In other words, I think he would speak common sense and not piffle, and that he would arch his brows in surprise if the horrors that followed the fall of Troy were offered as a reason why there should be no more war in the world. And I think he would agree with me that so far from war being entirely evil, there never yet was a war in which there lacked plenty of good as well as plenty of bad on both sides of the quarrel.

The Theme of the Play

Gilbert Murray made the fine translation of "The Trojan Women" which these peace players are using. Let him express "the inmost theme of the whole play." It is, he says, "a search for an answer to the injustice of suffering in the very splendour and beauty of suffering. Of course it must be suffering of a particular kind, or, what comes to the same thing, suffering borne in a particular way. . . . . One does not really think the world evil because there are martyrs or heroes in it. For them the elements of beauty which exist in any great trial of the spirit become so great as to overpower the evil that created them—to turn it from shame and evil into tragedy. Of course, to most sufferers, to children and animals and weak people, or those without inspiration, the doctrine brings no help. It is a thing invented by a poet for himself." That is not exactly the way I should express my interpretation of this play, but no matter. The point is, it is antipodal in its distance from the interpretation of the pacifists. Murray is not a pacifist, and does not make out Euripides to be one. So let us have "The Trojan Women" as a fine work of art. We do not need it as a reminder of war's horrors—we are learning them every day from the newspapers. And we refuse to accept it as a document proving that war is essentially evil—malum per se—which is the way the pacifists would have us accept it.

Turned Down in Bohemia

Reads like the title of a best-seller, but it isn't. It's descriptive of a little drama that has not yet been written. It's after the style of the new freak drama that has made a great hit—the drama inside of a drama. The inside drama of "Turned Down in Bohemia" has been written. No dramatist has yet been found to do the outside drama. The inside drama was written by that distinguished antiquarian and anthropologist Mr. Jack London whose studies of primitive man and charts of animal emotions have been deftly woven into narratives called novels. Mr. London is, among other things, a dramatist. He has been played in the movies and applauded by the prohibitionists. Some time ago he volunteered to write a masque for the Bohemian Club to be played in the Grove. And he did. He wrote what I have described as the "inside drama,"—the inside of the drama of which I am now writing the scenario for some unknown dramatist. This inside drama is about Indians. The dramatist has imagined in this drama the Indian as he was in prehistoric days. The drama was to be set to music, and this part of the job was turned over to Dr. Humphrey Stewart. Dr. Stewart tackled the job with enthusiasm. He read the play and saturated himself with it. Then he called his muse from the vasty deep. He called, and called, but the muse wouldn't come. Dr. Stewart consulted friends. They read the drama, and found no fault with Dr. Stewart's muse. So the drama was returned to Mr. London with the suggestion that he try again. Of course there is nothing wrong with the drama, but to have music written for it the club must dig up a prehistoric composer in tune with Jack's imagination.

Slighting Hearst

The citizens' committee appointed by Mayor Rolph to make arrangements for the reception of the Liberty Bell organized a few days ago. Herbert Fleishhacker, the Fair Director who went to Philadelphia and got the bell when it looked as though Philadelphia would not part with it, was made president of the committee. The vice-presidents are Marshal Hale, Henry Payot, Mrs. Edward De Witt Taylor, George Tracy, Mrs. Berthold Lazarus and Wallace Wise. Committees are headed by James K. Armsby, Paul Carroll, Charles K. Field and F. W. Kellogg. But there is no mention of our premier Native Son, William Randolph Hearst. Now Hearst is authority for the statement that Hearst got the Liberty Bell for Hearst and the rest of San Francisco. What does the Mayor mean by slighting the self-confessed bell-bringer?

Medals for Polk and Bennett

Willis Polk and Edward H. Bennett have at last received recognition for their work on the architectural plans of the World's Fair. Bronze

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medals have been awarded to them in appreciation of their activities. The other architects received bronze plaques. Whether a medal is more or less desirable than a plaque I do not pretend to know, and I should be glad to have Willis Polk or some other authority enlighten me on the difference in honor, if any exists. It is three months since I called attention to the overlooking of Polk and Bennett by the Fair directors. At that time I published a letter written by William H. Crocker, chairman of the building and grounds committee, in which Mr. Crocker quoted Polk as disclaiming any title to recognition but pointed out that definite recognition should be extended to Bennett. I also published a letter written to Mr. Crocker by President C. C. Moore in which President Moore assumed responsibility for overlooking Polk and Bennett, saying: "I decided that any recognition of them was not in keeping with the purposes of the occasion (meaning Designers' Day), for neither Mr. Polk nor Mr. Bennett designed any of the buildings that constitute the Exposition." President Moore, I am glad to see, has changed his mind on this point, and Mr. Crocker's position has been vindicated. And now, how about Ernest Coxhead? My readers may remember that when I was ventilating this controversy I published a letter from this architect in which he claimed the original plan of the Fair as his own. Will Coxhead get a plaque, a medal or the overlook?

Stanley at Del Monte

When it was announced the other day that Carl Stanley had been appointed manager of the Hotel Del Monte it seemed tantamount to saying that Monterey was to be immediately put back on the map. The old mission town with its historic buildings, its relics and its wealth of tradition is but a step off the beaten path of travel, but tourists would be unaware of its existence were it not for the proximity of the most widely known hotel in California, which is in itself a show place. Now of late years Del Monte has languished somewhat. The management took on something of the lassitude of the old town. There is plenty of rest and quiet to be had in the beautiful grounds at Del Monte, and the atmosphere of the place is soothing, and there is no need of accentuating these inherent qualities. So the news that Carl Stanley had been appointed manager was inspiriting to all who cherish fond memories of the hotel in its pre-monastery days. For Carl Stanley is an up-to-date hotel manager. He was formerly manager of the Virginia Hotel of Long Beach and of the Benson Hotel in Portland. He is known to travelers all over the country. He may be depended upon to infuse new life into Del Monte, for he has ideas, and he has a pervasive individuality.

The Art and Personality of Frieseke

There is among connoisseurs a general concurrence of opinion that Frederic Carl Frieseke was the rightful recipient of the grand prize for American art at the Exposition. He is represented by The Garden Chair, Sleep, Youth, Boudoir, Girl Embroidering, The Bay Window and Summer. His interiors with figures and garden scenes with figures are remarkable for their sunlight effects. His nudes also are very fine, but it is his painting of sunlight that has principally brought him fame. American art collectors covet his works. Rodman Wanamaker owns more of his canvases than any other art collector. Frieseke is a quiet, very modest fellow, very charming in manner. He knows nothing and cares little about the commercial side of art, a true artist in every sense. He has lived in Paris for seventeen years. This year he, his wife and infant girl are spending the summer at Giverny, France. He and MacMonies the sculptor are great pals and fish and play tennis together. Frieseke was in America three years ago when he came to California to visit his father who resides in this State. Mrs. Frieseke is young, bright, good-looking and is said to be a wonderful helpmeet to her artist husband.

Neuhaus on the French Building

It is too bad that Mr. Eugen Neuhaus in his charming book "The Art of the Exposition" has given the impression that national prejudice has been allowed to influence him in giving expression to his opinion of the French pavilion. He dismissed it thus: "France, unfortunately, does not rise above the commonplace, in an extensive building hastily constructed." Five or six months does not seem to be an abbreviated length of time for a temporary structure, especially as the cornices and other details were brought from France and ready to set up. The contents of the building and their setting and arrangement are all examples of the transcendental taste of la belle France and it is no wonder that the French building is the Mecca of every student in search of beauty and pleasure.

Dr. Aked in Fiction

Have you read "The Chest of Cedar" by L. P. Jacks in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly? If the author of this clever little story had not our great Dr. Aked in his mind's eye as he wrote I'll eat my hat. The Reverend Gabriel Saccarin, D. D. is Dr. Aked to the life. "Dr. Saccarin was a 'live man.' No fine-spun theories, no obsolete theological dogmas, no antiquated notions of any kind about him. All was up-to-date. His sermons were 'right there.' They hit modern life, and the latest phase of modern life, in the very bull's eye." Isn't that Dr. Aked? "If, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, the boys in the street were calling a 'late special' of the evening paper, Saccarin would rush out, buy the sheet, turn up the special news,—a revolution in Turkey, a prize-fight in Nebraska,—and next

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morning the 'lesson' of that event would be served up piping hot to a packed congregation of the most impressionable heads in the city." Is not that the Dr. Aked who wired congratulations to Bryan before the text of the note to Germany was published? This Dr. Saccarin had a church in a manuafcturing town in the north of England (Liverpool?). At the end of the story he accepts a call to a Fifth Avenue church in New York (Rockefeller's church?). But read the story. You'll enjoy it.

Sterling's Poetry in London

Some time ago a writer in "The New Age," the most brilliant of London weeklies, called attention to the poetry of George Sterling. Immediately Londoners began looking for Sterling's books. It was found that only one of them had been placed on the shelves of the British Museum. Now we find a writer in T. P.'s Weekly devoting a whole page to Sterling's poetry. As he had all four of Sterling's books before him when he wrote, it is obvious that Sterling's poetry is far less inaccessible to Londoners today than it was a few months ago. And as the writer lists the titles of the four volumes, praises them highly and is assured of a large audience on account of the very large circulation of the popular weekly for which he writes, I imagine that Aleck Robertson, Sterling's publisher, will be getting some very nice orders for Sterling books from the capital of Anglo-Saxon literature. Let me quote the concluding lines of this very laudatory review: "One would imagine that between volumes three and four life in some large form had knocked at the poet's heart, something of the hammer-blow of the Titans who shaped the sword. We do not know this. George Sterling is unknown to us, and biographical detail is lacking. A new quality appears in this latest volume, alongside the fluent charm of his earlier writing."

The New York Spirit

Larry Harris, the popular manufacturer of tents, bags and witticisms, went to the Administration Building to keep a business appointment with the Fair Directors. He entered the outer office just as a uniformed boy from the New York State Building arrived. There was an Exposition guard in attendance, and Larry asked this functionary to announce him.

"I can't do that," said the guard. "The directors are busy."

"But they are waiting for me," said Larry. "We have business together. Kindly tell them I'm here."

"I can't," said the stubborn guard. "They're busy, and can't be disturbed."

Just then Charles C. Moore arrived and greeted Larry.

"Your matter comes up right away, Larry," said the president as he entered the meeting room.

This gave the guard an idea that he had made a mistake, so he asked Larry to have a seat and started toward the door of the meeting room. The boy from the New York Building stopped him.

"Forget this local talent," said the boy from New York as he laid his hand on the guard's arm and cast a look of disdain toward Larry. "And forget the red tape too. Just go in and tell them guys that a representative of the Empire State wants to talk to them!"

A Sure Sign

The body was lying in the morgue. The coroner was waiting for someone to identify it, but no one could be found who knew anything about the deceased. Finally one man pulled down the sheet and said:

"I don't know who it is, but I know where the man is from."

"How can you tell where he is from if you do not know who he is?" asked the attendant.

"By the mark across his middle, made by carrying a tray in a cafeteria. He is from Los Angeles."

Fair Sayings

Larry Harris (looking at the baby alligators on the Zone): I didn't raise my boy to be a suit case.

D. O. Lively (gazing on Stella): Why didn't they enter her in the livestock division?

Harris Connick (viewing the Fair from his office window): What a profitable job the wrecking of all this will be!

"Your apartment, sir," said the cynical flat-hunter to the stupid janitor with a cold in his head, "is not at all what you advertise it to be, but, as for yourself, I cheerfully admit that you live up to the specifications, for you are the finest specimen of a large, rheumy flat I have ever encountered."

Whereupon he sped out into the cold world, leaving the janitor a prey to morose reflections.

Volunteer Poets' Corner

Town Talk is frequently in receipt of volunteer contributions from singers who crave the pleasure of seeing their effusions in cold type. Conscious of the divine afflatus and bursting with song, they send their efforts to this office with more or less artless pleas for publication. It has often saddened the editor to think of the disappointment which ensues when these love-children of the brain are refused admittance. So space is to be found for them from time to time. No verses will be published here without the name of the author. The very least that may be asked of the volunteer singers is that they display the courage of their poetry.

ONE KISS

Our lips met, and in passion they clung.
Heart pressed heart, till they beat as one;
My head was thrown back, in your eyes I looked deep,
There was a sob in my throat, I wanted to weep.

Such unutterable happiness, such wild sweet bliss,
O God! The pain, joy and madness, in that one long kiss;
Your lips, like a white flame, pressed hungrily to mine,
I forgot everything! the world! I was thine!

I was thine to do with what ever you willed—
I was close in your arms, my conscience was stilled—
In that moment of passion, of madness, of bliss,
The world toppled from us—our world was a kiss.

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"What is your son going to be when he grows up, Mr. Jigthorpe?" asked the visitor, patting little Willie on the head.

"Well, really, I don't know yet," replied the proud parent, "but from the size of his appetite I think he has a decided bent toward the beef-packing industry."

Some men never foot the bill without putting up an awful kick.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Our Friend from India

Society is so interested in the Maharajah of Kapurthala and his Spanish wife the Maharanee that some of our more adventurous spirits have been looking up Kapurthala on the map and in the encyclodepia. It is not considered "vogue" to be entirely ignorant of the conditions surrounding a great man's greatness, even if you don't meet him personally. So people have been reading up on the Maharajah, just as they read up on Saint-Saens and Duveneck and others. I have had the pleasure of holding speech with a society intellectual who had just taken a short course in the Maharajah, and I esteem it a privilege to repeat what I learned.

"Just think of it," exclaimed this intellectual who is a lady of the more or less smart set, "Kapurthala is in the Punjab! Isn't that dreadfully romantic? The Punjab, you know, is one of those big pink places on the map of Asia, so I suppose it belongs to England. Fancy having a principality in the Punjab, and belonging to England. Gives one a sense of security, don't you think? Kapurthala—isn't it a pretty name? I wonder Harriet Carolan doesn't name a Pullman Kapurthala—well, Kapurthala is ever so many miles square and has ever so many inhabitants. I never could remember figures. The Maharajah has a revenue of $840,000 a year, and he pays tribute. Just think of it! I didn't know people paid tribute outside of Greek history, but the Maharajah does. And the Maharajah is descended from a Sikh. I don't what a Sikh is, but of course it's something dreadfully distinguished and ancient, don't you suppose? He was born in 1872, so he's only a boy, really. He succeeded to his principality at the age of five, and has ruled it ever since. Did you ever hear of such precocity? And don't you think he looks like Eugene E. Schmitz?"

As to the Maharanee

My well informed friend took breath, and proceeded to tell me about the Maharajah's wife.

"Her name was Delgado, and they say her father was a Spanish marquis. Or at least, she says so. She's had a very romantic career. It seems that her father who, I suppose, lived in one of those castles in Spain, lost all his doubloons or pieces of eight or whatever the money is they have in Spain, so she became a dancer. She danced at the Royal Theatre in Madrid, and was only there four weeks, she says, when the Maharajah came along and fell in love with her. He was in Madrid for the wedding of King Alfonso, and I suppose he gave the King a wedding present worth ever so many rupees, don't you think? Then he married Senorita Delgado. And just think, she was only fifteen at the time! They say she gave up her religion for him. Wasn't that adorable of her? It must be lovely to go to church in a mosque. And fancy being one of four or five wives! Don't you think polygamy is too cute for anything?"

The Cranes in Chicago

The Douglas Cranes are now dancing in the Hotel La Salle roof garden in Chicago where they have popularized two new dances—the "Frisco Fair" and the "Golden Gate" from which it is to be inferred that Mrs. Crane's thoughts are still in the old town. Judging from the press articles they are getting the Cranes have made a big hit in Chicago. The poets of Chicago are singing about them. In the Herald I find a versesmith plying his plectrum thus:

But the rose-star of the garden,
Sweeter than the bird's refrain,
Is that dancing Dolly Varden—
Dainty Mrs. Douglas Crane.

The Cranes entertained the other night on the La Salle roof in honor of "Michael," the famous Peg o' My Heart dog. Mrs. Crane wired to Roy Carruthers: "Wish my friends could have enjoyed the party. We created a new dance—the 'San Francisco Whirl.'"

The Hillsborough Playwright

It is interesting to know that Templeton Crocker has written a scenario, and intends to write a play. Our young millionaire has found his inspiration in the history of China, and reports indicate that the play will be one of gorgeous spectacle and opulent costumery. Those who have seen the scenario prophesy great things for the play, and although this is always a hazardous thing to do (since there's many a slip twixt scenario and script), the prophecy does honor to their kindly feeling for the emerging dramatist de luxe and will undoubtedly encourage him to persevere. It is curious to note how Templeton Crocker's imagination takes fire from the Orient. When he gave a great costume ball, it was the costume of the Orient to which he limited his guests. Whenever he has appeared at masquerades—the Mardi Gras and the like—it has always been in dress suggesting the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind. And now that he is commencing author, he turns to the Orient once more.

A Talented Thespian

Templeton Crocker, like Shakespeare, knows the theatre from experience; but with this difference that while Shakespeare was a professional, Templeton Crocker is an amateur. At Yale where he specialized in the drama, he was very prominent in amateur theatricals. His female impersonations were particularly good. In this city Crocker was given an opportunity to show his acting talent at the last Christmas jinks of the Bohemian Club. He was given a part with some misgivings. The Bohemians manifested a Missouri attitude toward his acting aspirations. But he showed them. He was the best actor in that jinks.

Is There Rivalry?

Templeton Crocker is not the only playwright in Hillsborough. There is also Felton Elkins. Felton Elkins is another millionaire who has been drawn irresistibly by the drama. When he produced his first play which was called "Felton's First Play" (perhaps as a gentle hint to the critics), he appeared as one of the cast. Since then Felton has taken a course in the drama at Harvard, and is working hard on several plays I wonder if there is rivalry between him and

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Templeton Crocker. Has Templeton been spurred to dramaturgic effort by the example of Felton? I shouldn't be surprised. If there is artistic competition between them we may expect to see Hillsborough divided into two camps, and Price's "Technique of the Drama" may come to be a country club best seller.

An Art Colony

If artistic endeavor continues to be found among the pampered millionaires of the peninsular smart set, Hillsborough may one day rival Carmel as a highbrow colony. Consider a few of the names:

Mrs. Frank Carolan, art connoisseur
Mrs. Fred Kohl, vocalist
Mrs. Jack Casserley, harpist
Felton Elkins, playwright
Templeton Crocker, playwright
Charles W. Clark, bibliopole
Henry P. Bowie, critic of Japanese art.

Undoubtedly there are other names to be added to this list. Carmel had better look to its laurels.

Miss Cole's Grand Prix

It gives great pleasure to our local pride to know that a San Francisco girl has won the grand prix for bookbinding at the Exposition. Miss L. Averill Cole to whom this honor has come, is the daughter of Charles M. Cole of this city and Mill Valley. Miss Cole is married, and is now Mrs. Howland of Boston, but she is still known among bookbinders by her maiden name. Bookbinding was a fad among San Francisco girls with the leisure for expensive fads when Miss Cole took it up. Readers of Gelett Burgess' "The Heart Line" which is a good picture of the old life of San Francisco, will recall that the heroine took more pleasure in bookbinding than in society. But bookbinding was not a fad with Miss Cole. She left San Francisco in 1900 to perfect herself in the art by study abroad under such masters as Louis Jacobs of Brussels, Meunier of Paris and Cobden-Sanderson of London. In 1907 Miss Cole took charge of the Riverside Press Bindery of the Houghton-Mifflin Company of Boston and has continued in that position ever since. She supervises the work of ninety binders, and is the only woman in the world occupying such a position. Miss Cole is no stranger to high prizes. Her book covers have taken first prizes in Brussels, Paris and New York. Her bindings for the "Simoneau Stevenson" made one of the most important features at the Riverside Press exhibition in Boston three years ago. Miss Cole's work is characterized by strength and freedom. It gives the same kind of pleasure as does an old Persian rug. It is dignified. She is not only expert of hand, but she has the true artist's eye for color, and her taste has been so formed by study of the classic that it is never in danger of deteriorating into the novel or eccentric. It is interesting to know that Miss Cole did not submit work for exhibition. She was represented in the Liberal Arts Palace through the kindly thoughtfulness of W. R. K. Young of the San Francisco Book Club who sent certain volumes of hers from his own fine collection.

Jane Petersen's Work

Another American artist whose work at the Fair attracts much admiration is that of Jane Petersen. Her works are Low Tide, Old Morlaix, Rapids Above Niagara and two Venetian scenes. She excels in water colors and her landscapes are full of poetry. She is a wonderful colorist. "The Round Pool" in the Illinois Building is the magnet which attracts many visitors there. It is a scene in a luxurious garden and one can fancy all sorts of things about the happy young lady who is sauntering about among the scarlet blooms there. Miss Petersen is about thirty-two years old, has studied in France and Italy with famous masters and has had her pictures hung in several Expositions. She has a studio in New York and her paintings are sought by those who make a specialty of art Americana. The late J. P. Morgan admired her water colors immensely and possessed some.

At the Cecil

Mrs. C. T. Scaife entertained a few friends informally at luncheon Thursday afternoon at the Hotel Cecil. The circular table was decorated with Shasta daisies and California ferns. Mrs. James C. Covert presided over an informal dinner Monday evening. Duchess roses and maiden hair ferns adorned the table. Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader gave an impromptu luncheon Sunday afternoon in honor of their son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader. Among the society folk sojourning are Dr. and Mrs. Edward Warren, Mr. M. H. Crawford, Miss K. H. Crawford and Mrs. Jennie Hanks of Kentucky. They have come out for the Exposition and are charmed with San Francisco.

Candy Dances at Tavern

Two Candy Dances each evening is an added attraction at Techau Tavern. One of these dances is given before and one after the theatre hour. The former is greatly appreciated by the ladies who thoroughly enjoy having a beautiful souvenir box of Foster and Orear's fine confectionery to take to the theatre. These candies are from the well known Grant avenue confectioners whose shop is one of the most popular places in the downtown shopping district. The name of Techau Tavern is known to all who enjoy San Francisco cafe life at its best, which means that it is not alone frequented by the best Bohemian set but that it is also a prime favorite as a family cafe. Always the air of refinement and respectability, which is a tower of strength to this cafe, is in pleasing evidence.

BEAUTIFUL PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS
Magnificent new Mud Bathing Establishment—Sporty and well kept Golf Links—Highway from San Francisco to Paso Robles in fine condition for motoring. Round trip rate for a fare and a third good for thirty days.
For further information write for illustrated booklet. Address DR. F. W. SAWYER, Manager, Paso Robles Hot Springs.

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Established 1888
We cordially invite you to our new unique store, formerly at 2358 Fillmore street. Original and Artistic Designs. Our work speaks for itself. All orders given prompt attention. Flowers delivered to any part of the United States.
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Double Vision Glasses Used in Submarines
It is reported that double vision glasses or bifocals are now being worn by the officers on both the Austro-German and Allies submarines in their under sea warfare. These glasses are very important and necessary as they permit the officers in charge to observe hostile ships by means of the periscope and then consult their charts or maps without removing their glasses. These wonderful lenses are made from a single piece of perfect ophthalmic glass combining both reading and distance portions in one lens. In this country they are manufactured under the name of "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals.
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Nazimova in "War Brides"

By Edward F. O'Day

"Nazimova announces that 'War Brides' is neutral, its locale being any country at war. It is a universal drama, not a partisan plea. Its story is true to war the world over."

This notice appears in the Orpheum program and is thrown on the screen before Nazimova commences the presentation of Marion Craig Wentworth's one-act play. Having seen Nazimova in "War Brides," I am puzzled by this notice. Is "War Brides" true of "any country at war?" The heroine of this thriller advises her girl friends not to be "war brides," pointing out to them with a frankness we have come to expect of stage heroines that "war bride" is a polite name for a breeding machine or a brood mare. It happens that the king has commanded the unmarried girls of his kingdom to become "war brides," so this advice of the heroine's is rank treason. The military commander of the town tells the heroine so, and warns her that if she doesn't quit giving out this advice of hers she'll be shot as a traitor. She doesn't heed the warning, so the military commander comes to her home to arrest her as a traitor. But if there's to be any shooting she prefers to do it herself, so she goes into the next room with a pistol, and like another heroine Nazimova has played—Hedda Gabler—she kills herself. Now I have endeavored to follow the events of this war as closely as possible, and I am at a loss to name any country in which this incident might have occurred. I have read of the advice given to the unmarried girls of certain countries, to marry soldiers going to the wars; but I have yet to read of any warring country where opposition to this advice, active or passive, has been held to constitute treason. I have heard of no shooting or threats to shoot such "traitors." Where did Marion Craig Wentworth get her inspiration? Was it from Great Britain, or Germany, or Austria-Hungary, or France, or Belgium, or Russia, or Italy, or Turkey, or Servia, or Montenegro, or the little republic of San Marino? I do not think events in any of these warring nations justify the action of her play. So I cannot agree that her story is "true to war the world over," that "its locale is any country at war." It is a figment of a melodramatic imagination. So far from being "true to war the world over," it is not even true to human nature. The tearful Joan who, like Hedda Gabler, is going to bear a child; the ferocious Captain Bragg; and the coarse Arno who wants Joan's pretty sister for his "war bride," are not drawn from human nature. They are marionettes carried in stock by the factory from which Theodore Kremer and other playwrights of his school obtain their material. They enact their story because Marion Craig Wentworth is pulling the strings. If they were real men and women, with the privilege of doing what rational humans do, they would not participate in this action of stage bluster, stage agony and stage weeping. But "War Brides" is having a popular success, just the same. The reason is simple. The public loves what the unregenerate call "sob stuff," and does not consider it necessary that "sob stuff" should satisfy the intellect. Nazimova is a fine actress, and it is too bad that she should lavish her talents on such a thriller as this. True, to see her in anything no matter how bad, is worth while, for one may at least study her methods and increase one's knowledge of the technique of acting. Still, there are so many good plays—yes, so many good thrillers, that it seems a pity Nazimova should lend her ability to the presentation of a poor one. Does Nazimova enjoy playing "War Brides?" She plays it with a melodramatic abandon that suggests defiance to me. She "lays it on thick" as though she were trying to drown her artistic conscience—she has one—in sound and fury. Joe Cook who gives "the one-man vaudeville show" is the most amusing of the newcomers this week. I couldn't help thinking what fun he'd have if he burlesqued "War Brides" instead of "The Old Homestead."

Gossip of the Theatre

The Bill at Pantages

In the past few months you surely have gone to a motion picture show and have seen such renowned comedians as Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle and Ford Sterling, or if you do not care for comical actors, you have seen or heard of Mary Pickford or Blanche Sweet. With the above named stars of the screen, twelve other people present "Stars of the Movies" at Pantages, the act including six pretty chorus girls who sing and dance between times. This act is very original, and informing too, as it shows how motion pictures are made, and how bad they look before they are developed. The actors are impersonators of the real stars. For the lovers of cowboy stunts there is a treat at Pantages this week. Arizona Joe, just released from the 101 Ranch, and his cowboy singers, are pleasing the patrons. You very seldom see an act like this in vaudeville. Everybody was with Edna Northlane and Jack Ward for the way they "got away with" their ragtime singing and dancing. Miss Venita Gould, the impersonator of great male stars like George M. Cohan, Harry Lauder and others reminds you of bygone days when these favorites were in this city. Every act is good this week with the exception of The Three Rianos which is far below the Pantages standard of vaudeville.

—The Second Nighter.

De Gogorza's Plans

Emilio de Gogorza, the famous Spanish baritone who has been an Exposition visitor for the past two months, left for his summer home in Maine last week. He is to open his fall season as special soloist with Mme. Melba at the famous Maine Musical Festival in October. Before leavinfi the artist arranged with Manager Will L. Greenbaum for a tour of the west early next year, the tour to include a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. Two concerts will be given in San Francisco in January.

The Kneisel Quartet

Greenbaum has also definitely arranged to bring the Kneisel String Quartet to the coast for a series of ten concerts. It is eleven years since this world-famous organization visited this city. Franz Kneisel, the director of the quartet, was for over thirty years the first concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his quartet was the first and only American organization of its character to tour Europe.

SCENE FROM "THE TROJAN WOMEN"
At Festival Hall

Emmy Destinn Coming

The opening attraction of the Greenbaum season will be the Metropolitan Opera House's leading soprano, Mme. Emmy Destinn who for the past five years has been heard principally with Caruso. This will be Mme. Destinn's first concert tour in America, although she was famous as a lieder singer in Europe before she visited this country. Another Metropolitan star who will sing for us during the season of 1915-1916 will be Mme. Margarete Matzenauer who will appear in conjunction with the tenor Sig. Eduard Ferrari-Fontana. Maud Powell, the dean of women violinists, and the great pianist, Rosenthal, are also attractions that Greenbaum has booked.

"The Clansman" Continues

"The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," D. W. Griffith's great production in twelve reels, being shown at two and eight o'clock daily at the Alcazar, was amplified from the novel of Thos. Dixon Jr. It ranks as the greatest production ever staged at the Alcazar, was produced at a cost of over $500,000 and required seven months to complete. The record of attendance at the Alcazar is being broken daily, and it is now estimated that more than 150,000 people have witnessed this production. It will start on its twelfth week beginning with a matinee Monday.

"War Brides" Again at Orpheum

One of the greatest sensations of the day is being achieved by Nazimova in Marion Craig Wentworth's one-act drama "War Brides" at the Orpheum. Next week will be the last of this production. Johnny Dooley and Yvette Rugel, late stars of "The House Warmers," will blend comedy with song. Miss Rugel is the smallest prima donna on the vaudeville stags, and pos-

sesses a voice of extraordinary volume, range and sweetness. Her partner Mr. Dooley is an exceptionally clever comedian. Florence Lorraine and Edgar Dudley will present the one-act comedy by Joseph A. Mitchell entitled "The Way to a Man's Heart" in which they will be supported by a capable little company. Miss Lorraine is a very clever comedian and so is Mr. Dudley. Prince Lai Mon Kim, the noted Chinese tenor who created quite a furore on the occasion of his previous visit, will be heard in a repertoire which ranges from grand opera to ballad. Lucy Gillett who styles herself "The Lady from Delf," is a dexterous juggler. Renee Florigny who for years has been famous in the European capitals as one of the most accomplished and popular of pianists, will be heard in a program of selections from the great masters. With this program Joe Cook, the "One Man Vaudeville Show," and Little Nap, the most wonderful chimpanzee in the world, will conclude their engagements.

Miss Ferguson a Third Week

Elsie Ferguson who is now in the second week of her successful engagement at the Columbia, will continue to present Hubert Henry Davies' play "Outcast" for a third and last week commencing Monday night, July 5. It has been a long time since local theatregoers have had opportunity to see such a talented actress and so engrossing a drama as the vehicle in which Charles Frohman, Klaw and Erlanger present Miss Ferguson. Charles Cherry is the leading man. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. The Wednesday matinees are played at special prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.50.

"Tanagra" at St. Francis

One of the most novel entertainments ever presented here will be "Tanagra" which will be offered in the Italian Room of the St. Francis Hotel from Monday till Friday, inclusive, of next week, the hours being from two to six o'clock in the afternoon and from eight till eleven in the evening. "Tanagra" is a living human being, but appears to be only the size of the ancient statuette. Professor Salle of Paris invented for scientific research a device which was discovered to be as interesting to the public as the exhibition of liquid air or the first cinematograph and, through the instrumentality of La Loie Fuller, Tanagra, in a minature theatre, has been brought to the western coast. Living, breathing human beings, less than a foot tall, dance, walk, talk, sing, play, laugh and comport themselves in exactly the same manner as people of normal size. Tanagra will be exhibited for the benefit of the charity which Mme. de Page represented in this country and the productions will be under the personal direction of Miss Fuller. Society is taking a keen interest in the productions. There will be no reserved seats and the price will be fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children, to whom the entertainment is especially pleasing.

"The Trojan Women"

On next Thursday and Friday evenings, at half past eight, the Chicago Little Theatre Company will bring the production of Euripides' "The Trojan Women" to Festival Hall. Seats may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

Miss Fuller's Dancers

La Loie Fuller and her company of artists will give another of their delightful entertainments at Festival Hall this Saturday evening at half past eight, with others this month on the afternoons of the eleventh and thirty-first and on the evening of the twenty-eighth. In order to give the masses an opportunity of seeing the wonderful spectacles with which Miss Fuller has delighted the principal European art centers for many years, she and the Exposition authorities have decided to set apart two thousand excellent seats for fifty and seventy-five cents, while box seats will be two dollars each. Such lighting effects have never been staged by any one else. The Exposition Orchestra of eighty picked musicians will, as usual, furnish the music for the entertainment, Georges George conducting the dancing numbers and Richard Hageman leading the entr'acte music. Reserved seats may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

A Violinist at K. and C. Hall

Another excellent soloist has been engaged for this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall. Miss Kate Loewinsky is a violinist, pupil of Giulio Minetti. She has appeared frequently at concerts, and has always aroused her audiences to demonstrations of approval by her technique, her fine, flexible tone and her clear phrasing. She has selected a series of works particularly suited to her style of artistry. The accompaniments on the Knabe player piano as well as several instrumental solos will be played by G. Vargas who has long since become one of the leading attractions at these delightful events.

Sarah Padden at Pantages

Sarah Padden, a legitimate star with her own players from the United Stock Company of New York City, will be the feature at Pantages next week in a dramatic tale of department store life entitled "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row." Friend and Downing, two comedians with Hebrew dialect, are a laughing hit. They have just returned from London where they scored a triumph. Dorothy Vaughn now calls herself the "sweet singer of sweet songs," and has an offering that is exclusive and popular. West and Van Siclen present an instrumental act "In the Rose Bower." The Ishiwaka brothers are contortion-

AL. JOLSON

"The Bouncer of the Blues" in "Dancing Around" at the Cort

SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF BARGAIN ROW"

Which comes to Pantages next week

ists and balancers. Another comedy number will be shown by the Randow trio, and the Espanozos, Spanish dancers, with comedy pictures, will complete the bill.

Al Jolson Still Dancing Around

Al Jolson in "Dancing Around," after two weeks of enormous business at the Cort, begins his last week tomorrow, Sunday, evening. "Dancing Around" is the most satisfying of Winter Garden attractions which have come to San Francisco, and Al Jolson's personal hit is beyond anything he has achieved in these parts. On Sunday, July 11, comes the Cort Film Corporation's filmization of Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot," which has created something of a furore in the East. Whiteside was at his dramatic best in the great Zangwill play.

TANAGRA

A Real Living, Dancing Human Being,

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Will Exhibit Herself for the Benefit of the

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At the

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July 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, from 2 to 6 and from 8 to 11

Admission 50c; Children 25c. No Reserved Seats

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July 8 and 9, at 8:30

The World's Greatest Peace Play

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Presented by the

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The Artistic Sensation of the Day!

Reserved Seats 50c, 75c and $1.00, ready at 343 Powell St., Monday Morning, July 5. Phone Sutter 6646.

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THIS, SATURDAY, EVENING AT 8:30

And July 11, 28 and 31

LA LOIE FULLER

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HER FAMOUS ARTISTS

Assisted by the Exposition Orchestra of 80

Prices: 50c, 75c and $1.00. Box Seats, $2.00

2,000 SEATS AT 50c AND 75c.

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BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 5

THIRD AND LAST WEEK

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

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NEXT WEEK—THE NAKED TRUTH GIRL

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("THE CLANSMAN")

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in

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In Conjunction With

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DOOLEY & RUGEL, Comedy and Song; LORRAINE & DUDLEY Present "The Way to a Man's Heart;" PRINCE LAI MON KIM, the Noted Chinese Tenor; LUCY GILLETT, the Lady from Delf; RENEE FLORIGNY, the Celebrated French Pianist; Last Week JOE COOK, "The One Man Vaudeville Show;" and The Most Wonderful Chimpanzee in the World, LITTLE NAP.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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With the Mangler of Melancholy

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Nights, 50c to $2.00; Matinees, 50c to $1.50

Commencing Sunday, July 11—Cort Film Corporation Presents WALKER WHITESIDE in "THE MELTING POT," a Marvelous Photodrama

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It is very difficult to understand, with the great activity of some months ago when there was not half the reason for stocks going up that exists today, that with what were then hopes and are now realities, we should have stagnation. Crops promise to realize more than $10,000,000,000, a balance of trade of $1,000,000,000, railroad earnings getting on a satisfactory basis and a general improvement in business and with it apathy in the security market. Liquidation, especially from London, is very apparent in bonds, but never in its history has the country been better prepared to take back its securities, and the ones we are taking back are of the best character. When we can pay for a permanent investment with a commodity, we are certainly putting ourselves in a stronger position daily. Some people are fearful that a 4pc. English Government bond will affect our money rates here. That is unlikely for two reasons—in the first place we can get better return from our own securities which are as good as theirs; in the next place the plenty of money is beyond precedent. No one can forecast the future, but when we see a foundation being built on sterling values such as exist today, there should be little question of prosperity and higher prices in the not too far off future.

Wheat—During this week prices had a considerable decline, at times showing acute weakness; however, there has been a recovery of normal proportions from the extreme low level. The decline resulted from the apathy in the export situation and the weakness in spot prices in Liverpool. Crop conditions in the countries at war are not altogether favorable, but a recent estimate makes the prospective available supply from exporting countries considerably in excess of the quantity from the last crop. The recovery in prices follows the generally unfavorable conditions prevailing, such as storms and excessive rains in the West and Southwest and wet, cold weather in the Northwest and Canada. The break in prices is reported to have restricted offerings by the country, but primary receipts are somewhat in excess of last week's, while the clearances probably run less. The immediate movement of prices is likely to be in response to the character of the weather, unsettled conditions meaning a firm market while clearing weather, which would make for the maturing of the crop and give an impulse to harvesting operations, doubtless would increase hedging sales and bring about a further decline.

Corn has displayed strength and is ruling at a fair advance over last week's prices, the continuance of rains generally causing crop conditions to be quite backward. As a result, there has sprung up a more confident demand through commission houses, while the short interest which had accumulated has been impelled to cover. Country offerings have been more or less moderate, although there was recently said to be some increase from certain sections; the domestic demand is regarded as fair. It is argued that a favorable change in the weather would materially improve crop conditions and dissipate much of the present apprehension, but until such change occurs, prices will maintain a firm tone.

Cotton—Prices for cotton the past week covered a small range with prices sagging to around the 950 level. Speculative trade was rather quiet and most of the trade was confined to the local professional element. While cotton shows no disposition to leave the rut into which it has fallen, it is showing impressive resistance to the current news about the crop and to the poor demand for spots. Although the weather could not be more favorable than it is and spots could be scarcely duller than they are, futures hold firm and even manifest a disposition to creep higher. The inference is plain that the market does not want to go down. There is no pressure to sell. Bears are afraid to go short even though professing the belief that the commodity is too high under the circumstances. Under those conditions it is fair to assume that should any unfavorable developments to the crop occur, there would be a sharp advance. That there will be some untoward turn in the weather must be expected. The crop is entering the most critical period of its growth just now and could easily suffer a setback. On the other hand with the splendid start it has had, cotton is in a position to stand a lot of bad weather usage and yet come through fairly well. There was nothing in the foreign situation to influence prices except the advices that a settlement of the Lancashire labor trouble appears to be likely.

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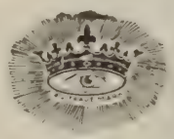

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DECEMBER 31, 1914

Assets	$58,584,596.93
Deposits	55,676,513.19
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,908,083.74
Employees' Pension Fund	188,521.05
Number of Depositors	66,442

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For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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2 GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR., Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. A. Sanderson, California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the, and his, place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR.,
Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.
A. A. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Executor,
California-Pacific Building,
San Francisco, California. 6-12-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

AGNES NOLAN,
Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 5th, 1915.
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.—No. 19155; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ., 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in matters connected with said estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

AXEL SONDERUP,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.
PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.—No. 19178; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ROSE G. HALLER, Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Wise & O'Connor, 516 Wells Fargo Building, corner Second and Mission Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

ROSE G. HALLER,
Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.
WISE & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Wells Fargo Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

MARGUERITE MASSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 19th, 1915.
CHARLES S. WHEELER,
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorneys for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

LOUISE FILIATRAULT,
Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1915.
2 H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the half year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after July 1, 1915.
S. L. ABBOTT, Vice-President.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME OF HEARING OF PETITION TO EXECUTE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19134; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EMMA J. C. KEYES (also known as and called EMMA KEYES), Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of MELVINA CATHERINE HOLT (also known as Vina Catherine Holt and also as Lavinia Holt), Executrix of the Estate of Emma J. C. Keyes (also known as and called Emma Keyes), deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing the said Executrix of the above named estate to complete the agreement of her decedent, by executing a deed of conveyance to Niels K. Andersen and Mary F. Andersen, his wife, of that certain real property situate in the County of Alameda, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Thirty-seventh Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet westerly from the western line of Market Street; running thence westerly along said line of Thirty-seventh Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being lot number 14, in block "B," as laid down and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Map of a portion of Mrs. M. J. Evoy's Property, Subdivided December 5th, 1876, W. F. Boardman, C. E., etc., filed May 2nd, 1877, in the County Recorder's office of Alameda County."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the 12th day of July, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number 10 thereof, located in the City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, be and the same hereby are, appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any persons interested in said estate may appear and make objections to the granting of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to publish due notice thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for not less than four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court
L. T. JACKS, Attorney for Executrix,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

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Cash and Sight Exchange	11,467,712.09
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LIABILITIES

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Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,112,797.97
Circulation	1,960,000.00
Letters of Credit	387,996.82
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

The Holts of America

A college professor has been contributing to the sum of human knowledge at Berkeley by uttering his profound thoughts on the present immodesty of women as evidenced by their fetching costumes. He sees that women dress to display their physical charms, and he has reflected dispasionately on the significance of the present tendency. Presumably whatever a college professor thinks it is important the world should know. Many college professors are of the opinion that they are hired to do the world's thinking, and that on them is the responsibility of perceiving what's wrong with the world. And so it is that when unlearned college trustees interrupt the thinking of a professor and advise him to look for another job Freedom proceeds to shriek as though another Kosciusko had fallen. Far be it from us then to suggest that the gentleman at Berkeley, who has yet to learn that woman has been Eve through all the ages, should be told to elevate his thoughts above feminine hips. Freedom requires that he be indulged like the mysterious Frank Holt who wandered from university to university thinking deeply the while and enjoying perfect freedom of expression. How many Professor Holts are today eminent in the academic world? Professor Holt is described as a crank. This is not an accurate description. Professor Holt was one of many professors who are today arguing that it is the duty of this country to amend the laws of nations in the midst of war in order to be neutral by depriving the Allies of the only advantage they have gained. Professor Holt differed from the others only in as much as he had the courage of his convictions. Professor Holt was no more of a crank than the president of Princeton, who says he is in favor of discontinuing the practice of serving beer in class reunion tents because Princeton should not "fall behind the conspicuous movements of the age." Formerly it was thought to be chiefly the business of a university to shape the movements of an age. Now we learn from a university president that it is the duty of a university to fall in with movements that reflect the brainstorms of the Middle West. This is a vertiginous world we live in. Perhaps the only genuine cranks are the men who cannot see that Professor Holt was a model of perfect sanity and entitled to the plaudits of the nation for trying to be of "service" to mankind.

Where War Was Abandoned

The more the imagination dwells on the actualities of the battlefield the better the mind is able to envisage the horrors of war. There is nothing like war to make the idea of war abhorrent. And therefore it is not without reason that some folks argue that Armageddon is so deeply impressing the awful facts of war on the world's imagination that the civilized races will forswear the murderous method of settling disputes for ever afterwards. They look upon Armageddon as the event that will clear the decks for the establishment of Utopia. In this connection it would be interesting and instructive to ascertain by what means the Chinese reached the high state of civilization in which they first realized the absurdity of cultivating the martial spirit and appealing to force. So far as we know it is not because the Chinese dread the horrors of war that they are a peaceful people. They are peaceful because they regard force as illogical. Through many centuries they have perceived that the only respectable weapon to be employed in controversy is reason. Before the missionaries got into China—the missionaries that pave the way for commerce and corrupt the natives—the Chinese were great lovers of justice and they had faith in the ability of man to settle disputes by arbitration without either a sword or a stink-pot. They had no use for a soldier except to do duty as a policeman, and as late as the Russo-Japanese war they despised soldiers, regarding them as the symbols of force. And now though the Chinese have a small army and are tolerant of soldiers it is not because they are reverting to barbarism; it is because of the progress of European civilization in the Orient. As the Chinese cannot educate Europe out of its barbarism they must adopt European measures for self-protection.

Josephus Wakes Up

That there is room for improvement in our navy Josephus Daniels no longer denies. Josephus has seen the light. He is no longer in sympathy with those angelic agitators of the Tolstoyan cult who would make peace perpetual by making it impossible to resist evil. Josephus has become a convert to the doctrine of preparedness. This we learn from the address which he delivered at the War College in Newport. In that address he made it clear that he favored a great naval program to bring the United States up to date in general efficiency, in the development of submarines and in the creation of an adequate aerial force. "Holding wisely to what is good in the past," said the Naval Secretary, "to such principles only as stand the acid test of this great war, do not fear to cast aside what has proved to be mere shackles of convention, and daringly go forward." Mr. Daniels promised that no efforts would be spared to increase the navy's efficiency, and he said he expected the next Congress to make liberal appropriations and further expansion by providing funds for weapons not now in existence. On this occasion Mr. Daniels caused general astonishment. It was the first time he ever talked like a real Naval Secretary.

The Effect of Criticsm

Secretary Daniels is probably indebted for his transformation to the wholesome criticism he has been receiving at the hands of Representative Gardner and former Naval Secretary Meyer. These gentlemen have been keeping the country informed about the inadequacy of our whole defensive establishment, with especial reference to the inefficiency of the navy. Only the other day Mr. Meyer pointed out that the target practice of our navy was no better than it was ten years ago. Mr. Gardner called attention to the fact that our gunners are not even attempting to equal the long range marksmanship of European navies, giving Admiral Fiske as his authority. He also charged Secretary Daniels with keeping the bad records of target practice secret and publishing only the good records. It appears that while publicity was given to the record of William Ruff, the star gunner of the Texas, who made four hits out of four shots with a five-inch gun, nothing was said about the battleship Michigan which succeeded in making only five hits out of twenty-seven shots at a range of about 9000 yards, as against a record of this same ship in 1911 of nineteen hits out of twenty-seven shots under the same conditions. Josephus has had nothing to say about these matters, but his talk at the War College justifies the hope that mushy sentimentality will no longer prevail in the Department.

Bryan in Foreign Eyes

The Nation of London, which is perhaps the leading Liberal weekly of England, has been expounding Mr. Bryan. "Though party exigencies, even in this country," says The Nation, "sometimes place in high administrative offices exceedingly inappropriate men, it would hardly be possible anywhere else than in America for the conduct of foreign affairs to pass into hands

so ill-qualified as those of Mr. Bryan." Evidently there are journalists in London who study American politicians. The one that supplied a pen picture of Bryan to the readers of The Nation is familiar not only with Bryan but with the section of the country whence he hails. "The Middle West" he says, "breeds numbers of such idealists, men of robust physique, great will power, immense enthusiasm, but limited intelligence." Bryan we are told by this English journalist is a man whose experience as a lecturer and politician has only "confirmed his mind in Nebraskan culture," and who has "never brought what he calls his 'principles' into organic relationship with the art of statesmanship." It is beyond the Englishman's power of conjecture to guess how Bryan brought himself to assent to the note to Germany which contained the deadly barb that might later be pressed home, but he wonders whether the "decorative language imposed on him." Here is probably the answer to the conundrum—"the decorative language." Rhetoric is Bryan's intoxicant; fermented rhetoric of the "Cross of Gold" brand which is more than one hundred proof.

Men Who Are Not Grafters

We have been told that under the present dispensation there is no grafting of the kind that we knew when Abe Ruef was shaping the destinies of the city. This is an assurance that affords us little comfort at a time when we see taxes increasing and when we know that the cost of government is in a large measure the cost of strengthening a political machine in the interest of politicians preoccupied with the business of keeping themselves in power for the money there is in it. Is it to be assumed that these men merely because they do not graft in the old way are honest? And what is there in their general conduct that should induce us to postulate honesty of them? Is it that they show character in trifles and a devotion to moral principles? On the contrary, they appear to be devoid of the commonplace sense of common decency. Consider their attitude toward those taxpayers who have recovered judgments against the city for money paid to the city in excess of what was due. The courts have affirmed that according to a fundamental principle of justice these taxpayers are entitled to the money for which they sued and that it must be paid to them out of whatever surplus remains in the treasury at the end of the fiscal year. In the circumstances there is but one honest thing to do—pay the money. What did our honest public servants do? They hastened to evade payment. The books of the city were made to show that the surplus money out of which it had been decreed that the judgments should be paid had been appropriated for use in the next fiscal year. And the Supervisors rejoiced in their mean little trickery. They would have the average saphead in the street rejoice too, for presumably they had acted for his benefit. Presumably by making the city play the part of a crooked debtor they were saving money. Hence the average saphead is expected to applaud their dishonesty. As a matter of fact the city has not been advantaged at all. The judgments will be renewed from year to year until they are paid, and all the while they will bear interest at seven per cent. But meanwhile the looters on the job by reason of their having contrived for the present the evasion of honest debts will have more money to spend on their political machine. A tough lot were the paint-eaters of Ruef's day, but were they any worse than Rolph and his gang, some of whom, not satisfied with fleecing the taxpayer and defrauding him when he appears as a creditor, have gone so far as to urge Assessor Ginty (happily in vain) to assess the judgments that must be renewed before they can be collected. Are we really sure that the men that do such things are not grafters? If they are not, why are they not?

A Reformer in Athens

The peace propagandists tell us that Euripides wrote The Trojan Women as a protest against war. They have thus raised an academic question which is not of very great importance. Euripides was a good deal of a bore and a doctrinaire as well, and it may be that he was the first Pacifist. If so we cannot see that it is of advantage to the Carnegie school to show that the war against war was started twenty-three hundred years ago in Athens. Suppose it was started in that dark backward and abysm of time: must we not then conclude that much that has taken place meanwhile tends to indicate the futility of it? And admitting that Euripides was a Pacifist, surely there is no reason why he should be followed as a prophet, or why his protest against war, if he ever made one, should induce us to send our navy to the scrapheap. Euripides was a poet, a dreamer and an idealist whose teachings were not taken seriously in Athens. He was the Dr. Jordan of his day: that is to say, he was in the habit of talking nonsense. He differed from Jordan in that he could do one thing well. He was an excellent playwright, but like the foolish dramatists of our day he motived drama in his prejudices, and irritated his audience. Doubtless it will be said that as he was in advance of his time he was misunderstood. Well, the fact is Euripides never was wholly understood, but it is no great merit in a man devoted to self-expression to go to his grave misunderstood and to remain misunderstood for centuries. Recently the illuminati have discovered that Euripides was for woman suffrage. In his own day and for centuries thereafter he was understood to be a great woman hater. His contemporaries denounced him for his slanders against the sex. They called him a calumniator of women. We know that he thought that women talked too much. He satirized them for their talkativeness, which was certainly a queer way of indicating his confidence in their mentality. There is a scene between Euripides and Aeschylus in "The Frogs" in which the former is represented as calumniating women. But today Euripides is a standard-bearer of the Cause. Which shows how greatly he was misunderstood in the old days. We are assured that for such as can penetrate a little below the surface of things and go for awhile with Euripides along that deeper level on which he habitually moved, there is abundant evidence of his sympathy with the ladies of Athens who wished to take part in public life. What dull persons they were, those old Athenians who misunderstood Euripides. They could not even understand The Trojan Women. But may not it be that in that play Euripides only intended to castigate the Athenians for their brutalities on the island of Melos? And was it likely that he favored disarmament when he knew how the Greek race had been saved from Persian tyranny? Meanwhile there had grown up in Athens a splendid tradition of a glorious empire, and the idealists of the day thought it was the duty of Athenians to extend the blessings of Athenian intellect into the dark corners of the earth. The Athenians were very proud of their culture about that time, notwithstanding which they butchered all the men on the island of Melos and sold the women into slavery. Whereupon Euripides sat him down and dashed off a play in which he seemed to say: "This is what comes of your culture; this is what comes of educating the head without training the conscience." It was good stuff, but unfortunately for Euripides like all dogmatists and many enthusiasts he had made a considerable bore of himself. Also having taken himself too seriously he had become the cheapest butt for ridicule in all Athens. There was one man who admired him, the great Socrates, himself famous for his ability to talk the hind leg off a dog. An earnest reformer was Euripides, but alas! without a sense of humor. Aristotle tells us he was "the most tragic of all poets." Which is high praise, but tragic poetry is not as good a vehicle as Aristophanic humor or Attic wit for conveying a message to the multitude. If Euripides had not lived remote, first in a cave on Salamis, then in the primitive wilds of Macedonia, he might have shared the fate of his friend Socrates.

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Varied Types

CCXXXVII—JAMES BUCHANAN BRADY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Yes, I object to the nickname 'Diamond Jim,'" said that corruscating individual in reply to a question, "but what's the use? The newspapers east and west have fastened the name on me, and I have to stand for it. Yesterday the San Francisco papers wrote up my diamonds, and I suppose the story will be copied in every paper in California."

"Diamond Jim" filed his objection without rancor, and voiced his not unflattering supposition without peevishness. There are some things about this scintillant man that are as easy to see as the brown diamond on his finger. One of them is that his distaste for notoriety is purely verbal. Deep down in that organ which beats beneath his shining shirt studs there is a thorough enjoyment of his position as a national character.

He doesn't hide his light under a bushel, or his sparkle under a waistcoat. He spread his left hand on the breakfast table so that I might dazzle my eyes with the biggest ring I had ever seen on any finger. He pointed to the immense gem in his scarf. He shot his cuffs so that I might admire his wrist baubles. He opened his coat and showed me his waistcoat buttons. He pulled out his watch, and my gaze burned along a glistering chain to a time-piece that effulged like one of D'Arcy Ryan's rockets. And finally he lifted the points of his waistcoat and revealed the glory of his belt buckle. "Diamond Jim" is a brave man; he has the courage of his jewelry.

But it would be wrong to convey the impression that all of "Diamond Jim's" value comes from Tiffany's. It is easy, even from a brief conversation at the breakfast table, to infer his kind heart, his well-meaning, and his rough good nature. Too many gems on the person of either man or woman are apt to indicate a certain very disagreeable characteristic, but "Diamond Jim" is an exception. He is saved by a simplicity of outlook, a winning naivete. He shows you his diamonds and sapphires as a small boy exhibits a sore finger. The diamond, I believe, stands for innocence; and "Diamond Jim" is not without marks of that unspoiled state.

"I haven't many of them on today," he remarked as he released the strain on my optic nerve.

And he said it after the fashion of the small boy who depreciates the cut on his finger, while knowing very well that it is a deep and enviable cut, a cut which sets him above ordinary boys who have no cuts to show. I am quite certain "Diamond Jim" would have been disappointed if his display had failed to impress me.

"The diamond is one of the most beautiful things in the world," he went on. "I love a fine diamond just as another man loves a fine picture or statue. And it has this advantage over a picture or statue: when you go traveling you can take it with you and enjoy it all the time.

"I know it is dangerous to wear as many diamonds as I do; but after all I don't get very far away from the bright lights, and having been foreman of the grand jury I know that most people are robbed because they go to places they should keep away from. So the Gyp the Bloods don't cause me much worry.

"And there is more pleasure to be had from jewels than just wearing them. For instance, the people you meet on account of them. Yesterday Billy Crane and Dave Warfield came to my apartment to see my jewels, just as I go to their theatres to see their plays.

"I know a great many actors and actresses. I suppose I'm the most consistent fight-nighter in the world. When I'm in New York I never miss a first night. No, I don't get tired of fight-nighting, any more than I get tired of eating. Sometimes you don't feel much like eating, but it's a habit and you don't give it up. It's the same with first-nighting. Sometimes the show isn't as good on the first night as it gets to be later; but there are the speeches, and the newspapermen are there, and it has other pleasant features."

"Do you agree with those who say that the stage is going to the dogs?"

"In New York,'" was the ready answer, "they are paying fifteen dollars a seat to see 'The Follies.' Does that look as though the stage is on the decline?"

"You don't sympathize with those who are always harking back to Edwin Booth?"

"Edwin Booth is a dead one. Take a little advice from me, my boy, and never follow a dead one. I'd much rather have people say 'There he goes' than 'Here he lies.'

"I like to keep abreast of the times. That's why I travel. I heard them say in New York that the Pacific-Union was the finest club in the world. Well, I've been to the Pacific-Union, and I won't have to keep silent the next time it's discussed. I'm inclined to think that those who spoke so highly of it were right.

"Still, I don't travel a great deal. I like New York too well to leave it often. We have many things to be thankful for in New York."

This reminded me of that eccentric old Marquis of Queensberry who used to sit in his club window and declare that the only thing which beat a summer in London was a London winter.

"I dance a great deal," continued "Diamond Jim," "and my doctor says it is good for me. I'm quite a hearty eater, and I need a lot of exercise. I get it by dancing. I haven't danced here yet because I've spent the last two days at the Fair and I was so tired after walking over those pavements out there that I sneaked off to bed. But I have a feeling that I shall do some dancing tonight, here at the St. Francis or down at Tait's."

"Diamond Jim" mentioned in passing that he was a bachelor, so I asked him:

"Don't you sometimes regret that there is no Brady Junior to inherit your diamonds?"

"Well," he answered, "there are different ways of looking at that. I am not opposed to marriage. But while I was making my way in the world I had so many depending on me that I could not marry, and now that I am rich I am too old to marry. I mean by that, I wouldn't care to marry a woman of my own age, and I wouldn't marry a young woman because my experience is that young wives always lead old husbands a merry chase. An old husband can't keep up with a young wife. She may have the best intentions in the world, but in nine cases out of ten the temptations are too strong for her. If there's to be a merry chase I'd rather conduct it myself."

"You are a philosopher," I commented.

"Yes, I guess I've worked out a pretty fair philosophy of life," he replied. "I take things as they come, and don't worry. This morning a little after seven I was called out of bed to the telephone. There was a girl on the line who asked if she could sing for me. She said she was a California singer. Well, we've had some pretty good California singers in New York. There was Truly Shattuck, for instance. So I told this girl that maybe she might sing for me some time before I left the city, but not at seven in the morning."

And "Diamond Jim" chuckled over the incident as he stirred the ice in his orange juice.

A not too rough diamond is "Diamond Jim." After all, he has a soul above diamonds and dancing and first nights. Many a man has his love of gawds and of amusements who never yielded to a large impulse of generosity. "Diamond Jim" did when he built a six hundred thousand dollar hospital at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. Obviously diamonds are not always trumps with him; there are also hearts.

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Perspective Impressions

Thank heaven, the rising generation still takes its patriotism for granted.

And further thanks to heaven, there is not too much sanity in the Fourth of July celebration.

Query: Could that be a sane celebration of the Fourth which featured Bill Bryan?

Once more the Examiner reminds us that Hearst did it. It's a pretty heavy task that Hearst puts upon us—the task of trying to be grateful. Is the bell worth it?

Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch complains that women are wearing their "mating feathers" all the year round. Does it pain the doctor to see women in their mating feathers, or would he have them plucked?

The chronic complainant in the court of life is a beggar looking for sympathy.

Strange, is it not? that none of the preachers of birth control recommend continence?

Perhaps we should recall Judge Sturtevant before the case reaches the Supreme Court.

The weak-minded person in distress accepts a banal epigram as though it were a philosophic hope.

According to Markham's Ode to Freedom the Liberty Bell "thundered around the world the word of man" while the wild birds sang on bough and wall. It's because things happen that way that it's so easy to write occasional poetry.

The man who can extract amusement from monotony is his own vitalizing agent.

Says Bryan: "The measure of individual and national greatness should be service." Also the measure of a man's hypocrisy is "service." Formerly the hypocrite made broad his phylacteries. Now he cants about "service" and pockets the gate receipts.

Chancellor Jordan is now making war on the ultimatum on the ground that it would be dangerous for the people to trust the President. He says that a President might be a conspirator. Which is quite true. More startling still is the reflection that a President may be a jordan. But, alas! God made it so that the people are compelled to take chances. Even a Democracy is beset with uncertainties.

An American in Berlin

By Madeline G. Doty

"Don't go," said the American Embassy at the Hague. "Americans are not wanted. You may get into trouble." I packed my bag with beating heart. Go I would, for why live unless adventure? But I spoke no German. How could it be managed? My head was full of tales of hardship and imprisonment. The "Lusitania" had just been sunk. I had never been to Germany. Berlin was a strange city. I pinned my little American flag and my Hague Congress Peace Badge on the lapel of my coat. My passport I tucked in my pocket. With a small handbag and no printed or written word I started forth. Fortunately, a Hungarian newspaperwoman whom I had met traveled by the same train. We were an ill-assorted pair. She petite, feminine, and full of gay, light humor, I serious, clad in business clothes with many capacious pockets. "Mon mari," she called me. "Ma femme" proved a very useful person. She spoke five languages. Born in Russia with French ancestors, living in Paris, and married to a Hungarian, her heart was with the Allies. Life in Budapest was difficult. She dreaded return. But her glib German tongue and Hungarian marriage made her persona grata in Germany.

Her flirtation with the passport officials at the frontier let us through with smiles and an invitation to wait over a train. Before the border was reached, I had hidden my American flag. It was not wise to speak English. This made me very helpless. I persuaded my companion to step off with me in Berlin. It was a long tedious day's journey. The German pasture lands were empty, no people, men or women anywhere, and no cattle. But it was Sunday. Perhaps that was the reason. When we had secured rooms at an hotel, we started forth to see the city. A passing throng filled the Frederichstrasse, but half were soldiers. Every fifth person was in mourning or wore a black band upon the sleeve. The faces in the electric light looked pale and tense. There was much talk, but no laughter. Every now and then one caught the word "Lusitania." Only the day before that steamer had been sunk. I clung to my companion. We talked in whispers. Once or twice an English word caught the ear of a passer-by, who turned, flushed and angry, to glare upon me. I soon ceased speaking. In the restaurant I made wild guesses, and pointed at dishes on the menu, and uttered no sound. I felt as I had during my voluntary week in prison, when under the hostile and unfriendly eyes of the matrons. The hotel had given us bread cards. With these we secured some black and sour-tasting bread, done up in sealed paper packages. Under her breath my companion confided that Hungary was worse off than Germany. Hungary was nearly breadless. Germany had bought Hungary's flour supply. "A fine ally, Germany," continued my companion, "little she cares for us. She doesn't even trust us. Every letter mailed in Berlin to Budapest is opened and read. Germany is wonderful." Next morning we started out to find a place where English was tolerated, for my companion could not stay on. We hunted up some German-Americans, who had invited women peace delegates to come to Berlin. Their hospitality was boundless. I was to be a guest, and passed from hand to hand. I saw my freedom vanishing, but was powerless. The German-Americans had planned the conversion of every American. I was seized upon as the missionary seizes the cannibal. I tried to extricate myself. Bitter little taunts were thrust at me. Did I fear starvation, or the barbarians? Eventually I capitulated. I was to have one more night at the hotel with my gay friend before her departure.

That night we went to the Winter Garden. The place was filled with soldiers. One act was a series of living tableaux, depicting war. They were intended to inspire wild patriotism. But the soldiers were silent, only a mild applause greeted the effort. One scene symbolic of stupendous heroism, the last soldier firing the last shot, was received in grim silence. All Berlin is grim and tense. People pass and repass on the street. The shops are open, life goes on. But there is no genial friendliness, no lingering over a glass of beer, no bit of gay song. Everywhere there are gray, dusty and worn uniforms. When a troop of soldiers pass, their faces are pale, their feet drag. The goose step has vanished.

With the departure of my companion I settled down in a German house. A modest ménage, but every detail perfect. All Germany runs without friction. My host is a university professor, his wife an American. They are all hospitality, but their zealousness torments me. I am the heathen whose soul must be saved. From the day of my arrival to the moment of my departure, we have but one topic of conversation. Germany's virtues and America's sins. A great pity seizes me for this tragic couple. Their thin, pallid faces bespeak wracked nerves and tortured souls. Under the domination of a Government they adore, they dare not critize. To question would be to shatter their world. German culture, German arts, the Government, Bismarck, the Kaiser, the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania—in all things Germany is wisdom and righteousness. Surrounded by enemies, wicked monsters, Germany, the perfect, is fighting for her life. Better a thousand times that the Lusitania be sunk and Americans killed than let American bullets reach the Allies to inflict death on German soldiers. "American bullets," hourly the phrase is flung in my face. My protest that, as a peace delegate, I am fighting for the prohibition of traffic in arms, and the limitation of their manufacture to the Government, brings no relief.

I take my map and study it. I have the addresses of my Social Democrats. How get to them? My hosts do not tolerate such people. Then I remember the American Embassy and a young man friend. I plead a luncheon engagement. This seems safe, and in a cab, unaccompanied, I escape. To my countryman I explain my predicament. All absences are to be accounted for by him. Then alone, map in hand, I start out. I walk many weary blocks, slinking along side streets to avoid the complication of tramcar conversations. I seem to be living in the days of conspiracies and dime novels. And truly I am, for day by day the plot thickens. I am received with open arms by the rebel women, and at once nicknamed the "criminal." At last I have found the Germans I sought. Free, fearless people, whose love for the fatherland is so great, they dare protest. But these people are momentarily in danger. Their meetings are secret. We meet in out-of-the-way places. I find that my telephone messages are intercepted. That a perfectly harmless letter is never delivered. I am watched. It is hard to believe. Surely I have dropped back into the Middle

Ages. I have to pinch myself to realize I am an American living in the twentieth century.

Such innocent affairs, these clandestine meetings! Merely discussion of a way to protest against war, and work for peace. True, we denounce the invasion of Belgium, declare Germany began the war, and speak with loathing of the militarist spirit. But what American doesn't? My most revolutionary talk was with a gray-haired mother of grown children, in a secluded corner of a quiet restaurant. A burning flame this woman. Her face stamped with world suffering, her eyes the tragic eyes of a Jane Addams. In a whisper she uttered the great heresy —"Germany's salvation lies in Germany's defeat. If Germany wins when so many of her progressive young men have been slain, the people will be utterly crushed in the grip of the mailed fist."

With this companion I discussed the collapse of the Social Democrats in the hour of crisis, the triumph of nationalism over internationalism. She attributes it to military training. During the period of service a man becomes a thing. Automatically he acquires habits of obedience, is reduced to an unquestioning machine. Mechanically, when the call came, the Social Democrats, with the others, fell into line. But with time has come thought. Also knowledge—knowledge that, in the first instance, Germany's war was not one of self-defense. But it is too late to rebel. Most of the Social Democrats are at the front. From month to month they have put off protest as unwise. Only Liebknecht has made himself heard. Now he has been caught in the iron hand, and sent to battle. But women are not bound by the spell of militarism. While the Government rejoiced at the submission of its Socialist men, the women grew active. Organizing a party of their own, they fight bravely. Last fall Rosa Luxembourg dashed into the street, and addressed a regiment of soldiers. "Don't go to war, don't shoot your brothers," she cried. For this offense she was sent to prison for a year. Today she lies in solitary confinement. But her suffering ony inspires the others. In March, 750 women walked to the Reichstag. At the entrance they halted. As the members entered they shouted, "We will have no more war. We will have peace." Quickly the police dispersed them, and the order went forth that no newspaper should print one word of the protest. Still the women work on. On April 8th an International Socialist Woman's Congress was held at Berne, Switzerland. Ten nations were represented, including all the belligerents.

The task of peace propaganda in Germany is gigantic. Neither by letter nor by press can news be spread. Both are censored. The work must be carried on by spoken word passed from mouth to mouth. The courage of the little band of women I had met was stupendous. Through them I learned to love Germany. So my life in Berlin became a double one. I ate and slept, and was unregenerate in one part of the town, and only really lived when I escaped from respectability and, strange contradiction of terms, became a criminal fighting for peace.

But wherever I was, one fact grew omnipresent. Germany was magnificently organized. Here lay the country's power and her weakness. Her power because it made Germany a unit. There were no weak links in the chain. Her weakness, because it robbed her people of individuality, made them cogs in a machine.

Even in the midst of war, Germany is superbly run. The lawns are weedless, the flower beds wonderful. The streets are clean. The tasks the men left have been performed by women, children and old men. Nothing is neglected. I went through Berlin's biggest hospital. It was marvelous. There was every apparatus that mind can conceive or science invent. The building was beautiful, the lawns gay with jonquils and tulips. Little portable houses had been erected to care for the wounded. Seventeen of the staff doctors have gone to the front, but seventeen women physicians have taken their place. Everything is as before. Germany's discipline is perfect. It is not for the German people to reason and wonder why, but only to do—and die. Everywhere you feel the relentlessness of force, the power of organization.

As I walked through the Thiergarten one afternoon, there arose a great rushing, buzzing noise. Directly over my head and quite low was a great Zeppelin. I thanked heaven I was in Berlin, and not Paris. The Germans are very busy with their Zeppelins. Just outside Berlin is a little wooden city, erected to give airships practice in hurling bombs. While men with labor of years are erecting wonder cities like Berlin, other men are practicing day and night how to destroy such a city in a day. It is common talk in Germany that they have at last discovered a bomb that cannot be put out by water. If so, heaven help us! For Germany will never give in. She will fight to her last man. All the bitterness and fear that has crept into the nation will be directed toward a gigantic effort to blow up the world. Germany no longer cares whom she hurts; like an unloved child at bay, she means to smash and kill. The pity of it! Never was there a more generous, soft-hearted, kindly people. Germany, the land of the Christmas tree and folk songs and hearthsides and gay childish laughter, turned into a relentless fighting machine! But each individual is a cog firmly fixed in the machine, which will go ever on as long as the ruling power turns the crank.

It was with infinite relief that I took my departure one morning. The tragedy of Germany had eaten into my soul. As I waited on the platform for my train, carloads of soldiers came and went. One great trainful paused for some moments while the men drank coffee. A great desire seized me, to call out to these men, to beg them not to go. Then I remembered Rosa Luxembourg, realized my impotence, knew I would accomplish nothing, and resolutely turned my back. As my train sped into Holland, life changed. I could speak and smile again. Friendly eyes greeted me. I was no longer an outcast. From the car window I saw a subtle change had come over the landscape. In Germany only a few women and a stray man, and no cattle were to be seen in the pastures. But now the meadows were full of sleek, fat cows. The peasants in the fields were singing. As we steamed through little cities, all was bustle and activity. The horses looked well fed. People sat leisurely in front of cafés, drinking beer. Normal life had come again. Vividly it came to me that Germany is being grievously hurt.

SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS MEMBER COMMERCIAL

Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco and The San Francisco Clearing House Association

JUNE 30, 1915

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate		$ 7,283,515.20
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal)		4,546,758.63
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches)		846,831.59
Other Real Estate		159,067.89
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit		200,155.47
Other Resources		96,354.11
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	$3,171,911.25	
CASH	2,775,670.06	5,947,581.31
TOTAL		$19,080,264.20

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid Up	$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	360,159.13
Dividends Unpaid	37,595.00
Letters of Credit	200,155.47
DEPOSITS	17,232,354.60
TOTAL	$19,080,264.20

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco:

A. P. GIANNINI and A. PEDRINI, being each separately, duly sworn, each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI,
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1915.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Compaartive Statement of Our Resources

December 31, 1904	$285,436.97
December 31, 1905	$1,021,290.80
DECEMBER 31, 1906	$1, 899, 947.28
DECEMBER 31, 1907	$2, 221, 347. 35
December 31, 1908	$2, 574, 004. 90
December 31, 1909	$3, 817. 217. 70
DECEMBER 31, 1910	$6, 539, 861. 47
DECEMBER 31, 1911	$8, 379, 347. 02
DECEMBER 31, 1912	$11, 228, 814. 56
DECEMBER 31, 1913	$15, 882, 911. 61
DECEMBER 31, 1914	$18,030,401.59
JUNE 30, 1915,	$19,080,264.20

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 53,946

Savings Deposits Made on or Before July 10, 1915, Will Earn Interest from July 1st, 1915

SAN JOSE SAN MATEO

Poems About San Francisco

CCIV—THE TAVERN ON THE FRONT

(The following reads like a description of "Three-Fingered Jack's," and it may be that the author had that noted old place in mind. It is taken from "Songs of a City.")

By Howard V. Sutherland

Down on the water-front, empty, forsaken,
  Stands an old tavern, dust-covered and grey;
Daily and nightly its timbers are shaken
  By the rough breezes that sport on the bay.
Barred are its windows with meaningless shutters,
  Locked is the portal that never knew key;
Filled are the halls with the ominous mutters
  Of winds that, imprisoned, make moan for the sea.

Many long years the old tavern has carried
  The sign that is sad and too common: "To Let;"
Few people saw it, and none of them tarried,
  None of them viewed the old inn with regret.
Brave were the man who attempted to run it;
  Loafers will pass it nor give it a glance;
Even the venturesome little ones shun it,
  Policemen and wharf-rats will eye it askance.

Yet it is said that in days long departed
  Came to this tavern, from countries afar,
Men that were mighty of limb, lion-hearted—
  Men who had braved tribulation and war.
Some of them came seeking fabulous treasure;
  Some of them came seeking freedom or rest.
We of today may not venture to measure
  The hopes of the men who first came to the West.

Here came the miners and squandered their wages,
  Bought the red wine with a ruddier gold;
Wrote in red letters the earliest pages
  Of doings long famous and ever re-told.
Till the young sun with its golden-tipped finger
  Woke the great mountains with bosoms dew-pearled,
Here in the tavern the heroes would linger
  Telling the tales that awakened a world.

Once the rooms echoed the sounds of men's laughter,
  Heard, as they drank, the clear clink of the glass;
Heard the brave singing that followed right after—
  Songs of the home, or the mine, or the lass.
Now the strong singers are silent and sleeping,
  Drear are the chambers they sang in, and cold;
Death and forgetfulness have in their keeping
  Those who once drank in the days that are old.

Empty the house is, rat-ridden and rotten,
  Only the sunbeams caress its poor face;
There it is standing, despised and forgotten,
  Left far behind in the city's mad race.
Only at night-time, when slumbers the city,
  When the white mist covers hillside and street,
Come the old spirits who love it and pity
  The place that once shook 'neath the tread of their feet.

The Spectator

Hearst's Incinerator

"Say," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock as he bolted into Town Talk office, "you're away off about Hearst."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that you're wrong when you say that he's always blowing about his achievements. I think Willie is a very modest chap. Of course he has gone daffy about the Liberty Bell, but that's because he's lying about that and has to make good. That's why he has published Charley Moore's letter again—the one that Charley didn't write, only signed. You can always tell when Hearst is lying. He keeps repeating the whopper till he believes in it. But you haven't seen him pointing with pride about the incinerator plant, have you?"

I confessed that I had not.

"Well, he got us that, didn't he?"

"I don't know. I've forgotten about that."

"Oh, you're just like the average taxpayer. You've got a poor memory. The average taxpayer gets kicked every little while, and in a day or two you find him licking the boot that kicked him."

"What about the incinerator plant?" I asked.

"Didn't you see in the Examiner the other day that the city has gone out of the garbage business? Yep, it's gone. Cost us a million to get in and now the plant goes to the scrapheap. Hearst did it. He told us municipal ownership was the best ever, and that if we didn't vote the bonds he'd call us a lot of crooks. So we voted, and now we lose. But Hearst is so busy cracking up the Liberty Bell and swelling himself on what he did that he has forgotten about the incinerator plant. I wrote him a letter thanking him for the plant, but he hasn't printed it. I guess it was crowded out by the Moore letter. Here's mine."

The Unpublished Letter

The clockwinder handed me a copy of his letter. Here it is:

Hon. William Randolph Hearst,
  Examiner Office.

Dear Sir: On behalf of the people of San Francisco I have the supreme honor to express their sincere gratitude for one of the many things you have done for them since your arrival from Harvard thirty years ago. Permit me to assure you that they are proud of their incinerator plant, especially since it quit burning. It was an awful nuisance when it was going. What the people like about it is the cost. It is proof that they are good spenders. Aisy comes, aisy goes is their motto. Some of them are in favor of tearing down the building and selling it for junk. Others, with whom I am in sympathy, are in favor of preserving it, dedicating it to your memory, and erecting on the roof a colossal statue of you in brass. If you agree with us we shall arrange to have a celebration in the building, a celebration of the anniversary of your arrival from Harvard which is approaching. We feel that in view of all you have done for us since the day when you began making over the government according to your fastidious taste it would be fitting to celebrate you in the garbage plant. Respectfully,

—The Municipal Clockwinder.

After all beauty of aspect is of small consequence. It is charm that counts whatever be its constituents, and Ninon was a charming woman at eighty. At that age the last of her lovers had not taken his departure.

—From "A Famous Wit and Beauty" by Theodore Bonnet, in this month's Lantern.

Dissolving a Partnership

Two years ago the members of the Real Estate Board of Los Angeles paid a visit to this city and were entertained by the real estate fraternity here. There was, among other things, a luncheon at the Cliff House, and when Sam Buckbee who presided, proposed that a partnership should be formed to be known as "San Francisco, Los Angeles and Company," there was cheering from everybody followed by many expressions of friendship, good will and a fel-

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lowship of interest. This year the National Real Estate Association held its convention in Los Angeles, and when the convention adjourned a great many of the delegates came here to see the Fair. They all had the same story to tell the real estate men of this city who helped them enjoy their stay here. It was to the effect that carefully planned and systematic efforts had been made by the Los Angeles real estate men to dissuade them from visiting San Francisco. A pamphlet was distributed among them in which there were a great many false statements about San Francisco. Weather and other conditions were painted in unfavorable colors. Even clerks in the Los Angeles hotels, it is said, were not above joining this petty conspiracy to hurt this city and its World's Fair. And so, the real estate men of San Francisco have decided that the time has come to dissolve the partnership entered into two years ago.

Thermometers Banned

Will business or pleasure take you to Los Angeles this summer? Then look about you in office buildings and stores, and see if you can find a thermometer. The chances are you cannot. The story runs that the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles has issued a secret order to all its members that no thermometers shall be publicly displayed during the summer months. Los Angeles doesn't want visitors to know just how high the mercury climbs during the dog days. I know a man who has hunted high and low for thermometers during the past week or two, and has not found them. Where thermometers used to be they are to be discovered no longer.

The prohibitionist would prohibit what God has not prohibited, and this seems to me rank Manicheism and heresy.

—From "Heretics, Ancient and Modern" by Edward F. O'Day, in this month's Lantern.

One of Jordan's Friends

Some months ago David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Stanford University, was vouching for the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker of Boston as a high authority on the liquor question. At once I assumed that Joseph H. Crooker was of the Jordan school of polemics and reformers. Not until the other day did I hear of Brother Crooker again. He bobbed up in the New York Sun. He earned his spot in the Sun by writing to that journal on his pet subject—prohibition. The Sun printed his letter, but Brother Crooker did not receive a copy of the paper in which it appeared. So he assumed that the letter had not been printed. And knowing that the Sun is not in sympathy with the prohibition cause he proved himself the average busybody moralist by suspecting that the Sun was dishonest. This suspicion he expressed in a letter to a friend, and it came to the knowledge of the editor of the Sun who gave Brother Crooker precisely the same kind of trouncing that was given to the Rev. Dr. McKim of Washington, D. C., for charging the Sun in a letter marked "confidential" with having sold out to the German propaganda. The Rev. Dr. Crooker suspected that the Sun had sold out to the liquor interests.

His Plea in Mitigation

Stung by the treatment he received from the Sun, the man sponsored by Jordan wrote a letter of apology to the Sun in which he made a remarkable point thus: "By printing my personal letter you practically turn a suspicion privately expressed into a public charge which I should never have thought of making." Thus we see what total abstinence does to a man. No ordinary drunkard would think of offering in mitigation of a mean suspicion the plea that he had taken the precaution to express the suspicion behind a man's back. "I simply stated my suspicion to a friend," says Brother Crooker of the Jordan school; "a suspicion not warranted by the facts, I freely admit; but not if left there, a serious injury to you." And Brother Crooker reproached the Sun for publishing his private letter. As to the question of journalistic ethics thus raised the Sun refers the man sponsored by Jordan to the recently adjudicated case of the Rev. Dr. McKim vs. the Sun. In that case the decision was that when by letter a man calls in question the character of a newspaper the letter is not to be regarded as a privileged communication even though it be marked "confidential." In support of this position it might be urged that it is the duty of a newspaper to expose any professional moralist whose conduct proves that he is not a trustworthy moral guide. Mr. Crooker now appears to be a moral guide of the same stamp as Bryan, Hobson, Hearst and the other leading representatives of the prohibition interests of Westerville, Ohio.

Billy Sunday Sidetracked

According to a report that comes through subterranean channels the invitation to Billy Sunday to act as a star attraction at the Exposition has been cancelled. For this blessing, I am informed, we should be grateful to Mr. John A. Britton, of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Happily Mr. Britton is one of the Exposition directors. Happily also Mr. Britton is a man of refined sensibilities with an instinctive aversion to the unfitness of things. While he is not unmindful of the importance of the gate receipts neither is he indifferent to the obligations of the management. And so the idea of putting Billy Sunday on a plane with the things at the Fair that are worthy of intellectual interest was repugnant to him. Doubtless he might be tolerant of Billy Sunday as a Zone attraction in the neighborhood of the Streets of Cairo, but to the obscene charlatan posing as an evangelist and applying the language of the gutter to things sacred he objected emphatically. And so the unsavory Billy was sidetracked. Mr. Britton averted a catastrophe.

Consider Bryan, consider any of the reform movements that has a crumpled rose-leaf for a pretext, consider the havoc that ideals are playing with much that we hold dear, and you will appreciate the importance of being next.

—From "The Importance of Being Next" by Theodore Bonnet, in this month's Lantern.

Hiring Art Smith

The Bay City Outdoor Club of Alameda County was responsible for quite an elaborate Fourth of July celebration at Emeryville on Sunday. The celebration was widely advertised in this city and across the bay, and no doubt kept away from the Fair a number of Alameda people who would have attended had there been no attraction nearer home. A committee from the club which gave this celebration waited on Hollis Cooley, director of special events at the Fair, and inquired how much it would cost to have Art Smith fly from the Marina to Emeryville as part of their program.

"How much will it cost you?" said Hollis Cooley. "Well, in the first place Alameda county owes us a million dollars—"

And then he went on to give Alameda county such an excoriation as its citizens had never heard before.

The Genuine Ring

To the Rev. William K. Guthrie of the First Presbyterian church I wish to pay the minor tribute of my admiration. At the funeral services over the body of J. C. Campbell last week I saw and heard Dr. Guthrie for the first time, and readily I understood why I had been so long in discovering him. Dr. Guthrie is somewhat different from the average individual one meets in the ministerial garb hereabouts. Seldom have I heard a more impressive funeral address than the one he delivered. He spoke of the importance of keeping up our relations with God, and he spoke with the true pulpit elo-

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quence of the Christian minister who gives his subject the dignity and feeling it deserves without thinking of himself. Dr. Guthrie's preaching gives me the impression that it is the kind of preaching that comes from the heart.

It is inaccurate to speak of confiding a secret. When we part from a secret it is because it torments us.

—From this month's Lantern.

Dr. Aked Will Explain

When Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the Member of Parliament who is the close friend of Dr. Aked, was on her way to the Women's Peace Congress here, she was interviewed for the New York papers. She discussed several men and things, including Bryan.

"People in England," she said, "have been greatly interested in the action of Mr. Bryan, which they cannot understand. They say they cannot see why if he could sign the first note he could not sign the second."

Dr. Aked understands why. He understood why, even before the second note was published. He understood why so clearly that he rushed off a wire congratulating Bryan on putting conscience before office. So Dr. Aked will explain this point to his friend's wife. Let us hope that the explanation will be satisfactory.

Co-respondence may be defined as the fine art of scarlet letter writing.

—From this month's Lantern.

War as Unmixed Evil

"I cannot accept the view of war given by you in your remarks on 'The Trojan Women' last week," writes a subscriber and friend. "I can see no good of any kind whatever in war. To my mind it is an unmixed evil. My feeling was expressed infinitely better than I could ever dream of expressing it, in the splendid Sonnets on War by George Sterling which you published some few weeks ago."

The first thing that catches my eye in this letter is that word "feeling." My correspondent speaks of "my feeling." I should have been more impressed if he spoke of "my thought" or "my conviction." The trouble with the pacifists is that they rely too much on feelings, which are very uncertain guides. If they'd only think more and "emote" less they'd find themselves closer to terra firma.

Sterling's View of War

My correspondent has done me a favor. He has sent me to the files to reread Sterling's war sonnets. And mighty fine sonnets they are. When George first showed them to me and I had read them, I said to him:

"You can see no good at all in war, can you?"

And he replied that he could not. The sonnets expressed the case against war in terms of poetic splendor. Sterling blames the Kings of This World "for whose pride a million hearths grow cold." "In your hearts," he tells the Kings, "is conquest, as of old." On your brows, he tells them, is "the murder-mark of Cain." "This is Hell's work," he sings. Satan is the conspirant lord of the Kings. The armies do the work of devils. The Kings proffer only lies to the world. Sterling will not have them raise their mailed, bloody hands to Christ. They are the "traitor Kings" of a "world betrayed." And what of man? Man, Sterling says, is mad; he repeats his "ancient folly and his ancient crime."

A Dark Picture

The Romans sometimes called a poet "vates," which carries the meaning of a seer as well as a singer. They wished to imply that the bard was "inspired" in a more literal sense than that in which we have come to speak of poetical inspiration. If I thought that Sterling, the Sterling of the war sonnets, was inspired in that old Roman sense I should despair of the world. That way lies black pessimism. But I do not think Sterling was "vates" as well as "poeta" when he wrote those sonnets. I do not think that man is mad in waging this war. I do not think that the world has been betrayed by "Traitor Kings." The soldier who picks off his vis-a-vis in the opposing trench with a rifle bullet or a hand grenade does not, in my opinion, take on the guilt of Cain. It is well to deplore war but unwise to sit in judgment on the mere instruments of war.

Another Poet

Have you ever heard of Rupert Brooke? Rupert Brooke was one of the most promising young poets of England. He enlisted to fight for his country, was in the expedition to the Dardanelles and died of sun stroke at "Lemnos, the Aegean isle." Rupert Brooke wrote some sonnets on this war, and they are more in line with my thoughts on the subject than George Sterling's sonnets. Let me quote one of the expressions of this young singer who died for his country:

PEACE

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His Hour,
And caught our youth, and awakened us from sleeping.
With hands made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping.
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!
Oh! we who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Dulce et Decorum

I have three other sonnets written by Brooke in a similar lofty strain. He sings "the rich Dead" who dying have "made us richer gifts than gold." They have brought us, he sings, "holiness, lacked so long, and love, and pain; honor has come back, as a king, to earth; and nobleness walks in our ways again." This, to my mind, is the authentic strain, and I have no doubt that if Sterling's country were at war, if he were in the midst of it instead of a looker-on, we'd find him singing in the exalted mood of Rupert Brooke. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." It is a sweet and becoming thing to die for one's country. Have the pacifists thrown that overboard? It would seem so. I still believe it. No, I cannot look on war as "an unmixed evil." And I should hate to be a pacifist and have no thrill when I read of heroism and realize that patriotism endures.

Torchiana's "Holland"

Henry Torchiana, the Consul-General of the Netherlands and the resident Commissioner-General of the Netherlands to the Exposition, has just brought out through Paul Elder an exceptionally interesting historical essay which is called "Holland, the Birthplace of American Political, Civic and Religious Liberty." The striking facts of history which Torchiana has assembled in this scholarly work are not well known to the average student of American history. They will cause that average student to widen his eyes with surprise, and they will convince him of the need of revising certain opinions all too easily acquired, concerning the main sources of our American institutions. Most of us have been accustomed to look to England as "the mother country" of the United States, to credit her with the inspiration for our polity and law. Torchiana upsets this habit of mind by pointing out in great detail what a remarkable influence Holland exerted on the American colonies and later on the American Constitution, an influence in direct conflict with that which England might have exerted if little Holland had not been where she was, in the forefront of European civilization. The book is not controversial in tone; it is an excursion into well authenticated though rather neglected history, and a calm statement of what the facts signify. All that is here may be found in other works, but much of it is in works to which the general reader does not apply for information. To read this historical essay is to conceive a profound admiration for Holland, and to realize what a debt we owe her. Its publication in the World's Fair city during an Exposition at which Holland is so well represented, has that timeliness which will commend it to busy people usually too engrossed for special study. When you read it you will be ashamed, as I was ashamed, of not having known all these important things before.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display, and alienate them by the qualities we possess.

—From this month's Lantern.

The Horse Breeders' Association

Again we are to have horse-racing in California. This is good news to breeders. Since the reformers had their way there has been very little breeding of fine horses in this country, and as a consequence the problem of supplying horses

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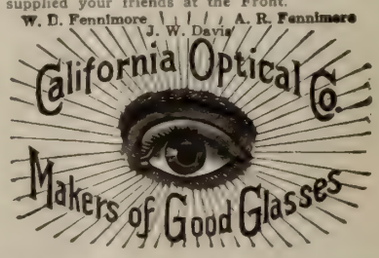

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for the army caused considerable uneasiness. It is a problem that has been discussed at Washington, and consequently there has grown up a sentiment in favor of reviving the sport of kings, and it is reviving everywhere. In this State, thanks to the gentlemen of Burlingame who have perceived the importance of stimulating once more the breeding of horses, the sport will be in excellent hands. From the character of the men who have organized the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association it is obvious that gambling is not to be the motive of the sport. It was Charles Clark who first suggested that something should be done to stimulate the waning industry of horse-breeding in California. And it was he that nominated the men to take hold of the enterprise. At his solicitation Colonel Jackling, R. M. Tobin, Charles G. Boots, J. H. Rossiter, J. C. Nealon, Porter Ashe, Joseph Tobin, Wm. Humphrey, James Woods and others got together and organized the association which is to have a 30-days' race-meeting on the Exposition track in August and September. This association of which Charles Clark is president and J. C. Nealon is secretary, is to be made permanent, and in all probability it will have another meeting in the spring. There are now one hundred members of the association representing the best interests of the State.

If dress were always the symbol of character many a widow would wear passion flowers instead of weeds.

—From this month's Lantern.

From Our Office Dictionary

JORDAN, n. An almond. See ALMOND, a nut.

The stranger approached Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and said: "You're Jordan," whereupon the President of the University of California exclaimed indignantly, "I almond."—Chronicles of the Blue and Gold.

ROLPH, n. A mayor. See BUDGET, a mare's nest.

James Junior was the first rolph of San Francisco, and likewise the last. Thereafter the electors passed Charter Amendment No. 9857 declaring the word obsolete.—History of San Francisco.

ROLPH, vt. To gladhand.

"Rolph me, Mat!" said the Clock Winder, extending his right mit; but Mr. Sullivan roughed him and strode by.—Four Years in the Ferry Building.

Making Fun of Carmel

Who is the Oakland Tribune scribe that has dared to poke fun at Carmel and the Carmelites? That is the question agitating the high brow colony just now. Carmel is furious. Its secrets have been told out of school by one who knows them. And the names of its prominent folk were so thinly disguised that everybody may recognize them. Thus, George Sterling becomes Gorgeous Wordling. Malcolm Strong, the playwright, becomes Talcum Wrong. James Fenelon, Carmel's best amateur actor, becomes Jeemes Menelon. Mary Austin is Marie Boston. Jimmy Hopper becomes Popper, and Elmer Harris, playwright, appears as Elmo Paris. Perry Newberry, another playwright, is Jerry Dewberry. Kanno, the Japanese husband of Gertrude Boyle the sculptor, is Fanno. The article which narrates the experiences of Pete the Plebeian in "Culturville" (which is the name irreverently applied to Carmel) was quite evidently written by one who knows all the things about Carmel that don't get into the papers. And the Carmelites think they know who wrote the article. Just wait till they get hold of the writer! For they are very, very angry. The only Carmelite who smiles about it is Frank Powers, and Frank is thinking of the advertising any sort of article about Carmel gives his extensive holdings there; which proves that Frank lacks the artistic soul.

The Romance of Marie

Pete the Plebeian made the acquaintance of all the Carmelites. The naughty scribe who recounts Pete's experiences has this to say of Marie Boston:

He met Marie Boston, who wrote, and talked —oh! much! Her conversation was only limited by her lung endurance. The less she knew of a subject, remarked Pete, the more she had to say on it—and her conversation was all— There was a sad, sweet romance about her life. There was a letter. Everyone knew about that letter. It seems that she was once inspired. She wrote the letter. It reeked of love and furious romance. It took little Cupid by the throat and cast him into a maelstrom of conflicting and unutterable emotions. It would have made e'en Francesca jealous! It made a love whirlpool that would have swallowed a dreadnought of romance—and it covered fifty-four pages of foolscap! She sent this to Popper, the novelist—Popper, the adorable white-haired Adonis of Culturville. But his heart was as of adamant, and he returned it! But 'twas too good to waste. She awaited another—for when inspired again she'd have a 54-page letter ready without all the trouble of writing once more. Alas, for the trustful nature of a woman's soul! The other came—and inspired. The letter was sent. But Elmo Paris was no gentleman—nor could Elmo keep a secret written on fifty-four pages and breathing the innermost secrets of a woman with a box-like figure and an emotional soul. So Elmo called together the clans of Culturville. Before them he read the epistle. They laughed! Yea! Those poets discovered Humor! Where Love was breathed Laughter reigned! Disconsolate, Marie sought consolation of her books. She read of the Lady Godiva. Again came inspiration. The Carmel butcher, who was not inspired, had a white horse he used to deliver meat. She borrowed it. With flowing hair she bestrode the beast, who resembled a modern Rozinante—and Carmel again tittered. This is the hidden romance—nay, the tragedy! But later she forgave Elmo. Together they walked in the night—while darkness and the cool winds of the Pacific inspired. He suggested a lantern. She refused this aid. She was, she declared, a child of nature —and could see in the dark. Then they bumped into a tree. Alas!

A Moonlight Midnight

And here is an adventure in which Gorgeous Wordling figures:

It was on a moonlight midnight that he saw a passing strange sight. He had hied him forth, and was walking on the crags—not to breathe the air of romance but to escape mosquitoes. A long, black, nude shape suddenly outlined itself before him on a crag. It poised, brandished a stick, for a moment—then plunged downward!

"Someone's killed—be it ghost or devil!" quoth Pete.

He hurried to the rescue. The form reappeared, dragging numerous abalones spaded off the crags, with it. 'Twas Gorgeous Wordling!

"These be food for the gods!" quoth the poet.

He was bleeding from the sharp crags, and nude. Pete turned on his heel He muttered something about "corned beef and cabbage,"—and strode wrathfully homeward.

Yes, that Oakland scribe will catch it if he or she doesn't watch out!

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Correction by the Maharajah

A week ago Tuesday morning there appeared on the first page of the Chronicle an article about the sensation caused the night before in the supper room of the St. Francis by the splendid dancing of the Maharanee of Kapurthala. This article was written by "Bill" Jacobs the hotel reporter of the Chronicle. It contained the following:

"The Maharanee wore a striking evening gown of green chiffon over white satin and a wide girdle of gold. A band of diamonds gleamed from her black hair. Long jade earrings set with diamonds and a jade ring further carried out her color scheme."

The description of the Maharanee's gown Jacobs who is conscious of masculine limitations, obtained from the maid in attendance at the cloak room; but the jewels he took it upon himself to describe. The following day Kenneth Adams of the Chronicle staff was sent to the Fairmont to interview the Maharajah. When that gentleman learned that Adams was on the Chronicle he smiled, and said:

"I have a good joke on one of the gentlemen on the staff of your paper. He described the Maharanee as wearing jade earrings last night. They were not jade but emeralds. I purchased them for one hundred thousand dollars."

The Career of Mrs. Whitney

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is with her husband and children at their country place Wheatley Hills, Long Island, where she will spend a quiet summer yachting with an occasional visit to Newport. She is in mourning for her brother Alfred G. Vanderbilt whose tragic end on the Lusitania was a great shock to her. Many people seem to wonder at Mrs. Whitney's art achievements on account of her great wealth and social standing. Doubtless it is as hard for a woman in her circumstances to scale artistic heights as for a rich man to go through the eye of a needle. However she did it, Mrs. Whitney has arrived. Her Fountain of El Dorado has made her famous and won for her the sincerest admiration of the discerning souls who really know art when they see it. They have not withheld their praise, for your true artist has none of the socialistic hatred of wealth; indeed he strives for wealth, but too often in vain. The land of happiness as typified in the Aztec legend from which the sculptor drew her inspiration is a country which she has from infancy seen spread out invitingly before her and her friends, but alas! not very many of them were able to pass the magic portals. Their hands have ever been filled with gold, but the gold of the sun within was not for them.

Happier Than Her Kin

Mrs. Whitney's parents were the Cornelius Vanderbilts and family disapproval of her brother Cornelius' marriage into the Orme Wilson family early caused dissension which was not even healed by the Kaiser's command to his brother Prince Henry to accept only the hospitality of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. upon the occasion of his visit to the United States fourteen years ago. Her favorite brother Alfred was divorced before marrying his widow, formerly Mrs. McKim, as were also her cousin the Duchess of Marlborough, her uncle William K. Sr., and others of the Vanderbilt clan. Her husband's mother, the dashing Mrs. W. C. Whitney, wife of a cabinet secretary in Cleveland's administration, was instantly killed while riding a horse, by striking her head crossing a creek under a bridge. Mrs. Whitney's own domestic life has always been serene, it is said. Nothing has ever occurred to interrupt her art studies. Even when her first child was a few months old, she and her husband crossed over to Europe so that she might pursue her studies, leaving the baby with expert doctors, nurses and a staff of servants and caretakers in their New York mansion. So that gifted with artistic genius, with the environment, encouragement and means to develop it, it is no wonder that she has achieved success. Always, above all, there has been her own desire and constant industry which are the two indespensable cicerones of any artist whether the third be poverty or riches.

Montgelas Goes Away

Count Montgelas, the dapper young Bavarian who has been writing art criticism for the Examiner, is off to Chicago in response to a wire from Charles Stanton who wants him on the staff of the Chicago Examiner. Stanton was recently transferred from the Hearst paper here to the Hearst paper in the Windy City, and Montgelas is the first of the local Hearst staff to follow him. He goes with the well wishes of numerous friends who have read his articles with interest ever since he made his first literary endeavors in the pages of Town Talk. Montgelas writes well on any subject he tackles; he writes particularly well on art because he studied art in Munich and knows whereof he speaks. That he will make good in Chicago may be taken for granted, for he is a hard working, serious young man despite his air of a boulevardier.

A Chance Missed

From time to time during the two years Montgelas has spent in this city there have been rumors of his impending engagement to this or that society girl. I do not know what truth there may have been in these rumors; probably just about as much truth as is to be sifted out of similar rumors about other eligible young men. I cannot help thinking, however, that if Montgelas offered his attentions to any of our society girls, they made a mistake in not encouraging him. He is a young man of brains and with a capacity for work, which is more than can be said for quite a number of our native born young men. It is not every day that a society girl has an opportunity to capture so desirable a suitor as Montgelas. If he leaves San Francisco fancy free, all I can say is that some one of our girls has missed an excellent chance.

A Doll from Calve

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels has just added to the charming collection of dolls on exhibition at her studio in Vallejo street, a Carmen doll dressed for her by Emma Calve. It is a very beautiful doll, and its wig was made from hair off the great diva's own head. In sending the doll to Mrs. Spreckels, Calve enclosed a card which bears these words:

"Je suis une Carmen. Emma Calve m'a confectionee. Le 14 Juin, 1915."

The great Melba has also promised to send a doll to Mrs. Spreckels' collection. David Warfield is having a "Music Master" doll made for her.

Miss Fuller's Tanagra

"The word Tanagra," I quote from the printed announcement of the entertainment at the St. Francis, "was originally the name of a Grecian dancer, and it is presumed that these little statuettes were inspired through the love of the sculptors for the dancers of the Tanagra period, as most of those found represent a little dancer." Is this correct? I had always thought that the charming terra cotta statuettes which we call Tanagras were so named because most of them

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had been unearthed from the ruins of the city of Tanagra in Boeotia. These statuettes are found elsewhere in Greece, and in Sicily too, if I mistake not, but the best come from Tanagra. Hence the name. At least that has always been my understanding of the matter. Was there a Grecian dancer named Tanagra? Perhaps there was. I do not wish to impugn Miss Fuller's erudition. But putting all that aside, have you seen Tanagra in the Italian Room of the St. Francis? This unique entertainment is indeed a treat. The little men and women twelve inches high who appear before you, dancing, singing and what not, might be of the company of Queen Mab. It is a most interesting optical illusion, and children take a particular delight in it. I dropped in the other evening to witness one of the programs—there are four—and was hugely pleased with it. I trust that the fund for the wounded of all nations started by the late Madame de Page has benfitted greatly by this entertainment.

"Hello, Frisco"

There is a song of our city in Ziegfeld's Follies of 1915, now being presented in New York. It is "Hello, Frisco" and soon has the audience humming in unison. A huge map of the United States is disclosed. Heads of half a score of pretty girls show where the principal cities of the country are located and on each side of the stage is a telephone used by the principals in singing the song. "Hello, Frisco, I Called You Up to Say Hello" is its full title. It goes like this:

Hello, central; hello, central. Can't you see!
Kindly hurry, kindly hurry, just for me,
Please do get me San Francisco;
Some one's waiting all alone.
Frisco is her name; she's at the Golden Gate
Central, it's a shame for her to have to wait!
Please, long distance, do connect me.
Get her on the telephone.

And the refrain takes up the tune as follows:

Hello, Frisco; hello,
Hello, Frisco, hello.
Don't keep me waiting; it's aggravating,
Why can't you hurry, central; you're so slow!
Hello! Now can you hear?
You know I love you, dear.
Your voice is like music to my ear.
When I close my eyes you seem so near.
Frisco, I called you up to say hello, hello!

At the Cecil

The Fourth of July was celebrated in a truly patriotic fashion at the Hotel Cecil. There was a special dinner, and the numerous guests of the hotel entertained extensively. The decorations of the menu cards and the dinner favors were inspired by the national holiday. During the evening an excellent orchestra furnished special music, and after dinner the "Lounge" was gay with service folk, mostly from the Presidio or Fort Winfield Scott, who had dropped in to see their army friends. General and Mrs. Edward J. McClernand entertained a few friends at dinner. The tabel was prettily decorated with roses. Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp were hosts at an informal dinner and afterwards the party attended the Orpheum. Colonel and Mrs. William H. C. Bowen and their charming daughter Miss Gladys Bowen are guests at the Cecil. They came to San Francisco for the Fourth of July, and are being entertained by their many friends at the different army posts. Mr. and Mrs. F. Y. Norris, their daughter Miss Helen Norris and Miss Avona Smith came out from their home in Chicago and will pass the month of July at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Henry motored up from their home in Santa Monica and are domiciled at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Henry gave an informal dinner Wednesday evening in the private dining room, and later took their guests to the theatre. Among the society folk of Easton, Pa., who have come West to see the Exposition are Mrs. William M. Davis and her daughter Miss Elizabeth Davis. They are guests at the Cecil. Mrs. Harry S. Potter Jr., Miss Emma Train and Miss J. I. Upham of Brookline, Mass., have taken an attractive suite, and will spend the major part of the summer.

At the Somerton

The Exposition is attracting a number of Southerners to San Francisco, and among the recent arrivals are Miss Frances Ruth Eskews, Miss Juliette Eskews, Miss Frances Woodside and Messrs. W. J. Eskew and R. R. Eskew of Charleston, West Va. They are stopping at the Hotel Somerton where they will remain during the month of July and part of August. Mrs. George W. Howard and Miss Elsie Low of Los Angeles gave a luncheon Wednesday afternoon. They will be guests during the coming fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Best of Everett, Wash., are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. Mr. and Mrs. A. Kreuter of Chicago are charmed with the Exposition. They have taken an attractive apartment at the Somerton.

Corps de Ballet at Tavern

A new feature which will prove of intense interest to patrons of Techau Tavern will be inaugurated next Monday night, and will be continued each evening until further notice. A corps de ballet of six expert toe dancers will give a program of classic dances on the new dance floor in the center of the main cafe; not on a stage. The premiere danseuse will, of course, be Miss Van Derhoff, the Tavern favorite and late star of the Ruth St. Denis company. There will also be classic solo dances by various members of the ballet, all of whom are dancers of reputation. Such an attraction has never been billed at a cafe and except, perhaps, the Pavlowa dances, nothing more charming has been seen in this city. It goes without saying that the program will be as refined as it is brilliant, in accordance with the time-honored policy which has made the Tavern the really high class family cafe of San Francisco.

The Artist

When I looked upon her photo I was quite bewitched, in toto;
I was captivated to the point of mushiness!
I perused each charming feature of the fascinating creature,
And my fervent admiration verged on slushiness.
"She is charmin', she is rippin'! She's a lily, she's a pippin!
She's the perfect piece of porcelain from the pottery!
She's a lyric, she's a Sapphic! She's the dame that blocks the traffic!
She's the first prize in life's everlasting lottery!"

Gained I not an introduction I'd have practiced self-destruction,
My passion was both terrible and tropical;
But I'd friends, and soon could bring 'em to produce this piece of gingham,
Though they did it in a manner misanthropical.
Bubbles, we, and breezes bust us! Did the picture do her justice?
Is mythology constructed by machinery?
I confess to irritation, also to my admiration
For the artist who retouched that bit of scenery!

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Gossip of the Theatre

Minna of the War Brides

Orpheumites are forming the acquaintance of Johnny Dooley this week and making it evident that they are very pleased to meet him. Johnny Dooley is a comedian with a touch of the Eddie Foy manner. He has the true comic genius. The peace propaganda is winning many recruits at the Orpheum as a result of the furious earnestness of Nazimova in "War Brides." Now that we are all more or less in touch with the tragedy of war, and are hearing much of war babies as cannon fodder, this little thesis-play has a certain academic appeal, and it stirs emotions that are easily accessible. It is a play for enthusiastic idealists with seething brains to whom fine sentiments are the bread of life, but it would be easy to transform it into a fine comedy to fillip the risibles of the uncultured masses. To this end it would merely be necessary to elaborate the part of Minna with a view to making the lyrical note in that character transcend the claptrapishness of the egoistic Joan. Minna is an excellent bit of characterization. Minna is a normal young lady. Her thoughts are of the present. She is not trying to borrow trouble from the next generation. She too is a war bride. She was torn from the embrace of her husband at the altar where the marriage ceremony was performed. He was dragged off to drill for an hour or so, but the marriage is to be consummated before he starts for the front. And Minna is the most joyous mortal you ever saw. By her antics, which are the most eloquent of all the elements of the play, she furnishes the comic relief for the tragedy. She is as frolicsome as a young colt in the lush grasses of a sunny pasture. A bride, yet a maid, she is tingling all over with rapture. She cannot hold herself. Her cheeks are aglow, her eyes sparkle, she is palpitant with love, she sways in ecstasy. No ingenue by her manner ever simulated the joy of living more realistically than does Miss Edith Speare in the little part of Minna. I can understand Minna, but Joan is a freak, a sort of female Holt, and though I know there are lopsided women of this type in the world, women without imagination who talk about stopping war as though it were a horse-car and who think that tribulations are to be reduced like blood pressure—while I am well aware that such women cut some figure in the world, I am not to be moved by them or to be greatly concerned about their mental agonies.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Great Saint-Saens

It is safe to say that no one who received an invitation of the French commissioners to attend their afternoon at the Fairmont in honor of Le Maitre Camille Saint-Saens lost the opportunity to be present. "L'Audition" the invitation read and it was indeed a revel of the verb "to hear" in every mood, tense and voice. Toward the close of his life Liszt once remarked, "Only Saint-Saens and I of all that remain in Europe know how to play the piano." Many years have passed since then, but Saint-Saens is still among the few great pianists of the world. And even now the youthful Josef Hoffman might well feel proud to have his name linked with the octogenarian's. Saint-Saens at the piano thrills not only by his brilliant and flawless execution but by the inextinguishable joyous youthfulness, the poetic delicacy of his interpretations. His is the versatility of genius. Whether in the quiet pathos of an andante of Haydn's or the Faust Valse (Gounod-Liszt) where one joined in all the diablerie of Walpurgis Night, the piano sang under his fingers as if in ecstasy at being able to interpret the inspiration of each composer. Mme. Lambert, the accomplished wife of the host, sang charmingly the best known of Delila's arias, as well as Saint-Saen's new "Song of the Allies" and also the "Marseillaise."

—H. M. B.

"The Melting Pot" Filmed for Cort

Sunday night will see the final performance of Al Jolson in the Winter Garden extravaganza "Dancing Around," which has proved such a success at the Cort. This popular attraction could hold the boards for at least another week but previous bookings prevent. Beginning with a matinee Monday, July 12, the notable filmatization of Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot" will begin an engagement. It is said that the photo drama from Israel Zangwill's greatest play marks an epoch in motion picture production. Very few actors from the legitimate stage have leaped into the immediate success which has attended the entry of Walker Whiteside into pictures. In the character of David Quixano, as it was written for the screen, Whiteside had quite as great a charcter to portray as he had in the stage part which he created, and in addition the latitude of pictures being so much greater than that of the stage, he found bigger opportunities for expression. During the engagement at the Cort matinees will be given daily in addition to the evening performances.

"The Clansman" Continues

D. W. Griffith's wonderful film spectacle "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," will start on its thirteenth big week at the Alcazar Monday. Two exhibitions are given daily, the matinee beginning at two o'clock and the evening exhibition at eight. Capacity houses greet "The Birth of a Nation" at every exhibition.

Great Beethoven Festival

With Dr. Max Magnus as president, R. M. Tobin as vice-president and Frank W. Healy as business manager, an organization known as the Beethoven Monument and Festival Committee has been perfected to handle all the artistic and business details of the most important festival of music ever given in San Francisco. On the morning of August sixth a bust of Beethoven will be placed in Golden Gate Park. The

MISS KITTY GORDON

The distinguished star who will appear in Jack Lait's act de luxe "Alma's Return" next week at the Orpheum

bust, a gift of the Beethoven Mannerchoir of New York to the city of San Francisco, will be brought to San Francisco by President George E. Albrecht and five hundred singing members of the Beethoven Mannerchoir. On the nights of August 6 and 7 and Sunday afternoon, August 8, at the Civic Center Auditorium concerts will be given by one of the greatest aggregations of talent ever presented on one program in San Francisco. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven will be given Friday night, August 6, with a symphony orchestra of 100 leading symphony players of this city; Marcella Craft, soprano; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor; and Otto Goritz, baritone, and a chorus of 500 voices to sing the vocal music. Alfred Hertz, conductor from the Metropolitan Opera House, will conduct all concerts. Josiah Zuro, the talented young conductor from Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, will train the symphony chorus. Twelve hundred singers under the direction of Herman Schoenfeld and Siegfried Hagen will come from Los Angeles to appear in Saturday night's concert. Seats for all concerts are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase.

The Fuller Dances

"The mistress of light," La Loie Fuller, with her company of girl dancers, will give her first matinee performance at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon, at half past two. All the favorite dances of the night performances will be given, including that riot in color, "The Birth of the Great Black Opal," the mysterious "Sirenes," the splendid "Thousand and One Nights" and the uncanny "Night On Mont Chauve." The accompanying dance and entr'acte music, played by the eighty artists of the Exposition Orchestra, is a feature in itself and one that always attracts a large number of music lovers. Seats may be obtained at the Expositon box office, 343 Powell street. Miss Fuller's final performances for the month will be given Wednesday evening, the 28th, and Saturday afternoon, the 31st.

Mrs. Pat Campbell Coming to Columbia

There will be no performances at the Columbia during the week commencing with Monday, July 12. Mrs. Patrick Campbell in G. Bernard Shaw's latest effort "Pygmalion" will make her appearance at the Columbia commencing with Monday night, July 19. This is an announcement sure to create a great deal of interest, as the names of Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are two to conjure with. The new play by Shaw has been called a romance. It is in five acts and tells the story of a flower girl, a product of the London streets, who is discovered by a man of scientific temperament. He moulds the little cockney to the manners, graces and outward appearances of a duchess. In doing it, however, he ignores the fact that he has awakened her soul. She falls in love with him and the appeal of the play is in the story of her romance. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

Kitty Gordon at the Orpheum

At the Orpheum next week Miss Kitty Gordon, the distinguished star, will appear in an act de luxe by Jack Lait, author of "Help Wanted," entitled "Alma's Return." She will be supported by the clever and popular Harrison Hunter. Miss Gordon achieved great success on the English stage before she came to this country where she appeared in "The Girl from Kay's," "The Duchess of Danzig" and "Veronique." Among her other starring vehicles have been "Alma Where Do You Live," "The Enchantress" and "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Miss Gordon is the daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Blades, R. A., and the wife of the Hon. W. W. Horsley-Beresford who has

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

One of the stars of the Beethoven Festival in Civic Auditorium August 6, 7, 8

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just returned to England to serve his country. She is considered one of the most beautiful women in the world. Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee who for two years were featured with Madame Trentini, will contribute novelty songs and dances. The "Four Melodious Chaps," Curtis, Armstrong, Rhoades and Curtis, are good soloists, and enliven their act with refined comedy. Britt Wood who on account of his characterization is frequently referred to as "The Boob," furnishes one of the best acts in vaudeville. Dooley and Rugel, Prince Lai Mon Kim, the noted Chinese tenor, and Lucy Gillett will also be included in this bill. A special added attraction will be Jack Wilson assisted by Franklin Batie. Mr. Wilson styles his act "An Impromptu Revue" and most appropriately, for it is an amusing criticism on timely topics and many of the acts that have just preceded it.

Prima Donna at K. and C. Hall

The program for this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall will be most interesting and enjoyable. The soloist will be Mme. Gustin-Ferrier, the distinguished French prima donna whose husband is now at the front with the French army. Mme. Ferrier made an excellent impression upon the musical public of San Francisco when she appeared with the Paris Opera Company. Afterwards she appeared frequently in concert and at private performances and in every instance delighted her audiences. Her selections have been carefully chosen from her operatic and concert repertoire. The instrumental portion of the program will be interpreted by G. Vargas. He will play the accompaniments to Mme. Ferrier's songs as well as solos on the player piano.

Margaret Edwards at Pantages

Margaret Edwards, the perfect girl who got so much publicity through posing undraped as "The Naked Truth Girl" in the sensational film "The Hypocrites," will be the big drawing card at Pantages on Sunday. She is seventeen, five feet two inches tall, has never worn a corset and has been proclaimed by artists as the "perfect specimen of girlhood." In her vaudeville offering Miss Edwards gives an exemplification of physical culture, after which she goes through a routine of posing and graceful Grecian dances. The six Kirksmith sisters furnish high class music. Without any advance billing five of the Lambardi singers were placed on the present program at Pantages, and so great was the success of the quintet that the management have arranged to hold them over one more week. For next week they will render a condensed version of "Faust," with Lombardi in his favorite and best role of "Mephistopheles." The other acts will be Malley and Noble, the three Weber Sisters, the Flying Fishers, the "Passing Revue Trio" and "Laughing Gas," a funny Chaplin movie.

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TROY: 1915
By Emma Gurney Salter

Today, while mightier conflicts shake
The plain where princely Hector fell,
What ancient echoes stir and wake
In Ilion's wind-swept citadel?

Where timbers charred and giant stone
Witness her deathless story, Lo!
The clash of bronze, and, faintly blown,
Her trumpets, silenced long ago.

Pale warriors throng her battlements,
With ghosly whispers thro' the gloom:
"Mark we again the Achaean tents
Encamped at great Achilles' tomb?"

Scamander rears his head to view
Untried encounters, portents dire,
Far other ships than Aias knew,
And monstrous birds whose flight is fire

(Sure, from Mycenae's lion gates
One mighty spirit issued, when
That man-of-war burst thro' the Straits
Bearing thy name, thou King of men!)

"What prize, O western sailors bold,
Seek ye of us? No more our joy,
Queen Helen, passes radiant-stoled
About the towered streets of Troy."

"Nay, Helen loved the alien nest,
Nor yearned to follow and be free
As doth that fairer bride we wrest
From hands reluctant—Liberty!"

Revised Sympathies

They said that it was very wrong
To harm a little fly.
But now you'll see a busy throng
Take aim as he floats by,
For flies we show in learned terms
Are first assistants to the germs.

The boy who chased the moth so bright
We viewed with much dismay.
Now moths are hunted day and night.
You shoot them with a spray.
We now regard them as hard luck
For fruit trees and for garden truck.

And thus it is ideas change,
And what seemed good of yore
We mention in a language strange
As something to deplore,
For time proves many a cherished fad,
On close acquaintance, to the bad.

It requires a lot of magnetism to get things coming our way.

There are times when the descent of man seems to consist of falling in love.

Many a woman who thinks her face is her fortune doesn't have to carry any burglary insurance.

Some men are never neutral. They are either kicking or being kicked.

Some men are cranks and some are self-starters.

Tell a woman that consistency is a jewel and she will tell you jewelry is vulgar.

The one thing the average girl can't understand about every man is why he doesn't fall in love with her.

Strangely enough, there is no similarity between our mansions in the sky and our castles in the air.

Volunteer Poets' Corner

Town Talk is frequently in receipt of volunteer contributions from singers who crave the pleasure of seeing their effusions in cold type. Conscious of the divine afflatus and bursting with song, they send their efforts to this office with more or less artless pleas for publication. It has often saddened the editor to think of the disappointment which ensues when these love-children of the brain are refused admittance. So space is to be found for them from time to time. No verses will be published here without the name of the author. The very least that may be asked of the volunteer singers is that they display the courage of their poetry.

TWO BATTLES

There raged a great battle last week over there
In the Fatherland. Full in the heat and the glare
Of the pitiless sun, beardless boys, strong of arm,
At the call of their king used their muscles to harm
Other boys just as manly, as fair and as strong.—
(Oh, Father! Have pity and stop this great wrong.)
Unthinking and blinded with passion they killed,
Till rivers ran red and deep trenches were filled
With the dead. Knowing naught of the cause or the goal,
Yet bruising the body and searing the soul.
Can Patriotism as known in our day,
Be truthfully proven in such a sad way?

There raged a great conflict last week over here
In the homeland, and on a fine day warm and clear
There lined up in battle array, strong and tall,
Impassioned and eager, the knights of the ball.
They pitched and they batted, they bunted and scored
Like demons incarnate; but never a sword
Or a siege gun had they. Yet the courage and skill
Displayed in that battle is marvelled at still.
The thousands hung breathless on every swift shot
Till the end. Then frenzied as wild Hottentot
With shouting and laughter all romped away home
With life and limb sound as when they had come.

—Morgan McKnight.

CONTENTMENT

A sheltered nook, retired from stress and strife;
My books, my garden and my faithful wife.
A little house, whose door is e'er ajar
To welcome well-loved friends from near and far.
A little leisure for companioning
With book and pen,—to laugh and play and sing.
A little delving in the fragrant soil;
The joy of tired muscles' rest from toil.
The pride creative, when my cares upbring
The cherished bulbs and seeds of verdant Spring.
The fervid heat of Summer, cooled by trees
Which cast a grateful shade and woo the breeze.
The tang of frost, the cool, swift rush of rain
Which fills the earth and brings the Spring again.
Seek, if you will, the City's rushing street!
For me the quiet trail in woodland's cool retreat.
Let those, who wish, the crowded pavement tramp;
For me the morning sun,—the evening's shaded lamp.

—R. C. MacDonald,
420 S. Clara Ave.,
Alameda.

Fame is a bubble, but it is just as well to allow some one else to blow yours for you.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

SAVINGS BANK ONLY

DATED JUNE 30, 1915

ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($6,088,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof ($5,868,800.00), of the State of New York ($2,149,000.00), of the City of New York ($1,500,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts ($250,000.00), the actual value of which is $16,364,587.13

2—**Cash in Vault** 2,485,638.65

3—**Miscellaneous Bonds** ($4,822,000.00), the actual value of which is 4,366,737.50

$23,216,963.28

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($200,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Pennsylvania Railroad Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($678,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "San Francisco-Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5,000.00), "The Merchants Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,355,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($523,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" ($101,000.00).

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 34,551,491.78

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 413,060.00

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations or other securities.

6—(a) **Real Estate** situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($1,938,466.47), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($26.00), and Alameda ($7,539.75), in this State, the actual value of which is..... 1,946,032.22

(b) **The Land and Building** in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 995,922.65

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—**Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds** 216,219.62

TOTAL ASSETS $61,339,689.55

LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation owes Deposits** amounting to and the actual value of which is $57,701,667.98

(Number of Depositors, 87,162
Average Deposit, $662.00)

2—**Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds** $ 216,219.62
3—**Reserve Fund, Actual Value** ..... 3,421,801.95 — 3,638,021.57

TOTAL LIABILITIES $61,339,689.55

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1915.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Last week ended with a smart recovery in progress on the Stock Exchange, a development which created the general impression when Wall Street suspended business for the week-end that we are to witness a resumption of the upward movement in prices. The signs late Friday that the bottom had been touched were repeated more plainly Saturday. Under the lead of Reading standard issues advanced all along the line and closed near the best prices of the day. Undoubtedly the factor in the recovery was the lifting of pressure from London. There was virtually no foreign selling Saturday. Whether liquidation has been completed only for the time being or whether it will be renewed this week is a mooted question. The probability is that there will be further selling for foreign account. The British loan will not be issued for several weeks, the Government obviously giving the investment public plenty of time within which to convert its securities into cash so as to be prepared to subscribe. The volume of liquidation last week, estimated at $20,000,000, was so small compared with the magnitude of the forthcoming offering that it is inevitable that there will be further selling on this account. Assuming that this presumption is correct, it remains to be determined whether the advance in progress at the close of last week can be maintained. It would appear reasonable to suppose that at least as far as the international issues are concerned, the pressure from abroad will continue to hold prices down. This is not an unmixed evil. It is true that for the time being it is discouraging to holders of these securities to see them selling below their intrinsic worth. On the other hand, it is a distinctly advantageous condition that we are buying back from London at low prices securities which we sold foreign investors at much higher prices. That is good business. Ultimately it must have a beneficial effect. While the advance in standard issues may be checked again by foreign liquidation, no such handicap stands in the way of a renewed bull movement in the industrial list. The process of readjustment of values has been going on for some time and assimilation may be deemed to be pretty well accomplished. When the war boom started, there undoubtedly was indiscriminate bulling and buying. The public, long eager for a rise in stocks, was ready to believe any and everything that smacked of war orders. No stories were too extravagant for credence. That led to reckless buying of some securities along with intelligent absorption of others. Over-enthusiasm had the natural sequel in the puncturing of some bubbles. Prices of raw materials used in manufacture of munitions of war also were over-bulled by speculators and this inflation of security prices and values of raw materials has been about completed and it is possible than another healthier advance will begin shortly. To what extent the standard railroad shares will participate in the next advance is a question. Whether they will sympathize with international issues under pressure of liquidation or whether those shares which are more peculiarly domestic in ownership will break away from that influence is one of those questions which only time can answer. Some of these issues, notably Atchison, have had the strength to break away and sell more closely on their own merits. It is possible that others will by degrees gather courage and also rely on their own resources.

Wheat—Prices are ruling lower, although there has been some recovery from the extreme decline which took place in the beginning of the week. Improved weather conditions, with harvesting progressing and some new wheat moving, coupled with the lack of export sales and weakness in Liverpool, produced the decline. Liquidation was quite general, but a demand, somewhat of an investment character, came into evidence and was a factor in bringing about a recovery, as was also the correcting of the oversold condition. While an increase in the movement of new wheat is soon looked forward to, hedging pressure has not been so apparent as might be expected. Foreign crop conditions are about balanced on a reduced acreage; Argentine shipments show a material decrease and Indian shipments are expected to be less. Clearances from this country for the week are likely to be larger than last week, with the primary movement somewhat smaller. The state of foreign credit has had something to do with the pessimism in regard to prices, but it would appear as though the necessities of the situation would make for the correction of this, and recent financing by France in this country seems to be a step in that direction. An estimate by Broomhall of the export requirements of the United Kingdom and other countries foreshadows an early demand for our wheat, and unless the pressure of the new crop is very great, such a demand should go far toward sustaining the present level of prices.

Corn showed a great deal of strength, based on the unfavorable conditions surrounding the crop, and as a result of the excellent character of the demand, until confidence in prices was disturbed through the sale of several cargoes of Argentine corn in this country and reports of still more offerings at a reduced level of prices. This news was followed by liquidation, with a consequent lowering in values and a considerable diminution of the demand. Crop reports do not improve materially, although the weather has been more favorable. The domestic demand recently has been fair, while country offerings are probably a little freer. The market has difficulty in sustaining itself in the face of the Argentine offerings, as sentiment seems to be greatly influenced thereby, and should a period of good weather ensue, prices are very likely to show weakness corresponding to these influences.

Cotton—It is safe to predict a gradual and possibly material decline in condition this month. The reduction in acreage of nearly 17 per cent is very bullish, especially when figured in conjunction with the enormous decrease in the use of fertilizers and the low quality as compared with that used last season. The textile industry is exceedingly prosperous not only all over the United States and Canada, but in England, as evidenced by the enormous daily spot sales in Liverpool for the past two weeks. The crop and trade outlook, coupled with prevailing low prices, certainly look inviting to bullish operations and the only thing we can see against it is the big bear card now being used to depress the market. It is decidedly more dangerous to sell cotton below cost of production than to buy it, and for this reason if nothing more, we advocate the bull side.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.—No. 19155; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ., 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in matters connected with said estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

AXEL SONDERUP,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.—No. 19178; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ROSE G. HALLER, Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Wise & O'Connor, 516 Wells Fargo Building, corner Second and Mission Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

ROSE G. HALLER,
Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

WISE & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Wells Fargo Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

MARGUERITE MASSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 19th, 1915.

CHARLES S. WHEELER,
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorneys for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

LOUISE FILIATRAULT,
Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR., Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. A. Sanderson, California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the, and his, place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR.,
Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. A. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Executor,
California-Pacific Building,
San Francisco, California. 6-12-5

ORDER APPOINTING TIME OF HEARING OF PETITION TO EXECUTE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19134; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EMMA J. C. KEYES (also known as and called EMMA KEYES), Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of MELVINA CATHERINE HOLT (also known as Vina Catherine Holt and also as Lavinia Holt), Executrix of the Estate of Emma J. C. Keyes (also known as and called Emma Keyes), deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing the said Executrix of the above named estate to complete the agreement of her decedent, by executing a deed of conveyance to Niels K. Andersen and Mary F. Andersen, his wife, of that certain real property situate in the County of Alameda, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Thirty-seventh Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet westerly from the western line of Market Street; running thence westerly along said line of Thirty-seventh Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being lot number 14, in block "B," as laid down and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Map of a portion of Mrs. M. J. Evoy's Property, Subdivided December 5th, 1876, W. F. Boardman, C. E., etc., filed May 2nd, 1877, in the County Recorder's office of Alameda County."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the 12th day of July, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number 10 thereof, located in the City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, be and the same hereby are, appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any persons interested in said estate may appear and make objections to the granting of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to publish due notice thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for not less than four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court

L. T. JACKS, Attorney for Executrix,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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The Amiable Gary

War and the Faddists

The Panic of the Judges

The War's Man of Mystery

Some Criticisms By a Naval Expert

Rolph Politics in the Labor Council

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TOWN TALK

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Balderdash for the Mob

The absurd importance which we attach to property rights is once more the object of sophomoric discussion in our I. W. W. contemporary The Bulletin. We elect judges, says our contemporary, to protect property rights, which is all wrong; we should put naked human rights and popular rights above property rights. Then would come the millennium for the I. W. W. Then would come also the right to cross Market street without fear of being knocked down by a jitney. Meanwhile the property rights of the automobile business are supreme along the highways of commerce, and our contemporary finding it profitable to nurse this industry cautiously refrains from noisy protest. The Bulletin is for naked human rights in its sophomoric editorial columns, but in the business office where Mr. Tartuffe Crothers has his eye on the nickels property rights are paramount. It is the genius of the business office that dictates editorials to thrill the I. W. W.; and it is the same genius that restrains the humble servant on the tripod from wandering from the abstract to the concrete on the subject of naked human rights lest he say something that might displease, among others, the owners of the Emporium whose vested interests enable them to make Tartuffe's property rights worth while.

The Panic of the Judges

As a matter of fact we do not elect our judges to protect property rights. As a matter of fact property rights nor any other kind of rights are guaranteed protection in the great State of California. For in California we have no longer what is known as a free government. Our reformers have had their way, they have given us the recall, and we have just had a very striking illustration of its effect on the administration of justice. We have just seen the Camille Desmoulins of American journalism give the judges of the Superior Court an attack of gooseflesh. What a beautiful spectacle it was—the judiciary scampering to cover lest they incur the displeasure of the powerful journalist with the instinct of the mischievous, irresponsible street urchin! And how dramatic the element contributed to the spectacle by the utterly shameless Mayor of the city mending his political fences by playing the Desmoulins puppet and setting at defiance a decree of court. We do not pretend to know anything of the merits of the case. We know only that we have seen how easy it is under our chaotic system of government for an unscrupulous newspaper proprietor to throw us into a state of anarchy. We have no longer, as we have observed, a free government in California. A free government is one that secures the protection of the cardinal rights of life, liberty and property to all men alike; not by a security dependent on the governing power, but by one inherent in the government itself. The opposite to free government is arbitrary power, which may exist in a multitude as well as in a Czar; and where the ministers of justice are subject to intimidation by the threat of an arbitrary power, such as is provided for by our darling recall, there is no security for any of the cardinal, fundamental rights—neither for life, liberty or property. Where life or liberty or property is placed at the disposal of any other power than that of the regular administration of justice there is not a free government. And it is absurd to view as unimportant discrimination against the rights of property, since on that right may depend life itself. Nor is it to the interest of the poor man to weaken the security given to the right of property, since the less a man has the more important it is to him that what he has should be safe; and no property can be safe when once the general security that protects all alike is lost. We are merely reciting what is elemental, but in a State that has abandoned the principles of free government it will not be seriously urged that the people are on intimate terms with the A. B. C. of the science that most deeply concerns them.

War and the Faddists

Some good will come out of the war. After the war men will be preoccupied with the realities, and the cults of the faddists will die of inanition. The world will be so busy repairing itself that it will have no time attending to the vague wants of men and women beset with what they are pleased to regard as a divine dissatisfaction. Even now we are hearing very little from the Utopians who but a year ago were plaguing us with their prescriptions for the ideal State. And no longer is any attention paid to the protests of crank reformers. Just after the war broke out the anti-inoculationists were making a noise in England because the Government was talking of banishing enteric from the list of serious army diseases. And the Government was really too timid to order compulsory inoculation. But that timidity has passed. So has all thought of prohibition. In the midst of war nobody has any enthusiasm for experimentation, sociological or political. But there is diversion in the symposia of the faddists who can tell you how the war might have been averted. There, for instance, are the Esperantists who ask, "Is it conceivable that the Powers of Europe would have been arrayed for mutual slaughter had the people taken the pains to learn a common language?" And there are the Neo-Malthusians who blame the war on the Puritan. The war was caused by overpopulation, according to the Neo-Malthusian, and he says, "Our Puritans must be made to understand that they have been deliberately working to perpetuate the reign of war and brutality." The Neo-Malthusians are now circulating a leaflet urging that no babies should be born until the war is over. Next comes the vegetarian. "If," says he, "the European peoples had fed for centuries like Buddha, Swedenborg and Shelley, we should not have been where we are." Well might he ask:

"Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon a mess of water gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force
If first he rides, then eats, his horse?"

Finally there is the Eugenist with his barbaric delight in perfecting by the control of heredity. Each little group of system-builders is convinced that it holds the secret of perpetual peace. And doubtless the same conviction is strong among the Futurists who would destroy all churches, art galleries and museums in order to liberate humanity from the tyranny of tradition.

Where the Mind Is Safe

We know of at least one university in this country where men's minds are not necessarily hopelessly impaired by contact with Holts and Jordans. We know because we have proof of soundness of mind in the alumni of this particular university. Sound minds dominate the alumni, as is evident from a document that has emanated therefrom. The university whereof we speak is that venerable institution known as the University of Pennsylvania. It was from this university that Professor Scott Nearing was banished much to the indignation of the champions of free speech in all the universities of the land. The sons of this institution have issued a protest against the criticisms that have been visited on the trustees for separating Professor Nearing from the payroll. They have uttered these sentiments: Freedom of speech should be restrained by common sense and common decency; it should be exercised in absolute

regard for the rights of other men; it should not be used to cloak experimental ideas imparted under guise of instruction to persons not possessed of the critical faculty; it does not justify intemperate, persistent and astonishing expressions of untested theories. It is evident from these sentiments that the sons of the University of Pennsylvania emerged from their alma mater with faculties unimpaired. Therefore it is to be inferred that the unbridled Professor Nearing cavorted but a short time in that institution. The gentleman will probably be found in the near future somewhere in the Middle West, or, peradventure, in the Far West, where forcing plants for new ideas are constantly in operation.

Root's Remedy

Elihu Root has been harking back to the days of William McKinley. Thus does Mr. Root convict himself of reactionariness, a malady that has been spreading somewhat of late. "When we elected McKinley in 1896 and again in 1900," says Mr. Root, "it was the business men of the United States who controlled the election." And he exclaims: "How great has been the change! The sceptre has passed from the business man." According to Mr. Root the sceptre has passed to men who have "but little concern with the business of the country, men who distrust the man of business, who suspect the man of business." As a consequence "measures relating to the great business and the small and multitudinous business of the country have been framed and put into effect under influences which have rejected the voice of those whom they most immediately effect." And so, according to this incorrigible reactionary business has been frightened and the spirit of enterprise has been intimidated, and general stagnation is the result. "The reason why business does not start," says Mr. Root, "is because way down in the heart of Americans there is a doubt as to what is going to happen at the hands of a hostile government." But Mr. Root does not think the situation is to be improved by the election of a Republican President in 1916. It is to be improved only by the business men of the country. They should become vocal and take pains to see that they are no longer misrepresented. They should start a campaign of education for a clearing of the air, so that all over our broad land every American may come to respect every other American in whatever business he may be engaged, so that American citizenship shall be forever for the American citizen a web of respect and regard and brotherly affection. Such are the sentiments of the great reactionary. He adds: "We have had missionaries of reform, missionaries of new theories, missionaries of every kind and character except missionaries of good understanding. The business men of America should understand that their mission is to make themselves understood by the people of America." We do not find it hard to agree with Mr. Root. And we are pleased to call attention to the fact that the good missionary work has already begun as evidenced by the presence in the Hearst entourage of the Steel Trust president famous for his dinners. Mr. Gary is the typical American business man, and it is because the American business man has become of that type that the sceptre passed from the hand that grasped it in the days of McKinley and Hanna. The man on whom Mr. Gary is now shedding a little of the glow of his social prestige is the man who loved to intimate in the years agone that there was an unholy alliance between McKinley and Hanna. He is the man who first preached distrust of the American business man. But Mr. Gary has won his confidence and is satisfied. So it is with the American business man: himself first and the devil take the hindmost.

The Amiable Gary

The Gary type of American business man is of recent development in the commercial life of our country. It was evolved in response to the need of the Big Interests to be let alone. Formerly the Big Interests relied on the public-be-damned policy enunciated by the sire of the Vanderbilt clan. Government regulation made that policy inexpedient as the Big Interests were quick to perceive. Mr. E. H. Harriman was one of the first of the Captains of Industry to become sensible of the new order of things. He perceived the advisability of adopting an amiable attitude toward the public, and of taking the dear people into his confidence. He elevated the glad hand to a place of honor and distinction in high commercial life, and the utility of the glad hand is now generally recognized. The glad hand is employed by Big Business as a symbol of conciliatoriness. The glad hand is a personality that promotes the amenities in their variety. The glad hand is the political and social missionary of Big Business by whom even a Hearst may be placated. The glad hand not only extends hospitality, it receives it, as Mr. Gary did at the Commercial Club luncheon last week when he made a charming speech compounded of piffle and prophecy. Mr. Gary is evidently a confirmed and conscientious optimist, an optimist on principle, as it were. He bubbles over with echo-haunted phrases and prophecies, such as might warrant the suspicion that he had been absorbing confidence in the masses at the feet of David Starr Jordan. Peace is coming, he tells us, "honorable and lasting;" also a permanent tribunal that will make peace universal. These blessings are to be given to the world by the good old masses who will "insist upon the adoption of measures to prevent a recurrence of war." And we are also to have "industrial peace throughout our land," and of course, as a consequence, "greater prosperity than ever." Obviously Mr Hearst's friend and patron is more than a glad hand. He looks into, and reads, the seeds of time, but not like a Jeremiah. How heartening and inspiriting to learn from the lips of one so wonderfully endowed that San Francisco has a fine future! Mr. Gary dropped a few hints to make it plain that he knows all about our past. He knows we had a graft prosecution and an earthquake and "moral forces" too, but he neglected to say on what side the "moral forces" were. Hearst, who was on both sides, probably failed to inform him. However the bad days are gone, and a municipality is judged, says the great steel trust magnate, "by the disposition of those who, in the main, control her attitude and her destiny." And while Mr. Gary was uttering his beautiful sentiments Mr. Hearst, as boss of our city government, was brandishing the fear-inspiring recall over the heads of all our judges, and the Mayor of the city was defying the courts, rallying the mob and playing the demagogue with all his might. One cannot but wonder whether Mr. Gary regards San Francisco as a safe place wherein to invest money.

Doomed to Explain

When reasons are given for a course of conduct it is at once exposed to criticism and deprived of the weight that character may give to action. Thus it is with William J. Bryan's resignation. Bryan is still explaining and giving reasons, trying to justify his conduct, but in vain. The only persons who profess to believe him are men in office noted for their extreme cautiousness. He has "come back" so often that they deem it unwise to incur his hostility. So they applaud his conscience, but regret that his principles made his resignation imperative. What cringing cowards these politicians be! Bryan will go on explaining to the end of his days. Never again for him the reticence and self-respect of the man who patiently trusts to time and disdains exculpatory explanation. And what a tragedy it is, by the way, for a great egotist to realize that his motives require explanation and that he cannot set himself right in the eyes of the world!

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CCXXXVIII—COLONEL ROBERT M. THOMPSON

By Edward F. O'Day

An old sea dog with a military handle to his name. A kind eye, a determined chin and a working brain. An honest man who hates cant. A patriot who sweats for his country's good at an age when most men want slippers and an easy chair. A capitalist with a few odd millions and a soul above them. That's Bob Thompson. That's Colonel Robert M. Thompson, formerly of the navy and now chairman of the Navy League of the United States.

Colonel Thompson is here to spread the gospel of preparedness for war as the best means of preserving peace. He is intensely in earnest, but he eliminates personalities from his argument and sticks to conditions. Just the same he cannot resist giving Dr. David Starr Jordan a gentle tap, for he considers pacifists the enemies of their country.

Bob Thompson entered Annapolis more than fifty years ago. He served through the Civil War, emerging with the rank of lieutenant. There was no prospect of promotion after that war, so Thompson left the navy. It turned out that his colleagues got no promotion for twenty-five years, and yet Thompson would be an admiral on the retired list had he remained. He wanted to return to the service for the Spanish-American war, but was not accepted. So the governor of his State, New Jersey, made him chief of staff with the rank of colonel. That is how this old sea dog comes to be Colonel Thompson.

"My life," remarked Col. Thompson, "spans the change from ships built and fought when Nelson ruled the sea, and the great engineering establishments we call dreadnaughts, fighting machines which have nothing in common with the old ships except that they float."

As Col. Thompson has kept in touch with naval conditions at home and abroad through all those years, he has a right to speak about what he regards as the inadequacy of our naval program.

"I saw it stated in one of the papers the other day," said Col. Thompson, "that the United States navy had 340 ships available in case of war. But the man who made that list counted tugs, receiving ships and broken down, superannuated contraptions of all sorts.

"As a matter of fact, we had available for what is called 'line of battle,' before the dreadnaught idea had been introduced into naval affairs, 23 ships having about 90 guns. Of the dreadnaught class, built and building, we have about 14 ships with 144 guns. And that's all we've got of any value.

"The conditions of sea fighting have changed. Today a fleet that lacks fast cruisers which are capable of getting into touch with the enemy and running away from him in safety, is like a man without eyes.

"This war has shown that superior speed and superior guns are what win battles. The fighting force which can destroy and escape damage itself is the one that is victorious. It is a war of engines and engineers, not of men. Mere bravery doesn't count for much. We used to hear a great deal about 'the man behind the gun,' but today he can't see the ship he's shooting at—he's an automaton directed by other men through the medium of scientific instruments.

"Through the fault of the people of the United States who have not impressed upon their representatives their desire for an up-to-date navy, Congress is not spending sufficient money for sea defense. It is not what we want that should govern our expenditures; it is what we need to curb the other fellow. It is folly to spend anything if we are not willing to meet the other fellow when cause arises.

"Our country is just now discussing certain questions with a foreign nation. We are acting in a very independent way. We are bluffing. If our bluff is called, our people will shriek because we have no navy and no army. If we should be invaded we'd be quite helpless. We'd want to hang a lot of officials for not being prepared. But it would not be the fault of the officials. The responsibility rests on the man in the street. When the citizen takes the trouble to learn the facts, and makes up his mind what he needs, Congress and the officials will carry out his will.

"We spend on our navy every year one hundred and fifty millions—the amount that we spend for Ford automobiles. If we spent for our navy as much as we spend on the tires of all our automobiles, we should have a navy adequate to hold the sea against the fleet of any nation. It is mighty poor business to spend a hundred and fifty millions a year without getting what we spend it for. That's the situation with us.

"We have good officers—as good as any in the world. But we only have half of what we ought to have. Our men are good, but we need a great many more. We have good guns—perhaps not the best guns; but we have no reserve guns, and we ought to have them. We ought to duplicate every gun we possess. War wears out guns very rapidly, and without guns ships are of no use. We have practically no aeroplanes. But we are making a beginning, and if the people will show that they want appropriations for this purpose, the navy will supply the officers and men, and we shall soon develop an air fleet. We have no modern submarines. Appropriations have been made for this, but still more should be made.

"It is well enough to have ships building, but we must have ships in hand so that officers and men may have the practice that is so necessary.

"The greatest need of the present moment is the formation of a council of national defense to study what we need, to decide on how it shall be provided, to provide it without waste and to avoid duplicatiin. It should give to the army those things the army can best do, and to the navy those things the navy can best do. At the present time the departments are unconnected, and there is duplication and waste. In theory the President is commander-in-chief, and he is supposed to give his personal attention to both branches of the service. In practice he never does, and there is no other link to connect the two services.

"We Americans are very proud of our country. We believe it to be a great country, and that we are entitled to rank high among the nations. But we are very averse to making any sacrifice to fit ourselves for the position we think we ought to occupy.

"There is a row in Mexico. Many think we should go down there and stop it, and build up at once a law-abiding community. It's a man's job—an efficient man's job. If we undertake it we shall have some disagreeable experiences. We shall sacrifice American lives and spend American dollars. If our patience holds out we can do the job. But we may get tired. It may be like our last excursion when we went down to insist on a salute and came away without getting it.

"But if we start a rumpus with a really strong nation, it will be well for us to study conditions in Belgium, because it is very probable that we'll get practical lessons both terrible and disastrous.

"America can, without economic strain, put herself in such a condition that no nation would dare attack her. If we neglect doing so, we, the nation, are responsible, and no one else.

"The pacifists are gaining adherents. Those who preach, no matter what the text, always do. There are always plenty of people who are 'too proud to fight,' which means 'too badly scared.' The propaganda is backed by a very large sum. The Carnegie fund and the Ginn fund are paying the expenses of a lot of peripatetic preachers who make pacifism their business.

"I include Dr. David Starr Jordan in this category. At the same time I do not wish to fall into the error he makes, which is to impute evil motives. He charges army officers with desiring war because they are interested in contracts for munitions, and makes other charges of the same false character. So I must be careful not to do as he does. But there is no doubt that he is connected in some way with the funds I have mentioned. I am afraid I regard him as a very undesirable sort of man.

"The pacifist propagandists have the income of a great many millions to spend. The Navy League is supported by small sums. It serves no selfish interest; it is purely and simply patriotic. It endeavors to create a public opinion; to awaken people to the value of peace, not of war; to show that it is idle to say that preparedness brings on war. When an aggressive nation prepares, war will come unless other nations are prepared too. If England had been prepared there would be no war in Europe. The Navy League is trying to impress on the American people the wisdom of Washington's words:

"'To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.'"

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Perspective Impressions

Let us not talk war if we cannot refrain from making it on one another.

Reticence is the greatest need of American literature.

Who was it said about a year ago there could be no European war because it would be too expensive?

Some people have such a low opinion of their own deserts that they are forever hanging themselves in effigy.

Others are so impressed with their surpassing merits that they spend their lives handing themselves the grand prix for all the virtues.

After thinking the matter over carefully, we have reached the conclusion that the former sort are less undesirable.

But if allowed perfect freedom in the matter, we shall avoid both kinds.

"We fear nobody but God," says a Hearst editorial. If we have read former Hearst editorials with understanding that is just the same as saying, "We fear nobody."

"There isn't enough money in the treasury to pay him," said Mayor Rolph, speaking of Matt Sullivan and his services in the street car imbroglio. Obviously the thing to do is to add a few more cents to the tax rate.

Hearst and Bryan, patriots twain, are in accord as to the attitude that should be taken toward the German vote.

There is in the midst of us one of the rarest of Americans. He is the president of a university and an idealist with a large supply of common sense. His name is Arthur T. Hadley. He hails from Yale.

The "stammering jurist" is what the Examiner calls Judge Sturtevant on account of the impediment from which he suffers. One wonders whether the fine Southern Gentleman who inherited the Examiner is grateful to God for making him perfect in all his parts—mental, physical and moral.

A college professor who recognized Muenter when the latter was professoring under the name of Holt held his tongue because, as he says, the fugitive was "doing nicely." Reticence has become so desirable in college professors that we might be inclined to applaud the gentleman who didn't "peach" on Muenter had he not confessed himself when it was unnecessary.

Jane Addams returned from Europe with the news that when bayonet charges are desired the soldiers are given copious swigs of good red liquor. The liquor interests should be grateful to Jane, for it was only a few weeks ago that the Prohibitionists were libeling the Demon in the Hearst papers by asserting that his reputation as a fighter had been exploded in France and Flanders.

The Examiner says the grape industry is in danger of being throttled by too much legislation. What about that other danger which has its headquarters in Westerville, Ohio?

And with all due deference we would ask, Was it on the road to Westerville that Hearst saw the light? Also, Did he meet Bryan on the road?

We are also curious about the fake biography of Jess Willard, presumably edited at Westerville.

For this epic of pugilism in glorification of a plugugly reminds us that the moral Hearst papers conducted a crusade against pugilism and thought it an outrage to exhibit motion pictures of a prize fight.

Incidentally we are reminded that we are passing through hard times, and that several newspapers, all belonging to one man, have been losing slathers of money of late owing to a shortage of legitimate ads.

City Attorney Percy Long is incompetent, says Mayor Rolph. It was Percy's knowledge of his incompetency that prompted him to matriculate in the school of municipal politics, where he has diligently pursued the art of keeping himself popular at the expense of the taxpayers. Incompetent is Percy but somewhat less of an ass than the dear people who give him their votes.

A Baptism of Fire

The Following Is a Translation of an Account of a First Day's Fighting in the Argonne, Written by M. Charles Vildrac, Who Is One of the Most Distinguished of the Younger French Poets

We had no suspicion that we were going to fight that day. For the three days since we had arrived in the Argonne we had made forced marches beneath the fierce August sun; and in quitting at dawn the village where we had passed the night, we thought of nothing but the interminable routes that we were going to follow. And, in fact, from five in the morning till three in the afternoon we had to march, to march without pause, in spite of the implacable sun, the dust and our maximum equipment.

I kept thinking, with some disgust, that the infantryman had to be a kind of porter, and at the same time a champion long-distance walker.

We were not allowed even time to eat. When we passed through a village we left the ranks to rush for the fountains, or to plunge our quart mugs in the buckets of water that the peasants or the soldiers offered us. All along the road the regiment left broken-down or exhausted stragglers, who were forced, later on, to hurry up to join their companies during the ten minutes' rest which is allowed every hour to troops on the march.

Towards two in the afternoon, unable to hold out, I threw myself down in the shade of a village place. There was a drinking-trough where there welled up that beautiful ice-cold water that one finds throughout the Argonne. Some Hussar horses were drinking gluttonously, with their whole heads plunged in the water. I went and rested by them. Before I was on the march again many companies had passed; I found myself among wagons crowded with equipments of lame soldiers. I took the occasion to relieve myself of my haversack by pushing it between the legs of a kindly driver. This precious knapsack which contained all my linen, my papers, my reserve rations, my mess bowl, my entrenching tool, and even a little German dictionary, I was destined never to see again, and often since I have deplored my weakness in abandoning it. For a little after, my regiment was divided; my batallion came to a halt in a little village called Fossé on the edge of a plateau. We were drawn up in two ranks in the principal street of the village, and ordered to load our rifles, while the cavalry platoon which served us as scouts went off to reconnoitre.

A quarter of an hour's wait; I ate an apple and drank some water. A rapid fusillade not far off, and the cavalry appeared again, one of them without his horse.

At once the advance was ordered. The company turned, section by section, into the little side street along which the cavalry had returned. It gave almost immediately on the open country.

We were upon the slope of a broad valley. At our feet the fields of oats and beetroot sloped away gently. The hollow of the valley was wooded. The ample folds of the opposite slope showed a fine panorama of pasture lands, dotted here and there with little woods and small farms. Far away groups of diminutive cattle were grazing without their herds. Not a single human being! All the calm of a beautiful summer afternoon. I was marching behind the captain in the oats.

The first section in front of us was deploying in the firing line. The second advanced thirty paces behind me, and I was to pass the word of command.

When we arrived at the middle of the slope, the captain, letting the section in patrol march in front of him, knelt down, and I transmitted his command: "Halt! Kneel down." I, too, knelt down, and began to eat almost the whole of a lettuce which was there. The infantryman, as soon as he halts, is always in search of something eatable. Moreover, we hadn't had the time to eat all that day. The landscape was so beautiful and so perfectly calm, that I couldn't help exclaiming: "But there's no one there; it's all quite quiet."

"Don't be too sure," replied the captain.

At the same moment, behind and to our right, some batteries of our 75's opened a brisk and rapid fire, which first of all made me start, and then relaxed the tension I felt. We were then well supported and in force.

The shells made the noise of big flies as they flew across the valley, and I saw and heard over

there on the opposite slope their explosion in little clouds methodically aligned.

Thus our guns "watered" all the panorama with their shells, while on the other side, in front of us, a few shots indicated that our patrol was in touch with the enemy.

A cavalryman came with an order for the captain, who called back his patrol and made the whole company deploy in line by sections. I again took my place in the ranks, and instead of continuing our descent we skirted the plateau on our left.

Almost at the same moment the first German shell came snoring at us, and burst behind us with a terrific noise. Another followed, and then another. At each snore we flattened ourselves on the earth, closely packed together, our haversacks on our necks. Each section did the "tortoise."

The German range was too long, and no one was hit on this march. Moreover, by the noise which each shell made as it approached, we could easily tell that it would go beyond us, and several of us would call out nervously as though to reassure our comrades: "Not for us!" which didn't prevent them, all the same, from stopping a moment and stooping with their heads beneath their haversacks.

At one moment my section passed near a horse in its last agony, stretched in the lucerne. It was the horse of the Chasseur whom we had seen return on foot to Fossé. I looked at it not without some emotion, and I think it made more impression on me than the shells.

Soon the company arrived near a farm (the farm of Bellevue). As far as I could tell, it occupied the edge of the plateau. A thick hawthorn hedge prolonged the line of the buildings, and behind this there must have been a wooded slope.

Before going up to the farm the company halted, and each section lay flat, doing the "tortoise." It was then that I heard the first bullets pass near my head, swishing and whistling, while in the distance was heard the accelerated hammering of a mitrailleuse.

They made us take another bound forward, and I flattened myself more on the earth. This halt was a long one. The shells burst always behind us, and the bullets, which were more disquieting, seemed to be looking for us. The straps of my cartridge-case hindered my breathing. I was sweating and tired. I set myself to observe with fixed attention the piece of ground under my eyes.

I remember a little spider which busily climbed up a blade of grass. Suddenly, a voice in front of me cried "Ow! ow!" and that made me lift my head. I saw a soldier get up precipitately and run away, holding his hand to his shoulder. I lost sight of him quickly, and mechanically brought back my eyes to my left-hand neighbor. He was terribly frightened, and was hiding his face in his hands against the earth.

My friend D., who was not far off, smiled as he indicated the man with a look. To my right two men were disputing, in the accent of Seine-et-Marne peasants, one reproaching the other for crushing his feet into his elbows and sticking his rifle into his side.

At last the captain gave the order to advance, and with a last rush we were in shelter, against the farm wall. The first thought of ten of us was to shake an apple tree which was there, and gather up the apples. The first section went into the farm to search it. I heard that they found beer and provisions destined for the Prussians, and that two peasants were arrested as spies.

Meanwhile one of our mitrailleuses came into action. We did not know what it was firing on. Some fellows "went to see," and stretched their necks over the hedge, but one of them got a bullet in his head, and that made the others retire with a grimace.

All around the fusillade became more intense. The captain kept two sections at the farm. The others, among which I was, received the order to go and join the battalion of the 31st, which was attacking the enemy on the other side of the hedge.

To get there we had to make a detour, and little by little I lost my sense of direction. First, we had to cross at a run an open space, where the bullets, coming one knew not whence, were so thick that it seemed to me impossible not to get hit from one second to another.

None the less I succeeded in entering a wood, and following through it the uncertain file of my comrades. There the balls clicked against the tree-trunks, and broke the branches. It was like the crackling of a fire. We defiled from one tree to another. Here and there soldiers lay flat in the dead leaves. It didn't come into my head to ask whether they were wounded, dead, or terrified. I saw one, seized with panic, rush deep into the wood like a madman.

Meanwhile, we had to advance along the edge of the wood, come out of it, rush across an open space, and range ourselves along some bushes. Before leaving the wood I hesitated a moment behind a tree, just as one pauses before plunging into a cold river.

All the same we risked it, one by one. I threw myself across the space at full speed, saw a comrade totter and roll over close to me, and drew myself up close to the bushes, all out of breath. About twenty soldiers were there already. I threw myself down, panting and sweating, close to the hoof of a mule attached to the mitrailleuse. The mule shivered and lifted a foot. I realized that he had been hit in the hoof. At the moment I did not think that but for his being there I should have received the ball in my side. At the same moment the order was given to move on. We rounded the bushes, pell-mell, guns in hand; a sergeant held his handkerchief to his nose, the end of which had been cut off by a bullet. Another open space, larger than the last, and sloping down into the unknown darkness of night. To the left shouting and a charge sounded. We join ourselves to the close ranks. A voice cries "Fix bayonets!" and a hundred voices repeat the command. We no longer pay attention to the thin whistle of the bullets. I fix my bayonet with the satisfaction and relief of doing something at last against the invisible enemy. Commands are rapped out one after another, but have no effect. A voice cries: "Come along, boys; let's all get into the same line, so as not to skewer each other!" Another cries: "Paris boys, forward!" But all at once a battery of artillery comes up at gallop beside our ranks, and stops. "Lie down, you fellows! We're going to make room for you. Lie down! Lie down!"

The three pieces take up position behind us in the growing night. The shots go off with great white flames, hurried, furious, and prolonged into a drawn-out siren note. It shakes and excites us.

"Forward!"

The charge begins with a shout, with hurried footsteps, then breaks into the double, too soon, for the objective is far off and unknown, and loaded men get quickly out of breath. We reach a little crest with a line of trees. But the enemy is not there. We pass it, and descend into the valley meadows.

Down there, still a long way on, is the dark line of a wood. They must be there, where the balls are coming from. But we thought they were nearer. We are always fewer and fewer. When at last we reach the wood we are only a little troop, sparse and hesitating.

In the wood, where we cannot venture, nothing but the noise of steps retreating. To my left, however, a comrade throws himself on two Prussians who are occupying a small rudimentary trench. The two men seem indifferent, overcome. As the two bayonets threaten them they make an evasive gesture, as much as to say, "As you will!" The two bayonets are moved away from their chests.

There is nothing to do but go back with our two prisoners. We turn back, and find on our way the laggards and exhausted. But from the wood, suddenly several mitrailleuses begin to spray us. We run away, men fall. A comrade wounded in the leg calls to me "Help me!" He takes my arm, and we go on with short steps. But alas! a ball gets him in the back, and he falls without a cry, his hands open. I rush away horrified.

We get to the line of trees. On the other side the dip of the land gives us shelter from the Prussian balls, but now it is the shells that burst in front of us. Luckily we get through the zone.

We must be at the point of departure. It is long since the night came on. I am wretched! Will this day never finish? Not yet. In front of the French lines we are met with a fusillade: our fellows take us for the enemy in the dark. Without thinking at all, I run still faster towards them, calling: "Don't fire, you're firing on the 45th." The mistake doesn't last.

We join a column which is awaiting orders, huddled on the ground. The voices grow calm. A few last shells fall near us. A German trumpet sounds the rally with a noise like a showman's pipe.

Our column draws off in silence, and out of precaution I discharge my rifle, which I have not used.

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Poems About San Francisco

CCV—LUNA'S

(Gone is the dapatical glory of Luna's, but Howard V. Sutherland enables us to renew its delights in memory. The following is taken from his "Songs of a City," published in this city in 1904.)

By Howard V. Sutherland

Have you never been feasted by Luna, who dwelt near the Church of Assisi
In the Mexican quarter of 'Frisco? Ah, well, you have missed it, I tell you;
For he was a chef, if there was one, in all the delectable city
That lies by the mighty Pacific, expectant, and dreaming of Asia.

How oft in the fickle-starred nineties I sat at his snow-linened table
With an equally careless companion, and only a dollar between us;
And let the red vino de Napa encarmine a mood that was sable
And the Chili con carne (caramba!) lend warmth to a heart that was frozen.

O dream-stirring dishes of Luna! What lake on the boiling equator
As hot as his sopa galena? His entrees, and that which came after,
Were hotter than fire and brimstone. Full often I felt like a crater
And longed for a bite of the Arctic to cool the disturbance inside me.

How well one remembers the mother, an aged and stately senora,
Who sat at his family table, and smiled at us all as we entered!
How well one remembers the waiter, the wall-eyed, who said: "Have some more-a?"
"More vino, or breado, or salta?" The rogue was a native Vermonter!

How oft Luna brought to us cocktails, of mescal, infern al, but cheering:
"Con mio, senores, con mio; saludo ustedes, senores!"
How often he ope'd the cigar box, or thirty-year cognac, declaring
He loved a poor artist (good Luna!), and wouldn't we read him a poem?

Ah, well, they are over for ever, those days when the gilt was untarnished,
Those days when we lived in a garret, and dined when our pockets permitted;
But now we are older and sadder, and daily becoming more varnished,
And Chateau Lafitte fails to please us like wine that was five cents a bottle.

The Lantern

Encouraging Sentiments of Discerning Readers, Showing How the New Magazine Has "Caught On"

Eloquence From the Bench

My Dear Bonnet: I think it was Shakespeare but perhaps it was Bacon who said, The first creation of God was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and that his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the spirit. Of these things I am reminded by the white radiance of The Lantern. It shines for the spirit, it illumines the dark sectors of the mind. Please put me down as a subscriber.

Yours truly,
GEORGE H. CABANISS.

"Larry" Is With Us

San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1915.
Mr. Edward F. O'Day,
Care Town Talk,
88 First St., City.

My Dear Edward: Some time ago I had the pleasure of subscribing for your new periodical, "The Lantern." I received several copies and was just getting to a point where I could clasp it by the hand and greet it as an old and comforting friend when, for some unknown reason, my copies decided to shed their light elsewhere. Possibly this is because of the fact that I moved to Mill Valley. In any event, would you be good enough to check this up on your mailing list, as I take a great deal of keen pleasure out of this very delightful publication.

Yours truly,
LAWRENCE W. HARRIS.
Ames Harris Neville Co.

A Legal Opinion

Editors The Lantern: A friend was kind enough to hand me the back numbers of The Lantern, and I have read them with delight. I think your little chap book will mark an era in California literature—a worthy successor of The Lark of pleasant memory. No one can justly say that you use any crude oil in lighting the way to truth—as you see it. Enclosed find check for $1.50, for which please enter my name as a subscriber.

Very sincerely,
RICHARD O'CONNOR.
Wells Fargo Bldg.

Newspaperman Approves

Chronicle Office, San Francisco.

Friend O'Day: Am writing this because I wish to express my appreciation of "The Lantern." I want you and Bonnet to know that I'm grateful to you both for four separate feasts of good reading. I know of no publication that offers as much entertainment as your periodical.

Enjoying the contents of "The Lantern" as much as I do, it seems a pity to me that valuable space for delightful reading matter must be used for advertising. "The Lantern" should be and deserves to be supported entirely by subscription.

Sincerely,
WM. JACOBS.
The Chronicle.

A Judgment on Appeal

Editors Lantern:

Gentlemen: Apparently readers are attracted by The Lantern like moths to a candle, for the current issue was sold out in three newsstands before I got around. I like The Lantern, but I haven't time to walk all over town for it. Please enter my name among your subscribers and oblige.

F. W. KERRIGAN,
Court of Appeal,
Wells, Fargo Building.

Author of "Lanagan" Pleased

Theodore F. Bonnet,
Edward F. O'Day,
Editors The Lantern.

Gentlemen: I have been buying The Lantern on the newsstands but was unable to secure the June number as it was sold out at my stand.

Enclosed please find two years' subscription to begin with the June number as I do not want to miss coming numbers. I consider this such a magazine of belles lettres as fills a long-felt need not only in San Francisco but the west. It is a credit to the editors and to San Francisco and is bound to meet with the recognition among discerning readers that its sound literary worth merits.

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD H. HURLBUT.

The Spectator

Willis Meets the Clockwinder

"Say, Willis, you're a pretty good architect, and you used to be onto yourself, but ever since you joined the Pacific-Union Club you've had a flat wheel."

The speaker was the Man That Winds the Ferry Clock. As he spoke his friend Willis Polk wilted like an Esquimau at the equator.

But the clockwinder rambled on.

"You spend too much time up there on the hill thinking in seven figures and talking with financiers on the state of the country and the fluctuations of the stock market. You ain't next any more, Willis. You can't keep in touch with things if you don't get down among the fly boys occasionally. The club atmosphere is deadening. It gives a man a narrow outlook and stupifies him in time. If—"

"Say," said Polk interrupting the clockwinder, "you've been talking to Charley Conlisk. That's just the way he hammers me. What have I been doing?"

"You've been making a chump of yourself. You started out the other day to round up a nominating committee, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. I'm a civic patriot. I think the best men ought to get together and select a good man for Mayor. It's time to redeem the city from the Rolphs and the Matt Sullivans."

"There you go—making a noise like Roodie Spreckels. Cut out that civic patriot stuff. Now listen. That was an awful bum list of nominators you made up. It shows how far from next you are."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Well, about eighty per cent of your committee are men tied up to different job chasers. No wonder they didn't show up."

"One of them did show up," said Willis with a smile of triumph.

"Give me one guess and I'll name him," said the sage of the clock tower.

"Go ahead."

"Meet-me-face-to-face Dillon."

"How'd you guess?"

"Well, he's on Rolph's Liberty Bell committee."

"What's that got to do with it?"

At this point the clockwinder handed his key to Polk. "Here, take this for a minute," he said, "till I hold my sides." And then he exploded.

Political Intriguing

"Now you see," said the clockwinder when he recovered from his fit, "what an innocent kid you are. Say, Willis, if you don't watch out these politicians will be selling you a municipal car or a gold mine on the beach. By the way, did you read about the Mayor's Liberty Bell committee?"

"No, what about it?"

"It was four hundred strong—that is when it first met with Oscar Hocks in the chair and Tom Dillon trying to make Frank Marston grand marshal to shut out General Murray."

"Four hundred!" exclaimed Polk. "That was a big committee."

"Yes," said the clockwinder. "Three hundred and eighty of them were men the Mayor figured on landing for his campaign."

"You don't mean to say he was making the Liberty Bell serve his political ends?" the young civic patriot asked.

The clockwinder bestowed a look of compassion on the unsophisticated architect. "Far be it from me," he exclaimed; "far be it, my dear Willis. But Mission Jim is a pretty handy politician when he has Matt at his elbow. Did you see what he did at the Labor Council?"

"I didn't know he was at the Labor Council," said Polk.

"He wasn't," said the clockwinder, "but he put one over there just the same."

"What did he do?"

"He got all the labor boys on the city's pay roll to vote for Gallagher in order to shut out McCarthy. Gallagher is Rolph's straw man. Rolph was afraid of P. H., and if P. H. had been nominated you'd have seen the announcement in the papers that Rolph wasn't going to run because his partner Hind objected and was threatening to dissolve the partnership."

"The case looks hopeless for the old town," Polk observed in a melancholy tone.

"Not at all," said the clockwinder. "Cheer up. We may be able to find a yellow dog candidate, and if we do he'll be a cinch."

Hearst on the Job

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst disclaims responsibility for many of the mean things that are done by his newspapers. And doubtless there are times when he may plead not guilty and put up something more than a technical defense. But there are times when his fine Southern Gentleman's hand stands out like a semaphore at a railroad crossing. As, for instance, last week when Judge Sturtevant was staggered by the bludgeoning he received from our great morning bully. That was a characteristic bit of journalistic thuggery, the kind San Francisco was made familiar with in the old days, when the rollicking young millionaire, newly arrived from Harvard, let himself go after the manner of a cowboy shooting up the town. When the Examiner turned loose on Judge Sturtevant with the fury of a mad bull I looked around for Hearst. "This is not by order of the managing editor," said I. "The Southern Gentleman himself is not far off. This transparently wanton abuse grounded in petty and mean suspicion is from a source that is in a class by itself." And as I mused, lo, there he stood! Before my very eyes loomed the Yellow Kid, as we used to call him long before he took to the fox trot. Yes, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst was indeed in town. Here he is playing the host to his friend Judge Gary, the gladhand president of the Steel Trust. All trusts in the Hearst philosophy are more or less infamous, but Judge Gary gives good dinners, and to get in is to be branded of the elect if nothing more. Judge Sturtevant, on the other hand, is only a poor nisi prius jurist: What service can he render to humanity? So to the mob for Sturtevant! just as in the reign of the Terror Desmoulins called for the guillotine,—until one day Camille himself was treated by his favorite doctor.

Sturtevant's Crime

Now what was it Judge Sturtevant did to merit the bludgeoning he got from the hero of the Frank case? Did Judge Sturtevant thrust himself into the litigation between the city and the United Railroads? Apparently this is what Mr. Hearst would have us believe; for he tells us that many years ago when Judge Sturtevant was little more than a clerk he served the railroad a day or two in a nominal capacity. But this trivial circumstance nobody urged as a ground of disqualification before the case was heard. Why not? Because nobody believed for a moment that Judge Sturtevant had any bias in favor of the corporation. If there had been the slightest objection to Judge Sturtevant before the hearing he would not have heard the case. The fact is he was accepted by both sides. Whatever may be the truth as to Judge Sturtevant's feelings (and nobody knows the truth but himself) no fault was found with him until he decided the case, whereupon the great expert in character assassination took up his bludgeon and went joyously to work.

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Hearst's Puppets

Quite as bad as the part played by Hearst in this ugly municipal drama was the part played by certain public officials. I have in mind especially the men of the City Attorney's office who apparently acquiesced in all that was said by the Examiner. Partly because they were eager to win the Examiner's esteem and partly because they are bad losers they joined in the hue and cry. They pretended to be greatly shocked at the decision. How much of intellectual honesty there was in their professed astonishment we may judge from the assertion made by one of them that of course they had assumed that the city had bestowed a privilege on the United Railroads. In the case before Judge Sturtevant there was no question of privilege. The questions before Judge Sturtevant rose out of a contract between the city and the United Railroads. The questions were: Does the contract specify what cars the city may operate on Market street? and if so what cars may the city be enjoined from operating? I do not pretend to know whether Judge Sturtevant was right or wrong, but I do know that even assuming him to be wrong the course pursued by the Mayor and his attorneys is one they would all be ashamed of if they were accessible to such an emotion.

Getting the Low-Down

Meeting a reporter who does courts for a morning paper, I asked him for the inside on the Geary street injunction matter. He smiled a weary smile and demanded just what I wanted to know.

"Why didn't the injunction enjoin?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "it was set aside by a Supreme Court consisting of former Chief Justice Matt Sullivan, the keeper of Mayor Rolph's conscience."

"Why was it set aside?" I demanded.

"There were three grounds," answered the reporter. "First, because the Examiner was throwing a fit. Second, because Judge Sturtevant has an impediment in his speech. Third, because Matt Sullivan doesn't like the cut of Billy Cannon's whiskers, or the shape of Billy Abbott's eyeglasses, I'm not sure which."

"Why did Percy Long rush home from Capitola?"

"Because he saw that Matt Sullivan had designs on his place in the spotlight. 'Matt may be amicus curiae, but he's no friend of mine,' was the thought in Percy's head."

"How do Matt and Percy stand?"

"That depends on which paper you believe. Publicly they are like two turtledoves just now. They have taken back all the nasty things they said about each other. And Rolph has explained to Percy that he didn't call him a dub. Percy is pretending that he believes Jim's explanation. But in their hearts Matt and the Mayor are as sore as sore can be at Percy, and he reciprocates. He may run for Mayor to get even."

"What is Judge Troutt's position?"

"That any judge on the local bench would most willingly hear the case if compelled to at the point of a pistol, but that perhaps it would be better to call in a judge who does politics in some county where there are no outer tracks."

"What did Rolph mean when he said there wasn't money enough in the treasury to pay Sullivan?"

"Not even Rolph knows what Rolph meant. And he didn't have to know. Matt told him to say it, and he always does what Matt tells him to."

"Why aren't Cannon and Abbott making more noise?"

"Because they have a strange idea about the propriety of trying a case in court instead of on a safety station in the middle of Market street."

"What do you think of the bulletins Rolph has been issuing?"

"That they are bulletins with the accent on the first syllable."

I had a few more questions to ask, but the reporter said he had to call on Matt Sullivan and find out if he had made up the Mayor's mind on some subject or other; so we parted.

From Our Office Dictionary

Injunction: A legal instrument by means of which a judge orders himself to show cause why he should not be recalled.

Recall: The appellate court of public passion.

Buck: A dangerous duty.

Presiding judge: The passer of the buck.

Vacation: A graceful way to escape the buck.

Sturtevant: A judge who is not on vacation.

Justice: A municipally-owned monopoly.

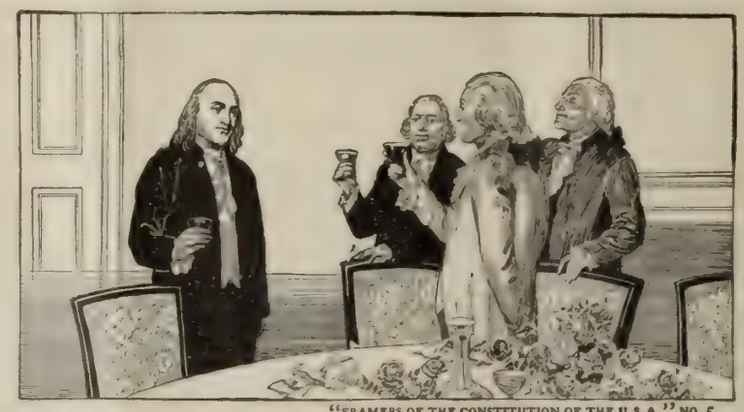
"The wheels of justice run only on the outer tracks."—Maxims of Matthew Ignatius.

Long: A paradox.

"Percy was Long and very thick, but had no breadth."—Confessions of a Court Reporter.

Andy in Action

As I approached Market street from Geary I was made aware of the fact that something was the matter. The Geary street cars were stopped in rows on Geary street. The Kearny street cars were stopped in front of the Chronicle building. Automobiles, jitney buses, a sightseeing auto, a motorcycle and a string of delivery wagons were held up. The crowd was dense. Pressing my way through I discovered that similar conditions obtained up and down Market street and on Third street. Traffic was completely suspended at the heart of the city. I looked around to see where the fire was. But there was no fire; there were no fire engines. I had heard of no parade, no great military funeral scheduled for that day. What could be the matter? Flashing my police badge I managed to reach one of the cops who was holding back the crowd. I asked him if Market street had caved in, or what. He pointed, and I followed his finger. In the midst of the intersecting car



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 5

Benjamin Franklin—"Father of American Diplomacy"

AMERICA has never produced a greater statesman than Franklin, who was revered by the people second only to Washington. He was a signer of both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and his wisdom made the latter a possibility. The great Lord Chatham pronounced him not only an honor to the Anglo-Saxon people, but to human nature. In every capitol of Europe he was a welcome guest, and he it was who induced France to lend us ships, men and money during the darkest days of the Revolution. Upon his death Congress ordered a general mourning of a month. In France it was decreed that all members of the national assembly should wear mourning for three days. So long as Americans treasure the Republic and Personal Liberty as the noblest of all human blessings, the fame of Franklin can never perish. Personally he was possessed of robust health; he was a well-shaped man, of a wise but merry nature; he had the head of a Greek philosopher, while his grace, his noble bearing and winning personality made him a conspicuous figure in any assemblage of great men. He was a moderate user all his lifetime of Old Madeira and barley-malt brews. It is safe to say that he toasted the New Republic with every great man of Europe and America. Franklin considered his work in building the Constitution his greatest service to posterity. Upon the self-evident declaration of the Constitution of the United States Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago launched their gigantic institution. To-day, wherever Americans go for health, or business, or pleasure, their famed brand BUDWEISER is there. Its popularity, due to its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has daily grown in public favor until 7500 people are constantly employed to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand.

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tracks I beheld a lone automobile. It was motionless. The chauffeur was at the wheel. In the tonneau sat a portly man whose face I could not see. I noted that he wore a cigar at a political angle in the corner of his mouth.

"What's he advertising?" I asked the cop in perplexity.

"He ain't advertisin' nuthin," answered the cop. "That's Supervisor Gallagher. He's studyin' traffic conditions."

Ruef's Strange Request

During the past few days friends of Abe Ruef in this city have been circulating a strange petition which will be filed with the Board of Prison Directors prior to their consideration of Ruef's application for parole. This application comes before the board in August. The petition, to which a great many signatures have been affixed already, prays the board to grant Ruef permission to spend the first two months of his parole in the wilds of Mendocino county instead of in San Francisco as required by law. The reason for this strange request is even stranger than the request itself. Ruef wishes to bury himself in the woods like Joe Knowles, the petition explains, so that there may be absolutely no suspicion that he is taking any hand in the municipal election or attempting to influence the action of the voters in the mayoralty campaign.

Kitchener and French

Will Sir John French continue in supreme command of the British forces? The question is being asked in London, though not through the medium of the press. That there has been serious trouble between Lord Kitchener and General French is quite well known in London, but the strict press censorship forbids discussion of the break in the newspapers. The feud started in the Boer war, and seems to have been waged actively ever since by French and his partisans, Kitchener treating their intrigues against him with silent contempt. It has reached such a pass that co-operation between the two men has been rendered extremely difficult, if not impossible. Matters have gone so far that one of the best generals Great Britain has, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, has asked to be relieved of his command on French's staff and has returned home. The dissatisfaction with French is said to have extended even to General Joffre, and recent visits to the front made by Prime Minister Asquith, by Lord Kitchener and by Lloyd George are said to have been prompted by the hope of smoothing away differences between the British commander and the French generalissimo. It is being said that it is inevitable that either Kitchener or French shall go—and that French will be the man.

French and Gordon Moore

In most of the unfavorable comments made upon General French the name of George Gordon Moore of Detroit is mentioned. Moore who is well known in this city, is French's most intimate friend, and this intimacy has been very important in contributing to French's unpopularity. General French has a charming and devoted wife and nice children, but about four years ago he became entangled in one of the fastest sets of titled people in London, and it was common gossip that he was completely dominated by the leader of this set, a certain Irish peeress. Two years ago General French left his family and went to live in the London home of George Gordon Moore. Since then the two men have been inseparable. When French leaves the front for a short visit in London he goes to Gordon Moore's house, and the rest of the time Gordon Moore has the freedom of French's headquarters in France. It is this which has aroused the greatest criticism of General French. Access to British headquarters in France is impossible for Englishmen outside of the British cabinet. Most Englishmen do not even know where these headquarters are. But Gordon Moore comes and goes from them as freely as though he were General French's aide de camp. This is something which London cannot understand and regards as quite intolerable.

Interviewed in New York

George Gordon Moore was in New York recently, and was interviewed by a reporter for the Sun. The reporter was not favorably impressed with Moore, and did not take pains to conceal this fact. When he attempted to cross-examine Moore about what he styled his "more than intimate intimacy" with General French, Moore was evasive. Moore is well known in this city. He came here to take a hand in the rehabilitation of the affairs of "Borax" Smith. He attended the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club, and made a deep and favorable impression on those who met him. He is a very rich man through his own exertions, and is said to have a genius for company promoting. He is an athlete, a sportsman and a big game hunter.

Young Peters' Work

Charles Rollo Peters is not only an artist, but the father of an artist. This has been impressed upon all who have visited the exhibition of drawings which Charles Rollo Peters Jr. is holding at present in his father's studio on Union Square. Young Peters returned recently from abroad, and he is introducing himself to his father's friends and to art lovers in general as a most promising wielder of the pencil. This is not as immodest as it sounds, for as a matter of fact it is Peters' work which performs the ceremony of introduction for him. This young man studied in Munich which is the greatest drawing school in the world, and he has worked a great deal in Brittany and Cornwall. He is showing a number of drawings of the Cornish and Breton folk, and they are wonderfully good. Since his return he has drawn several local people including "Ned" Hamilton and Miss Chesebrough, and from these examples of his work the keenness of his eye, the sureness of his hand and the fidelity of his pencil can be judged. I understand that he has also done some portraits in oils, but these are not on exhibition. I am sorry they are not, for they must be interesting. Young Peters has a brilliant career before him; that is a quite safe thing to say. I noticed the "sold" sign on some of the drawings, the sort of encouragement every artist needs and this young artist deserves.

The Trip to Diablo

A new schedule of reduced rates for passengers to the summit of Mt. Diablo has been announced by the Oakland, Antioch & Eastern Railway, to become effective immediately. Until the end of September, round trip tickets covering the journey to the top and return will be sold from San Francisco or Oakland for $3.00 and will permit of a stay of ten days. During the same period, for the accommodation of campers, the Oakland, Antioch & Eastern will offer a round trip to Diablo with a ten-day limit. At the base of the mountain a large summer colony is already established in tents and bungalows. The highway to the summit has been oiled, and during the week scores of automobiles have ascended to the highest peak.

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The Hoop

Translated from the Russian of Feodor Sologub

One morning, in a lonely street, on the outskirts of the city, a woman might have been seen strolling, accompanied by a lad of four. Young and smart, she was smiling radiantly; she was casting affectionate glances at her son, whose red cheeks beamed with happiness. The boy was bowling a hoop, a large, new, bright yellow hoop. With awkward movement the lad raced his hoop, laughed uproariously with joy, stamped with his plump little legs bare at the knee, and flourished his stick. It was not at all necessary to raise the stick so high above one's head—but what of that?

What happiness! Earlier the hoop had not been, but how briskly he could run now.

And nothing of this had been before; everything was new to the boy—the streets of an early morning, the merry sun, and the distant din of the city. Everything was new to the boy, and joyous and pure.

II.

A shabbily dressed old man, with coarse hands, stood at the street crossing. He pressed close to the wall to let the woman and the boy pass. The old man looked at the boy with dull eyes and smiled stupidly. Unclear, sluggish thoughts struggled within his head, bereft of hair.

"A little gentleman!" said he to himself. "Quite a small fellow. And simply bursting with joy. Just look at him cutting a pace!"

He could not quite understand it. Somehow it seemed strange to him.

Here is a child—a thing to be pulled about by the hair! Play is mischief. Children, it is well known, are mischief-makers.

And there's the mother—she utters no reproach, she makes no outcry, she does not scold. She is smart and bright. It is quite easy to see that they are used to warmth and comfort.

On the other hand, when he, the old man, was a boy he lived a dog's life! Even now there was nothing particularly rosy in his existence, though, to be sure, he was no longer thrashed and he had plenty to eat. He recalled his younger days—their hunger, their cold, their drubbings. He had never indulged in such mischief as the hoop and other playthings of well-to-do folks. Thus passed all his life—in poverty, in care, in misery. And he could recall nothing—not a single joy.

Smiling at the boy with his toothless mouth, he envied him. He reflected:

"What a silly sport!"

But envy tormented him.

He went to work—to the factory, where he had worked from childhood, where he had grown old. And the entire day he thought of the boy.

It was a fixed, deep-rooted thought. He simply could not get the boy out of his mind. He saw him running, laughing, stamping his feet, pursuing the hoop. What plump little legs had he, bared at the knee! . . . .

The entire day, in the din of the factory wheels, the boy with the hoop appeared to him. And at night he saw the boy in a dream.

III.

Next morning the reveries again pursued the old man.

The machines are clattering, the labor monotonous, automatic. The hands are busy with their accustomed tasks; the toothless mouth is smiling at the diverting fancy. The air is thick with dust, and under the high ceiling, strap after strap, with hissing sound, glides quickly from wheel to wheel, endless in number. The far corners are invisible because of the dense escaping vapors. People emerge here and there like phantoms, and the human voice is not heard for the incessant din of the machines.

The old man's fancy is at work—he has become for the moment a little boy, his mother is a gentlewoman, and he has his hoop and his little stick; he is playing, driving the hoop with the little stick. He wears a white costume, his little legs are plump, bare at the knee. . . .

Day passes after day, the work goes on, the fancy persists.

IV.

Returning from work one evening, the old man saw a hoop of an old barrel lying in the street. It was a rough, dirty implement. The old man trembled from happiness, and tears appeared in his dull eyes. A sudden, almost irrepressible desire took possession of him.

Cautiously he glanced around him; then bent down, picked up the hoop with trembling hands, and, smiling shamefacedly, carried it home with him.

No one had noticed, no one had questioned him. Whose concern was it? A ragged old man, carrying an old, dilapidated, useless hoop—who cared?

He carried it stealthily, afraid of ridicule. Why he picked it up and why he carried it he himself could not tell. Still, it resembled the boy's hoop, and this was sufficient. There was no harm in it lying about.

He could look at it; he could touch it. It would quicken the reveries; duller would grow the factory whistle and turmoil, denser the escaping vapors. . . .

For several days the hoop lay under the bed in the old man's poor, cramped quarters. Sometimes he would take out the hoop, look at it—the dirty grey hoop soothed the old man—and this would quicken the persistent reverie about the happy little boy.

V.

One clear, warm morning, whilst the birds were chirping away in the consumptive city trees somewhat more cheerfully than was their habit, the old man rose earlier, took his hoop, and went a little farther out of the city.

Emitting a cough, he made his way into the woods among the old trees and the thorny bushes. Incomprehensible to him was the stern silence of the trees, covered with their dry, blackish, bursting bark. The odors were strange, the insects astonishing, the ferns of gigantic growth. There was neither dust nor din here, and the gentle, exquisite morning mist lay behind the trees. The old feet glided over dry leaves and stumbled across old gnarled roots.

The old man broke off a dry limb and hung his hoop upon it.

He came upon an opening, full of daylight and of calm. Dewdrops, countless and multicolored, gleamed upon the green blades of grass, newly mowed.

And suddenly the old man let the hoop slip off the stick. Striking with the stick, he sent the hoop rolling across the green lawn. The old man laughed, brightened at once, and pursued the hoop like that little boy. He kicked up his feet, and drove the hoop with his stick, which he flourished high over his head, just like that little boy.

It seemed to him that he was small, beloved and happy. It seemed to him that he was be-

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Those Walking Sticks

You see them everywhere nowadays—on the porch of the Buringame Country Club, at the Francisca and the Town and Country, on the streets, in the palm court of the Palace and "the passion parlor" of the St. Francis, at the Exposition—they are omnipresent. I mean women with walking sticks. I do not mean the swagger sticks which women borrowed a few seasons ago from the drill sergeants of Great Britain and Germany. Those are quite out of date. I mean the full-length cane that used to be the exclusive wear of men. Women who consider themselves swagger have been going in for them with enthusiasm, regarding them as "vogue," as Colonel Ruggles would say. But are they "vogue?" Well, it's silly to be dogmatic about any eccentricity of feminine apparel. But certainly, whether these walking sticks have or have not become "vogue," they were not meant to be "vogue" by the woman who is responsible for the fad. That woman is Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt Jr., "Birdie" Vanderbilt as we call her in her old home. When Mrs. Vanderbilt came to town to see the Fair she appeared in public leaning on a cane. Immediately the Blingumites who ape her blossomed out in canes. That started the fad, and it's been going strong ever since. It must have amused Mrs. Vanderbilt vastly. For she wore a cane because she needed it. It was a necessity, not an affectation. She suffers from a very trying ailment in her limbs, and while here was under constant treatment by a masseuse. Able-bodied women who did not know this adopted the cane just the same.

"The Passion Parlor"

I have mentioned "the passion parlor" of the St. Francis. No doubt you have heard the term and identify the room to which it is applied. It is the big room where the orchestra plays of an afternoon and where the fair ones with or without masculine escorts, sip their Honolulu cocktails or their clover leafs or their Scotch highballs. "The passion parlor" is what used to be "the tapestry room" before it was moved across the lobby to the Geary street side of the hotel. The name "passion parlor" was applied to it by one of our local wags, the same who nicknamed the St. Francis bar "the Powell street country club." There is romance in the air of "the passion parlor." Many a soft nothing is whispered into a shell-pink ear in its precincts of an afternoon. It's a good name, is "passion parlor."

Mrs. Ryer at Newport

Not many San Franciscans have made a dent in Newport. Newport is a citadel as hard to scale as one of those mountain fortifications the Austrians hold against the Italian army moving on Trent. Louis Bruguiere succeeded, and so did Esther Moreland who married young Oelrichs. There have been a few more, but not many. The latest in the list is Mrs. Fletcher Ryer. Mrs. Fletcher Ryer seems to have achieved the conquest of Newport. She has taken Mrs. Benjamin Thaw's cottage, and has begun entertaining large house parties, which is a very expensive diversion. But everything is expensive at Newport. Mrs. Ryer is doubtless the envy of many San Francisco women who have tried Newport and failed.

Mrs. Graham in the Supplement

The strange, uncanny men who edit that chamber of horrors called the Sunday Magazine Section of the Hearst newspapers, otherwise the Sunday Supplement, have been using the career of Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara to point a moral and her handsome photograph to adorn a tale. A college professor of the sort who is not above writing pseudo-scientific essays for the delectation of Sunday Supp. readers explains "the illusion that wealth brings happiness," and the Sunday Supp. editors supply a list of prominent women whose matrimonial misfortunes appear to bear out the professor's explanation. In this list which makes the article piquant is the name of Mrs. Miller. She is spoken of thus:

"Mrs. William Miller Graham of California had a remarkable career. She was once a waitress and she married her husband when he was a penniless prospector. She struggled through life with him until he acquired a fortune of $20,000,000 in California oil wells. Mrs. Miller Graham won a brilliant success in English high society and was warmly admired by the late King Edward. Mrs. Graham enjoyed the luxuries that wealth brought, for she built the most beautiful villa at Santa Barbara, called 'Bellosguardo,' with a wonderful theatre attached. But recently she began a divorce suit against her husband. The suit was dropped for the sake of her child, but her lawyer explained that there was no reconciliation."

Where True or False—

Whether it is true that Mrs. Graham was once a waitress, or whether it is quite false need not be considered in passing judgment on the propriety or impropriety of flaunting such a statement before the newspaper readers of half a dozen States. I do not know whether or not Mrs. Graham ever earned her living as a waitress. If she did, it increases my admiration for this charming woman to know that she has risen so high above that respectable but menial occupation. The point is that the raking up of such an incident in the past is bound to hurt the feelings of the person chiefly concerned. It is bound to hurt the feelings of all her family too. Mrs. Graham may make no secret of the fact that she once occupied a lowly position as a wage-earner—always provided it is a fact—but between such frankness and this wholesale advertisement of the fact to the world which has no right to know the details of Mrs. Miller's career there is a very great difference. Mrs. Graham has every right to be indignant at the treatment she has received. But I suppose she has no redress. She is a powerless victim of yellow journalism.

At the Actors' Convention

An extremely interesting convention at the Fair was that of the Actors Equity Society last Friday afternoon. Our theatre colony hereabouts is small, but it was all present together with several hundreds of stage enthusiasts of all ages and conditions of life, drawn to the Court of Abundance to see real live actors being themselves. There were some speeches to explain the aims and interests of the infant organization. It is to right the wrongs of actors. Doubtless actors have wrongs—most people have. Actors have rights too, we were told, and this association means to let managers know it. Everybody, except perhaps the manager, wants to see this young body flourish. The only question is: Can an organization made up of artists whose work is an amalgamation of many arts and graces keep from soaring away from laws and facts and plain uninteresting regulations? Francis Wilson, president of the actors' organization, thinks it can. He said so at the convention. And perhaps he may have no difficulty in converting others to his belief since his opinion carries weight in his profession. William H. Crane and Howard Kyle made speeches at the convention, Miss Olive Oliver read an address in the course of which she explained that the women of the profession were for more fresh air in the theatre. Miss Oliver herself looks like a golf enthusiast and as if without fresh air and sunshine she would perish. She explained incidentally that one of the objects of the society was to provide the actress with advice and guardianship, whereof doubtless the unsophisticated ladies of the stage are in much need. Prof. Armes of Berkeley spoke too. He told of his great love of the drama, and indulged in reminiscences of the provincial theatre, taking his audience back to a former generation. Fair Host Charles Vogelsang bronze plaqued Mr. Wilson and made a speech. And let it be megaphoned from the tower of jewels that Mr. Vogelsang "put it all over" the stage folk in delivery. Even in pronunciation and intonation he carried off the honors.

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Reno's Rival

So effectively has Reno been advertised to the world as the divorce-seeker's paradise that there is a widespread impression that Nevada's easy divorce law stands alone in the United States. But this is not the case. Idaho also has an easy divorce law. There too only a residence of six months is required of the married person who is "shouting the battle cry of freedom." The consequence is that Boise rivals Reno as a mecca for the unhappy and for those who think they are unhappy. Boise too has a divorce colony. It is made up of rich people from all parts of the country. In fact many prominent people in search of freedom go to Boise for a decree instead of to Reno, simply because Boise has not had the publicity which has made Reno a thriving city. One of these days, I suppose, lawyers of the disreputable class flourishing in Reno will start to boom Boise, and then its divorce colony will receive attention from the Sunday supplements.

Mrs. Adams in Salome

A very enjoyable performance was that given at the Forum Club by the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association in honor of the Congress of Authors and Journalists. Especially enjoyable was the artistry of Mrs. Daisy Kimball Adams in her interpretation of the nine characters of Oscar Wilde's beautiful tragedy of Salome. Mrs. Adams possesses rare dramatic talent and a keen sense of values as was evidenced by the facility with which she interpreted each of the characters in the play. An achievement this requiring temperament, imagination and flexibility of voice in none of which is this clever woman lacking.

Artist and Society Woman

That is a correct description of Mrs. Jeanne Durant Rice of New York, as all San Francisco connoisseurs will realize when her exhibition of pottery opens at Shreve's this coming Monday. Mrs. Rice is one of the proprietors of the celebrated Durant Kilns in Bedford Village, New York, the kilns which have held the attention of collectors ever since they began producing pottery in Persian blue and other glazes which modern potters had despaired of accomplishing. Mrs. Rice's position in New York society is well known to Californians who have the entree there. She is a warm friend of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptor; and Mrs. Charles Alexander is not only her close friend but one of her greatest admirers. Her husband is Dr. Clarence Rice, a well known surgeon, and her daughter is Mrs. John Salstonstall of Boston. Mrs. Rice will be here for a fortnight, and while here her friends will arrange many smart affairs in her honor. This will not interfere with her supervision of the exhibition at Shreve's.

Her Famous Kilns

The Durant kilns were established at Bedford Village, New York, by Jeanne Durant Rice and Leon Volkmar in 1911. Their object was to re-create some of the beauty of the rare examples of the potter's art which have come down from the best periods, and are now so eagerly sought and highly prized by collectors. Their efforts have been highly successful. One of the most distinguished of European authorities lately said of some examples of Durant pottery: "This is undoubtedly the best work now being done in any country. The Persian Blue is a triumph; the French have been endeavoring for years to obtain it, but without success." The work has been sympathetically understood and appreciated by collectors and connoisseurs. The Boston Museum has lately purchased a fine example of Persian Blue. But the Durant kilns are not to be regarded as producing museum pieces exclusively, for a list of purchasers of their pottery would include many well known people who feel the need of beautiful things for everyday use. The characteristic pieces are vases, bowls, candlesticks, bases for lamps, fruit dishes, table decorations, garden jars and tiles. The glazes thus far successfully obtained are: White Italian Majolica, modeled in relief decoration in the spirit of the Renaissance. It has a rose body which shows through the white enamel. Persian Blue. This runs through several shades from dark blue to light turquoise. It has not been produced since the fifteenth century, except at the Durant kilns. Egyptian Blue differs slightly in tone and texture from the Persian Blue. The character of the glaze is noteworthy. Aubergine, a color first used by the Egyptians, later developed by the Chinese. Much prized by collectors. Violet, a variety of Aubergine. Jade Green and Yellow (a Chinese color). Exhibitions have been held in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago and Washington. Since the first exhibition in New York City, in April, 1912, semi-annual exhibits have been held at the city residence of Mrs. Rice. Constant inquiries necessitated a place for permanent exhibition. A studio has been opened where the pottery may be seen from September to June. It is therefore a privilege to be able to see this exhibition in San Francisco.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sprague of Bridgeport, Conn., who are stopping at the Hotel Cecil, are busy renewing old friendships among their San Francisco friends. Another prominent party of Easterners who are registered at the Cecil are Mrs. William Hackett and Mrs. Walter S. Lowall of Easton, Pa. They will be at the hotel for a month. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cook of Salt Lake who are also guests are being extensively entertained by their friends in this city. Among the enthusiastic sightseers at the Exposition is Mr. Robert J. Holden of Proctor, Vermont. This is Mr. Holden's first visit to the West coast. He will be a guest until the first of August. Mrs. Dorothy Gore gave an elaborate luncheon recently in honor of a coterie of Los Angeles friends. The table was abloom with Duchess roses, and the favors were corsage bouquets of roses. Covers were laid for twelve and among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. E. E. Reis of Los Angeles, Mrs. Walter Chanselor, Mrs. John R. Johnson, Mrs. M. D. Sale, Mrs. Duncan and Miss A. A. Doyle of Los Angeles. Mrs. Henry C. Pratt, wife of the late Colonel Pratt, U. S. A., who makes her home at the Cecil, is spending the month of July with Lieut. and Mrs. Maxwell Murray at Fort Mason. Mrs. Harrison Foster, one of the leaders of the smart set in Tacoma who has been stopping at the St. Francis Hotel for the past ten days, was the complimented guest at an informal dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Griggs Holt Tuesday evening at the Cecil.

At the Somerton

Lieutenant and Mrs. Claude S. Gillette of the U. S. navy who are stopping at the Hotel Somerton were guests at an informal dinner at the hotel Monday evening. After dinner bridge was enjoyed in the Lounge. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Bosley of Chicago who are occupying an attractive apartment, entertained a coterie of friends Tuesday afternoon at luncheon. Later in the afternoon the party motored to the Exposition. Lieutenant and Mrs. M. A. Mitscher, U. S. N., are being extensively entertained by their service friends. During their sojourn in the city they are residing at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Brearley of New York are pleasantly domiciled. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bagley and Dr. Bagley of Detroit are stopping at the Somerton. They presided over a dinner of ten covers Thursday evening at the hotel. Mrs. William H. Macon arrived at the Somerton the first part of this week. Mrs. Macon is a resident of Battle Creek, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. R. Hanke of New York will spend the months of July and August at the Somerton. Mrs. A. J. Winters motored with a party of friends from her home in Portland.

The Ballet at the Tavern

Everyone is talking about the new ballet at Techau Tavern and one hears nothing but enthusiastic praise for this new departure in cafe entertainment. It is indeed a delight to witness such exquisite dancing and to enjoy the performance at close range, for it is conducted, not on a stage, but on the new maple dance floor in the center of the main cafe. Six graceful toe dancers of wonderful technique, led by Miss Van Derhoff of the Ruth St. Denis company have appeared each evening this week in classic dances, both ensemble and solo. They have created a positive furore among cafegoers and the Tavern has never seen larger crowds than have been drawn by this new feature, which is, of course, in thorough keeping with the Tavern policy of refined entertainment.

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Gossip of the Theatre

At Pantages

Without exaggerating, during the past month the Pantages has been showing fine shows, better than any other vaudeville house in this city for the price, and the public shows its appreciation by its attendance. The press agent assures me that there are better shows to come. Good! Among the best liked acts, the Lombardi Grand Opera Quintet which played "Faust" was well worth the price of admission. These players have shown in high-priced theatres and have been retained by popular demand. Have you seen the Naked Truth Girl? is the question asked about town. Who is she and what does she do? Well, Margaret Edwards who played "Truth" in "The Hypocrites" is the girl, and she entertains you with classic poses and dances, and explains to you how to regain your lost beauty. Some girl! Jim Halley and Jess Noble rank high when it comes to giving you a good time, and when Miss Noble sings "There's a Spark of Love Still Burning" she almost takes your heart away from you. Five other acts of good standing complete the bill and as long as Charlie Chaplin is in popular demand you are always bound to see this funny fellow at the Pantages.

—The Second Nighter.

Classic Dancers at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Marion Morgan's Classic Dancers, consisting of six handsome, graceful and symmetrical girls who have distinguished themselves in important engagements and until recently danced in support of Lydia Lopokova. They will present a suite of five dances set to the music of Rubinstein, Schubert and others. The dances are Egyptian, Greek, Arabian and Roman. The Misses Campbell are two charming girls who introduce a Southern drawing room specialty called "At Home," in which they sing and play the piano and banjo. Bert Melrose, the famous international clown, will present a ludicrous act in which he manifests a reckless disregard of life and limb. The Four Melodious Chaps, Curtis, Armstrong, Rhoades and Curtis, possess voices that harmonize perfectly. They enliven their act with refined comedy. Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee will furnish new songs and dances. Britt Wood, the "juvenile jester," will continue to amuse with his whimsical remarks and mouth organ solos. It will also be the last week of Kitty Gordon supported by Harrison Hunter in "Alma's Return," and Jack Wilson in his Impromptu Revue in which he has the aid of Franklyn Batie.

Melba May Sing

It is quite possible that San Francisco music-lovers will have an opportunity of hearing the great Melba during the exposition period. The noted diva will pass through this city in September, and Impresario Greenbaum has started negotiations with a view to inducing her to stop here long enough to give at least one, and perhaps more concerts. Melba has been in Australia since the outbreak of the European war, where she has been doing yeoman service in raising funds for various Red Cross societies. It is claimed that through the medium of her superb concerts hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to the suffering of battle-torn Europe. It is to be hoped that San Francisco will have this opportunity at this time, as Melba would be one of the greatest attractions that could be arranged during the Exposition period. And if arrangements could be made to have her sing in Festival Hall, it would be the making of musical history indeed.

The Quintet Club

On November 18, before the San Francisco Musical Club, the San Francisco Quintet Club will play the piano quintets of Edgar Stillman Kelley and Hermann Perlet, and both of the distinguished composers will be present during the rendition of their works. The Quintet Club is in active preparation for a big season during 1915-1916 when they will give a series of very attractive programs of chamber music.

Beethoven Festival of Music

One of the most important musical events ever given in this city will be the Beethoven Festival of Music at the Civic Center Auditorium, Friday, August 6, at 9 p. m., Saturday, August 7, at 9 p. m., and Sunday, August 8, at 3:15 p. m. The symphony orchestra will consist of one hundred musicians. Alfred Hertz, the great conductor from the Metropolitan Opera House, will have charge of the orchestra at all performances. Not all of the 2,000 chorus singers will appear at every concert of the Beethoven Festival. There will be 500 in the chorus that will sing the Choral Finale of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, Friday night, August 6. Josiah Zuro and Alexander Stewart, the well known conductors, are drilling this chorus. At every concert will appear Marcella Craft, leading soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the glorious voiced contralto, Paul Althouse, the young tenor, and Otto Goritz, great favorites of the Metropolitan Opera House. Roderick White, the talented violinist and brother of Stewart White, the author, will play. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company and Kohler and Chase's.

MARCELLA CRAFT, Soprano
To be heard at the Beethoven Festival, Auditorium, August 6, 7, 8

The Mormon Choir

Officially recognized by the First Presidency of the Mormon Church as the religious organization's musical representation for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir will give four concerts at Festival Hall next week, on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Over two hundred members of the Mormon Church form the choir under the direction of Professor Joseph Ballantyne, a choir conductor who has won national fame through his development of the organization and by its presentation of choruses at the Irrigation Congress in Sacramento several years ago, at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland and in other cities. To bring the Utah singers to California $20,000 have been contributed by the people of that State, President Joseph H. Smith and his counsellors deciding that the Mormon Church would give $2,500 to the fund. The choir will have as soloists Miss Lucy Gates, prima donna soprano of the Royal Opera, Berlin and Cassel, Professor John J. McClellan, organist of the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Leon Hoffmeister, baritone of New York and Boston, and Samuel F. Whitaker, organist of the Ogden Tabernacle, in addition to the various quartets, double quartets and other musical subdivisions of the great chorus. The instrumental portions of the programs will be furnished by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty artists. The prices will be popular and seats may be obtained at 343 Powell street.

Mrs. Pat Campbell in "Pygmalion"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the noted English actress who was last seen in San Francisco about eight years ago, will return next week in Bernard Shaw's latest comedy "Pygmalion" in which she has made the most decisive success of a remarkably brilliant career. Mrs. Campbell has the role of a poor London flower girl, transformed from rags and cockney slang by a process of physical and mental culture, to be passed off in six months' time as a duchess at a swell garden party. Shaw calls his play a romance. Perhaps this is one of his stage jokes; the dialogue is surcharged with satire on social distinctions, and, on this account solely, is likely to be enjoyed by the regular patrons of the Columbia. During Mrs. Campbell's engagement special priced matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The Clansman" Continues

"The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," D. W. Griffith's spectacle in twelve reels which has broken all records for motion pictures in San Francisco, will enter upon its fourteenth big week at the Alcazar Monday. It is estimated that 175,000 people have seen it, but its popularity is undiminished. The management has cancelled all attractions in order to play it another week. The matinee is held at two and the evening exhibition takes place at eight ten.

Jack Hillman at K. and C. Hall

The management of the weekly Matinees of Music given under the auspices of Kohler and Chase announces a program of extraordinary interest. The special attraction will be Jack Edward Hillman, baritone. Mr. Hillman is one of

our most energetic and successful concert artists. At his concert several months ago he attracted one of the largest audiences that ever assembled to listen to a resident artist. His repertoire includes varied and numerous standard compositions, and he will reveal himself at his best. The instrumental part of the program will be in the excellent care of G. Vargas who will play the accompaniments to Mr. Hillman's songs as well as a number of piano solos on the Knabe player piano.

"Omar" Coming Back to Cort

Guy Bates Post will again appear in the title-role of Richard Walton Tully's Persian romance "Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, July 25. The film version of "The Melting Pot" in which Walker Whiteside is appearing will be the attraction until then. It will be remembered what a success the Tully play was when presented at the Cort last season, and interest in its return is great. In it Tully has surpassed his previous successes, "The Bird of Paradise" and "The Rose of the Rancho." For a number of seasons Mr. Post has been regarded as one of the foremost dramatic artists of our stage, but it has remained for his splendid impersonation of the beloved Persian poet to entrench him definitely. Scenically the equipment is so massive and elaborate that only the largest stages in America will accommodate the huge settings.

Thriller at Pantages

"Across the Border," one of Holbrook Blinn's most tragic thrillers during his engagement at the Princess Theatre, New York, last season, is the special feature on the new bill which opens at Pantages on Sunday. This war sketch deals with a plea for peace and was written by Beulah Dix for Blinn and his players. It is in four scenes and carries a cast of fourteen. Milton Stallard, one of the best known stage directors on the coast, will produce the sketch. George H. Primrose, the "grand old veteran of minstrelsy," is another headliner with his troupe of burnt-cork artists. Everybody knows Primrose and his dancing boys represent the best of high-class dancers. Cecilia Rhoda and George Crampton will offer a beautiful singing act "Between the Reels." Miss Rhoda will be remembered as the prima donna with the old Tivoli company, and also sang leads with the Princess right after the fire in 1906. Other acts on the bill will be Chrates sisters and Holliday; Arline, the Gypsy violiniste; the Four Ice Monarchs, who dance on real ice; and Chaplin movies.

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Sunday, August 8, 3:15 p. m. — Artists' Matinee

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SCHUMANN-HEINK,	Contralto
PAUL ALTHOUSE	Tenor
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EMMA LUCY GATES
Soprano soloist with Mormon Tabernacle Choir at Festival Hall next week

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And His Minstrels
CECILIA RHODA AND GEORGE CRAMPTON
Two Comic Operatic Stars in
"BETWEEN THE REELS"
8 ALL STAR PANTAGES FEATURES

The Hoop

(Continued from Page 12.)

ing looked after by his mamma, who was following close behind and smiling. Like an infant, for the first time, he felt refreshed on the merry grass, on the still mosses.

His goat-like, dust-grey beard, harmonizing with his sallow face, trembled, while a cough mingling with his laughter caused cracked sounds to issue from his toothless mouth.

VI.

And the old man grew to love his morning hour in the woods with the hoop.

It occurred to him sometimes that he might be discovered, ridiculed—and this thought aroused in him a sense of keen shame. This shame resembled fright; he would grow numb, and his knees would give way under him. Frightened and abashed, he would look around him.

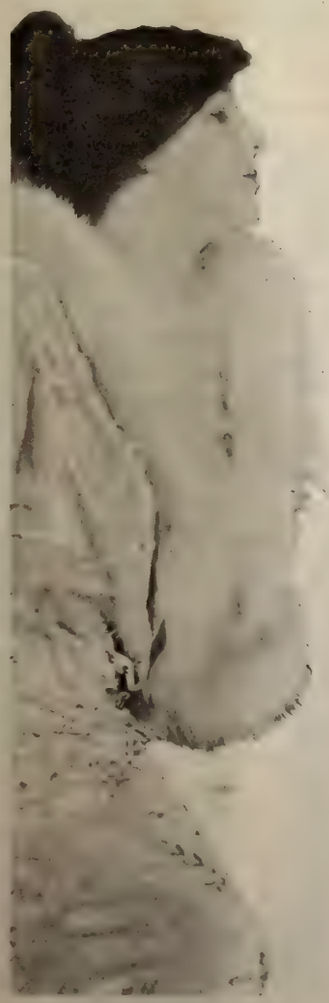
But no—there was no one to be seen, or heard. . . . . .

And having diverted himself to his heart's content, he would return to the city, gently and joyously smiling.

VII.

No one had ever found him out. And nothing unusual ever happened. Peacefully the old man played for several days, and one very dewy morning he caught cold. He went to bed, and soon died. Dying in the factory hospital, among strangers, indifferent people, he smiled serenely.

His memories soothed him. He too had been a child; he too had laughed and scampered across the green grass, among the dark trees—and behind there followed him with her eyes his dear mamma.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Appearing in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, July 19

Volunteer Poets' Corner

Town Talk is frequently in receipt of volunteer contributions from singers who crave the pleasure of seeing their effusions in cold type. Conscious of the divine afflatus and bursting with song, they send their efforts to this office with more or less artless pleas for publication. It has often saddened the editor to think of the disappointment which ensues when these love-children of the brain are refused admittance. So space is to be found for them from time to time. No verses will be published here without the name of the author. The very least that may be asked of the volunteer singers is that they display the courage of their poetry.

CLOUDS ON MT. DIABLO

Now fades before me in the evening mist
The cloud-framed summit of the towering range.
Below, upon the mirror of the bay,
The white sails of the yachts dip, glide, and twist
To shore. A mystic and a marvelous change
Comes to Diablo with the waning day.
All afternoon I sat and watched the sky
And its fair children called the clouds
Which drift past singly, or in twos or fours,
Calling each to each as they passed by,
Waving and mingling in their joyous crowds.
And now when Even opes her shadowy doors,
The clouds muster and gather round the head
Of El Diablo, towering o'er the bay;
Pillowing its age-scarred head within their arms
Of white and gold. Then, when the sun had fled,
Their comrades came and shut away the day,
While the great mountain slumbered, safe from harms.

—W. H. Brewer,
Burlingame.

Too many of us ride a hobby without an emergency brake.

"That suburban town where you live is rather arid socially, isn't it?" asked Wigglethorpe.

"Arid? Well, I should say it was arid," said Binks. "Why, the soil there is so arid socially that you can't even raise your eyebrows there."

THE BELGIAN

In that Valhalla where the heroes go,
A careful sentinel paced to and fro
Before the gate, burned black with battle smoke,
Whose echoes to the tread of armed men woke;
Where up the fiery stairs, whose steps are spears,
Came the pale heroes of the blood-stained years.

There were lean Caesars from the gory fields,
With heart that only to a sword thrust yields;
And there were generals decked in pride of rank,
Red scabbard swinging from the weary flank;
And slender youths who were the sons of kings,
And barons with their sixteen quarterings.

And while the nobles went with haughty air,
The courteous sentinel questionel, "Who goes there?"
And as each came, full lustily he cried
His string of titles ere he passed inside.

And presently there was a little man,
A silent mover in the regal van.
His hand still grasped his rifle, and his eyes
Seemed blinded with the light from Paradise.
His was a humble guise, a modest air—
The sentinel hailed him sharply, "Who goes there?"
There were no gauds tacked to that simple name,
But every naked blade leaped out like flame,
And every blue-blooded warrior bowed his head—
"I am a Belgian;" this was all he said.

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THE MORGAN DANCERS

Classic dancers to be seen at the Orpheum next week

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market has been so dull as to call for no extended comment on its action. There has been so entire a lack of pronounced tendency that neither bull nor bear has been able to derive much satisfaction; there certainly has been nothing to disprove our theory that a period of digestion and accummulation is going on, following the big advance of the spring. If any excuse were desired to force down prices, it has been offered this week. The indifference with which the market now receives news which even a few months ago would have broken prices badly, is significant. While several issues have had a spectacular advance in the last few months that has rather focussed attention on them to the exclusion of others, it is to be remembered that the general average of prices is still low. There is plenty of room for better prices without reaching a dangerously high level.

Wheat—July has made quite an advance over last week's figures, while the deferred months are only moderately higher. The keen milling demand for old wheat, and the scarcity of the latter article, with accompanying high premiums, has induced covering by whatever short interest was outstanding in the July. There have been spurts of strength in the September, but the advances have not been maintained, owing to the absence of any particular foreign demand for new wheat. Speaking generally, weather conditions have been more favorable for harvesting, but not entirely satisfactory, a fact which, with the absence of hedging pressure, has enabled this month to show a measure of firmness. Argentine shipments are slightly in excess of last week's, but still considerably reduced from former weeks. European growing conditions are considered more or less favorable, but there has been made recently a reduction in the amount available from India; notwithstanding this, generally the situation abroad is regarded as affording the buyer more ease in purchasing. As to the immediate movement of prices, that will probably be determined by the first vital factor that develops, such as the movement of new wheat and its breadth or the inception of a comprehensive foreign demand.

Corn—Prices are firmer, particularly the July, while the other months are but little altered. The backward crop conditions, with decreasing stocks, light offerings by the country and a fair domestic demand, have contributed the strength. Recent sales of Argentine corn have not been reported as consummated, but there are advices of such offerings, which news has a tendency to restrain advances. Much of the buying has been of the nature of short covering, although there has been some improvement through commission houses, and while there has been some improvement in the crop situation, conditions cannot be considered as greatly promising. Prices will probably be governed by the progress of the crop, the size of the domestic demand and the part which Argentine corn plays.

Cotton—Disappointment on the part of the recent buyers that the Government showing did not create any immediate demand was reflected in the reaction of last week, and prices lost a cent per pound. There are traders in the market who are disposed to take a bullish view of the situation, owing to prospects for a much smaller crop than last season, the absence of pressure from remaining old crop supplies, and a feeling that however confused present conditions may appear, the actual needs of the world for war supplies if not for ordinary purposes will eventually create an outlet for the coming yield. On the other hand, bearish arguments are based upon the large carry-over from last season and the uncertainty of the export outlet owing to prevailing conditions with reference to ocean freights, the blockade of Germany and Austria and the abnormal position of foreign exchange. Perhaps, on the average, sentiment is not in sufficient volume to carry futures very far one way or the other from their present relationship with the spot market, and notwithstanding the many bearish predictions heard around the ring, underlying confidence in ultimate values is still to be observed in the steadiness of Southern spot markets and in the new crop premiums. Washington advices have indicated no attempt on the part of Government statisticians to figure out the crop indicated by the July bureau, and such calculations are much complicated this season by uncertainty as to the effect of the reduced use of fertilizers. Moreover, there are many who believe that final figures on this year's acreage will show a considerably smaller reduction in acreage than indicated by the preliminary estimate. Between these two conflicting features, few are inclined to hazard any definite prediction as to the yield at the beginning of the two most critical months of the growing season. Many are inclined to assume, however, that between the new crop and the carry-over from this season, the cotton trade will be confronted with a supply fully equal to that available at the beginning of last year, and movements are on in various Southern sections to make further improvements in warehouse facilities.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.—No. 19155; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ., 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in matters connected with said estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

AXEL SONDERUP,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.—No. 19178; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ROSE G. HALLER, Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Wise & O'Connor, 516 Wells Fargo Building, corner Second and Mission Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

ROSE G. HALLER,
Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

WISE & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Wells Fargo Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

MARGUERITE MASSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 19th, 1915.

CHARLES S. WHEELER,
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorneys for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Clerical Protest

Now that crackbrains have received inspiration from a cultured manufacturer of infernal machines designed to sink ships at sea the joint protest circulated by the Rev. Charles F. Aked and Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch seems to be regarded as opportune from the clerical standpoint. There is only this to be said in criticism, —that so far as Dr. Aked is concerned the protest appears to be disingenuously grounded. Dr. Aked being an industrious faddist of the well-financed Pacifist school, were he to protest against the sale of munitions to the Allies on the theory that the sooner the Allies exhausted their resources the sooner the Teutons would end the stupendous struggle, we should not question the rationality of his position. But this is not the theory of the protest. The theory of the protest is sublimated cant, the kind that comes through the nose. The reverend gentlemen would have us believe that they believe that as "this war trade is not for patriotism but for profit," it is criminal. They denounce Capital for financing it as it has financed "the liquor business and fought for its right to make profit from the moral degradation of the people." They tell us that "in the agony of the nations" American capital "is working overtime to manufacture death," and that the "magnitude" of the traffic today "is such that it involves the nation." Thus it appears to be the theory of these protestants that "profit" and "magnitude" are the essence of the crime, and that the question of neutrality is to be determined by the question of volume. Curiously enough about a week after the privately circulated petition was published we learned from the despatches that the strange viewpoint of the clergymen was the viewpoint of Vienna. It was said that the Austrian Government had made the point that owing to the great volume of the traffic in munitions our neutrality might be challenged. This is rather a fine point, and it would be interesting to know precisely where it originated—whether in Vienna or in Dr. Aked's massive brain or elsewhere.

A Deplorable Agitation

Sentiments such as those expressed by the Rev. Charles F. Aked and the Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch in their privately circulated protest are not finding favor in this country. Indeed they are meeting with a good deal of resentment, especially since the fanatic manufacturers of infernal machines seemed to require the attention of our Government. This resentment is due to two reasons: first because the propaganda in this country that is striving to create a public sentiment hostile to the position taken by our President is suspected of deriving inspiration from German sources; secondly because the principle of the abuse of American manufacturers is one of sheer idealism. All intelligent persons are well aware that if we are to be guided by the strict principles of neutrality we must not make laws prejudicial or beneficial to either side in the midst of war. Now the agitators for an embargo on the sale of munitions are demanding that the Government render nugatory an advantage that the enemies of Germany have won. There would be nothing objectionable in their urging the men engaged in the business of selling munitions to abandon it, but canting abuse of those men is hardly to be justified. Those men are doing nothing more than foreign manufacturers would do and have done in similar circumstances. The worst to be said against them is that they are money-makers, not idealists. Yet it may be that they have their ideals. It may be that they think that the German cause is the cause of militarism, and that it should not be advantaged to the disadvantage of what possibly they conceive to be the cause of anti-militarism. Perhaps if both sides were dependent on the United States for munitions the manufacturers who are today being abused by the Holts and Akeds of the land would retire from business in the interest of humanity. Quite unlikely, to be sure, but the point is that only in the event of American capital supplying both sides and thus being responsible for the war would it be easy to believe in the sincerity and disinterestedness of the pulpit dogmatics which but lately have received the approval of Vienna. And hence it is that the pro-German agitators have occasioned considerable resentment. We may not hear much of it in this section of the country where the press is very discreet, but in the East it is articulate and loud. The agitation is therefore to be deplored. It is not doing Germany any good. It is only embittering feeling in this country. And the bitterness is intensified whenever it appears that the propaganda in this country is but echoing the artificial sentiments of foreign chancelleries with a view to embarrassing the President.

Intolerable Intrigue

The feeling prevalent in the East is reflected in the columns of the leading papers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Such papers as the Post, Times, Tribune and Sun of New York and the Springfield Republican are reprehending in very severe terms all agitators who are striving to embarrass the President, and especially those of the Pacifist school whose preachments have served to justify among their insane dupes the most dreadful assaults on life and property. The Sun says that the inclusion of such agitators in the category of American citizens "is repulsive to every patriotic instinct." And speaking of the attempts that have been made by pro-German papers to intimidate the President by reminding him of the German vote the Sun observes that if there should appear to be danger of the alienation of that vote on account of Mr. Wilson's insistence on respect for the rights of American citizens it would be vain to nominate a Republican for President in 1916. Another Republican paper, the Tribune of New York, says there is "a deliberate and farreaching effort to coerce the President of the United States in the discharge of his official duties by the use of political intrigue." According to the Tribune certain German propagandist journals are already printing tabulations of the loss of Democratic votes incident to Mr. Wilson's performance of his duty. This the Tribune characterizes "as an impudent and intolerable assertion of the doctrine that the President of the United States must think of the votes of those frankly devoted to alien interests when national honor and national interest are at stake." And the Tribune, though an uncompromising Republican paper, says that in such a situation it becomes the duty of Republicans to give the President "defending American lives and rights their complete and unfaltering support." The Tribune adds: "It would be better for the Republican party to endorse Woodrow Wilson in 1916 than to permit the principle to be established that to defend American rights is to commit political suicide." Similar sentiments are to be found in other leading daily papers; and now that the press generally is printing despatches from Europe that tell us of the great strength which the Central Empires have in this country and of the power they may wield for the destruction of American industries there appears to be some danger of a domestic crisis. At any rate the situation appears to be growing serious enough to give the agents of intrigue solemn pause.

Some Queer Englishmen

Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an expatriated Englishman living in Germany, writing in the July number of the North American Review, says that although the individual Englishman "may be courageous and even efficient the State of England is rotten unto its very marrow;" also, "we

can be saved only by a wise, strong and victorious Germany." The editor of a leading New York daily thinks it incredible, even in the face of the distressingly visible fact, that any man could speak of his country in the "hour of her mortal test" as Houston Stewart Chamberlain has spoken. He adds: "No American can read Mr. Chamberlain's arraignment of his native land, an arraignment not of her institutions and the men who administer them, but of her spirit and character, without seeing reflected in his own indignation and scorn the universal effect of disloyal acts and utterances." There was a time when we might have firmly held the same convictions, but of late Americans in high place have done and said so many queer things that we are no longer sure of the virtue of American indignation. Besides we have noticed that in this melting pot of ours are men who do not easily lose their complexion in the process of assimilation. An American may be an expatriated Englishman, and the State of England, whether rotten to the marrow or not, is making some very odd contributions to mankind. We know an individual who is at once an American and an expatriated Englishman, who has publicly taken occasion more than once to sneer at the land of his birth. He was probably under the impression that by so doing he vindicated his fitness for American citizenship. This same individual has seen fit to join in a protest calculated to render the land of his birth vulnerable to the thrusts of her enemies "in this hour of her mortal test." There are many Britishers today bringing humiliation on their patriotic countrymen and giving color to the assertion that there is something rotten in the State of England. There are clergymen in Wales who have been heaping abuse on British soldiers at the front. They describe the men who have been braving death for their country as "hooligans," and they are demanding the dismissal from theological colleges of all students who have gone to the front. It was in a measure due to the disloyalty of these pious Welchmen that the coal miners of Wales went on a strike. From the peculiar rottenness to which such things bear evidence Germany victorious would surely be able to redeem England. For whatever we may think of German militarism it has a way of making loyal citizens. The open-mouthed traitor is not conspicuous in Germany. According to the German theory of government the individual must be disciplined for the benefit of the State to ensure a certain degree of general happiness. And when we ponder the things that are happening in England we can see a lot of good in the German theory.

A Quotation From Lincoln

Among recent converts to the prohibition cause that is financed by the propagandists of Westerville is the Hon. Eugene Noble Foss of Boston. In a speech the other day this industrious job-chaser quoted Lincoln to the effect that the grandeur of revolutions is to be estimated by the amount of human misery they alleviate, and he attributed to Lincoln these words: "And when there shall be neither slave nor drunkard on earth how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both these revolutions that shall have ended in victory." Commenting on the speech the New York Sun says: "Neither in the index to Lincoln and Hay's 'Abraham Lincoln: a History,' nor in the index to the same authors' 'Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln' is this un-Lincolnlike outgiving listed." The Sun has called on Mr. Foss for his authority in the premises. Mr. Foss will have no difficulty in supplying the authority. Mr. Lincoln expressed the sentiments quoted in an address to the Springfield Washingtonian Temperance Society February 22nd, 1842. Mr. Lincoln was an advocate of temperance. But it was not as an advocate of temperance that he was quoted by Mr. Foss. That gentleman and all the disciples of the oily saints who are waxing fat at Westerville on the contributions of credulity would have us believe that Lincoln was a prohibitionist. Now there were prohibitionists in Lincoln's day and temperance societies too, but temperance advocates were not in sympathy with the intemperate fanatics who demanded compulsory abstinence. There is no sympathy between the two causes today, though prohibitionists masquerade under the temperance flag. And to prove that Lincoln was in favor of prohibition the professional prohibitionists supply their hired orators with quotations from Lincoln, quotations to be found nowhere but in the fabricated literature of the prohibitionist propaganda. The sentiments found in these quotations are not quite so well authenticated as the story that Lincoln once expressed the wish that all his generals would drink the brand of liquor that Grant drank. They were whispered into the ear of a friend who repeated them to a friend who told Richmond P. Hobson or some other equally renowned lover of truth to whom we are indebted for valuable contributions to Lincolnian tradition. Lincoln was one of the most temperate of men. He was sensible of the curse of drunkenness, but he was also sensible of the evils of prohibition, for they were not unknown even in his day; and it is not without significance that while fanatics whom he abhorred were preaching prohibition he was advocating the cause of temperance, a cause that has suffered very much from the intemperance of the pharisaical rascals of Westerville who are propagating bling pigs through the land.

Our Lords On the Job

When the Examiner raised a hullabaloo over the injunction issued by Judge Sturtevant in the street railroad case a movement to recall the judge was started among the carmen employed by the city. Mayor Rolph was quick to see the ineptitude of this proceeding, and called a halt. So perhaps the man in the street failed to see the portent of the movement that was speedily smothered. The carmen who wanted to recall a judge for daring to render a decision by which some of them might lose their jobs are employed by the city. They are of that blessed civil service system for which the reformers of a past generation fought with all their might while rooted in them was the conviction that the more it was extended the more it would purify politics. It meant the end of the spoils' system we were told, and with the end of the spoils' system would come a prelibation of the millennium. Many a battle was fought over the first extensions of civil service, and always the men opposed to the extensions were pronounced corrupt machine politicians, while those favoring the extensions were hailed as civic patriots. Gradually it is dawning on the perceptions of the man in the street that civil service means bureaucratic government. What bureaucratic government means may be learned best in Russia. Now Russia is generally regarded as a huge oligarchy presided over by a Czar. The fact is that on paper Russia has a very fine government. The curse of Russia is civil service. The ruling class in Russia is the nobility, and nobility accrues by right to the man who has reached a certain definite step in the civil service which is open to everybody who can pass a certificate examination at the end of his school days. How this Russian government was evolved is an instructive study for anybody who cares to speculate on the tendency of a democracy committed to government ownership of public utilities.

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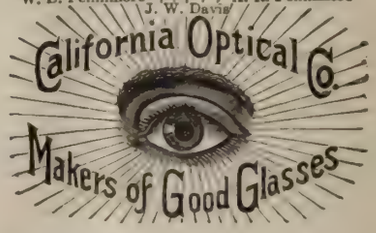

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Varied Types

CCXXXIX—CHARLES W. CLARK

By Edward F. O'Day

He owns "El Palomar" and the Aldine Aristotle, "Rosepoint" and a second folio Shakespeare, "Bas Blancs" and a perfect copy of George Sandys' Ovid. Of his "Cluny" it has been said that she was one of the most wonderful mares that ever raced, and of his Elzevir Livy the sagacious Pieters wrote that it was a veritable tour de force of typography. When horsemen speak of him, the talk lingers lovingly on "Chantilly" and "Valenciennes;" when bibliophiles chat about his shelves, there are admiring ohs! for his first-edition Byrons and Scotts, and reverent ahs! for his Florio's Montaigne. For Charley Clark keeps a library and a stable; in this you will find the speediest of thoroughbreds, in that the tallest, cleanest copies of the rarest editions in the world.

I do not know whether he is more eloquent on blood lines or incunabula, on racing pedigrees or bibliography. He knows the stud book and the form chart by heart; he can quote you a page of Lowndes or Dibdin, Renouard or Brunet from memory. A blemish in a colt or a dolphin missing from the title page of an Aldine—he notes the one as quickly and as surely as the other. Hear him talk of Porter Ashe's "Geraldine" or of Charley Boots' horses of the Borgia and Brutus strain, and you will infer that this is a man who lives for racing alone. Get him started on Teobaldo Manucci or the Baskerville Press, and you will be sure that for this man the air of a library is the breath of life.

Happy is the man who has a hobby and the leisure to ride it. Twice happy the man who has two hobbies and the skill to drive them tandem. Charley Clark is a sportsman and a bibliomaniac. He is equally at home threading his way down the narrow aisles between book stacks or picking his steps amid the impedimenta of the tack room. Whether bidding for a horse after a selling race or bidding for a first edition at a book auction, his judgment of values is equally correct. He has prepared a catalogue of his splendid library; it is a volume all collectors covet. Some day he may write the story of his stable; it would be a popular book among turfmen. Not all his acquaintances envisage both sides of Charley Clark. If his exercise boy knew there was an Elzivir duodecimo in his pocket, the lad would think it got there by mistake. If a book-worm happened on his stop watch, the snuffy old codger would suppose it to be just a timepiece of ingenious workmanship. Charley Clark is wise. He doesn't talk books to men who know only horses; he doesn't talk horses to men who know only books. He is not the sort to put his acquisitions on display. But if you know horses, you may see his stables, and welcome. If you know books, he will be delighted to show you his library.

"Part of the pleasure of having things," he says, "is in showing them to those who appreciate them."

It was not to hear him talk books that I went to Charles W. Clark. It was to hear him talk horses. Clark inspired the organization of the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association which is about to revive racing in California in order to reawaken interest in the breeding of fine horses. Associated with Clark in this praiseworthy venture are such men as Porter Ashe, Charles Boots, Richard M. Tobin, Colonel Dan Jackling, Jim Nealon and others whose names stamp the new association with the hall mark of clean sport. Clark is enthusiastic about the thirty-day race meeting which the association is to give on the Exposition track in August and September. He is working hard for its success. He is full of its plans, its possibilities. And yet, when I brought up the subject, it did not hold him to the exclusion of books. Doubtless the reason was that on the subject of books I could contribute something to the conversation while to the discussion of horse breeding and horse racing I could contribute only an attentive ear.

"Six or seven years ago," said Clark, "the registry of foals in this State averaged about twelve hundred a year. Now it is less than a hundred. The same condition was found in New York and in other States where racing was stopped. The laws passed against betting stopped racing, and where racing stopped the breeding of thoroughbreds was discouraged.

"Nobody denies that there has been a betting evil on the race track. It is significant however that at the last legislative sessions in several States laws were passed permitting racing with pari-mutuel betting. Kentucky has had this form of betting for the past three or four years, and it has been wonderfully successful. It is now in vogue in Colorado with marked success. It does away with plunging which was always the distressing element of betting. It eliminates the Gateses and the Drakes, the men who care nothing for horses, everything for money. It also eliminates the bookmakers. In France the paris-mutuels are run by the government. A certain percentage of the profits is given to the racing association for purses and so on; a certain percentage goes to the government; and a certain percentage maintains the public charities, with the result that the begging list is unknown in a city like Paris. It is to be hoped that the next Legislature of this State will see its way clear to allow this system.

"It is the history of every country where racing, and therefore breeding, languishes, that the horses for military purposes deteriorate in quality. But in France and other countries where racing is encouraged, the cavalry horses are of a superior kind. Mrs. Clark's brother-in-law is a captain in the French army. He has two mounts, and both of them were steeple-chasers and high class winners on the turf last year. I cite his case because it is typical.

"There is as much difference between a thoroughbred and a 'cold' horse as there is between a brave man and a coward. This difference is exhibited on the polo field as well as on the track. All the best polo ponies are thoroughbreds. I found that out when I played polo. Nowadays I pick the fastest of my stable for racing, and give the others to my friends who play polo.

"The only hope for the thoroughbred is found in the encouragement of polo and other equine sports, but most particularly in racing. General Leonard Wood wrote a strong article expressing this view, and I am sure General Murray and all other army officers think the same way.

"We have received great encouragement for our coming meet, both from the public and from horsemen. It is due to the Exposition that we are in a position to start this revival of racing and thoroughbred breeding. We owe the track to their generosity. We are going to give clean racing for thirty days. It is not a money-making project. We hope the association will grow. Next year we may be able to have Spring and Fall meetings somewhere around San Francisco, and follow with a meeting somewhere in the southern part of the State.

"I think the high character of the men who are interested will commend our project to the public—men like Mr. Crocker, Colonel Jackling and Mr. Bourn. So-called reform has been carried to extremes, and I think the pendulum is beginning to swing the other way. The puritanical spirit—the particular form of hypocrisy from which we have suffered—seems to be disappearing."

With these words Clark dismounted from one hobby, and promptly mounted another.

"I want you to see," he said with enthusiasm, "the fine incunabula I have just obtained from a private sale in London. There is a Seneca that was printed in Padua before the Aldine press was started. When I read the description I thought it was unique. I looked in Dibdin, and sure enough, it is unique. Then there's a—"

Thus Charley Clark made one bound from the renascence of thoroughbred breeding to the Renaissance of learning.

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Perspective Impressions

At the rate at which Germany is gathering prisoners on the Eastern front she ought to be afraid of suffering internally from an embarrassment of Russians.

Munich is drinking lemonade because the army needs the beer. But almost any day we may expect to see a grapevine despatch in the Examiner telling us again that the Kaiser doesn't allow his soldiers to drink beer.

Harry Thaw is coming to the Fair. Wonder if he will reciprocate in a social way while here the valuable services rendered to him by the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. Or has that account been settled in another way?

A young woman tore off her skirt and used it for a rope to pull a young man out of the Russian river. And then he married her. That was last summer. Now that he is in the divorce court he probably realizes that he might have saved himself by drowning.

Vodka was regarded as the worst liquor ever concocted until Russia began to experience the inevitable consequence of prohibition. The stuff that has been substituted for the Muscovite national tipple being of the same quality as the liquor to be found in the blind pigs of Maine and Kansas, vodka is rapidly acquiring a good reputation.

After Clark and Bryan Roosevelt is more than thrice welcome. With all his faults the Colonel improves wonderfully in the present plague of popular idols.

Nowadays a defeat is described as a withdrawal to strategic positions prepared in advance.

Bryan, Anthony Comstock and Teddy, one right after another. Why, this is as good Exposition fun as the carrousel or soakum.

Howdy-do, Mr. Comstock. Have you seen Stella?

It's only July, and already we're tired of answering that awful question: What do you think of the political situation?

The life of a jitney driver is a hard one. He has to be dodging pedestrians all the time, for there are many strangers in town who are not aware of the paramount importance of the jitney industry.

Maybe Germany has forbidden the sinking of passenger ships without warning, but think of the temptation to the captain of a submarine who has experienced the ineffable delight of hitting a live target in mid-ocean and giving the people aboard the final surprise of their lives.

We are told that the warden of Joliet whose wife was murdered by a nice convict who gave promise of becoming an idealist and a man of parts has not lost faith in his scheme of reforming convicts by appealing to a sense of honor. Doubtless there are some men whom a similar bereavement similarly achieved would convince beyond peradventure of the soundness of the scheme.

Mrs. Marian Craig Wentworth, author of "War Brides," advocates a sex strike to stop war. Now watch the wicked militarists start organizing a force of strikebreakers.

The idea is to have women refuse to bear children during the war. If that idea spreads there will be a new meaning in the question, When do you think this war will stop?

One advantage will be that people will cease singing "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." As Tom Sawyer would put it, there ain't a-goin' to be no boys, nor girls neither.

However, Matron Marian goes a little further than necessary. As the boys do the fighting, let women refuse to bear boys. Let them reverse Macbeth's injunction and bring forth girl babies only.

Does this seem absurd? Well, it is just as rational to tell women to predetermine the sex of their offspring as to expect them to go on a sex strike.

We note that Mrs. Wentworth does not advocate the suspension of marriage during war, merely the bearing of children. This will commend her method to the apostles of birth control.

We note too that Mrs. Wentworth conceived her idea in Boston and brought it forth in Los Angeles, thus emphasizing the connection between Back Bay sterility and West Adams chemical purity.

And by the way, what has become of the old fashioned wife who not only loved and honored, but also obeyed her husband?

Matt Sullivan may be described as the man who put the junk in injunction.

How the Patricias Died

Famous Canadian Regiment Which Mustered a Thousand Strong at the Beginning of the War Emerged from the Bloody Work at St. Eloi with One Hundred and Fifty Men

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Here are men who died to win that which shall never die. Theirs is the red badge of courage. Their heroism has shed new luster on the Dominion from which they went forth, to which they shall never return. Shell fire well nigh annihilated them, but could not obliterate their glory. In the story of war there is no tale more terrible, more thrilling, more heroic than the bravery of "the Pats."

The Princess Patricia regiment, comprising 1,015 men, with the colors which Princess Patricia herself worked and presented to the regiment, sailed from England to join the expeditionary force at the close of last year. On the night of May 7—some five months after they first took their place in the trenches—635 answered to the roll call. When, shortly before midnight on May 8, they were relieved from the position which they had held all through that day against repeated artillery and infantry attacks of the enemy they mustered only 150.

Lieut.-Col. Farquhar, the commanding officer, was killed on March 20. Lieut-Col. Buller, who succeeded him, was wounded on May 5, and two days later his successor, Major Gault, was also wounded. The command then fell on Lieut. Niven, the next senior officer, who received his promotion from the ranks. All these officers, together with Lieut. Colquhoun (now a prisoner in Germany), Lieut. C. E. Crabbe and Lieut. T. M. Papineau, as well as Sergeant H. Laing, were "mentioned in despatches." Their names are included in the latest "Gazette" list.

On Sunday, August 23, 1914, on a gray and gloomy day, an immense crowd was assembled in Lansdowne Park, Ottawa, to attend divine service with the regiment and to witness the presentation of the colors. The regiment, composed very largely of South African veterans and reservists, paraded with bands and pipers and then formed three sides of a square in front of the grand stand. Between the regiment and the stand were the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia and their ladies in waiting.

The Princess Patricia on presenting the colors to Lieut.-Col. Farquhar, the commanding officer of the regiment, said:

"I have great pleasure in presenting you with these colors, which I have worked myself. I hope they will be associated with what I believe will be a distinguished corps. I shall follow the fortunes of you all with the deepest interest and I heartily wish every man good luck and a safe return."

The "Patricias," containing a far larger proportion of experienced soldiers than any other unit in the Canadian division, was not called upon to endure so long a period of preparation as the rest of the Canadian expeditionary force. At the close of the year they sailed from England at a time when reenforcements were greatly needed in France, to take their part in a line thinly held and very fiercely assailed. For the months of January and February the regiment took its turn in the trenches, learning the hard lessons of the winter war. A considerable length of trenches in front of the village of St. Eloi

was committed to its charge. Its machine guns were planted upon a mound which rose abruptly from the centre of the trenches.

At the end of February the Germans sapped to within fifteen yards of the Canadian trenches. By March 13 "the Pats" had succeeded in destroying this sap and the German trenches leading to it, but their losses in the hand-to-hand fighting had already been severe. On March 13 the Germans attacked the Canadian trenches, and from that date until the beginning of May the fight waged with varying success in and around St. Eloi. It was bloody work.

The roll call on the night of May 7 showed the strength of the battalion as 635. The day that followed was at once the most critical and the most costly in the history of the battalion.

Early in the morning particularly heavy shelling began on the right flank, soon enfilading the fire trenches. At 5:30 it grew in intensity and gas shells began to fall. By 6 a. m. every telephone wire, both to the Brigade Headquarters and also to the trenches, had been cut. All signallers, pioneers, orderlies and servants were ordered into the support trenches, for the needs of the moment left no place for supernumeraries. Every single Canadian upon the strength was from that time forward in one or other of the trenches. A short and fierce struggle decided the issue for the time being. The advance of the Germans was checked, and those of the enemy who were not either sheltered by buildings, dead or wounded crawled back over the crest of the ridge to their own trenches. By this time the enemy had two, and perhaps three, machine guns in adjacent buildings and were sweeping the parapets of both the fire and support trenches.

About 7 a. m. Major Gault, who had sustained his men by his coolness and example, was severely hit by a shell in the left arm and thigh. It was impossible to move him and he lay in the trench, as did many of his wounded companions, in great anguish but without a murmur for over ten hours. The command was taken over by Lieutenant Niven, the next senior officer who was still unwounded.

Heavy howitzers, using high explosives, combined with field guns from this moment in a most trying bombardment both on the fire and support trenches. The fire trench on the right was blown to pieces at several points. At 9 o'clock the shelling decreased in intensity, but it was the lull before the storm, for the enemy immediately attempted a second infantry advance. This attack was received with undiminished resolution. A storm of machine gun and rifle fire checked the assailants, who were forced, after a few indecisive moments, to retire and take cover. The battalion accounted for large numbers of the enemy in the course of this attack, but it suffered seriously itself. Captain Hill, Lieutenants Martin, Triggs and De Bay were all wounded at this time.

At half-past nine Lieutenant Niven established contact with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry on the left and with the Rifle Brigade on the right. Both were suffering heavy casualties from enfilade fire, and neither, of course, could afford any assistance. At this time the bombardment recommenced with great intensity. The range of the Canadian machine guns was taken with extreme precision. All, without one exception, were buried. Those who served them behaved with the most admirable coolness and gallantry. Two were dug out, mounted, and used again. One was actually disinterred three times and kept in action till a shell annihilated the whole section. Corporal Dover stuck to his gun throughout, and, although wounded, continued to discharge his duties with as much coolness as if on parade. In the explosion that destroyed his gun he lost a leg and an arm, and was completely buried in the débris. Conscious or unconscious, he lay there in that condition until dusk, when he crawled out of all that was left of the obliterated trench, and moaned for help. Two of his comrades sprang from the support trench—by this time the fire trench—and succeeded in carrying in his mangled and bleeding body. But as all that remained of this brave soldier was being lowered into the trench a bullet put an end to his sufferings. No bullet could put an end to his glory.

An hour later the left half of the right fire trench was completely destroyed, and Lieutenant Denison ordered Lieutenant Clarke to withdraw the remnant of his command into the right communicating trench. He himself, with Lieutenant Lane, was still holding all that was tenable of the right fire trench with a few men still available for that purpose. Lieutenant Edwards had been killed. The right half of the left fire trench suffered cruelly. The trench was blown in and the machine gun put out of order. Sergeant Scott and the few survivors who still answered the call made their way to the communication trench, and clung tenaciously to it until that, too, was blown in. Lieutenant Crawford, whose spirits never failed him throughout this terrible day, was severely wounded. Captain Adamson, who was handing out small arms ammunition, was hit in the shoulder, but continued to work with a single arm. Sergeant-Major Fraser, who was similarly engaged feeding the support trenches with ammunition, was killed instantly by a bullet in the head. At this time only four officers were left—Lieutenants Papineau, Vandenberg, Niven and Clark, of whom the last two began the war in the ranks.

From 12 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. the battalion held on under the most desperate difficulties, until a detachment of the Rifle Brigade was sent up in reinforcement. The battered defenders of the support trench recognized old friends coming to their aid in their moment of extreme trial, and gave them a loud cheer as they advanced in support. Lieutenant Niven placed them on the extreme right, in order to protect the battalion flank. They remained in line with the Canadian support trenches, protected by trees and hedges. They also sent a machine gun and section, which rendered invaluable service. At 3 p. m. a detachment of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, who were also old comrades in arms of the Princess Patricias, reached the support line with 20 boxes of small arms ammunition. These were distributed, and the party bringing them came into line as a reinforcement, occupying the left end of the support trench. Shortly after 4 o'clock news was brought that battalions on the left had been compelled to withdraw, after a stubborn resistance, to a line of trenches a short distance in the rear.

At this moment the Germans made their third and last attack. It was arrested by rifle fire, although some individuals penetrated into the trench on the right. At this point all the Princess Patricias had been killed, so that this part of the trench was actually tenantless. Those of the enemy who established a footing were few in number, and they were gradually dislodged. And so the third and last attack was routed as successfully as those which had preceded it. The afternoon dragged on, the tale of casualties constantly growing, and at 10 o'clock at night, the company commanders being all dead or wounded, Lieutenants Niven and Papineau took a roll call. It disclosed a strength of 150 rifles and some stretcher-bearers.

At 11:30 at night the battalion was relieved by the King's Royal Rifle Corps. The relieving units helped those whom they replaced in the last sorrowful duty of burying those of their dead who lay in the support and communicating trenches. Those who had fallen in the fire trenches needed no grave, for the obliteration of their shelter had afforded a decent burial to their bodies. Behind the damaged trenches, by the light of the German flares, and amid the unceasing rattle of musketry, relievers and relieved combined in the last service which one soldier can render another. Beside the open graves, with heads uncovered, all that was left of the regiment stood while Lieutenant Niven, holding the colors of Princess Patricia, battered, bloody, but still intact, tightly in his hand, recalled all he could remember of the Church of England Service for the Dead. Then, led by Lieutenant Papineau, they marched back, 150 strong, to reserve trenches. On arrival they were instructed to proceed to another part of the position, where during the day they were shelled and lost five killed and three wounded.

On May 13 the regiment was in bivouac at the rear. The news arrived that the Rifle Brigade, their old and trusty comrades, was being desperately pressed. Asked to go to the relief, the Princess Patricias formed a composite battalion with the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and successfully made the last exertion which was asked of them at this period of the war.

On May 15 Major Pelly arrived from England, where he had been invalided on March 15, and took over the command from Lieutenant Niven, who, during his period of command, had shown qualities worthy of a regimental commander of any experience in any army in the world.

* * * * * * *

Aboard the last ship that sailed from New York for England was a little woman with a baby and two small boys. She had gone to New York from Canada. Her husband was one of the "Pats." On July 17 he was to begin a four days leave of absence. When he wrote for her to meet him she had only time to draw their savings, lock the door of their home and reach the boat.

The long trip was "nothing;" her husband wanted to see the baby, it was only three days old when at night the transport bore him silently down the St. Lawrence without giving him even a chance to say good-bye. He had fought in the Boer war, then emigrated to Canada; he had just proved a homestead when he heard his country wanted trained soldiers.

She hoped the children "would be well when their daddy met them." But what of the man in the trenches exposed to death day and night? Nothing would happen to him, nothing could. Why, he was one of five men of his company who remained alive; he had passed unscathed through the carnage of St. Eloi; one day, carrying ammunition, four of his helpers were killed beside him, and he had been buried and left for dead under piles of earth when the Germans blew up a trench. And he is alive today without a scratch.

He will meet her, for it was ordained he should. He sent her an order to buy "summer things" for herself, but the day it arrived was fete day in Quebec and the bank was closed. The next day and the next she could not get away from home; then she knew God intended she should use that money for some other purpose. Besides, when her husband drew lots for the order of leave with his four comrades, if he had not drawn the last four days he would not have had time to send for her. As sure as she is alive now will he meet her. Then four days with the baby and he will return to the trenches and she to her home.

Who would not pray that that soldier may be spared from poisonous gases and shells, and that the ship bearing the faithful wife may escape mines and submarines?

She Tells Her Beads

By J. V. Coleman

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
And some are touched with blood, and some are clear—
They are the story of the Padre's seeds
That grew into the beauty that is here.

The beauty that is here in this fair land,
The fruit of spirit and the fruit of toil—
The cry of suffering from a heavy hand,
The sweet religion plowed into the soil—

The rich empassioned soil that drank its fill,
Of mystic prayers when Indians split it thro'
Swells with the old-time veneration still
When later plow shares touch its womb anew.

The frankincense the monks swung at the Mass
Fell prisoned in the black adobe sod,
Where yet it circles thro' the green gold grass
To breathe its heavy, soothing praise to God.

The fulsome fume of California's air
Is laden with the passion of the Past,
And bears the burden of a swooning prayer,
Repentant but all jubilant at last—

The sandalled monks who drove their Indians hard
Worked with the tools that happened to their hand—
Their means were justified and their reward?
Look to the Missions that adorn the land!

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
And some are touched with joy and some with pain:
They tell the tale of flowers and of weeds,
They tell the story of persistent Spain.

Mean, swarming war is buzzing 'neath thy seat.
Let Peace, oh Lord, abide upon her breast—
Her temples by the Gate point to thy feet,
Her censers swing in prayer for rest, for rest.

Her eyes are forward, earnest eyes and sane,
Her feet are wary of the unseen snare—
Her past should point the lesson that again
Dangers may come, so teach her to beware.

Should she expend her fortune on her fools?
Should she exhaust her substance on her knaves?
The cooper, if he's good, should know his tools,
And build his barrel with the proper staves.

Her arms are open to invite increase—
Out of her abundance she will give—
Her pledge is plenty and her promise peace—
She sings to all, "With me 'tis joy to live."

She bares her bosom to the world and smiles,
Smiles with the rapture of her conscious grace—
The mother fruitfulness, the wanton wiles
Alike compel the world to her embrace—

They who have nestled on her ardent breast
Never stray far—they hear her and return—
Beneath her seasons only are they blest,
And at her feet their vows of love relearn—

She is so generous, she gives her sons
Largess to pay their carelessness—
And like a mother loves the weaker ones,
Making them stronger by her dear caress.

Glory to thee she prays at last, oh Lord,
As once it was, as 'tis and as 'twill be—
The all pervading presence and the word,
And conscious plenty to eternity.

The Caballero was the patriarch,
And all the people were his family—
Horizoned acres were his private park
And men and cows and horses—all were free.

No fences bounded his untilled domain,
No litigation bade him yea or nay,
No neighbors injured for abnormal gain,
No thought of saving for a rainy day—

His tale of life was told for happiness,
For comfort for his people and his flock;
His jewelled hand was lifted but to bless,
His lips smiled to encourage, not to mock—

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
She tells the golden bead of sudden wealth,
Of sin, of venture and of knightly deeds,
Of coward sickness and courageous health.

The trunat gold that pebbled brooding streams—
The mining camp, red-shirted, booted, free—
The young ambitions, the romantic dreams—
The loves, the hatreds and the revelry.

How risking all upon a single card
Empoored the many and made millonaires;
But how great business was the rich reward,
How fortune sometimes comes to him who dares.

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
She thanks thee for her teeming fields of grain,
For grape, for fruit, for vintage and full seeds
That grow in bounty to her will again—

Was it thy wrath, oh Lord, that lit the blaze?
Or was it but thy wish to test her men?
Rerose the City to the world's amaze—
Whatever thy design she cries Amen.

Her Aside

By Henri Lavedan

Paul Darchet, thirty years old, the young and already brilliant author.

M. Bullmann, sixty-five years, half bald, patriarchal white beard.

Paul Darchet comes out of the manager's office of the Vaudeville Theatre. It is six o'clock on a fine March evening. The weather is delightful and touched by the first foretaste of approaching spring. Darchet has been working all day on the rehearsal of "Cascadeurs," which is to be put on in a week. It has gone well. He is satisfied and a little tired. He crosses the boulevard, and, as he passes the Neapolitan Cafe, where many loungers at the tables point him out with glances to one another, he hears his name called in a loud voice. He turns, at once flattered and annoyed. It is M. Bullmann, a Parisian celebrity, the ex-Preacher Bullmann, the ex-Bishop of Memphis, who for ten years was father-confessor to the Queen of Bohemia; now a solitary horseman in the mornings in the Bois, though not solitary in the evenings at the Opera, to which he is a subscriber three nights in a week. M. Bullmann expresses himself with a rather emphatic confidence. Even when he orders "a bock!" it is as if he said "Brethren!"

Bullmann—Pardon me, my dear master; a word with you.

Darchet—Ah, how do you do?

Bullman—But first can I offer you anything? (He points to the table from which he has just risen, on which is a red and green concoction in a crystal egg-shell.)

Darchet—Thanks, I never take anything.

Bullmann—You have no faults?

Darchet—But so many vices! Did you wish to speak to me?

Bullmann—Yes. You are rehearsing "Cascadeurs" over there now, are you not?

Darchet—Yes.

Bullmann—It's a pretty title.

Darchet—Admirable. Well.

Bullmann—I know (winking). Yes, already, rumor—fama—

Darchet—A woman!

Bullmann—I am sure you are going to have a great triumph.

Darchet—Oh, that is saying a good deal. Let us call it a success, and let it go at that. Well, what is this affair?

Bullmann—I know your pretty play.

Darchet—Indeed?

Bullmann—From one end to the other.

Darchet—How is that?

Bullmann—I have an inside source of information.

Darchet—Dependable?

Bullmann—Which, the source or the information?

Darchet—The source.

Bullmann—Oh, it is very small and pretty. It is scarcely more than a child yet .

Darchet—I congratulate you. You will have the pleasure of developing it.

Bullmann—Yes, and that's just what I wish to speak to you about.

Darchet—What is her name?

Bullmann—Blanche Myosotis.

Darchet—Very nice; it smells good; the kind of a name to perfume a handkerchief.

Bullmann—That isn't her real name. She comes of a very good family.

Darchet—They all do.

Bullmann—She preferred to take a stage name—

Darchet—The name of a flower. Her taste does her honor.

Bullmann—She's appearing at your theatre.

Darchet—She is?

Bullmann—What! You know nothing about it? Why, it was you yourself who gave out the part, who chose her, who insisted that the manager should select her.

Darchet—I insisted that he should select Lise Mignonette?

(Continued on Page 17.)

Poems About San Francisco

CCVI—DOING THE LINE

By Howard V. Sutherland

I like to watch the people stroll
From Powell street to Pine,
On Market street and Kearny street—
The San Francisco line.

The women wear the latest styles,
They could not fairer be;
And with what art they oft display
Their dainty lingerie!

Their eyes are dark, their eyes are grey,
Their eyes are deepest blue;
Their eyes are bright enough, alas,
To torture me, or you.

And, oh! they use those eyes of theirs
As only women can;
They know full well the way to break
The heartstrings of a man.

No city in the world can boast
Fair women such as these;
Who is not captured by their charms
Is, truly, hard to please.

The Spectator

The Clockwinder On Patriotism

"That was an inspiring sight for the school children of San Francisco," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, speaking of the Liberty Bell to his friend School Superintendent Roncovieri.

"Yes," said our sentimental School Superintendent, "it was a fine sight. It was an inspiring sight for young and old. It stirred in many a heart the noble sentiment of patriotism. It thrilled all the people."

"Indeed it did," said the clockwinder, "but I'm afraid not many of them understood the symbolism of the crack in the bell."

The School Superintendent bestowed on the clockwinder a look of interrogation.

"The crack in the bell!" he exclaimed. "Well, now, I'll have to confess that I don't understand the symbolism of it myself."

The clockwinder smiled indulgently. "The crack in the bell," he explained, "symbolizes the disease that is eating into American patriotism. You know the country is full of cracked patriots. A large percentage of our patriotism is like the bell. It has not the true ring."

"You astonish me," said the School Superintendent who proceeded to tell the clockwinder what the teachers were doing to instil patriotism into the rising generation.

"Yes," said the water front philosopher. "I know all about it. You are doing good work. It's well to teach the youngsters to salute the flag and to stand up for the anthem and all that sort of thing, but our patriotism is being corrupted every day. It's well to have fine feelings about your country, but the essence of patriotism is public virtue, and the first of the public virtues is justice, and here we were last week waving flags at the bell and letting a lot of blackguards brandish clubs under the nose of the Goddess of Justice, threatening to beat her head off if she didn't submit to ravishment along the highway."

The Superintendent of Schools bowed his head in silence.

No Thrill for Him

"I see," the clockwinder observed, "that you are beginning to perceive the symbolism of the cracked bell."

"Yes, I understand," said Mr. Roncovieri.

"The bell," said the clockwinder, "didn't thrill me at all as it passed, for I could look right through the crack, and I could see the Hon. William Randolph Hearst holding on to the tongue of it, his own tongue in his cheek and a hideous smirk on his countenance. And running along beneath it, burning incense the while and cutting capers were two gay little imps whose mugs I recognized. One was the Mayor of our city, the other was Matt Ignatius Sullivan, a former Chief Justice of the State by the grace of His Excellency the Governor."

"It occurs to me," said the School Superintendent, "that you had an hallucination the day of the parade."

"Perhaps I had," the clockwinder observed, "but anyway I saw the crack and understood it and that is more than some folk can say. The school children only saw the bell, and they had an hallucination, too, for they saw the Mayor and he embodied for them all the civic virtues."

A Shining Example

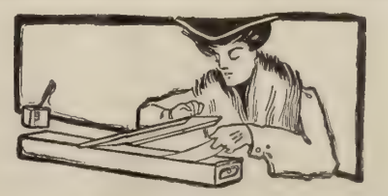
"Hold on," said the clockwinder, just as Mr. Roncovieri was about to take leave of his friend. "Did you read what Matt Sullivan said to Judge Troutt last Monday?"

"Yes, I read it."

"Well, I have a suggestion to make. Why not hold Matt up to the school children of San Francisco as an example of the success to be attained by the kind of practices that Matt indulges in. Matt you know is a very successful man. He has risen to the highest dignity in the State after years of practice as an ambulance chaser and—"

"A what?"

"An ambulance chaser; that is to say a lawyer who makes a specialty of damage suits. The high-toned cynics of the profession call them half-a-leg lawyers thus facetiously implying that when a man loses a leg under a street car his



YOUR VACATION WILL BE A GREAT DEAL HAPPIER

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lawyer goes in on a contingent fee of half the judgment. Do you get me?"

Mr. Roncovieri smiled.

"Of course," said the bilge water wit, "I don't mean to say that Matt ever chased an ambulance; only that he is of the ambulance category, or rather was, for I believe he's no longer stuck on that kind of business. You know Matt is really a good fellow. Nothing wrong with him at all in his private relations with men. But all his life he has been a politician as well as a lawyer. And while he's the Mayor's lawyer the Mayor is his politician. Now let me see, what was I about to say? You disturbed my trend of thought."

Why Ruef Failed

Rapping his head with his key the clockwinder started the train that had been switched. "Ah, yes. I was talking of the former Chief Justice as a shining example of the fine fruit of high endeavor. As I was about to say, there is more inspiration for the young in Matt's career than in the cracked Liberty Bell. Matt's career holds many an important lesson for aspiring youth. As a boy Matt received a fine religious training which qualified him as a lecturer before the Bar Association on the ethics of his profession and enables him to practice law and politics at the same time without bringing discredit on either profession, which would be some performance if our patriotism were not somewhat cracked. We know how Ruef tried it, and failed. His technique was bad. The trouble with Ruef was that he did not know how to take a high moral ground gracefully. There was a visible thread of shoddy running through the weft of Ruef's blanket of scruples. Can you fancy Ruef putting through the Bulletin's phoney libel case and getting away with it? Can you?"

"I don't know about that case."

"Well, can you imagine Ruef getting up in court, and trying to intimidate a judge by telling him the eyes of the people are on him? I'll admit that Abe was pretty raw at times. He'd go into a convention and try to nominate a close friend for the bench. He wouldn't mind fixing a judge on the quiet if he had the chance, but he wouldn't get up in court and try to fix a judge with a club right out before everybody. Whatever else Abe lacks he doesn't lack pride of intellect. If he wasn't a stickler for the ethics of his profession, at any rate in open court, with the eyes of the bar of the State on him, he never so far forgot the outward decencies as to take advantage of a newspaper campaign of intimidation by reminding the judge of the menace of the recall."

By this time Mr. Roncovieri was showing signs of impatience. "What has all this to do with holding the former Chief Justice up as an example?" he asked.

"Only this," the clockwinder replied. "The former Chief Justice is a shining example of success in these Liberty Bell days of the glorification of a newspaper blackguard. Now success is what all budding patriots hope to achieve in this life of illusions. They are taught that all succes worth having is founded on Christian rules of conduct. I don't know about that. Shakespeare says that 'Nothing can seem foul to those that win.' Nowadays it appears that nothing can seem foul in those that win."

A Fine Victory!

Meeting the homilist of the water front shortly after his talk with Mr. Roncovieri I asked him what he thought of the city's fine victory in Judge Troutt's court.

The clockwinder fixed me with that single questioning eye of his that plucks the heart out of every political mystery.

"A victory!" he growled. And then he smiled.

I asked him what the joke was.

"No joke," he answered, "I was thinking of what Bolingbroke said about a shameful victory."

"Don't you think Judge Troutt rendered a just and honest decision?" I demanded.

"I hope so," said the clockwinder. "That's as far as I can go with you in the circumstances. You see, I'm not a lawyer."

"Do you mean to impugn Judge Troutt's honesty?" I asked.

"Far be it," said the clockwinder. "My opinion is that Judge Troutt is an honest man. I wouldn't impugn Judge Troutt's honesty, but that is precisely what Hearst and Rolph have done—especially Hearst, who has been conducting a campaign of terror obviously assuming that Judge Troutt might be frightened into concurring in the Examiner's decision. A terrible injustice has been done Judge Troutt by an unscrupulous newspaper bully, and nobody knows it better than Judge Troutt himself. You call it a fine victory. I don't. It would have been a fine victory if the terror that was practiced on all the judges of the Superior Court had been practiced on the shameless Hearst before he started in to threaten the judges with the recall. Then we should be able to say that justice was administered without fear or favor and that the city has won a fine victory, triumphed over a soulless corporation. Then might we joyously shout 'Hurrah!' But alas, men are saying that the decision was as they expected, because all the judges were scared. They are even saying that Honest Judge Seawell, a man for whom we all have the profoundest respect, was too smart to stay on the job when he saw how the wind was blowing. So you see the kind of impression the gallant Southern Gentleman who belongs to all our leading clubs has created. A nice chap, isn't he? A great patriot, too! Yes, I guess it's a fine victory—for the Hon. William Randolph Hearst—and he's as proud of it as he is of the Liberty Bell or the Greek Theatre."

Purity's Purest Patron

President Steadwell of the Purity Congress is in our midst, and bids loudly for attention. I take it that the immaculate gent who reaches the presidency of this unspotted organization must be so pure that compared with him the driven snow looks like soot. I take this impression from President Steadwell's pure remarks. When the Purity Congress opened Sunday, President Steadwell addressed some bleached words to the purists or the puritans, or whatever they are, in purity convention assembled. Among other edifying things President Steadwell said that he was disappointed in San Francisco. He said he found San Francisco to be a more impure city than he thought it was when the Purity Congress promised to hold its speckless convention here. Which causes me to wonder what were the Spotless Towns in which previous conventions of the Purity Congress were held. And to wonder also what steps President Steadwell took to convince himself of the impurity of this community. When President Steadwell arrived here did he head straight for the stews? Did he get his information from prostitutes, macquereaux and cadets? Or from certain local uplifters with fixed ideas on the subject of their own superior purity, who can think of nothing but rottenness when they consider the moral condition of our city? Or was President Steadwell merely repeating the stereotyped phrases which purity propagandists hand out wherever they go? Did he state what he had ascertained to be true, or was he billy-sundaying? I would respectfully remind President Steadwell that there are other sins beside sexual sins. Did he ever hear of that commandment which runs: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor?

A Fair Dissentient

Mrs. Kate Barrett of Alexandria (country not specified, but probably not Egypt), is another member of this International Purity Congress who is airing her views of our unfortunate city. Mrs. Barrett of Alexandria up and says San

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Francisco is much improved morally since she last saw it, three years ago. This assertion gives me pause. Three years ago the Municipal Clinic was in operation. Three years ago the system of segregation was enforced in connection with our social evil. The Redlight Law had not been put on the statute book. Three years ago the police did not have to raid any disorderly house in the residence section—they raided such a place in one of the most respectable parts of town about a month ago. As in the case of the most pure President Steadwell, so in the case of Sister Barrett from Alexandria, I cannot help wondering where the "inside info" comes from. I thought it must have come from the Chief of Police, but no, it did not. I asked the Chief if President Steadwell or Mrs. Barrett had been to him with requests for such information, and he told me that neither they nor any others had approached him on the subject. So the matter is dark to me. I cannot help wondering if Mrs. Barrett knows what she is talking about. And I cannot help speculating as follows: If this city is morally purer than it was three years ago, and nevertheless is not yet pure enough for a Purity Congress, what damnable sort of place was it in 1912? I give it up.

A Pure Assertion

Still another pure delegate to the Purity Congress is Robert C. Barton of Los Angeles. Pure Bob came up from the chemically pure city with some pure thoughts on the impurity of movie actresses. Listen to Bob: "Investigation shows that it is almost impossible to be in the movies and keep virtuous. Every moving picture actress, I believe, loses her virtue when she aspires to enter the field." Fortunately woman's virtue is not stained by this sort of mud. The thrower only dirties himself, and he is none the worse, for he is all over filth already. The words I quote from Pure Bob who is pure bobcat and no more, are important for one reason only, namely, because they did not evoke a protest from any other member of the Purity Congress. I take them from the report in Tuesday's Chronicle, and I am quite sure that if anybody had taken exception when they were uttered the reporter would have mentioned the fact. In heaven's name, what sort of wretches are these that have assembled in Purity Congress to pollute the sweet air of San Francisco?

A Museum of Freaks

Of course the bare truth about this Purity Congress is that it is a convention of silly-asses and nincompoops drawn together by a community of freakishness. I dare say, if we looked them over we'd discover that most of them have receding foreheads. Their doings and sayings are recorded in seeming seriousness by reporters who have their tongues in their cheeks as they write. They are indeed the eclectics of moral medicine, a collection of pretenders to intellectuality whose pretensions are transparent to the ordinary gaze. There is not an original idea in a whole hallful of them. Anthony Comstock, Bobcat Barton, President Steadwell and (announced at this writing as on his way) the impossible, the unnecessary Bill Sulzer. And this assemblage of sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals, this convocation of loud mouths the Chancellor of Stanford University does not disdain to address. Into this Eden Musee of second-hand eccentrics David Starr Jordan takes his own divaricating personality, to the end that his pet theory of eugenics may be given a boost. Take care, Chancellor, of the company you keep! If you don't watch out, the whole world will be on to you!

No Padre for Mayor Davie

When the mayor's chambers in the new City Hall of Oakland were furnished, Frank Van Sloun, artist and Bohemian, was commissioned to paint two panels at a cost of $1500. He painted the panels and they were installed while Mayor Mott was Oakland's chief executive. One of these panels represents a Spanish padre guiding a group of early Californians to one of the old Missions. This panel does not measure up to the artistic taste of Oakland's new mayor, John L. Davie. He has ordered it removed.

"I don't like it," he says. "It isn't typical. I want a real American painting there, one that means something, that has some patriotic spirit. I'm going to have a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware painted there. That will be really typical of this country."

Preston Higgins, secretary to the mayor, added that the picture was "too sectional in its meaning." He thought that a picture in a mayor's office ought "to appeal to all the people." All of which recalls to mind that John L. Davie was once a prominent member of the American Protective Association, more familiarly known as the A. P. A.

Jess Willard in Reno

"I note with some surprise that Jess Willard says in his autobiography running in the Examiner that he never touched liquor in his life."

The speaker was Thomas A. Williams, a salesman of Henry Disston and Company, the saw and tool concern.

"I am surprised at this statement because I remember very well seeing Jess Willard in company with his manager Tom Jones at Reno on the Fourth of July, 1913. Willard had fought Davis that day. It is possible that Willard has never touched liquor in his life, but it is not probable, in view of what I saw of him that day. If Willard had not touched liquor that day, then liquor had most certainly touched Willard, and with no gentle touch either."

A Stirring Series

Have you been reading Michael Williams' series of San Francisco articles in Pearson's? If not, get the back numbers and don't make any engagement the night you start to read them, for you won't keep it! Michael Williams has dug into our history, has selected the most thrilling episodes, the Vigilantes, the Broderick-Terry feud and so on, and has clothed them in robes of romance that make them enthrallingly interesting. He has the knack of seeing the past with the story-teller's eye, but he doesn't allow a rich imagination to carry him beyond the limits of strict accuracy. The result is that these articles have both an historical and a romantic appeal. The last to appear (it is in the current number of Pearson's) is entitled "The Filibusters of San Francisco." It is the story of William Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," and of the other adventurers who took San Francisco for a point of departure instead of for destination. Strangely enough, this is one of the less well known episodes of our history. If you are not familiar with it you will wonder why it has not been better known, after reading Williams' article. There are more of these articles to come, many more I hope. As I read them I keep wondering whether Williams intends to bring them out in a book. They should be preserved, and I am quite sure they'd have a big sale.

An Interested Listener

One of the boys pushing a wheel chair at the Fair is an exceptionally bright young chap who has stored his active mind with a great deal of accurate information about the buildings, the statuary, the courts and other matters. He imparts this information modestly and in a very interesting way if his fare shows any inclination toward conversation. The other day a good looking man hired this boy's chair for a ride to the California Building. He was an affable man and there was plenty of conversation.

"Are you familiar with the statuary?" the boy asked.

"Not as familiar as I should like to be," answered the fare. "I have been too busy to read up on it."

"This," said the boy, indicating the statue they were passing, "is called the 'End of the Trail.' Many people criticize the sculptor for having made the figure of the Indian so large. They think that the Indian is too large for the horse that carries him. I do not agree with them—"

And in this way he made the trip to the California Building extremely interesting. Arrived there the fare handed him five dollars, saying that at the first opportunity he would ride again and hear more. The boy was surprised at the generosity of the stranger, and asked his name. The stranger handed him a card and walked into the California Building. The card was the card of Charles C. Moore, the president of the Exposition.

The Original Pygmalion

We all know where Bernard Shaw got the name of the play which Mrs. Pat Campbell is presenting. Those who have not read the story

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in Ovid (it is not one of the Metamorphoses usually chosen for class room study), have doubtless made its acquaintance in the "Earthly Paradise" of William Morris. Pygmalion was a sculptor of Cyprus and a bachelor. He was indeed a confirmed bachelor, which means that he was to be hit unusually hard when the right girl came along. And come along she did, though in the most astonishing way, if we may believe the old tale. Pygmalion carved an ivory statue representing his ideal of feminine beauty. If we may believe reports this was the most dazzlingly beautiful statue in all the world. It was so perfectly lovely, in fact, that poor Pygmalion fell head over heels in love with it. Here was a pretty situation, indeed! There was nothing to do except pray to Venus for help, and Pygmalion did it. Venus could be accommodating when she was not jealous, so she breathed life into the ivory figure, the lovely lady was named Galatea, and she and Pygmalion lived happily ever after. This story of course gave Shaw the title of his play.

The Source of the Plot

But where did he get his plot? The answer is easy. If you have read Tobias Smollett's novel "Peregrine Pickle" you can answer off-hand. Smollett tells how his hero, in one of his numerous fits of pique with his true love Emilia, bought a beggar wench from her mother and carried her off to use her in a novel experiment. This was nothing less than to clothe her smartly, teach her the ways of polite society, cram her head with tags from the poets and lines from the popular plays, initiate her into small talk, whist and other methods of killing time and then palm her off on London as a woman of fashion. The astute Mr. Pickle, says Smollett, "observed that the conversation of those who are dignified with the appellation of polite company, is neither more edifying nor entertaining than that which is met with among the lower classes of mankind; and that the only essential difference, in point of demeanor, is the form of an education, which the meanest capacity can acquire, without much study or application." The experiment was wonderfully successful. Peregrine's mistress (for this was two hundred years ago, and either Peregrine was more susceptible than Professor Higgins or Smollett was more of a realist than Shaw), deceived the most exclusive assemblies of the town. One day, however, she caught a fine lady cheating at cards (fine ladies sometimes behaved so two hundred years ago), and was so enraged that she forgot her training. The explosion was something awful. She used words much more terrifying to polite ears than the "bloody" with which Eliza Doolittle shocked her new society acquaintances. That ended Peregrine's experiment, and as this Galatea eloped with Peregrine's valet de chambre there was no problem such as Professor Higgins had to solve.

Sterling in Yosemite

George Sterling has just returned from the Yosemite Valley whither he journeyed to write a Yosemite Ode. The ode has been written, and the lovers of true poetry are waiting eagerly for an opportunity to read it.

"I stayed at Desmond's new Yosemite Falls Camp which is run by my friend Charlie Graut," said Sterling when he got back to town. "I thought it the quietest, coolest, shadiest and prettiest of all the camps."

Praise from a poet is praise indeed. It is something for Joe Desmond and Charlie Graut to know that an ode by Sterling has come out of their camp.

The Success of "The Lantern"

The first, or April number of The Lantern has gone into its third edition. This is the number which contains that remarkable indictment of prohibition "The Vice of Total Abstinence" by Theodore Bonnet. That the first number of a monthly magazine should be sold to the last copy, and then go to a second and a third edition is something unprecedented in the history of American magazinedom. Indeed, I do not remember hearing that any number of any magazine ever went into a third edition before. The only American case resembling this of The Lantern is The Smart Set which published a second edition of the number containing Willard Huntington Wright's "Los Angeles, Chemically Pure." In Great Britain there is the case of the Dublin Quarterly which had to publish a second edition of the number which contained Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley. So The Lantern has made a record. Four numbers of The Lantern have been published, and a fifth will be out shortly. It will contain among other interesting matter an essay on Joan of Arc by Theodore Bonnet, an essay "In Defense of Asininity" by Edward F. O'Day and a powerful story of unconventional character called "Charity" by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

The teacher of a night school was trying to instill in the minds of some of the discouraged pupils some notions of ambition.

"Do you know," he asked of a seedy looking boy of twenty, "do you know that every lad in this country has a chance to be President?"

"Is that so?" asked the seedy one, reflectively. Then he added:

"Say, I'll sell my chance for ten cents."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carolan Was There

The first thing I did after settling myself comfortably in my seat at the Columbia Monday night was to look for Mrs. Frank Carolan. I was not disappointed. There she sat in a box, with Frank smiling amiably behind her. How many times has Mrs. Pat Campbell been here? I've forgotten. But I've been to at least three of her local premieres, and Mrs. Carolan was always in a box. Quite a long while ago somebody with a genius for remarking resemblances discovered that Mrs. Carolan looked like Mrs. Campbell. Ever since that time Mrs. Carolan has made it a point to be present at the Campbell first nights so that the world and his wife might study the resemblance. I remember the last time I saw Mrs. Carolan at a performance by Mrs. Campbell. It was at the Novelty Theatre (I think), and Mrs. Campbell was playing "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." That night Mrs. Carolan accentuated the resemblance by wearing a gown that came very close to duplicating one worn by Mrs. Campbell in the play. Of course Mrs. Carolan wouldn't do that for a performance of "Pygmalion." One doesn't imitate the dress of a flower girl from the Tottenham Court Road even when she wears fine clothes. Doubtless many people in that smart audience Monday night noted the resemblance. I did, out of a sense of duty. Yet I could not help thinking of a very strange thing. Mrs. Carolan not only looks like Mrs. Campbell, but also like Mrs. Siddons as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her in his celebrated canvas "The Tragic Muse." And yet there is no resemblance between Mrs. Siddons-that-was and Mrs. Campbell-that-is.

Frank's Resemblance

Another thing I could not help wondering about was this: Had Mrs. Campbell (who is a friend of Mrs. Carolan) decided to pay her a delicate compliment? Had Mrs. Campbell, out of gratitude to Mrs. Carolan for looking like her, picked out for one of the principal parts in "Pygmalion" an actor who looked like Frank Carolan? The Colonel Pickering of the play bears an unmistakable resemblance to Frank Carolan. He is not so pink of skin, but otherwise the likeness is close and very interesting. I wonder if Frank noticed it? He and Walter Martin had quite a good time between the acts laughing together. Maybe Walter was chaffing Frank about it.

A Celebrity Incog.

After the play Mr. and Mrs. Carolan took Mrs. Pat to supper. There was a good looking man in the party (no offense to Frank Carolan), and when those of us who were sufficiently interested made inquiries, we discovered that this was none other than Colonel George Frederick Cornwallis-West, the new husband of Mrs. Pat. Ensued thereupon another discovery—that friend husband was the "George Frederick" who played the dirty, boozy Dustman in "Pygmalion." We had been watching a celebrity incog. and didn't know it. Nor are we unpardonably stupid. They say Cornwallis-West is one of the handsomest men in London, but you'd never think so to see him on the stage, his makeup is so good. And he is really a good actor, despite the wound in his foot received on the retreat from Antwerp.

Enter the Saint Cyrs

When I read in the paper that Mr. and Mrs. Jean Saint Cyr were in town, I took the trouble to inquire about them, addressing my request for information to a dear friend of mine in the more or less smart set who always knows everything about everybody who amounts to anything.

"Don't you know about them?" she bubbled, excitedly tapping her Russian boot with her cane. "Why, honey, not to know about them argues oneself unknown, as dear old Lord Byron said, or was it Bernard Shaw? Anyway, they're fearfully important in ever so many places including New York, of course. Mrs. Saint Cyr —isn't it a darling name, so aristocratic and everything!—Mrs. Saint Cyr used to be Mrs. 'Silent' Smith. You remember him, don't you? He was worth twenty millions, just fancy! and so eccentric. He never said anything—just let his money talk—and so they called him 'Silent.' He died in Japan or some place equally interesting, leaving all that money to Mrs. 'Silent.' Think of it! And naturally, it wasn't to be dreamed she'd remain a widow with all that fortune lying around in banks and just simply imploring to be spent. So she married Mr. Saint Cyr."

It Was a Surprise

"It was the most awful surprise," went on my well-informed friend, "because Mr. Saint Cyr wasn't in Mrs. 'Silent' Smith's set. But as he had inherited a nice comfortable little million from his first wife, that really didn't make much difference, did it? Don't you adore these marriages where there are millions on both sides? I just dote on them. They were married in April, and when they got the license there was another surprise. Mr. Saint Cyr was only twenty-seven, and looked it. And Mrs. 'Silent' Smith was forty-seven, or so the license said. Somebody with a dreadful memory remembered that she was married to her first husband—'Silent' Smith's predecessor—in 1879. That was about thirty-six years ago, wasn't it? I'm not very good in mathematics. Anyway, if she's forty-seven now, she was about eleven thirty-six years ago, wasn't she? Fancy her being married at eleven! But Mrs. Saint Cyr should care! Her husband is just perfectly handsome, and his manners—the most deestangay you ever saw. Of course you know Mrs. Saint Cyr's daughter married the Prince of Braganza. They say he was the Portuguese Pretender when they had a king in Portugal, but I suppose he has stopped pretending since poor what's his name, the cunning chap Gaby Delys had a crush on, had to run away and live in England. So you see, Mr. Saint Cyr is the step-father-in-law to a former Pretender to a throne. My, how he'll be thrilled when he sees the Portuguese building at the Fair, won't he. And by the way, did you hear the latest about the Maharajah of Kapurthala? You haven't? Well, don't expect me to tell you, because I just simply won't."

With these cryptic words my well posted friend buried her pretty nose in her Parisian bag, and while the powder was being dabbed on I beat a retreat.

A Bachelor Breakfast

Timothy I. Fitzpatrick, lawyer and good fellow, was united in marriage to Miss Mildred Sallee, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Martin Sallee of Shasta county and San Francisco, the ceremony being performed on Monday afternoon. Prior to the wedding Mr. Fitzpatrick's friends in the Olympic Club tendered him a bachelor's breakfast, and it was perhaps the most successful affair of the kind ever held in the athletic club. No wonder, since Tim Fitzpatrick is one of the most popular members and has earned the club's gratitude through unselfish endeavor for its prosperity as a member of the board of directors. The breakfast was presided over by President Will Humphrey, and was attended by Directors Alton, Rucker, Hanify, Hoefler and Foran as well as by other close friends of the bridegroom-about-to-be, including Dr. A. H. Giannini, Dr. Bernard McElroy, Theodore F. Bonnet, Andrew Carrigan and James Woods. On behalf of the board President Humphrey presented to the guest of honor a magnificent chest of silver. The breakfast table was adorned with a great basket of flowers which almost hid the blushes of the bachelor as his friends expressed their appreciation of his good qualities, toasted his charming bride and wished him a long life of happiness.

Del Monte Full of Life

Under its new manager, the kindly and capable Carl Stanley, Del Monte is presenting a livelier appearance than it has shown for a long time. There are from two to four hundred new guests every day. The lovely weather is being taken advantage of by a great many visitors from the East as well as from San Francisco, Los Angeles and other parts of California, and all seem to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. The hotel porch and the grounds are gay with merry groups, and the dining room presents the smartest imaginable appearance every night. Surf bathing is at its height; visitors crowd the pavilion day and night; motoring is an unending delight. One of the most distinguished guests is Mrs. Marshall Field, wife of the famous merchant prince of Chicago. She has quite a party with her. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse were down from San Francisco for the last week-end. Mr. Morse recently replaced Mr. Shepard as general manager of the Pacific Improvement Company. Mr. and Mrs. Morse are enthusiastic golfers, motorists and dancers. On Sunday evening they entertained a few friends at a birthday dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge in honor of Mr. L. A. Nares. The table was set for fifteen. The usual Saturday night hop was a gala event, about two hundred couples being present, taxing the ballroom to capacity. Dancing is a nightly feature. The special organ recital in the large Art Gallery every Sunday night is a treat for music lovers. Among recent guests from this city were Mrs. D. N. Walter, and Mrs. Samuel Dinkelspiel with Floyd W. Dinkelspiel. Rollin M. Kelly, a confirmed golfer, spends every week-end. E. W. McConnell who is financially interested in many Exposition ventures, took his family down last week-end. Others from this city were: Newton H. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Frank, Paige Monteagle, H. O. Harrison; and all the other large cities are well represented.

At the Cecil

Mrs. L. W. Moore, the mother of President Charles Moore of the P. P. I. E., entertained at dinner Sunday evening at the Hotel Cecil where

this charming woman makes her home. The dinner was given in the private dining room, and covers were arranged for ten. The decorations were in pink roses and Australian maiden hair ferns. Among the guests were President and Mrs. Charles Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Harding and the Misses Harding of Clinton, N. J., Miss Josephine Moore and Mr. George Moore. Mrs. Frank W. Andress was hostess at a handsomely appointed dinner Sunday evening. The function was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sperry of New York and their two attractive daughters Miss Katherine and Virginia Sperry. The color scheme was pink and green and the center of the table was banked with sweet peas in a delicate shade of pink and the silk candle shades, bonbons and dinner favors were in the same shade. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Highley and their pretty young daughter Miss Blanche Highley who have just returned from a motor trip through the Yosemite Valley gave an elaborate dinner Monday evening. The table was ornamented with a basket filled with pink roses and veiled with pink tulle.

At the Somerton

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Blackwood of Concord, N. H., are occuping an attractive apartment at the Hotel Somerton. They will be in town for about a month. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fisher of Omaha arrived last Saturday. They entertained a coterie of Eastern friends at luncheon Tuesday afternoon. Among the prominent Easterners registered are Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Dearborn of Concord, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davis of New York were hosts at an impromptu dinner Monday evening. They will be guests during the remainder of this month. The Hotel Somerton is one of the headquarters for the many tourists who have come and are coming to see the Exposition. A prominent party who arrived Monday from the Middle West are Mr. J. W. Anderton, Mr. C. A. Stevens and Mr. L. A. Stevens of Chester, Mo. They plan to be at the hotel for about a fortnight. A warm welcome is being extended to W. Swanton of Chicago by his many friends residing in this city. Mr. Swanton is a guest at the Somerton.

Perfume at Tavern

Carnival Night at Techau Tavern was more than usually attractive to the ladies last Wednesday evening when each one found, in the bag of fun-making souvenirs with which she was presented, a dainty bottle of Carolina White perfume. V. Rigaud, the famous Parisian perfumer, from whose laboratories comes that gem of all perfumes, Parfum Mary Garden, is also the originator of Carolina White perfume, which is conceded to be the equal of the better known brand. When V. Vestoff of the Pavlowa Ballet arranged the dances which are given nightly at the Tavern by the new corps de ballet, he produced an entertainment which has never been equaled in a cafe. The ensemble work in the classic dances is a marvel of grace and technique, while the solo numbers by individual members of the ballet are revelations of charm and beauty.

Letters

"A Far Country"

"A Far Country" is decidedly the best thing Winston Churchill has given us yet, though it is still far from filling the ideal niche of the Great American Novel. Autobiographical in form, there are over five hundred pages devoted to the confession of Hugh Paret, son of godly and Puritanical parents, who rides far on the topmost wave of success as it is seen in this country. The elder Paret, a lawyer of unblemished reputation and high ideals, would have been glad to see his son follow in his footsteps, but having neither distinguished himself at school nor developed other qualities which appealed to the father as satisfactory, instead of college the youth was put to work in the wholesale grocery of another relative. Hugh was bitterly disappointed, not because he cared about the lost educational opportunities but because to him business would place him on a lower round of the social ladder than a profession would. Unknown to his father he privately fitted himself for college and having pased the entrance examinations he was permitted to go to Harvard. Here he attached himself to the successful set, and with them, looked down upon students who were working their way or had no connections to make them worth while. Hugh Paret was still in college when his father died, and when he came under the notice of Theodore Watling, a rising lawyer from his own city, one of the "practical" men who succeed, and after graduation it was in Watling's office that he began his career. Hugh had not lacked a sense of "practicability" even in his early boyhood. He could quibble and split hairs and get round things, and there is reason to doubt whether it was altogether a lack of "understanding" on his father's part that kept them apart. At any rate Watling's office was rich soil for his particular kind of talent and he soon made himself more than useful in his clever suggestions of laws and tricks of law that would enable corporations to override equity and justice in securing their "lawful" demands. Hugh was a convenient go-between, too, to meet politicians high and low and engineer secret deals; in fact, so clever and keen that the firm of Watling and Co. simply could not afford to lose him. In course of time he married, not because he was in love with the maid but because it was eminently fitting and proper for him to set up an establishment, and the connection was good but wife and children were little if even that, to him. Power and success and wealth were all that mattered. From simply stretching out hand and taking every material thing that was wanted it was no great leap to go further, and there was nothing exceptional in the case when he decided on taking another man's wife. Nancy was a youthful sweetheart who had made a marriage of convenience only to find out that an abundance of money, with its appendages did not constitute happiness. She, too, was of original puritanic stock, and had reached the same conclusion as Paret, that being of the salt of the earth, they were entitled to everything they could possess themselves of. Away back in college days there was one Herman Krebs, a poor student with brains and ambition, but also with principles. He, too, became a lawyer, and from time to time this poor humanitarian-socialistic uplifter crossed the path of Paret. It was he who was the central figure of the fight for reform, pitted against Paret, the champion of the old order, and it was the tragic breakdown and sudden death of Krebs that was the principal factor in bringing back to his childhood's teachings the erring prodigal, Hugh Paret, who, like the Biblical character in the parable, had wandered into "a far country." Meanwhile Nancy's erratic and prodigal husband, having met with an accident in the sporting field, which made divorce an impossibility for her, she too returned to the fold. This does not appear to be very probable or convincing. The Hugh Parets and the Nancies of this world are not so easily restrained after they have learned to take, and find the community around them applauding or envying but never condemning. The career of Hugh Paret is convincing enough in the main. Something of the same kind takes place in every community where the clever youth, with his eye firmly fixed on success, makes straight for his goal and climbs over or circumvents all obstacles regardless of who may suffer provided the means serves his own end. From the Macmillan Company.

A Wholesome Story

In "The Heart of Uncle Terry," Charles Clark Munn takes up again that kindly, gentle, shrewd old man who figured in "Uncle Terry," but this time he is a secondary though a vital character in the story. "Uncle Terry," who had lived all his life on the rocky Maine coast, was driven by a great sorrow to attempt a new existence far in the heart of the wilderness, but after two years of the experiment he returned to his old home, leaving his well-built log cabin on the tract of timber which he had purchased, and it was to this hunter's lodge that there came Vance Harper and his old friend Professor Moss, on a vacation trip. On the first evening of their sojourn Harper discovered a curious crystal which the professor pronounced to be a tourmaline, and further prospecting revealed the fact that the mountain was probably rich in such mineral wealth. Accordingly the two men entered into a compact by which they leased the mountain side from Uncle Terry. The workings of the mine, the apprehension of a thief who purloined their first cache of treasure, and the building of necessary roads, cabins and other accessories give ample opportunity for the descriptions of wood life and its incidental happenings, while conferences with Uncle Terry pave the way for Vance to court and win Olive, the adopted daughter of the old man and the core of his heart. In these days of dabbling with the muck and mire of life under the pretense that it is "realism" it is comfortable to find an occasional book which is so fresh and wholesome. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Pygmalion and Eliza

Great is Bernard Shaw, but he is not Pygmalion. He has the skill to carve a lifelike figure, but the gods fail him when he prays them to enliven it. Eliza Doolittle comes closer to the possession of the vivifying spark than his other women, not excepting Mrs. Warren; but even Eliza stops just this side of humanity. She is not a mortal creature, she is a Shavian. That is to say, she does not partake of our life though she is nearer to it than a woman from Mars. The trouble with Shaw is that he is not quite human himself (how can a vegetarian and a prohibitionist be quite human?), and he creates after his own image. He fashions Shavian lay figures, not men and women. These lay figures are always interesting, particularly when they are funny; but they have no souls, and their hearts are pumps, nothing more. Shaw realizes this is so—for Shaw knows himself—but he is powerless to remedy the defect, although in "Pygmalion" he seems to have tried pretty hard. At the end of "Pygmalion" poor Eliza is conscious of something like a soul stirring within her. It isn't a soul, but it is enough to show her what her limitations are.

"Cruel playwright," she might say to Shaw in that phonetically correct English of hers, "you have given me many gifts, but you have withheld the one which would make the others worth while."

"What, what," Shaw might answer, "what do you mean? What gift have I withheld?"

"A soul," Eliza might answer.

"Bless my soul, you're right," the playwright might say, "but I didn't think you were clever enough to miss it. But why should I give you a soul? You wouldn't know what to do with it."

"You mean," Eliza might respond, "that you wouldn't know how to handle me if I had a soul."

I'm afraid Shaw would have to admit that Eliza was right in this last remark. The soul is something he doesn't traffick with. It's out of his line. He doesn't carry souls in his pack of wares. It has always been so much easier for him to build creatures without them. To the imbecile George III one of the impenetrable mysteries was, how the apple got into the dumpling. To Shaw the mystery of mysteries is how the soul gets into the body. He has never solved it, not even in "Pygmalion." I wonder if he was thinking of the soullessness of his work when he selected Mrs. Pat Campbell to play Eliza. Here is a woman with a soul. She lends her soul to Shaw, and that is a favor for which he ought to be exceedingly obliged to her.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Margaret Anglin's Greek Plays

Margaret Anglin arrived in Berkeley on Thursday and has begun rehearsals for three Greek plays in English to be given next month at the Greek Theatre. The plays will be: On Saturday evening, August 14, Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," Saturday evening, August 21, Euripides' "Medea," and on Saturday evening, August 28, Sophocles' "Electra," which Miss Anglin presented at the Greek Theatre two years ago. Livingston Platt, the distinguished technical director, will have charge of the costuming, stage decorations and lighting. Gustav von Seiffertitz, general stage director, is selecting the supernumeraries. A special feature will be the music, composed and arranged for an orchestra of sixty by Walter Damrosch who will arrive here on July 30. The cast will include Fuller Mellish, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Lawson Butt, Pedro de Cordoba and other classic actors.

Mrs. Campbell Continues

England's favorite actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell has evidently scored heavily at the Columbia in G. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday at special prices. Both of them, each week during the Mrs. Patrick Campbell engagement, are played at special prices, ranging from 50 cents to $1.50. There will be no Sunday performances by Mrs. Campbell.

Miss Fuller's Dancing Girls

La Loie Fuller, the famous "Mistress of Light," and her girl dancers will give their final performances for the month at Festival Hall next Wednesday evening at half past eight, and Saturday afternoon, July 31, at half past two. No small part of the excellence of the performances is due to the music played by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty artists, under the leadership of Georges George. The selections given between the dancing numbers would do credit to any symphony program. The coming programs will include the best features of Miss Fuller's earlier performances. Among the offerings will be the "Sirenes," the "Thousand and One Nights," the "Night on Mont Chauve" and the "Birth of the Great Black Opal." The prices will be popular, and seats may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. A notable event at Festival Hall will be "American Composers' Day," Sunday afternoon, August 1, when the Exposition Orchestra will give a program devoted to native works, many of which will be conducted by the composers themselves.

LOUISE GRASSLER

The charming leading woman with Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort

Gus Edwards at Orpheum

Gus Edwards (himself) and his Song Revue of 1915 will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. Mr. Edwards' Song Revue has become an institution. For many years this popular composer has successfully toured the country with a company (mostly girls) offering a delightful entertainment of song, dance, mimicry and comedy, the effect enhanced by beautiful costumes and scenery. He has long been famous as composer and comedian, and has probably written more songs than half a dozen composers combined. In his company are still "Little Georgie" and "Cute Cuddles." These youngsters are the "biggest little stars" of the theatre and as mimics compare favorably with most adult impersonators. A special feature will be Katherine Ruth Heyman, recognized as a brilliant pianist. Miss Heyman was the soloist of the three concerts given by Saint-Saens at Festival Hall. Nan Halperin is a singing comedienne who through the aid of personality and talent insinuates herself into the good graces of her audience. Allan Dinehart will present a sketch written for him by Everett S. Ruskay called "The Meanest Man in the World." The Volunteers are announced as "a singing novelty," and it is the particular desire of Billy Cripps, Al Rauph, Jerome Daley and Fred Lyon who introduce it that no eulogy or description should precede it. With this bill the Misses Campbell; Bert Melrose; and Marion Morgan's Classic Dancers will conclude their engagements.

Fifteenth Week of "Clansman"

D. W. Griffith's wonderful spectacle "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," will start on its fifteenth and last week at the Alcazar Monday. It is being shown twice daily to audiences that tax the capacity of the playhouse. Popular demand makes it necessary for the management to cancel other attractions in order that "The Birth of a Nation" may play this final week. There are exhibitions at two in the afternoon and at eight ten in the evening.

M. Navarro at Music Matinee

The program for this Saturday's Matinee of Music under the auspices of Kohler and Chase will be operatic. The soloist will be M. Navarro, tenor, who was so successful with the Western Metropolitan Opera Company and the Lambardis. He has appeared here frequently in concerts and churches. G. Vargas will look after the instrumental portion of the program. He will play the accompaniments to M. Navarro's songs, and will interpret a number of piano compositions on the Knabe player piano.

"Omar" at the Cort

Again is joyous Omar Khayyam to pitch his tent in our midst. Guy Bates Post will reappear at the Cort next Sunday evening in Richard Walton Tully's magnificent spectacle "Omar, the Tentmaker." During its three weeks' visit here last year this production aroused the greatest interest of any dramatic offering of the season. As every theatregoer in San Francisco knows, "Omar, the Tentmaker" is based upon the life, times and Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,

the Persian poet of the eleventh century, especial emphasis being laid upon his engaging love-life. Many discerning critics have proclaimed "Omar, the Tentmaker" to be the logical successor to "Kismet." This is probably because not only both plays have an elaborate Oriental background, but because they are the only massive and important spectacular productions made in America since "Ben Bur" and the late Richard Mansfield's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Pictorially the luxurious adornment of "Omar, the Tentmaker" has probably never been surpassed in beauty upon our stage. From beginning to end there is a procession of brilliant, colorful settings.

Jungle Girls at Pantages

Tom Linton and his jungle maids are the topliners on the new eight-act show which opens Sunday at Pantages. Linton calls his offering a "Zulu festival of tropical oddity" in which the jungle girls troop in and out with frivolous abandon. Linton is a funster who has surrounded himself with bewitching dancing and singing girls. The name of Eddie Ross is not known as yet in this vicinity, but if advance reports count for much Eddie will be the gossip of the city after his opening performance. Unannounced this comedian has scored the biggest hit of any single entertainer on the Pantages circuit. Alexander Pantages has signed Ross for an immediate return over the circuit so great has been his success. Herbert Bashford, the well known literary editor and playwright, wrote "The Stranger" which Charles King, Virginia Thornton and Ernest Sevay will play. It is a western sketch brimful of comedy. Herbert Dane and his Six Adorables will offer a classical danse revue. Stella May and Margie Addis style their act "Daughters of the Regiment of Fun." Arthur Don and George Stanley, locally popular comedy-makers, and Phil La Toska, the talkative juggler, will complete a strong bill.

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Her Aside

(Continued from Page 8.)

Bullmann—No, no, Blanche Myosotis.

Darchet—Oh, yes, pardon me. But why? For what role?

Bullmann—For the little lady's maid in the third act—Rosa.

Darchet (searching his memory)—Rosa? Oh, yes, I remember—there is a servant—

Bullmann—And you yourself wanted Mlle. to create the character. She was your ideal of it.

Darchet—I wanted her? I do not remember—it seems to me it was the manager. I didn't have anything to do with it.

Bullmann—Oh, yes, it was you. She told me so with tears in her eyes.

Darchet—Well, it is possible. And so it is she who is doing the servant. Good! I hope she makes good.

Bullmann—You remember her now, you recall her?

Bullmann—Yes, indeed. A little thing.

Bullmann—No, tall.

Darchet—Rather blond?

Bullmann—No, very dark.

Darchet—Oh, I remember her now. I can see her. I could pick her out in a crowd.

Bullmann—You needn't do that. Well, I have a request—

Darchet (frowning)—What is it?

Bullmann—Do you remember her scene?

Darchet—Her scene? Has Rosa a scene?

Bullmann—Don't interrupt. Now, my dear master and friend, won't you be good enough—

Darchet—But I don't understand. She has no scene. What does she say? Nothing. What does she do? Nothing. Rejane rings for her. She comes on. Rejane says to her: "Rosa, you may go to bed." And she goes out, without so much as a peep. That's her scene.

Bullmann—Precisely. That's what I say. She has wonderful ability. She has a manner that even you would never suspect. That's the whole play, that scene between Rejane and Myosotis: "Rosa, you may go to bed." Pan! V'lan! The situation is tense to the breaking point! The Marquise de Serpenteuse (played by Rejane) has three lovers—and yet she is an honest woman. She is going to leave her husband and her two adored children that very evening to elope with Raoul de Carmac, the one of the three lovers whom she has selected as her provisionally definite choice, because he is the most infamous and has dishonored himself for her sake by cheating at his club. She has reached that point, her mind is made up irrevocably. No human power—

Darchet—Nor divine.

Bullmann—Precisely. Then she rings for Rosa. The audience is breathless.

Darchet—No more than I. Then?

Bullmann—Then she says: "Rosa, you may—

Darchet—Go to bed!"

Bullmann—Yes! And it is to this precise point that I venture, that I take the liberty, my dear master, to call your earnest attention. What does Rosa do? All Paris is waiting. Well, she says nothing, answers nothing, nothing, nothing!

Darchet (beginning to be amused)—Undoubtedly—

Bullmann—It is just there, if you will pardon me, that there's a hole, a gap. The audience is disappointed. Rosa simply goes out. We are all wrought up, and then we collapse. The great scene between Rejane and Myosotis falls flat, and the act, which was a splendid one, ends in general uneasiness and consternation.

Darchet (irritated)—Ah, so?

Bullmann—Don't speak— I know that I am profaning—

Darchet—Odi profanum.

Bullmann—That it is very presumptuous in me, a mere worm—but still—

Darchet—Well, what is it you want? A formal scene between Myosotis and—

Bullmann—Rejane? No, no, I am not so unreasonable as that. Not yet. Myosotis does not deserve it. Later, much later. Next year, perhaps, if she works.

Darchet—Well, then?

Bullmann—No, I was wondering if at that decisive moment a few humorous reflections in the mouth of this devoted servant—

Darchet—Oh, that would be silly!

Bullmann—Yes? Perhaps. You know better than I. In that case a word, just a single word, one of those brilliant, sparkling words that you scatter so easily—(reflecting)—something like, for instance—

Darchet—Don't search for one, you might find it.

Bullmann—Less than a word, then? An aside? Just a little bit of an aside?

Darchet—Pshaw!

Bullmann—That's very short. Still we will have to be content with it.

Darchet—Oh, no, no, no! That was to you.

Bullmann—Oh, I was so pleasantly mistaken. "Pshaw!" Oh, there are so many ways of saying "Pshaw!"—the more I think of it—one could make a hit with it and capture all the critics. There is the naive "Pshaw," the cynical "Pshaw," the angry "Pshaw," the "Pshaw" just with a nod—

Darchet—You have "Pshawed" enough, my dear sir. I must leave you.

Bullmann—Already? Where are you going? I am going that way myself, and if you'll jump into my cab I'll put you down—

Darchet—Thanks. I am going back to the theatre opposite.

Bullmann—There you are! I was waiting for that! Are you going to see her, to talk it over with her?

Darchet—Later. I must think over it tonight.

Bullmann—May the night give you good counsel!

Darchet—And you, too!

Bullmann—She is so interesting! Some day, if you are willing, we can meet and I will tell you—her life is quite a romance.

Darchet—I'll take your word for it. To be continued in our next. (He starts to go.)

Bullmann (holding him back)—But the aside? Eh? Just a little bit of a one? I myself don't know just precisely what kind of a—(he thinks)—but still—

Darchet—Good-bye!

He crosses the boulevard and goes into the theatre. Five minutes later he is in the manager's office, repeating the conversation he had just had with Bullman on the subject of the little Myosotis.

Darchet—Well, what do you think of it?

Manager—It's very funny, her little aside. It's like one of Halevy's stories. It would be a pity not to give both that satisfaction—to the noble father and the ingenue.

Darchet—What! Do you really think that—

Manager—Yes, I do. We must give the little Myosotis her aside.

Darchet—But what?

Manager—Something ridiculous. That'll please her all the more.

Darchet—What if I have her say: "Thank heaven!"

Manager—That's good, that'll go. We'll put in the line for her: "Thank heaven!" She will be delighted, and the old man, too. Then, on the day of the first performance, an hour before the curtain goes up, we'll cut out her aside.

Darchet—Oh, that would be cruel! What pretext could we give?

Manager—We'll say it was irreligious, and the censor wouldn't stand for it.

Near-Wisdom

It takes a philosopher to say "Better late than never" when he misses the last train.

Elocution would have more value if, in addition to teaching how to speak, it would teach us when.

Lots of excuses are not worth the trouble it takes to make them.

Many a woman is shy on birthdays who isn't really behind the times.

You can make a little truth go a long way by stretching it.

Some people never quarrel with themselves so long as they can find any one else to quarrel with.

A man is never too old to learn, nor to forget what he has learned.

Somehow or other the fellow who always says "I told you so" never seems to win any bets.

Don't judge of a man's politeness till you see him in his own house.

Unfortunately the fellow who is always willing to lend a hand generally has an empty one.

The opportunities that go astray are usually those that strike other people instead of coming to us.

When a man looks down on us, we can't help hoping he will get dizzy and fall off.

Every woman must have a pet. If she can't have a cat or a dog, she gets a man.

A man is judged by his deeds; also by what he doesn't do.

It is more blessed to extend the glad hand than to point the finger of scorn.

"Ladies," anounced the president of an afternoon bridge club, "ladies, it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?"

"I suggest," said a sprightly little blonde, "I suggest that we discuss it while we play."

Willis—Who was the best man at your wedding?

Gillis—Bump; though I didn't realize it at the time.

Willis—What do you mean?

Gillis—He was the only one that advised me against taking the step.

The Deaf One (protestingly)—Don't close the window and shut out that fresh air!

The Sensitive One (irritably)—That's no fresh air—it's Tipperary!

Willie—When does the honeymoon end, dad?

Crabshaw—As soon as a man's wife starts in to act the way she intends to right along.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—As far as the war is concerned, the week's operations in the field were not decisive and do not encourage the hope of an early peace. Should the war end with Germany in possession of Belgium and part of France and Russia while Great Britain holds nearly all Germany's overseas colonies, peace would be nothing more than an armed truce, but such a suspension of hostilities may follow exhaustion and disgust at the terrible destruction and slaughter. War itself would be no worse than a state of preparing for another war, and such an outcome is feared by those who have at heart the welfare of mankind. Germany could hardly be better prepared than she was a year ago and Germany and France have greater need for permanent peace than the other belligerents. Such considerations will affect markets for securities for years to come and will determine the rate of interest on the national debts of the various countries. An unsatisfactory peace would also be followed by trade wars and obstacles would be placed in the way of resuming commercial relations. In any event the trade policy of the United Kingdom is likely to be changed and the whole world will be affected if free trade is abandoned by its only important advocate. Apart from the war and our international relations, the week was full of interest. Foreign liquidation of bonds was heavier than for some time and stocks were also sold for foreign account. London sold American securities to provide for subscriptions to the great national loan now on the market, but these sales, though large, were not heavy enough to raise the sterling exchange rate materially and were a disappointment to that extent. All offerings were absorbed and it is evident that American investors can take up good home securities as fast as they are thrown on the bargain counter. The best bonds are being bought back home at more than 8 per cent below the price Europe paid for them, so the gain is substantial. Trading in stocks was left to the professionals and the market never gets anywhere when in their hands. Wall Street has changed very much since the panic of 1907 and there are no big operators who conduct broad campaigns on either side of the market. Those who speculate are merely scalpers and their operations have little influence on prices. The public has been making the market for a year and the small investor has done well. Much of the time the majority of transactions on which full commissions are paid consist of odd lot trading which has been the most important element as far as outright sales and purchase are concerned.

Wheat—Some weakness was witnessed in the earlier part of the week, after which there was a material recovery, more particularly in the July, until now prices are only slightly below the level of a week ago. The delay in the movement of new wheat owing to the interference with harvesting through unfavorable weather conditions combined with the scarcity of old wheat and a good milling demand, led to the recovery in values. The tendency among the trade to anticipate a decline in prices because of the large crop and only a moderate export demand has been the means of creating a congested condition, the correcting of which has been in progress during recent days. At the same time there has been some alteration in sentiment touching the future of prices, and this has been made evident in a more confident demand through commission houses. Argentine shipments as estimated this week will fall considerably below the last several weeks, and it is assumed that that supply is fairly well exhausted. A late foreign estimate indicates that the excess crop in exporting countries will adjust the shortage in the nations at war. The market seems to be about evenly balanced at this level, the lateness of the movement offsetting the absence of export sales, and it appears as though prices would move in response to whichever of these factors preponderates.

Corn ranges somewhat higher as a result of the unfavorable weather and the general conviction that the condition is quite backward Besides this there has been a much better demand, with recent sales of rather fair quantity, despite the offerings of Argentine corn. Shipments from the latter country to Europe have assumed quite large proportions. According to advices, our crop will require about perfect growing conditions until maturity. Country offerings are regarded as moderate, and it is unlikely that these will increase much until the future of the crop is more nearly determined. Prices somewhat below and around this level offer considerable resistance to pressure, and it is fair to assume that this stubbornness will remain while there is a question about the crop.

Cotton—The cotton market continued its advance of last week until the market had shown an advance of 60 points from the recent low level. At the advance, a good many longs who had bought below 9 cents took profits and this gave us some reaction, but the undertone of the market was firm and the reaction was only natural. Spot cotton followed the advance of the futures and spinners takings for the week showed a good increase over last year. Advices from southwest Texas state that owing to high temperatures and dry weather, cotton had stopped fruiting and was deteriorating rapidly. Reports from the boll weevil-infected districts of Alabama and Mississippi were to the effect that these pests were very active and farmers getting discouraged. Complaints are daily becoming more numerous and we look for conditions, especially in the Eastern belt, to get decidedly serious before the end of this month. There is still a good sized interest in the market and if crop accounts grow worse, we expect to see some heavy buying and much higher prices in the near future.

A youthful attorney, the greater part of whose time was spent in an endeavor to appear busy and prosperous, went out for a while, leaving on his door a neat placard:

"Will be back in an hour."

Upon his return he found that a lawyer across the hall had inscribed underneath:

"What for?"

Blithers entered the dining room with a pair of yellow automobile goggles on.

"Hello, Blithers," said little Binks. "Going motoring?"

"No," said Blithers. "I'm sort of hungry for grapefruit, and I want to keep the juice out of my eye."

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

Office Phone: Kearny 711
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.—No. 19155; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ., 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in matters connected with said estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

AXEL SONDERUP,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.—No. 19178; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ROSE G. HALLER, Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Wise & O'Connor, 516 Wells Fargo Building, corner Second and Mission Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

ROSE G. HALLER,
Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

WISE & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executrix,
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

The President Ignores Hearst

President Wilson's favorite American newspaper, we have been told, is that very respectable, conservative, well-edited journal, the Springfield Republican. We have also been told that he never reads any of the Hearst journals, and that nobody has ever heard him mention the name of Hearst. These assertions appear to be borne out by recent events. For while the President is not insensible of public opinion as reflected by the press he is evidently wholly oblivious of that section of public opinion reflected exclusively by the Hearst papers. The Hearst papers it is clear are not in sympathy with Mr. Wilson's attitude toward Germany. The Hearst papers fear that the President will plunge us into war with Germany. They are trying very hard to give color to the bold assertion of a German paper published in Chicago that there is a secret agreement between this country and England. The Hearst papers would have us believe that the President is partial to England, and that his partiality is evidenced by his toleration of England's unjustifiable treatment of ships carrying American cargoes to neutral countries. Of these criticisms and comments in the Hearst papers Mr. Wilson has not taken cognizance so far as we are able to perceive. It would seem that he is even in ignorance of the criticisms of sundry diplomats (names not mentioned) who censure the Administration in the Hearst papers for its uncouth diplomacy. Surely the conclusion is warranted that Mr. Wilson does not read the Hearst papers.

The Lansing Language

Mr. Hearst objects to the style and tone of the language of the Lansing note. He says it is not "in exact accord with recognized diplomatic usage." This is true enough. There has been a marked change in the style and tone of the language of the State Department. It is as though we had returned to the style and tone of our old-fashioned shirt-sleeve diplomacy when frankness and sincerity were deemed more consistent with the dignity of a Republic than the euphuisms and euphemisms of hypocritical chancelleries, such as marked the correspondence that preceded the mobilization of troops in the summer of 1914. Maybe the language of our State Department might have been softened somewhat without danger of a tendency to equivocation, but it is hard to please everybody. We remember that criticism of our first note on the Lusitania affair was to the effect that it was fulsome and too thickly larded with fine phrases implying our steadfast confidence in Germany's affection for the United States. And even the German notes have far from escaped criticism. There was one written by Ambassador Bernstorff long before the Lusitania was torpedoed so full of what were pronounced impertinences that some of our prominent commentators observed that it would be beneath the dignity of the Administration to answer it. It was suggested at the time that Bernstorff ought to be "called down" or "kicked out" or something equally harsh and unpleasant. These are parlous times, and so strong are the prepossessions of flaming partisans that none but the shrewdest artist in words might hope to escape misinterpretation. Even the experienced diplomats of Berlin have not been able to command uniform interpretation. Their very suavity has been misunderstood. Notwithstanding the exceeding urbanity which they affect in proposing to mollify us by pointing the way in which our rights may be safeguarded under their direction they have been suspected of having their tongue in their cheek. So it would appear after all that style is not a matter of first importance. The language by which men conceal their thoughts is the language of diplomacy. When they really wish to express their thoughts they should eschew preciosities. Let us not then be hypercritical. It is but fair to assume that the President more accurately apprehends the situation than the most of us. If he has been too much given to rhetoric, as Colonel Roosevelt believes, it is not for aversion to it that he has pointed to the page where the chapter should end.

An Impatient Peace Propagandist

The fiery Colonel is not the only distinguished citizen holding the opinion that there should be surcease of correspondence. Here is former United States Senator George Franklin Edmunds, who has long worn the badge of the Massachusetts Peace Society, affirming his impatience of rhetoric. An oldtime Republican is Senator Edmunds, a Senator from Vermont from 1866 to 1891 and twice a candidate for President. He is now eighty-seven years of age. Several days before the Lansing note was written Senator Edmunds wrote a letter to President Wilson in criticism of the very polite German note responding to the second American protest against what the Senator describes as the "barbaric destruction by submarines of the lives of many peaceful citizens." Senator Edmunds pronounces himself "one of the 95 per cent of the grown-up and intelligent people of our country who have gladly supported your efforts to mitigate the intrinsic evils and horrors of so-called civilized warfare and to defend our citizens in the exercise of the long-established rights of neutrals." He adds: "The (German) reply is, in my opinion, in substance an attempt to justify or else to evade, responsibility for all the slaughter of our civilian citizens which it has knowingly committed." And the Peace Society veteran concludes: "Let us then cease futile correspondence and withdraw our Ambassador and send the German Ambassador his passport." There are other conservative Americans who have grown impatient notwithstanding the suavity of the language that comes from Berlin. Among them is David Jayne Hill, former American Ambassador to Berlin, who wrote a letter to the Boston Transcript on July 13 wherein he said: "There are occasions when silence, delay and prolonged negotiations are not only humiliating but fatal to the prestige and future influence of a nation." Discussing the Lusitania incident, he says: "If the Imperial German Government does not intend to recognize the existing rules of international law in a matter of such gravity, but to act, and maintain the right to act, in defiance of them, and to create for itself the law of the sea, it would be difficult to regard the friendly professions of that Government as sincere. In that case it would be an act of insincerity on the part of the United States also to accept such affirmations of friendship and above all to express sentiments of confidence and amity in return." From this it is to be inferred that even David Jayne Hill is not averse to the tone of our old-fashioned shirt-sleeve diplomacy.

Violations of Neutral Rights

It is not to be gainsaid that the United States has abundant provocation for emphatic protest against Great Britain for her violation of international law with respect to American commerce. This is admitted even by British critics. Sydney Brooks, writing on the subject in the London Outlook last May, said: "The protests which the United States has from time to time made against our manner of exercising our belligerent powers have caused, I think, a quite disproportionate resentment among the British people. Without exception they have been mild in substance and courteous and even friendly in form—considerably more so, I imagine, than our own representations would have proved had the circumstances been reversed. Neutrals have rights, and it is very far from being a permanent British interest that they should be abrogated or overlooked; and in the inevitable duty that lies ahead of the world of rebuilding its code of international law the American statements of neutral rights may quite conceivably meet with something like general adoption." Now while we have reason to expect the President to de-

mand that England as well as Germany shall respect American rights, it is hardly quite fair or decent to impugn his sincerity or honesty because he has seemed to be a little more earnestly importunate in one case than in the other. It should be remembered that while the injury England is doing can be repaired, the injury Germany is doing is beyond repair. The case against Germany was set forth in strong language in the New York Tribune just before the President sent his last note. Germany, said the Tribune, has replied to our notes with words "destitute alike of frankness and sincerity," asserting the while "the right and determination to enforce by murder its purpose to curtail the liberties of American citizens." According to the Tribune "in the whole history of international relations there is no record of patience, forbearance, endurance to equal that shown by the United States" toward Germany. The same journal commenting on the President's note says that to attach too much value to it is to mistake the situation which long ago passed beyond the control of the American people. "Does Germany mean to make war on us?" That is the question, says the Tribune. "The murder of American citizens upon the Lusitania was an act of war. The attack upon the Nebraskan was an act of war only partially atoned for by limited apology. The attack upon the Orduna, bearing American citizens, was an act of war. Wilful, deliberate, persistent murder of one nation's citizens by another nation is war, even though no declaration is made." And so, from the Tribune's viewpoint the only question is, Does Germany intend to persist in making war on us?

An Explanation

Perhaps it should be explained that we have quoted the Tribune not because its views are peculiar but because they are typical of sentiment along the Atlantic seaboard. That sentiment is reflected by the big dailies of New York and the New England States. dailies that in all probability the President reads in preference to any of the San Francisco dailies, one of which (the only one in the United States) justified the killing of Americans on the Lusitania. Another reason for quoting a leading New York daily is that we are concerned for those of our citizens of German birth who may be misled by the newspapers that have found it worth while to follow the lead of the absurd German propaganda with all its ineptitudes. Every sensible man knows that it is quite natural for men of German birth as well as for men of French birth and men of English birth to sympathize with their native land in the terrible war that is devastating Europe. No fault is to be found with them for their sentimental loyalty. On the contrary we permit our antipathy to be aroused only by the disloyal son, that rara avis of the type of the conspicuous Englishman who has been agitating to reduce the resources of his country. For him we have a heart load of contempt. But while we sympathize with the men who are pro-German by blood and Americans by virtue of their citizenship we do not think it to their advantage to encourage in them a misconception of the sentiment that prevails in the densely populated areas of the United States. It is well that they should understand that there is a deep and widespread resentment of the crimes that have been committed against this country. It is not to their interest to be led into the belief that a Hearst with his imaginary personal grievances against the President is sincerely their friend. We have had innumerable proofs of that individual's celerity in turning tail to a friend, shifting his position in a crisis and trimming his sails to catch the popular breeze. Hearst has not helped the German cause by his covert attacks on the President in a time of crisis. He has intensified resentment quite as much as those German diplomats who have been threatening to punish as traitors all Germans who are working in American munition factories, thus implying that American citizenship is a matter of no consequence in Berlin.

The Purity Congress

Perhaps the most instructive of all the conventions held under the auspices of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was the one that attracted promoters of purity and vituperators of vice from the ends of the earth. It was instructive in this,—that it enabled the humble, unsophisticated citizen to take a peek at the lopsided, flat-headed individuals to whom vice-crusades afford titillation as well as to familiarize himself with the quality of grey matter that exudes thought where purifyers congregate. Further, it was instructive inasmuch as it served to accentatue the intellectual powers of Chancellor David Starr Jordan who gladly accepted an invitation to address a Congress composed of the kind of people who hiss and gag a speaker when they cannot refute his arguments. Perhaps the most instructive of the speakers was Dr. E. H. Pratt, a Chicago surgeon with a hobby which he finds quite profitable since he practices it on patients stretched on the operating table. Dr. Pratt talked his hobby to the Congress. He told his fellow enthusiasts that to emancipate the world from vice they must advocate his pet operation on a certain "sympathetic nerve." This nerve he has discovered renders the individual not only susceptible to temptation but inclined to look for it. This nerve controls the mind though located at a considerable distance therefrom. Now ii Dr. Pratt is correct Dr. Aked ought to quit the pulpit and take to the operating room. For Dr. Aked would exterminate vice. We hope the reverend gentleman heard the medical man's talk, but possibly it was when the physician of the body was inveighing against the nerve centre of temptation that the soul doctor was himself yielding to the temptation by which he was lured to a shady performance at a disreputable theatre. Of course we mean the temptation to gratify a pious curiosity in the interest of virtue.

Another Pundit in Berkeley

What a wonderful science is social science! How wonderful the men who are bringing it into vital contact with the lives and hopes of all of us by expounding the psychology of it! The sociologists have transformed social science by applying to it the doctrines of evolution taught by physical science. They have established between physical phenomena and social an enormous number of analogies, and they are now offering to the mind a vast variety of suggestion with regard to the significance of man's presence upon the earth. They go so far as to promise to supply us with the materials of a religion calculated to replace that which physical science, in their opinion, has utterly discredited. Oh, but they are great scientists! They are demanding of us only a little more faith than is required for a good working interest in religion. It is interesting to study their methods, to follow them along the path which leads to what they are pleased to regard as definite results. One of them is now quenching the thirst for knowledge over at Berkeley. His name is Ogburn. He is Professor Ogburn, professor of social psychology of Reed College. Professor Ogburn is as pragmatic and dogmatic as a Baconian cypher-expert but it is this unscientific manner that makes a tremendous impression in academic circles. He has a large repertory of information as to the evolution of our instincts, and he has been pumping instruction at the culture seekers of Berkeley, douching them with a fine penetrating spray of what he conceives to be unimpeachable information. We grit our teeth, says this college don. because as monkeys we used to bite our enemies; we frown because as monkeys the light shone in our eyes when we were watching our enemies. Professor Ogburn talks about our instincts as though they were fauna whose fossils are readable. He knows why we laugh with our faces instead of our feet. It is because our arboreal ancestors were too busy holding on with their prehensile rear fists. The value of all this knowledge may be judged from the conclusion to which it leads Professor Ogburn—that unless we shorten the hours of labor and "let the working man have more recreation he will not go to night school." Thus we get an inkling of the importance of social psychology. Consider what the study of it has enabled Professor Ogburn to discover. Is it not of the highest importance that we should induce the night-school mood in the melancholy mechanic who is indifferent to learning? Unless our mechanics go to night school they will not take an interest in social psychology as taught by Professor Ogburn of Reed College. And there is this very important consideration,—that the more mechanics we lure to night school the more demand there will be in the course of time for instructors of the Ogburn type. Ah, what a fine thing is schooling. It makes college professors out of men intended by nature for the most humble occupations.

Varied Types

CCXL—R. PORTER ASHE

By Edward F. O'Day

The Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association is going to have a Geraldine Stake.

For the horseman that statement lets loose a swift flood of splendid racing recollections. If you are not a horseman, I may still be able to interest you in some of the stories the statement calls to mind. For Geraldine was one of the brightest ornaments of the American turf. She is dead and gone now, but her glory lives in the memory of turfmen the world over, and the world's record she made at Morris Park on the thirtieth of August, 1889, stands today as the best performance ever made in a half-mile running race; it has never been bettered, it has never been equalled.

When the gentlemen who are reviving the noble sport of horse racing in California met a few evening ago, the question of stakes came under discussion. There are to be a number of stakes, but only one is to be named after a horse. That is the Geraldine Stake, a three-quarters mile handicap sprinting stake for one thousand dollars to be run on Labor Day. The suggestion that this stake be so named came from J. H. Rossiter, a member of the newly organized association, and when he made the suggestion all the other members received it with enthusiasm—all the members but one. Porter Ashe was too much affected by the compliment to say anything. Need I say that Geraldine belonged to Porter Ashe?

When I heard of the incident I went to Porter Ashe, and begged him to review for me some of the facts in Geraldine's brilliant career.

"And as you know that I do not know horses," I said, "tell me first of all how Geraldine's position on the turf is to be fixed."

"I can tell you that best of all by telling you a story," said Porter Ashe, and I settled myself back in my seat with that luxurious feeling one has in the presence of a proved raconteur who is launched on a congenial theme.

"I was racing at Saratoga in August, 1889," Porter Ashe began, "and one morning at breakfast I read in the New York paper that the new Morris Park track, 'the track of magnificent distances' as we used to call it, was about to be opened at Westchester. The paper stated that the first race on the new track was to be a five-eighths mile dash weight for age, and that this distance had been fixed by the Morrises because they regarded their horse Britannic as the fastest sprinter in the world and were naturally eager for the honor of winning the first event on their own track. I read also that the Dwyers were to start Fordham, that Freddy Gebhardt had entered Volunteer III, and that there were other entries from Latonia and Chicago.

"'I'll start the little mare,' I said.

"So I scratched Geraldine out of a race she was to run that day at Saratoga and entered her by telegram at the new Westchester track. I found that Walter Gratz had done the same thing with his horse Fenelon. So Gratz and I walked our horses from Saratoga to Albany, took them on the boat to New York, and in the early morning of the following day walked them from New York to Morris Park.

"I had the good fortune to get hold of Jockey Andy McCarthy who had just arrived from Latonia. Geraldine went to the post at fifteen to one. My racing colors were all-cherry, while Gebhardt's were scarlet with white cuffs. Everybody thought that Gebhardt's Volunteer III was winning, but I could see Geraldine nodding out in front. She won that first race at Morris Park against all the crack horses of the country. Britannic ran second, Fordham third and Volunteer III was fourth.

"The men I had beaten were not satisfied, and so a couple of weeks later another race was arranged, four furlongs weight for age. Practically the same bunch of sprinters started. Just before the race I met Jack McAuliffe, the fighter, who was Dwyer's betting commissioner. He was on his way to the ring to wager twenty thousand dollars on Fordham. I stopped him, and told him I thought Geraldine was going to win.

"'Fordham will have to break a record to beat Geraldine,' I said.

"He laughed and said, 'Geraldine will have to break a record to beat Fordham.'

"The price on Geraldine was two and a half to one, but Fordham went to the post the favorite, the price pounded down by the Dwyer money.

"Geraldine won the race, doing the half-mile in forty-six seconds and establishing a world's record which remains until this day. Fordham ran second.

"Dwyer still felt that Fordham was the better horse, so a week later another half-mile race was arranged. Again Geraldine won, beating Fordham in forty-six and one-half seconds, more easily than before.

"In all Geraldine won seventy-eight races, and I have no idea how many times she ran second and third. As for the purses she won, I never added them up. She raced for twelve years, longer than any other mare we have a record of. The nearest approach was the English mare Camilla who raced for eight years. She raced against the best everywhere. There was always a champion who was going to down Geraldine, but Geraldine never failed to take the champion's measure."

"How did you acquire Geraldine?" I asked.

"That is another story," replied Porter Ashe. "In the Fall of 1884 I met in San Jose an old Missourian named John Adams. John Adams had two mares, Cousin Peggy and Fanny D. Cousin Peggy had been stinted to Grinstead, and Fanny D. to Rutherford, two of 'Lucky' Baldwin's celebrated stallions, and both mares had been sent to Haggin's Rancho del Paso. Old Adams was badly in need of ready money. I loaned him a thousand dollars, and he insisted on giving me a six-months' note secured by the two mares.

"In the following Spring, six months later to a day, old Adams came to my law office—I had offices with Ryland Wallace and Bob Hastings—and plunked down one thousand dollars (the note bore no interest). He brought it in a big canvas bag, gold, currency, but mostly silver. He was one of the straightest old sports that ever lived, and he insisted on counting the money out on my desk, arranging it before me in little piles. When he finished he drew a long breath of relief, thanked me for my courtesy and started for the door. As he went he looked longingly at the piles of coin, and I asked him whether he needed any ready money. Yes, he did. He had scraped together everything he could in order to save the mares and the two colts which had been foaled. I asked him what the mares and the colts were worth, and he told me, a couple of thousand dollars.

"'Take back this thousand,' I said to him, 'and give me a half interest in the mares and the colts. I'll ship them to Maltese Villa (my stock ranch at Merced), raise the fillies, break them, train them and see if they're worth anything.'

"Old John hesitated, but finally decided he didn't want to sell, and went away. I was called out of my office for a few minutes, but when I returned John Adams was there again, gazing at those piles of money. He said he had changed his mind, and that he'd like to sell me a half-interest.

"So the two mares and the fillies were sent to Maltese Villa. Cousin Peggy's foal was Geraldine. She was broken as a yearling, and when 'asked the question' showed a world of speed. While she was being prepared for her two-year-old engagements I became satisfied that she was a wonderful filly. So I sent a letter to John

(Continued on Page 12.)

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Perspective Impressions

Not by any of our dailies have we been informed that a Los Angeles jury gave Joe Scott a verdict against the Times for $30,000 damages for libel. Even the Bulletin that hates the Times has not been disloyal to the newspaper conspiracy of silence in libel cases. Nor has the Bulletin or any local daily told us of the verdicts against Hearst in Los Angeles.

By the way, while it may be easy to start a recall proposition, it is no longer difficult to get a judgment against a newspaper bully, and there is no reason why a judge shouldn't start a libel suit.

A judge may for a brief spell be plunged into public disfavor, but in San Francisco as well as in Los Angeles the newspaper bully never gets out of it.

"See a pin and pick it up; all the day you'll have good luck" is a dangerous rule of conduct in the jitney district.

We know a man who has mastered the river geography of the Polish fighting ground, but the feat has brought him more brain fag than admiration.

Doesn't it seem quite natural that under the cooling influence of a San Francisco fog the Aked and Bryan minds flowing together should gelatinate?

When told by German authorities that just before the Austrian ultimatum war was wholly unexpected in Berlin one wonders what Germany might have done had she been fullly prepared.

If a man is known by the secretary he keeps, what shall we say of Colonel Roosevelt?

The Colonel's secretary goes about saying that the Colonel is the greatest man in the United States bar none. Perhaps the secretary is mindful of the adage about heroes and valets, and doesn't want to be mistaken for the Colonel's body servant.

Purity Congress is a misnomer. Why not Sexual Congress or Prurient Congress?

Has the President eschewed grapejuice and braced up on Kentucky bourbon?

Bryan called Dr. Aked "a great divine." He could hardly do less, since Dr. Aked had called him a great statesman.

France

(The following article from the pen of A. Clutton-Brock, one of the special writers of the London Times, has been officially translated into French and read outaloud in the schools of Paris.—Ed. Note.)

Among all the sorrows of this war there is one joy for us in it: that it has made us brothers with the French as no two nations have ever been brothers before. There has come to us, after ages of conflict, a kind of millennium of friendship, and in that we feel there is a hope for the world that outweighs all our fears, even at the height of the world-wide calamity. There were days and days, during the swift German advance, when we feared that the French armies were no match for the German, that Germany would be conquered on the seas and from her eastern frontier, that after the war France would remain a Power only through the support of her Allies. For that fear we must now ask forgiveness; but at least we can plead in excuse that it was unselfish and free from all national vanity. If, in spite of ultimate victory, France had lost her high place among the nations, we should have felt that the victory itself was an irreparable loss for the world. And now we may speak frankly of that fear because, however unfounded it was, it reveals the nature of the friendship between France and England.

That is also revealed in the praise which the French have given to our army. There is no people can praise as they can; for they enjoy praising others as much as some nations enjoy praising themselves, and they lose all the reserve of egotism in the pleasure of praising well. But in this case they have praised so generously because there was a great kindliness behind their praise, because they, like us, feel that this war means a new brotherhood stronger than all the hatreds it may provoke, a brotherhood that is to come after it. That welcome of English soldiers in the villages of France, with food and wine and flowers, is only a foretaste of what is to be in both countries in a happier time. It is what we have desired in the past of silly wrangles and misunderstandings, and now we know that our desire is fulfilled.

For behind all those misunderstandings, and in spite of the differences of character between us, there was always an understanding which showed itself in the courtesies of Fontenoy and a hundred other battles. When Sir Philip Sidney spoke of France as "that sweet enemy," he made a phrase for the English feeling of centuries to be. We quarreled bitterly and long, but it was like a man and woman who know that some day their love will be confessed and are angry with each other for the quarrels that delay the confession. We called each other ridiculous, and knew that we were talking nonsense; indeed, as in all quarrels without real hatred, we made charges against each other that were the opposite of the truth. We said that the French were frivolous, and they said that we were gloomy. Now they see the gaiety of our soldiers, and we see the deep seriousness of all France at this crisis of her fate. She, of all the nations at war, is fighting with the least help from illusion, with the least sense of glory and romance. To her the German invasion is like a pestilence; to defeat it is merely a necessity of her existence, and in defeating it she is showing the courage of doctors and nurses, that courage which is farthest removed from animal instinct and most secure from panic reaction. There is no sign in France now of the passionate hopes of the revolutionary wars; 1870 is between them and her; she has learned, like no other nation in Europe, the great lesson of defeat, which is not to mix material dreams with spiritual; she has passed beyond illusions, yet her spirit is as high as if it were drunk with all the illusions of Germany.

And that is why we admire her as we have never admired a nation before. We ourselves are an old and experienced people, who have, we hope, outlived gaudy and dangerous dreams, but we have not been tested like the French, and we do not know whether we or any other nation could endure the test they have endured. It is not merely that they have survived and kept their strength. It is that they have a kind of strength new to nations, such as we see in beautiful women who have endured great sorrows and outlived all the triumphs and passions of their youth, who smile where once they laughed; and yet they are more beautiful than ever, and seem to live with a purpose that is not only their own, but belongs to the whole of life. So now we feel that France is fighting, not merely for her own honor and her own beautiful country, still less for a triumph over an arrogant rival, but for what she means to all the world, and that now she means far more than ever in the past.

This quarrel, as even the Germans confess, was not made by her. She saw it gathering, and she was as quiet as if she hoped to escape war by submission. The chance of revenge was offered as it had never been offered in forty years, yet she did not stir to grasp it. Her enemy gave every provocation, yet she stayed as still as if she were spiritless; and all the while she was the proudest nation on the earth, so proud that she did not need to threaten or boast. Then came the first failure, and she took it as if she had expected nothing better. She had to make war in a manner wholly contrary to her nature and genius, and she made it as if patience, not fire, were the main strength of her soul. Yet behind the new patience the old fire persisted, and the furia francese was only waiting for its chance. The Germans believe that they have determined all the conditions of modern war, and, indeed, of all modern competition between the nations, to suit their own national character. It is their age, they think, an age in which the qualities of the old peoples, England and France, are obsolete. They make war, after their own pattern, and we have only to suffer it as long as we can. But France has learned what she needs from Germany so that

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she may fight the German idea as well as the German armies; and when the German armies were checked before Paris there was an equal check to the German idea. Then the world, which was holding its breath, knew that the old nations, the old faith and mind and conscience of Europe, were still standing fast, and that science had not utterly betrayed them all to the new barbarism. Twice before, at Tours and in the Catalaunian fields, there has been such a fight upon the soil of France, and now for the third time it is the heavy fate and the glory of France to be guardian nation. That is not an accident, for France is still the chief treasury of all that these conscious barbarians would destroy. They know that while she stands unbroken there is a spirit in her that will make their matter seem unlovely to all the world. They know that in her, as in Athens long ago, thought remains passionate and disinterested and free. Their thought is German and exercised for German ends, like their army; but hers can forget France in the universe, and for that reason her armies and ours will fight for it as if the universe were at stake. Many forms has that thought taken, passing through disguises and errors, mocking at itself, mocking at the holiest things; and yet there has always been the holiness of freedom in it. The French blasphemer has never blasphemed against the idea of truth even when he mistook falsehood for it. In the Terror he said there was no God, because he believed there was none, but he never said that France was God so that he might encourage her to conquer the world. Voltaire was an imp of destruction perhaps, but with what a divine lightning of laughter would he have struck the Teutonic Antichrist, and how the everlasting soul of France would have risen in him if he could have seen her most sacred church, the visible sign of her faith and her genius, ruined by the German guns. Was there ever a stupidity so worthy of his scorn as this attempt to bombard the spirit? For, though the temple is ruined, the faith remains; and, whatever war the Germans may make upon the glory of the past, it is the glory of the future that France fights for. Whatever wounds she suffers now she is suffering for all mankind; and now, more than ever before in her history, are those words become true which our poet who loved her gave to her in the Litany of Nations crying to the earth:

I am she that was thy sign and standard-bearer,
Thy voice and cry;
She that washed thee with her blood and left thee fairer,
That same am I.
Are not these the hands that raised thee fallen and fed thee,
These hands defiled?
Am not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye that led thee,
Not I thy child?

The Fan

By Herman Sudermann

There are few private residences in Berlin. Even very wealthy people live in apartment houses. These are guarded by a concierge who locks the front door punctually every night at ten o'clock. To get in or out after that time it is necessary to possess an iron key of huge dimensions. Each tenant has at least one of these instruments, which are exceedingly uncomfortable to carry about. But this story is about a tenor and not a key.

One of the women about whom I have read for years is a Mrs. Lily Brand, relict of a Westphalian manufacturer, who, one fine day, took the praiseworthy resolution of departing for a better world and leaving half a million behind him in this. His death was the only sensible act he ever did. Mrs. Brand came to Berlin like an enchanted princess who had been until then held captive up a factory chimney. She brought with her the habit of blowing gently over her arms, as if still wishing to remove stray specks of coal dust. In other respects she was snow white, pure to the most secret recesses of her heart—a charming little person with slim, white hands, big blue eyes full of ignorant, innocent longing, and tousled auburn hair. Smiling wistfully, she sat waiting for—Love.

We all paid our court, but we were none of us good enough for her. We were too shallow, she said; it was only our pretensions that were deep, fathomless.

"He must be my fate, as I shall be his," she once said to me with a melancholy upward glance of her eyes, "but he must have the strength to renounce, as I shall have." She sighed deeply. I also sighed. And then we laughed at each other.

It happened about the same time that a famous singer appeared in Berlin to fulfill a short engagement at the Opera.

The world of women received him with open arms; they applauded him and dined him and wined him—a little tremblingly, too, for the aureole of the wildest kind of Don Juan romanticism surrounded his person, and never yet, so it was said, had a woman been able to withstand his stormy onslaught. Everyone knows the blissful terror with which the hypersensitive feminine imagination hails the appearance of such a messiah; we all know how infectious the fever is.

After all, is not the tenor the ideal male? He wears the glorious costume of the soldier, crams a hero's life of gallant feats into a few hours every evening, and carols his magnetic high C like—a tenor. Who can wonder at his success with the weaker sex? He delights their eyes, excites their imagination and soothes their senses. The only thing he usually lacks is the feeling for ideal love. Woe to the romantic woman who thinks to find in the man what the singer promises so sweetly.

Mrs. Brand caught the universal intoxication even more violently than did the others; for in her the soft longings of the love-craving woman were united with the fascinating terror of the curious child.

Fairly beside herself with delight, she returned from the Opera, where she had seen him for the first time in all his glory, received with cheers, bombarded with laurel wreaths.

Two days later she obtained an invitation from a friend, a leader of society, containing plus the engraved formula, the penciled words: "He will be there."

She smothered her slender figure in a billowy ocean of lace, and with trembling hands fastened fragrant roses in her tresses. Fair and timid as a water nymph who gazes for the first time on the splendors of the upper world, she entered the ballroom. He had not yet arrived. It was even feared that he might at the last moment decline. Men like him could allow themselves such little irregularities. Breathlessly waiting, she sat there—and with her all the others.

Toward half-past ten a joyful flutter ran through the room. From the hall came the glad news. The door opened. It was he! His tired glance swept negligently over the room, seeking his hostess, whom he scarcely knew. A Byronic lock of hair fell gloomily over his furrowed brow. A faint, exotic scent emanated from his person.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy lock fell over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Mierczwinski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in them the wild outcry of the foiled seeker of happiness, the last breath of the blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And, behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and

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pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left."

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure, I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured his every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable armor of diamonds blazed on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

Mrs. Brand he deigned to overlook.

He occupied himself all the more eagerly with his plate. The lobster pasties met with his approval; he helped himself twice to roast lamb; at sight of the trout the first gleam of joy came over his gloomy countenance, and the poulardes won him completely back to life. Between whiles he poured down the old Chambertin in streams.

At length a milder look fell on Mrs. Brand also. "Did my song please you?" he asked, with the air of a man who contemplates solving the riddle of the universe.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" she stammered.

"Do not thank me," he interrupted her, laying his hand confidentially on her arm—I had known her already a year and a half, and had never dared to permit myself such a liberty. "It was you who inspired me, and if some faint echo of my innermost feelings trembled in my song, I have only you to thank for it." He said it quietly and fluently as one says something one has learned by heart.

After that I left Mrs. Brand to her fate. She had succeeded in fascinating the singer, for, when supper was over, he drew her into a dark corner where he chatted with her for fully half an hour.

Soon after, and long before the end of the ball, he took his leave.

"Probably he has domestic affairs to look after in a few ladies' boudoirs," a cynical guest insinuated to me, as he watched him disappear into the anteroom.

The next morning Mrs. Brand sent for me, and, beaming with happiness, told me what had occurred in the blessed corner.

She had discovered an extraordinary harmony of soul between herself and the singer. Regarding the conception of Love as Fate he had been entirely of her opinion, and his version of the theory of renunciation was stricter even than her own.

I had my own thoughts, but took good care to keep them to myself. I wish now I had not been so tactful.

The end of her tale was that, in his unbounded enthusiasm, he had put her fan, with which he had been toying, into his pocket and refused to surrender it again.

"What shall I do about it?" she asked in seeming helplessness, while her joy at the theft shone traitorously out of her eyes.

"It would be best," I suggested half jokingly, "for you to write to him and ask him to give you back the corpus delicti personally!"

She blushed all down her neck. The thought was evidently not new to her.

Immediately afterward I took my leave.

When I asked her about the fan, a week or so later, she seemed greatly confused and avoided a direct answer. Two months went by before I ascertained the solution to the enigmatical incident that had cost the poor woman so many hours of peaceful sleep.

The thought that she must recover the fan at any cost had from that moment become fixed in her mind. She even led her wounded dignity into the field in order to command herself into an effort for arranging a meeting. At last she took the heroic resolve and wrote to his hotel as follows:

Dear Sir:

I beg you to give me back my property. For this purpose I shall expect you on Saturday at twelve o'clock in room fourteen of the National Gallery.

Lily Brand.

You can see how naive she still was. To order a man like him to a museum, where schoolgirls and students have their rendezvous!

Half dazed with fright she sat, the time appointed, on the lounge in the middle of the hall and stared anxiously toward the door.

He allowed her to wait fully a quarter of an hour; but that was as it should be. At last he appeared, enveloped in a costly fur coat and with a blue silk scarf before his mouth. He looked cross and seemed to be in a hurry.

His glance swept over the room and remained fixed upon her dubiously. He was evidently short-sighed, for he stared at two other women afterward, and, had she not come to his aid with a faint smile, he might perhaps have passed her by.

At the call of her smile, however, he at once advanced, smiling kindly, and took her hand.

"My dearest love!" he said.

Terror and shame drove the color from her face. How had he the right to address her thus?

He looked at her again with the same strange, retrospective, doubtful expression, such as one wears when one is trying to remember something.

"It was a little dark," he said at last softly, almost tenderly, as if to apologize for the look.

She glanced at him with astonishment.

"Yes, it was a little dark—in the corner," she replied bashfully.

He smiled. She did not understand the smile, but there was something in it that made her blush.

"Oh, I was gloriously happy!" he added and squeezed her hand meaningly.

She had risen, but he seated himself directly in front of her on the leather sofa and—stretched out his legs.

The movement reminded her of her deceased husband. Something of the nonchalance of the husband lay in it. She felt very uncomfortable and blushed anew.

Again she noticed his puzzled glance upon her. This time he even shook his head.

"It's deuced hot here," he remarked, opening his fur coat and pulling off his gloves. One of the diamond rings slipped from his finger and fell to the floor.

He bent down phlegmatically.

"I must not lose that," he said; "it is a keepsake from Princess—" He paused, smiling conceitedly.

She started. Impossible! She could not have heard aright.

He twisted the ring slowly down over his finger-joints and eyed its companions lovingly.

"Look at this one here," he began. She interrupted him hastily.

"Do you know our gallery already?" she asked.

"No," he replied and raised his hand to his mouth to stifle a yawn.

"I am intensely, sorry, my dear lady," he continued carelessly, but what he was intensely sorry about she was never to know, for suddenly he stopped and clasped his hand to his throat, whence issued two gruesome, gurgling sounds.

"Oh, I've caught cold again!" he cried in alarm, "and tonight I must sing! This change of temperature—I must hurry off or I shall get as hoarse as a crow."

He rose and plunged his right hand into the wide pocket of his overcoat, from which he drew a square, white parcel tied with a pink silk ribbon. He hesitated a moment—again the doubting look—then, as if taking a desperate resolution, he whispered, with a meaning smile:

"And here is what you wanted."

She took the package mechanically. She scarcely dared to move, so ill at ease did she feel.

He seized her hand to say good-bye.

"How dearly I should like to kiss you on the forehead, my darling," he whispered.

"For heaven's sake!" she cried out.

"But there are people here," he continued, with a quiet smile. "Au revoir—tonight at the Opera!"

With that he hurried out.

She stared after him as if turned to stone. "Why did he treat me so?" he stammered. How glad would she have been to feel some joy; but she felt more like crying!

Absolutely dazed, she hurried home.

Once there she opened the box.

An intoxicating scent of flowers rose from it. On the top a sheet of paper met her eye, on which were scrawled the words:

Eternal memory of Love's sweet hour.

And underneath, bedded on dark red roses, lay, instead of the fan—a house-key.

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Poems About San Francisco

CCVII—PIER 44

By Llewellyn B. Peck

(The following verses by one whose name is new to this series were published recently in our esteemed contemporary The News Letter.)

Standing out on the pier-head,
  Sweeping the luminous gray,
Close-wrapped o'er the whispering waters,
  I hear the start of the day—
The shrill command of the whistles,
  Where the sun-shot steam cloud gleams,
And the patient girders tremble
  To the rumble and clank of the teams.

Not Ostia's sea-whipped triremes
  Brought Rome more wondrous store,
The toll of the deep-sea argosies
  Piled high on Forty-four.

Cases of Orange Pekoe,
  And jute bales white and raw;
One for my lady's table,
  One for the prison's maw.
Product of field and jungle
  And desert, with odors that cling,
From Asia's oldest countries;
  Oh, weird are the songs they sing!

The busy ships of Carthage,
  They swept the ocean floor;
But Dido knew not half the wealth
  That goes through Forty-four!

Cases of silken cargo
  To the waiting freight trains whirled.
(What regret held right of way
  To speed o'er half the world?)
Oh, you who prate of Romance,
  Who but the dead past prize—
Go seek the bay, and humbly pray
  That God shall give you eyes.

The fleets of Tyre and Sidon,
  They cruised the wide sea o'er;
But Hiram dreamed what you may know
  In the shed of Forty-four!

And ever the doors wide opened,
  Rimmed in the flare of day,
Show in a gleaming vista
  The pageant of the Bay—
Cruiser and tramp and liner
  And sea-browned barkentine,
The ocean brothers side by side
  With the toiling tugs between.

Ever changing, yet changeless,
  At rest on the sunset shore.
God send a singer of olden time
  To sing of Forty four!

The Spectator

Damages for Joe Scott

Attorney Joe Scott of Los Angeles has just won a libel suit against the Los Angeles Times, the jury awarding him $10,000 actual damages and $20,000 punitive damages. There has been political enmity between the Times and Scott for a number of years, and some time ago the Times allowed this to influence its account of a divorce action in which Scott appeared for one of the parties. Scott promptly sued the Times for libel. He appeared as his own attorney in the case, and the jury vindicated him and gave him the $30,000 verdict after deliberating for about four hours. It was a bitterly contested case, and Scott's closing argument was so impassioned that it moved the jurors to tears. The daily papers of this city do not publish news of such cases, but I think that attention should be called to it so that people may know that they are not defenseless against wanton attack by newspaper proprietors.

Mars Was in Error

The men of the Bohemian Club have come to the conclusion that there are disadvantages as well as advantages in having the forest play written a year in advance. This year's forest play "Apollo" was written by Frank Pixley, the well known librettist. Pixley was chosen for this work more than a year and a half ago, and completed his text shortly before the great European war broke out. One of the characters in his mythological drama is Mars, and one of the strong scenes in the play was that in which Mars complained that his power was gone because peace ruled throughout the world. When the play went into rehearsal and that scene was read the complaint of Mars elicited a loud guffaw. It was felt that the only power Mars had lost was the power of observation, since he did not know that most of the nations of Europe were at it hammer and tongs. There was nothing for Pixley to do except rewrite all that part of his play, and he did so, cursing the war right heartily in the meantime.

Fixing Bryan's Place

"The next order of business," said the president of the High Brow Literary Club, "is an open discussion of the question, What character in fiction does Bryan remind you of? I shall call upon Mr. Spinks."

"To my mind," said Mr. Spinks, "the Great Commoner is like Don Quixote who was in this world but not of it. He mistook windmills for giants, and thought his Dulcinea the most beautiful woman in Christendom. Mr. Bryan's windmill is the army, and his Dulcinea is an arbitration treaty. He is just as foolish as Don Quixote, but not nearly so lovable."

"Mr. Bryan reminds me," said Mr. Twiggs, the next speaker, "not of Cervantes' hero but of one of Le Sage's minor characters. I refer to the great Doctor Sangrado in whose service Gil Blas spent some interesting months. Doctor Sangrado, if you recall, had one remedy for all diseases—hot water. So Mr. Bryan—he treats all the diseases of civilization with one nostrum, namely a platitude. And like Doctor Sangrado he keeps all his followers in hot water. But he is quite impartial, for he is always in hot water himself."

"To me," said the next speaker, Mr. Scrutton, "Mr. Bryan always suggests the Reverend Mr. Chadband of 'Bleak House.' He is as oily as Chadband and quite as full of beautiful words which mean nothing. At the same time, while cunning, he has not reached the degree of low cunning which was Chadband's principal distinction."

"Why pick out Chadband from Dickens' gallery of characters so long as there is Pecksniff?" demanded the next speaker, Mr. Throgmorton. "Mr. Bryan and Mr. Pecksniff have many things in common. However, I find his counterpart in more recent fiction . He is twin brother to that splendidly drawn character David Starr Jordan."

"But we are speaking of characters in fiction," objected the president of the club.

"Exactly," said Mr. Throgmorton.

"And David Starr Jordan is a personage in real life."

"Impossible," said Mr. Throgmorton. "I have followed Doctor Jordan through the years as I used to follow Bill Nye. Doctor Jordan is a serial, not a man. There cannot be any real man so deliciously funny, so transcendently imaginative as the Doctor Jordan whom the newspapers have been syndicating so long. As well tell me that there is an actual Mr. Dooley. No, Doctor Jordan cannot exist, but Mr. Bryan seems to me to be nature's sublime attempt to incarnate him."

It was discovered later that Mr. Throgmorton was spoofing, and his remarks were expunged from the records of the High Brow Literary Club.

The Clockwinder's Candidate

"Have you got a candidate for Mayor yet?" The question was asked of Mr. Willis Polk by his friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

Mr. Polk mumbled incoherently, and was about to pass on, but the clockwinder hooked him with

the ferry clock key. "Don't be impatient, Willis," he said. "I've got a candidate for you. Listen."

Mr. Polk paused and gave ear.

"He's a member of the Pacific-Union Club."

Mr. Polk cocked two ears.

"He's a friend of yours, too. At least I think he is because I know you put up a building for him."

"What building?"

"The First National Bank Building."

Polk frowned. "You mean Rudolph Spreckels. Don't be kidding me."

"I'm not kidding. Listen. This is the psychological moment for Roodee to run. Schmitz is running, isn't he?"

"I should say he is. Is the town going crazy?"

"I don't know. It went crazy about Roodee once, and here's a fine chance for him to start a second attack. Here's Schmitz running, the man that Roodee's jury indicted and forced out of office. Now let him get busy again. Let him set himself up again as a redeemer. Let him vindicate his faith in himself and the dear people. It's a grand opportunity for him."

"Do you think Mr. Spreckels would like to be Mayor?" Polk asked.

"Yes, I think he would," said the clockwinder. "I think he'd give as much to be Mayor as he gave to finance the graft prosecution, but I'm not sure that he'd care to compete with Schmitz for the job."

"Why not?"

"The people might indicate a preference for Schmitz."

Mr. Polk dropped into a deep brown study.

A Possible Calamity

Coming out of his reverie the distinguished young architect observed that the election of Schmitz would be a great calamity.

"Well, this is calamity town," said the clockwinder. "The government of San Francisco," he continued, "is a continuous calamity. It was to avert a calamity that we elected Rolph, and apparently Rolph is a calamity."

"How do you make that out?" Polk asked.

"I can't make it out," said the clockwinder. "Only I know that you and some of the other Pacific-Union boys are saying that it would be a calamity to elect Schmitz, and everywhere I go I hear that 'Gene is running like a scared wolf.' Now if he's speeding like that the explanation of it is that Rolph must have prepared the way for him. Schmitz held one of the biggest political meetings in the history of the city the other night. The newspaper men will tell you about it, although they're keeping kind of quiet. Out in the Mission they'll tell you that although Gallagher was nominated by the Labor Council he'll be a bad third at the primary. The people out there are disappointed on account of the job that was put on McCarthy in the Labor Council. Now what's the explanation of Rolph's weakness? You yourself have been plugging Schmitz's game, haven't you?"

The question staggered the young architect. "What do you mean?" he demanded, flaming with indignation.

"You've been saying that we ought to pick out a good man for Mayor. And you said the people wanted no more of Rolph. That's probably true. And it would seem that the people are so aggressively determined to have no more of Rolph that in lieu of your ideal citizen they'll embrace Schmitz with enthusiasm. If so, pursuing your logic, Mr. Rolph is a calamity Mayor."

Here the clockwinder shouldered his key and passed on, and Polk walked aimlessly into the street, much to the indignation of a jitney driver who could hardly refrain from knocking him down with a Ford.

Why He Is Sceptical

On his way to the ferry tower the clockwinder met his friend Senator Hartman. The statesman and the sage shook hands cordially.

"Say, Gus," said the clockwinder, "I didn't see your name in the list of speakers at the Purity Congress."

"No," said the Senator, "that was too tough a bunch for me. The police ought to have run them in. I don't see why the papers knock the Barbary Coast and stand for a Purity Congress. I'm glad that my friend Dr. Aked had sense enough to keep away. I believe he preferred the Savoy. "

"Do you really think he went to the Savoy?"

"The papers said he did. A very sprightly show, I'm told."

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "but I think the papers are mistaken. I don't think it was Dr. Aked they saw there."

"Why don't you?"

"Well, they also said that he quit before the show was half over."

Davie and the Picture

Whenever Senator Hartman and the clockwinder meet there is a clearance house of politics. On this occasion they discussed both State and local politics. Hartman called for the views of his friend on the next senatorial fight which the politicians are looking forward to with the expectation of a war of epithets between Governor Johnson and the Hon. Francis J. Heney.

"I'm afraid," said the clockwinder, "that my friend Frank has been badly damaged in the house of his friends."

"You astonish me," Hartman observed.

"Yes," said the water front gossip. "I've been reading about Mayor Davie's patriotic passion for American art. The Mayor can't stand for the picture of a padre entering an old mission church. He's going to have it ripped out of his office and substitute a picture of the pilgrim fathers landing on Plymouth gin rock."

"What's all this got to do with the senatorial fight?" the Senator asked.

"If you weren't a Jew, Gus, you'd see the point

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 6

John Hancock—"Father of the Revolution"

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts loved to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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right away. Davie is a professional Protestant. Whenever one of his under-cover constituents enters the Mayor's office he throws a fit all over the carpet as soon as he sees the picture of the padre. So the padre must go."

"Well," said Hartman. "perhaps he's been there long enough. Why not give a Rabbi a chance?"

"A Rabbi hasn't a chance. I think Davie's constituents are in favor of Rev. Dr. Dille. I think—"

"Say," Hartman exclaimed, "give me the low down. What's all this about?"

The clockwinder smiled. "I think," he said, "that eventually it will be about Heney. You see Davie is Heney's man. Davie and Heney are very close. I'm afraid that Francis J. will be under suspicion in the senatorial fight."

The Voice from the Gallery

When the political convention passed away in California, the humorist of the gallery—that terror of pretentious orators—lost his favorite avenue of expression. But that he still lingers in our midst was proved in the course of the meeting at Dreamland Rink which opened Eugene Schmitz' campaign. O. C. Wilson, one of Democracy's silver-tongues, delivered a speech at that meeting. It was an eloquent speech, an orotund, a quavering, a rhetorical outpouring of white-hot adjectives and passionate apostrophes. In the course of it O. C. Wilson (the O. stands for Orator, I believe) referred most feelingly to Schmitz' behavior on the epochal 18th of April, 1906.

"What did Eugene E. Schmitz do on that fateful day?" demanded the silver-tongue. "Ladies and gentlemen, at harf arfter five o'clock on that fateful morning Eugene E. Schmitz lay abed—"

"Hell," cried the gallery humorist, "the rest of San Francisco beat him out of bed by fifteen minutes!"

Daniels Borrowed It

A prominent naval officer was discussing Secretary Daniels among a party of friends in the alumni rendezvous at the Palace Hotel the other day. "I see," said the officer, "that Josephus is very proud of his plan for the mobilization of inventors. He is pointing to it as proof that he is onto his job, and he is intimating that his predecessors were somewhat slow in not thinking of it in their time. Now this is discouraging. While I knew Josephus was an ass, I thought that at least he was a sincere ass. I didn't think him a faker. I thought it was innate virtue that prompted him to banish the prophylactic against syphilis, but here he is representing himself to be what he is not—the generator of an idea which as a matter of fact he borrowed. Of course I'm glad that he borrowed it. It's refreshing to know that he has sense enough to borrow a good thing. In this instance it shows that the war has done some good. It is also a sign that old blatherskite Bryan has not made much progress with his talk about the efficacy of arbitration treaties. Fancy a man talking that rot in view of the scrap-of-paper incident. The fact is that the war has called a halt on the singers of that beautiful lyric 'I Didn't Raise My Son to Be a Man' or words to that effect."

H. G. Wells Conceived It

I asked the naval officer, whose name for obvious reasons I withhold, what he meant by saying that Daniels borrowed his idea for the mobilization of inventors. "Simply this," he answered. "The idea came from England. It is a characteristic development of a war in which science and mechanical skill have had so great a part. German inventive genius is credited with having done most of the big things, but while she has surpassed the allies in material equipment, she has contributed no invention of consequence. In the employment of flames and poison gases there is no novelty, but civilization has shrunk from resort to these devices. In the submarine no innovations of importance have been made, and in the big howitzers which have had so great an effect Austria has taken the lead. The astonishing feat of bombarding Dunkirk from a distance of 22 miles was accomplished merely by a high angle fire with ordinary long-range guns. Germany's great credit lies in the bold and effective use of inventions already known and for the most part of foreign origin." Coming back to the idea borrowed by Secretary Daniels the officer remarked that once more the literary man has pointed the way to science. It was H. G. Wells, the novelist, who conceived the idea that what England needed was the help of her men of science and especially of her inventors. He began agitating the matter last year. In time several English newspapers began discussing it, and finally the Government gave heed, and the result was the formation of a board of inventors. H. G. Wells is the Jules Verne of England. He made his fame as a novelist by writing extravagant yarns about impossible happenings.

Mrs. James Was Startled

Mrs. William James, the widow of the celebrated philosopher, has been in town to see the Exposition. One day Bruce Porter took her up to St. Helena as she wished to visit the scenes immortalized by Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters." Everybody who makes that pilgrimage stops at the Toll House to speak with Mollie Patton, its proprietor, who is noted for her picturesque vocabulary and her passion for litigious contention. Of course Mrs. William James had to meet Mollie Patton.

"Are you the wife of Professor James?" inquired Mollie.

Mrs. James signified that she was.

"I know your husband very well," said Mollie. "He sends me all his books as they come out. I got one from him only a few days ago."

Mrs. James was startled at the thought of her dead husband sending books to Mollie Patton, but Bruce Porter straightened out the misunderstanding by a question or two addressed to Mollie. It was then explained to Mrs. James that Mollie referred to Professor George Wharton James of California, not to the deceased pragmatist.

A Politician's "Ought To Be"

"Hiram Johnson ought to be President of the United States."

The Bulletin says Colonel Roosevelt made this remark while in San Francisco. The Colonel says he didn't make it. I am informed that the Bulletin is right, and that the Colonel has made the remark more than once in the hearing of men who would be sure to carry it to Governor Johnson. Suppose he did make it? He did not say, "I am for Hiram Johnson for President," or "I hope Hiram Johnson will be a candidate for President;" he merely said, "Hiram Johnson ought to be President." Beware a politician's "ought to be;" it is a delusion and a snare. I am reminded of a case in point. Years ago United States Senator George C. Perkins had the choosing of a pension agent in San Francisco. H. T. Brown of Oakland, a Grand Army veteran, was an active candidate for the job, but it was given to Colonel Fuller. Brown was loud in his complaints. Senator Perkins, he said, had promised him the position and had broken his promise. Meeting a friend of the Senator's one day, Brown aired his grievance.

"Did the Senator promise you the position?" Brown was asked.

"He certainly did," replied Brown.

"What was his exact language?"

"I called on the Senator at his office," said Brown, "and told him I was a candidate for the place. He listened to me attentively, and when I was through he got up and accompanied me to the door, shook hands with me, and said, 'Colonel Brown, you ought to be pension agent in San Francisco.' Could he say more than that?"

"A great deal more, and still not commit himself," was the reply.

So, even if Colonel Roosevelt does say that Governor Johnson "ought to be" President, he hasn't committed himself.

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Matt for Mayor?

There is a well defined rumor about town that Matt Sullivan may run for mayor. It is a rumor of mysterious origin, but its circulation is traceable to some of Matt's friends. Of course Matt would not be a candidate if Rolph finally decided to shy his plug hat into the ring, but there is so far no way of ascertaining whether Rolph will or will not be in the field. Some of his closest friends say that he will not. It is quite likely that he hasn't made up his mind yet, or that his partner Mr. Hind hasn't yielded his consent to another campaign. Meanwhile one who would have been a serious contender it out of the race. I mean Supervisor Billy McCarthy who has announced his candidacy for assessor. Had McCarthy entered the mayoralty race, there wouid have been a great stir of enthusiasm, for he is exceedingly popular and his following is large and powerful. As a candidate for assessor he will undoubtedly make things hum, and his chamuions in the Olympic Club, the Indoor Yacht Club and other organizations may be counted on to make the other candidates lies awake nights in anxiety and misgiving. With McCarthy out of the race, Gallagher and Schmitz in, and rumor seesawing between Rolph and the former Chief Justice as the third candidate, there is enough material to keep the solver of political puzzles busy for some time to come.

As to Mary Austin

"America can produce such a supreme writer as . . . . . Mary Austin, who used to write. What other woman could touch her? . . . . . And she'll let Mary Austin die of neglect while she worships the art of Mary Ward."

Thus H. G. Wells in that remarkable book "Boon." Wells is very severe on America for neglecting great writers and lionizing mediocrities, as severe as Owen Wister is in his stimulating article "Quack Novels and Democracy." Wells' words "Mary Austin who used to write" have a pathetic sound. It is true that Mary Austin used to write. The Mary Austin of "The Land of Little Rain" is an artist; the Mary Austin of "A Woman of Genius" is not. And by the way, what has become of Mary Austin? The last I heard of her she was quite ill in New York.

Former Alcazarans

The news that a stock company is soon to reoccupy the Alcazar is good news, and the enthusiasm that the announcement has caused is a good sign, a sign that the taste for good plays acted by a good stock company has not been utterly destroyed by the movies. I am reminded that two former Alcazarans of the first rank are flourishing in Los Angeles. Fred Buter, for years stage director in O'Farrell street, has joined the forces of that movie wizard D. W. Griffith. He has not gone to work for Griffith as yet, but he is on the payroll at a handsome salary. His duty just now consists in watching Griffith—studying his methods, and familiarizing himself with the movie business as Griffith conducts it. When this novitiate is concluded Fred will assume a very responsible position with the Griffith concern at a salary commensurate to the importance of the work he will be called upon to do. Another Alcazaran, Edmond Lowe, is now leading man of the Oliver Morosco stock company in Los Angeles. This is a promotion for Lowe, and not a surprising one to those who appreciated the ability he displayed at the Alcazar.

A Sketch by Wire

They are going to do "Fear," one of the remembered thrillers of the Holbrook Blinn company, at Pantages next week. Friday last week Milton Stallard wired to New York for the script of the play. Tuesday night this week he discovered that the theatrical bureau handling the script had neglected to forward it as directed by his wire. There was no chance of getting it in time by mail. Bob Drady of Pantages could not cancel the act, as he had all his billing and printing matter out. There was only one thing to do. Stallard wired the bureau in New York to send "Fear" by night lettergram. This is the first time I ever heard of a vaudeville sketch being transmitted by telegraph.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

Adams who was then living in Los Angeles, telling him to be sure to come to the races. I was satisfied she would be a winner. She swept the boards.

"Her first race was run at the Bay District track under the Blood Horse Association in 1887. She didn't win her first race. She was interfered with on getting off. But she ran second. And she won all her other races at that meeting. I sent John Adams half of her winnings that year, and the year after I bought his half-interest in her for $3,500.

"Among the races she ran as a two-year-old were the Sapphire Stakes at Saratoga when Los Angeles, a 'Lucky' Baldwin horse, ran second; and the Prospect Stakes at Gravesend where weight for age she defeated the unbeaten Emperor of Norfolk, also a Baldwin horse. After this Baldwin swore that he would never again let an outside mare be bred to any of his stallions.

"Geraldine ran her last race at Ingleside in '97. She had become soured and track-sore—she wouldn't try—but she ran away from them all and won at long odds. I sent her up to the Spreckels ranch and bred her. She died foaling a colt. Her first colt, by the way, was Gerald. Jack Follansbee started Gerald just once, at long odds, at Saratoga, and won a fortune with him. But he caught lung fever and became a 'roarer;' he never started again.

"What did Geraldine look like? Ah, but she was a beauty—a chestnut filly with a blazed face and two white hind feet. You can see for yourself—her picture hangs in the rooms of the new association."

Many another story might Porter Ashe tell of Geraldine, but I did not press him. A busy lawyer's time is in demand by others than interviewers. There is the story of how Porter Ashe got Geraldine out of the hands of the sheriff of Cook county, Illinois, and won fifteen straight races with her, including the Sheridan Stakes. There is the story of how Tom Williams got possession of Geraldine from Trainer Mike Kelly, and of how the Ashe brothers, Porter, Will, Gaston and Sidney (such a quartet as Porthos, Athos, Aramis and D'Artagnan made) recovered her by dead of night and rode her away from the Bay District Track. There are many who will tell you that Ned Hamilton never in his life wrote a better newspaper story than the account of that episode.

Romance, thrilling, blood-stirring romance compacted the career of Geraldine. Old turfmen become young again when they speak of her. Sometimes there is the suspicion of a tear in the eye when some old veteran recounts her glorious career. I have seen such a one doff his hat and God-bless the memory of Geraldine. Do you wonder Porter Ashe was moved when Rossiter proposed a Geraldine Stake?

The Preacher—Your companion who was with you in the accident is already dead and in a few minutes your soul too will start for heaven.

Automobile Racer—Bet you $500 I pass him before he gets there.

Fair Customer—This hammock doesn't look very strong.

Clerk—It is designed to break if three use it.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but it doesn't go in the Patent Office.

There is plenty of room at the top, but that doesn't influence a man to be a steeple climber.

A man, like a fish, can generally avoid being caught by keeping his mouth shut.

We are all inclined to give a man whc agrees with us more credit for wisdom than he probably deserves.

No man can force luck by worrying over the fact that he hasn't any.

Some people never seem to realize the difference between their own way and the only way.

The only man who is always sure of a job is the bill collector.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Billie Burke Slighted

Up from Santa Barbara comes a belated story about Billie Burke which might be set to the tune of "Love me, love my dog." It seems that Billie wrote a note to the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara asking that rooms be reserved for her. She said in this note: "If you don't want my dog, then you don't want me." They are exceedingly independent at the Potter, and Billie was quite taken aback when she received this answer by telegraph from the manager of the hotel: "I am afraid, my dear Miss Burke, that we don't want you." So Billie had to seek another hotel when she stopped in the mission town.

Mrs. Marye's Pearls

Have you seen Mrs. Marye's pearls? They are magnificent, perfectly matched and of the purest luster. The wife of the Ambassador to Russia is very proud of them, and has worn them to several dinner parties of late. And they possess an extrinsic interest in addition to their high intrinsic value. It is said that Mrs. Marye bought them during her stay in Petrograd from a certain Grand Duchess who parted with them for a reason as praiseworthy as that which induced Queen Isabella of Spain to sell her jewels. The Grand Duchess disposed of them, 'tis said, in order that she might contribute their value in rubles to the war chest of the Czar.

Miss De Young Envied

Miss Phyllis De Young is a muchly envied young lady these days. She is on her way to Newport to be the guest of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer. Mrs. Ryer recently rented the cottage of Mrs. Benjamin Thaw and has been entertaining house parties on a large scale. So Miss De Young will be in the thick of things in the most sought-after summer set in America. I know several girls who would mortgage their souls for Miss De Young's chance. But Miss De Young is not that kind of girl.

Blaming the Germans

"German taste was answerable to no small extent for the extravagant fashions which have been denounced so vigorously."

I take these words from the London Times. They were written by the Paris fashion correspondent of The Thunderer. The article goes on to say that while the fashions in dress were made in Paris by Frenchmen, they were made under the deleterious influence of the Germans. The Parisian fashionmongers were working under a spell—the hypnotic spell, no doubt—of Berlin. And so I suppose we are to charge to the account of Germany the wicked hobble skirt, the naughty slit skirt, the malign abolition of petticoats and all the rest of the vagaries of dress that distinguished ante-bellum days. The rule seems to be—when in doubt, blame the Germans. That this silly rule should be extended even to fashions shows how completely people lose the faculty of straight thinking in times of great national bitterness.

Is She Telling the Truth?

There is a dusky beauty in one of the theatres on the Zone who sports a valuable necklace and a fine gold watch which, she says, were bestowed upon her by a very prominent Californian. She allows it to be understood that this man—he is married—was deeply smitten with her exotic charms, and that he paid many visits to the performance which she takes part in, more for the sake of seeing her than from any deep admiration of the art which she expounds. I wonder if this dark-hued belle is telling the truth? Or whether she is just boasting?

More Princelets Coming

Another maharajah and a half-dozen rajahs are on their way to this city, and doubtless they will be feted and lionized and made over in much the same way as the Maharajah of Kapurthala was. Society received the Kapurthala princelet with open arms, took him to its heart, blushed with shame when he found fault with western provincialism and grew green with envy when he told how much he paid for his Spanish wife's emeralds. The Maharajah of Kapurthala is a very rich potentate, so perhaps it is correct to bow down in kow-tow before him. At the same time, it is well to remember that these oriental pets of fortune are apt to have disagreeable eccentricities, and that the hospitality extended to them may stop short of intimacy without suffering reproach.

Studying New Steps

Miss Claribel Kirby who in association with Gilbert Littlejohn has been conducting the Kirlaw Studio of Dancing for the last two years, has left for a six weeks' trip to New York, for the purpose of inspecting the latest methods and acquiring new steps for the next season. Miss Kirby has earned an enviable name for herself during the last two years by consistent development and has acquired a host of friends and a large clientele, and her return will be looked forward to with interest.

At the Cecil

Mrs. William Franklin Morris' beautiful apartment at the Hotel Cecil was the setting for a dinner presided over by the hostess Monday evening. A large gold basket filled with pink roses and maiden hair fern decorated the center of the table. Tall silver candle sticks ornamented with rose-colored shades gave an additional touch to the general color scheme of pink. After-dinner coffee was served in the Pompeiian room. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leyman of Los Angeles, Miss Rowena Leyman, Miss Sims of Georgia, Mr. L. J. Elliott of Racine, Wis., Mr. Roy Newberry of San Jose and Mr. J. M. Sims of this city. Colonel and Mrs. D. L. Howell have come up from Honolulu where the former has been stationed at Schoefield Barracks. Their two daughters Mrs. C. P. Williams and Mrs. Howell Clinton came out West to meet them and the party are occupying attractive apartments. Brigadier-General George B. Rodney is receiving a cordial welcome from his many friends in this city. General Rodney will be a guest during the months of August and September. Among the prominent Easterners are Rev. and Mrs. Perry Bush of Boston and their charming daughter Miss Edith Bush. They have come to San Francisco to see the Exposition.

At the Somerton

Mr. H. A. Kinports of the firm of Gillespie, Kinports and Beard arrived in this city Monday with one hundred and twenty-five tourists. The party is composed of prominent residents of New York and Philadelphia who are taking this opportunity to see the Exposition. The entire party are stopping at the Hotel Somerton. Mrs. Robert Christian Humber, wife of Captain Humber of the U. S. army, has been a guest for the past fortnight. She left Tuesday for her summer home in Seabright, Santa Cruz.

Gifts for Men at Tavern

The ladies have been especially favored at the Candy Dances at Techau Tavern, but now the gentlemen are included in the presentation of souvenirs, the ladies as heretofore, receiving fancy boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies and the gentlemen large boxes of Pall Mall Cigarettes, all without competition of any kind. The management of the Tavern certainly "knows how" and no expense is spared to provide the highest form of entertainment of a character suited to a really high-class family cafe. The ballet which now heads the list of Tavern attractions employs the talents of leaders in their respective lines. The ballet is headed by the star of the Ruth St. Denis company, Miss Van Derhoff, and the dances are arranged by V. Vestoff, late of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet.

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PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

One Tale More

By Lord Dunsany

On a long, straight, dusty road between the Moon and the World, where I wandered once while dreaming, I met a poor old woman coming towards the World. Never before had I seen one so shabby, never before an old woman in dress, in face and in manner, so utterly downcast, or fallen so far as she from the world's esteem. She had the appearance of being outcast for ever from the genteel. Her pace was as sorry as her poor jaded eyes, and yet she seemed to run. Her feet made the motion of running as she hurried along. Yet never before had I seen one go so slow.

And the road to the World was hard, and long, and white, and dusty.

She seemed no more like to a traveler than to a lady of good repute, yet there she was with her shawl and her abject look and her poor old feet that padded on that great road. She carried in her hand a dirty and shriveled palm, such a thing as might stay on in a bankrupt lodging-house, in some unfashionable square by the sea, with no one to dust it, when all the other furniture was carried away for debt. She clasped it still.

"I'm sure there's a lot as needs me," she mumbled as she went; and sighed; and said over and over again, "O dearie, dearie me."

Far over her poor bowed head and dejected face flew and turned and gambolled, going no faster than she, so that they ever soared exactly above her head, a flock of doves that shone so purely white in the twilight, which gleams between Earth and Moon, that I knew her by this to be Peace.

She was hobbling, all unwitting, straight for the World.

"You can't come here," I said as soon as I saw what she wanted. "You can't come here, you know."

The words were on my lips as réveillé woke me.

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Letters

"The Scarlet Plague"

Though the mere conception of a "dip into the future far as human eye can see" has lost its novelty, Jack London has given us an entirely new angle of vision from which to view our problematic successors on the planet. Heretofore our romancers have exercised their ingenuity in creating ideal conditions, in which war and disease have alike been banished while discoveries and inventions have raised human abilities to their nth power, and art and science flourish. Not only have sin and sorrow disappeared but even ordinary inconveniences and discomforts have been made away with. Labor is dispensed with, and mankind is, at the very least, on a level with the angels. In "The Scarlet Plague" all this beautiful picture is turned towards the wall, and we have instead a condition of society in which everyone and everything is reduced once more to the primitive, and the long climb upward towards civilization is again ahead. About the year 2013 a strange new disease suddenly made its appearance simultaneously in all parts of the earth. It struck swiftly and fatally. There were no recoveries, and no time was given for the development of treatments or remedies. Now and again one would prove immune, but of the whole population of the earth scarce two score remained alive. The first effect of the visitation was to arouse all the baser passions, and within a few days, when it became evident that the force which lies back of all laws could no longer be applied, bands of marauders went about, smashing and destroying out of pure wantonness, setting fire to public and private buildings and creating havoc in every direction. Of the few who escaped the plague there were more of the uneducated, brute-minded than of the intellectual and creative. Now, some eighty years after the catastrophe there were gathered on the Cliff House beach an octogenarian grandsire who had been a professor of English literature at the University of California, and the last survivor of the old time, together with his three grandsons, skin-clad, dirty, uncouth, and with one slight exception too ignorant to ask questions or to take any interest in the tale their grandfather had to tell of that far-off time. They could not understand the words he used, comprehend the ideas he tried to convey, or believe there really ever had been meaning connected with marks, much less that grandsire could interpret it. Not only had mankind degenerated, but the animal and vegetable world as well. Only such species survived as, in a modified form, had fitted themselves for the new conditions, and the world was set back to a condition approximating the early pastoral age. It is not a pretty picture at all, but granted the first condition, that of some new disease as swift and deadly as the Scarlet Plague, the rest follows logically, and the tale is convincing enough while one reads. Other races and civilizations have been overwhelmed, and we have no guarantee that our own may not meet the same fate. From the Macmillan Company.

The Revolt of Phyllis

In ancient days my lover used to come
And 'neath my lattice window sweetly hum
In tuneful numbers all his passion rare,
The moonlight palely woven in the air,
Whilst I within, enraptured by his lay,
Sate listening till nigh the break of day.

How sweet the sound of that most dulcet voice
Raised high in praises of his Heart's own choice!
What melody crept through that lattice screen
And gave the clinging vines a fresher green,
As down below he played the lover's score
And proved himself a gallant troubadour!

What though the night was chill? He murmured not,
But sang so blithely of his happy lot
That I had looked on him and softly smiled
You would have thought the Springtide had beguiled
The wintry atmosphere! Ah, me! Ah, me!
Those were indeed the days of chivalry!
But now, O Strephon, when I hear from you
'Tis not from Minstrel gay all dipt in dew,
But in a type-writ note, banged out in haste,
Ill-spelt, with here and there a line erased!
You'll never win me with inky phrases, Sir,
Dictated to your new Stenographer!

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ETHEL DAVIS AND HER BABY DOLLS
In a revised edition of the jolly nautical musical farce "The Candy Ship."

Gossip of the Theatre

"Mrs. Tanqueray" at Columbia

The problem of the tainted woman—the eternal theme of the builders of problem plays—is treated in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the first of the series of great plays that have come from the pen of Arthur Wing Pinero, which will be presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia next Monday night, August 2, and all week. Paula Tanqueray is a woman whose past brings about a situation of relentless tragedy, from which the only escape seems to her to be suicide. The Paula of Mrs. Patrick Campbell bears the stamp of authenticity. She it was who created the part and she it is who has played it with the most impressive artistry. During Mrs. Campbell's engagement at the Columbia special priced matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Second Week of "Omar"

Omar Khayyam has come out of the mysterious past, and is living his life over again for the pleasure of theatregoers at the Cort, where Guy Bates Post will commence on Sunday evening the second week of his engagement in Richard Walton Tully's massive Oriental spectacle "Omar, the Tentmaker." The play might be likened to an Arabian Nights' tale in Persian scenes, gorgeous in color, bursting with action and embellished with stagecraft of the highest order. Its unusual qualities are attracting capacity audiences at each performance, and the large advance sale for next week indicates a continuation of this condition. Much of the success is due to the acting of Mr. Post in the title role. As the youthful student, the middle-aged poet, the elderly philosopher, Mr. Post at all times reads his melodious and graceful lines with animation and feeling. His happy lover is fully as convincing as his matured and sobered philosopher. Incidental music composed by Anita Baldwin is harmoniously unobtrusive. This incidental music is rendered by an enlarged orchestra under the direction of Maurice Nitke. It is worthy of note that Mr. Post is still supported by the same large and superb company that surrounded him on the occasion of his engagement last summer.

William Morris at Orpheum

William Morris, one of the cleverest and most popular leading men Charles Frohman ever had and subsequently a most successful star, will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. Mr. Morris will present a condensed version of the famous farce "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" in which he originally played the leading role. A special feature of great excellence and interest will be the famous Orquesta Torreblanca of twenty pieces which is the finest musical organization of Mexico. In the costume of their native land these splendid musicians play from their immense repertoire, classical, national, operatic and popular numbers. Everyone is a graduate of the National Conservatory of Music of the City of Mexico which ranks with the leading conservatories of Europe. Sra. Rivera who accompanies the orchestra as vocal soloist has a lyric soprano of unusual sweetness. Stewart Jackson and Dorothy Wahl, musical comedy favorites who are meeting with great success in vaudeville, will present a diverting skit entitled "Before the Theatre" in which singing, dancing and piano playing are introduced. James Teddy, the champion jumper of the world, will give an exhibition of his marvelous skill. He held the Victor International Championship during 1911, 1912 and 1913. Allan Dinehart and his company in Everett S. Ruskay's sketch "The Meanest Man in the World;" Nan Halperin, the singing comedienne; "The Volunteers;" and Gus Edwards and His Song Revue of 1915 will conclude their engagements with this bill.

A Composers' Concert

La Loie Fuller, "Mistress of Light," will give her last performance of the month at Festival Hall this Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday afternoon one of the most interesting and novel concerts in our musical history will take place in the spacious auditorium, the occasion being known as "American Composers' Day." Director of Music George W. Stewart has been able to prepare a program remarkable in every way. It will consist of works of native writers, and each composition with one exception, will be conducted by the composer in person. The one exception will be the Concerto for pianoforte in C sharp minor, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, played by the composer, but conducted by Richard Hageman. George W. Chadwick, the eminent writer of symphonic and chamber music, will lead the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians in his overtures, "Melpomene" and "Euterpe." Miss Mabel W. Daniels will conduct the orchestra in her poem for baritone "The Desolate City," which will be sung by Cecil Fanning. Miss Daniels has as wide a reputation for conducting as she has for composing. Dr. Horatio Parker of Yale, author of the $10,000 prize opera "Fairyland," will conduct his overture "Northern Legend." Frederick Stock, conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, will direct a "Symphonic Sketch" and "Symphonic Waltz" of his own composition. Ernest R. Kroeger of St. Louis, renowned pianist and composer, will lead the four movements of his suite "Lalla Rookh." Carl Busch of Kansas City whose choral works are well known, will interpret his tone poem "Minnehaha's Vision." Last but not least comes our own California composer W. J. McCoy whose "Hamadryads" is so well known, and his offering will be the prelude to the third act of his opera "Egypt." Seats may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

Bohemian Music at Cort

The annual presentation of the Bohemian Grove Play music will take place this year at the Cort Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, August 10, at three o'clock. The book is entitled "Apollo," by the distinguished librettist Frank Pixley, and the music is by Edward F. Schneider, composer of "The Triumph of Bohemia," a great success of former years. "The Dance of the Saplings" by Mr. Schneider, is well remembered. The principal soloists of the afternoon will be George Hamlin, the famous tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, the renowned basso. Mail orders, accompanied by check, will be received at the Bohemian Club and filled as near the location desired as is possible.

The Anglin Greek Plays

Margaret Anglin's forthcoming revivals of three Greek plays is directing the attention of all lovers of the classic drama to the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, where the plays will be presented in the following order: Saturday evening, August 14, the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides, Saturday evening, August 21, the "Medea" of Euripides, and Saturday evening, August 28, the "Electra"

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
Contralto at the Beethoven Festival of Music, Civic Center Auditorium, August 6, 7, 8

of Sophocles. Miss Anglin will of course play the title character in each tragedy and the other characters will be in the hands of well known and capable classic actors including Fuller Mellish, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Pedro de Cordoba, Howard Lindsey and Lawson Butt. Rehearsals are now in progress under the direction of Miss Anglin and Gustave von Sieffertitz, the noted stage director. Livingston Platt, the designer of the costumes and stage decorations, will superintend the technical side and the lighting of the productions. Walter Damrosch, one of America's foremost musical artists who has composed the musical settings for each play, will arrive in Berkeley on Saturday to select and rehearse the choruses. Mr. Damrosch will also conduct the orchestra of sixty instruments at each performance. Upwards of two hundred supernumeraries will be employed in the "Iphigenia." The seat sale for all performances will open on August 9.

Lytell and Vaughan Return

On Monday night, August 2, San Francisco theatregoers will welcome with open arms the return of their two most popular players, Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan, who are coming back to the Alcazar, the scene of all their former triumphs, for a season of dramatic offerings on a scale of magnitude never before attempted at the popular O'Farrell street playhouse. It is two years now since these favorite stars have been with us, and a royal reception is being planned for their opening. Everything connected with their forthcoming enterprise will be entirely new and up-to-date. They are bringing with them a brand new company of selected players, direct from New York, and in their extensive repertoire of plays will be found all the recent New York successes. It seems fitting that Mr. Lytell and Miss Vaughan should return home for a season during the Exposition and thus give many of the out-of-town visitors a chance to view their art. The play chosen for the opening is one of the biggest comedy successes New York has known in a long time. It is "The Misleading Lady," and is described as an unusual comedy of thrills, laughter and melodrama, by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey. It comes direct from a seven months' run at the Fulton Theatre, New York, and its cast of characters will afford unusual opportunities for the reintroduction of the two popular stars and the inauguration of their new company of players. Prominent in the latter are such well known Easterners as Ethelbert Hales, Alexis Luce, Phillips Tead, Robert Wayne, Addison Pitt, Henry Shumer, William Ramsdell, Grace Goodall, Kathleen Comeyges and others. There will be matinees every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday during the Lytell-Vaughan season, and popular prices will prevail.

Miss MacDonald at K. and C. Hall

Another efficient resident artist has been selected as soloist for this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall. Miss Gladys MacDonald is one of the most active and best liked of our church and concert singers. She is a pupil of that splendid vocal instructor Mrs. Carroll Nicholson of Oakland who has trained her in a manner to bring out her most artistic accomplishments. Her repetroire includes church and classic songs, and her past successes guarantee that those who will be present this Saturday will find great enjoyment in her interpretations. The instrumental portion of the program will be attended to by G. Vargas. He will play all the accompaniments to the songs of Miss MacDonald and also several piano compositions on the Knabe player piano.

Beethoven Festival of Music

All prepaartions have been completed for the great Beethoven Festival of Music at the Civic Center Auditorium next Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon, August 6, 7, 8. The festival is epoch-making. A symphony orchestra, the largest ever assembled in San Francisco, will be conducted by Alfred Hertz, the great leader from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Four world-famous singers, Mar-

WILLIAM MORRIS

The favorite legitimate star who will present "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" next week at the Orpheum

GUY BATES POST and LOUISE GRASSLER

In "Omar, the Tentmaker" now playing the Cort Theatre

cella Craft, soprano from the Royal Opera, Munich, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto, Paul Althouse, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass-baritone, all from the Metropolitan, and the largest chorus ever heard here will appear on every program. In addition to the Ninth Symphony, the greatest work of Beethoven, there will be programs filled with good things. One of the outstanding features will be Schumann-Heink's singing of Schubert's "Die Allsacht" (The Almighty) accompanied by the symphony orchestra of one hundred musicians. The Johns-Manville Company, employed by the Exposition to correct the acoustics of the Civic Center Auditorium, have completed their work in a way satisfactory to the authorities, and with the special stage, special boxes and seating arrangements provided it is promised that the Auditorium will leave nothing to be desired as regards acoustics and comfort. Complete programs, seat plans and tickets are at the offices of Sherman, Clay and Company and Kohler and Chase.

"Fear" at Pantages

The success following the initial production of the Holbrook Blinn thrillers under the direction of Milton Stallard has encouraged the management of Pantages to present several of the most popular of the playlets of the Princess Theatre in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles. Next week "Fear," the tense one-act play that had all this city talking last season when the piece was produced by the Blinn players at the Columbia, will be offered with J. Anthony Smythe in the principal role. Stallard will give "Fear" a splendid production. James Dillon who created favor as the junior lieutenant in "Across the Border," will be cast for a strong part in "Fear." Ethel Davis, always a favorite at Pantages, and her "Baby Dolls" will return with a revised edition of her musical farce "The Candy Ship." Miss Davis and the dolls are introducing a novelty in a girl's "Charlie Chaplin Contest." Gus Leonard, the veteran German comedian, is supporting Miss Davis. Jessie Hayward, assisted by Leon Hahn, have a jolly little sketch with a real plot entitled "The Quitter." Bigelow, Campbell and Rayden, a trio of rousing cabaret singers, are a feature of the new bill. Neuss and Eldrid, continental comedians, have a burlesque acrobatic act. Fred Rodgers, a colored dancing comedian, and Farwell, the human band, are other acts.

CORT THEATRE SPECIAL

Tuesday Afternoon, August 10, at 3 o'clock

The Bohemian Grove Play of 1915

Book by Frank Pixley, Music by Edward F. Schneider

SOLOISTS:

GEORGE W. HAMLIN
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FROM A POET'S DIARY
By John Helston

The first green comes on willow trees.
And like a falling of slow rain,
In hazel holts along the lane,
The pendent catkins cross the sun.
The light lies very still on these,
And is most fair to look upon.

I watch, and lo! the light this way
Is as a mirror 'neath the hills,
That with the young Spring's breathing fills,
With song and woodland water's noise. . . .
Joy grows more deep, meseems, than gay,
Faint leaves more misty, or my eyes.

Down this low lane behind the woods
She shares a shining tryst with me
In silver sunlight virginly—
To brim the mind with magic shows,
Till man's becomes as maidenhood's
Wherein a rainbow comes and goes.

Ay! meeting her, I feel my mind
Clear colored as her early lights,
Whose only dimness is delight's
Deep breathing at the heart of things. . . .
Can man love her and hate mankind
Who sees how yon thrush sits and sings?

How over this still place there comes
A sweetness like the white windflowers',
Whose shy assembly fills the hours
With maiden faces, that must draw
The light down so to love their homes
Beneath the shining oakenshaw.

I see and hear—a living Soul,
For whom joy is for ever fresh!
No crisis now comes in my flesh:
My deeps are lit from off a height
Whereon the sun in aureole
Sings; and the lark becomes a light

That throbs upon the middle air,
And passes into time and space;
Nor no eye sees it save with grace—
Till shine and sound, till growth and years,
Become one spirit molten there,
So bright none sees it save with tears.

From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
A gladness keeps the world in view—
A promise of the spring come true,
Through all the change of light and dark
To which the spheral life is given:—
One with the sunrise and the lark;

One with the noon that fills the flowers
With brightness for the questing bees,
While they, the flowers, delight in these,
And move with murmurings and love—
One with the dream that falls in showers
Of midnight, when the star-signs move.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—"War Stocks" were again the feature of the stock market last week and many of them scored new high records while the standard railroad shares were dull and somewhat depressed. This boom in "war stocks" has discounted a vast increase in business still to come and it is distrusted by conservative commission houses, but it is significant that some of the most cautious of them have recently made room for these shares on the quotation boards in their customers' rooms. The strength of Steel common at the end of the week was more significant than the fluctuations of minor "war stocks." The steel mills will have to supply the raw material for gun and shell shops to work into munitions of war and the steel trade has revived through the booking of large orders at profitable prices. The darkest cloud in the sky as far as "war stocks" are concerned is the unrest in labor circles which many believe has been fomented by German agents to check shipments of war material to the Allies. It is difficult to double the capacity of a shop and the number of hands employed without running the risk of labor troubles, because the "floaters" in labor circles are not fond of steady work and are prone to shirk and impose on their employers. Some anxiety has been felt about possible evil results that might follow a sharp break in the "war stocks." There is no cause for alarm in this boom because the amount of money tied up in loams on such securities is negligible and a decline in them cannot affect the banks. Even in the case of Bethlehem Steel the floating supply is small and if every share in the Street figured in collateral held by the banks it would not amount to much. The total amount of money that New York banks would lend on these "war stocks" would be a mere drop in the bucket of their total loans of $2,553,000,000 as reported last Saturday. It would be different had corresponding activity and advances in prices taken place in really big stocks such as Steel common, Union Pacific, Pennsylvania, Canadian Pacific, etc., but there has been no expansion in the standard issues. The financial position of the city and the country is sound and unassailable, and the Federal Reserve Act checks the use of the country's monetary resources by Wall Street. The banks cannot rediscount Wall Street paper and procure the issue of Federal bank notes on its security, as they are not likely to overload themselves with such paper. The law is working well. It has not checked legitimate business in Wall Street and it has assured the country against stringency in the crop moving season without running the risk of dangerous inflation of credits. A break in the Stock Exchange cannot create panic throughout the country. Our newly created wealth in the form of crops and mill products is the basis of real prosperity. If war stocks should tumble as fast as they have risen only a few speculators would be hurt and other speculators would have their money. While speculation is confined to those that are playing the game, it does not hurt the business of the country appreciably; but when, as formerly, the money deposited by the people in banks throughout the country flowed into New York and was lent to pools and big speculators for stock market operations, a break in the stock market was felt everywhere.

Wheat—A rapid and considerable appreciation in values has taken place during the week. The rise resulted from the continued unsettled weather and the consequent delay in harvesting, the latter being brought forcibly to mind by the great discrepancy in the primary movement, as compared with last year. The anticipation of a large crop had been productive of much bearish sentiment and a large short interest, the latter being impelled to cover. The growth in the foreign demand was, also, somewhat stimulating, and combined with the small receipts, made for a strong situation. The clearances are quite light, as they are also from the Argentine and India, the supply of the former being about exhausted. Foreign growing conditions are not quite so optimistic as formerly, although Russia's acreage is reported as increased. Crop reports continue of about the same trend, and while the weather is such as to delay the movement of the crop, prices will undoubtedly maintain a strong tone and show an advancing tendency.

Corn is ruling under last week's prices, the weather in the last few days being regarded as favorable to the crop, although advices from various places continue to indicate quite backward conditions. Some pressure on values originated with the local element, while there is a fair demand through commission houses. Country offerings continue moderate, with a fair domestic demand and stocks continue to decrease The situation seems to be one favoring purchases on declines, as it is unlikely that the movement from the country will be any way free, while the crop requires about perfect conditions.

Cotton—There was very little activity in the cotton market last week and prices held just above the 9 cent level for the new crop options The market has developed into a professional scalping affair with the range covering about 15 points. The news generally was mostly in favor of the bears with the exception of the low price at which cotton is now selling. The week-end figures were rather bearish, showing the "into-sight" movement for the week considerably more than for the same period last year, and spinners' takings about the same as last year. Stocks of cotton showed a fair increase for the week. The weather has been almost perfect in all sections of the belt, although possibly a little too hot in Texas. But as there have been quite a few complaints from boll weevil from that State of late, the hot, dry weather is putting an end to them. We feel friendly to cotton at this level, owing to its cheapness, but believe it will take some bullish news of some kind to bring about more than a scalping advance.

Wigg—She was twice divorced and has just married for the third time.

Wagg—Matrimony seems to be a circus, or rather a three-ringed affair, with her.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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IN THIS ISSUE:

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Mr. Hyatt Fathers a Foolish Tract

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Neglect of Genius

"Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them." This rebuke to the Pharisees uttered by Christ we submit to the consideration of some of our rich folk who are intent on buying antique treasures at the Exposition. Were they to study it long enough they might succeed in understanding it, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Rebukes of this kind lose their efficacy unless they are constantly renewed and pointed by new instances. So let us make application of the rebuke uttered by Christ. Let us interpret it for twentieth century study and reflection. For Pharisees we will substitute Philistines, and address them thus: Ye buy the works of dead artists whom your fathers allowed to starve, and all around you are starving artists to whom your sons will pay posthumous tribute. Christ rebuked the spirit that neglects the living, that cannot appreciate the present. The men who were most active in honoring Isaiah were most active in persecuting Jesus. And down the centuries the posthumous idolator has been the direct descendant of the contemporary persecutor. So we would tell the fools today who are spending exorbitant and enormous sums for the purchase of faded canvases and discolored statuary and old bric-a-brac that they are in a sense depriving of food men of genius who are starving at their doors.

The Mollycoddle in the South

Several Southern editors have been censuring the Governor of Mississippi for threatening to cut the throat of a political opponent who had charged him in the midst of a political campaign with stealing a bill. The Governor's critics think that in making the threat he violated the amenities of political campaigning. This is a view very much at variance with the best traditions of the South. To a former generation such squeamishness would be intolerable. Is the effeminate philosophy of the Middle West mollycoddle taking hold of the public mind in the State of Mississippi? Alas, the old traditions are passing everywhere. Men no longer revere the faith of their fathers. If the old Southern loyalty to the doctrine of State rights is relaxing in the domain once ruled by Jeff Davis what hope is there for the divine privilege of vindicating one's honor with a knife? In the old days it was the knife that compelled respect for the amenities of political campaigning. Every debater stood on his punctilio with a keen bright blade cased on his left breast, easily accessible to his right hand. Those were days of much earnestness in political campaigning, but personalities were not regarded as essential proof of principles. The sensibilities of the campaigner were as exquisite as those of the Major of Alabama who killed the tailor. The tailor, it will be remembered, was taken off in his prime while trying to convince the Major that the suit was a perfect fit. "The coat is a little too loose," said the Major. The tailor smoothed out a wrinkle, and affecting an air of enthusiasm remarked that the coat didn't require a stitch of alteration. In a moment the Major's burnished blade flashed in the sunlight, and in another moment the tailor was writhing in his death agony. The only question before the jury was, Did the tailor contradict the Major? He did, said the jury, and the Major received the felicitations of his friends, and left the court-room in the full pride of his Southern birthright. Ah, those were glorious days in the South, and to realize that they are no more is to experience a sensation of profound melancholy.

The Grand Young Independent

Though generally speaking not at all cynical, the New York Evening Post views with suspicion the informal convention on the Fair grounds at which the Colonel nominated our genial Governor for President. The Post tells us that the "stage could not have been more artfully set" or the Colonel caught in a more propitious mood, and yet he vindicated his self-possession by shrewdly resorting to the perfunctory phrase staled by all campaign chairmen: "Johnson is the next President." We are astonished to find so well informed a paper as the Post curious "as to the party which Governor Johnson may expect to elect him President." Evidently the Post is unaware of Governor Johnson's abandonment of all parties to their fate. Governor Johnson, ahead of the times in all things, has risen superior to party government. Governor Johnson is the supreme Independent in politics. Governor Johnson is the foremost Non-Partisan. Governor Johnson is his own platform, the embodiment of his own principles, and when he runs for office again, whatever be the object of his aspiration, it will be as the standard bearer not of a clique or faction but of all the pee-pul, and the issues will be whatever he makes them. Then he will be under obligations only to dear old hydra-headed Vox Populi, the most indulgent and intelligent beast in all the world.

A Bit of Fiction

A correspondent who styles himself "A Christian" takes us to task for imputing to the prohibition propaganda the practice of "attributing to Abraham Lincoln sentiments on the liquor question that he never uttered." Our correspondent writes of the thrifty financiers of the prohibition cause with the reverence of a man who might fondly expect to go to Westerville when he dies. We feel therefore that we may do some good for a misguided Christian by calling his attention to the following item which appeared under date of February 12th, 1915, in the Illinois edition of "The American Issue," the official organ of the Westerville captains of the prohibition industry:

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON GOOD GOVERNMENT

"*Good Citizenship* demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known, but be made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected and defeated but destroyed. The saloon has proved itself to be the greatest foe, the most blighting curse, of our modern civilization, and *This is the Reason why I am a Practical Prohibitionist.* —Abraham Lincoln."

Anybody at all familiar with the writings and manner of Abraham Lincoln will say offhand that he never wrote the foregoing paragraph. Lincoln had what the French call "urbanity of diction." He practiced restraint. He was never strong for superlatives. As a matter of fact there is of record nowhere the assertion by Lincoln that he was a prohibitionist. Lincoln never pretended to know what the most blighting curse of modern civilization was, but we may be pretty sure of what he thought of Pharisees and fanatics. Now where did the oily saints of Westerville get the paragraph that we have quoted? Did they believe it genuine when they published it in their official organ? It is to be presumed that they did not, for in view of all the statements they have falsely attributed to Lincoln it is to be presumed that they have not neglected to search for genuine material and are not unfamiliar with the barrenness of their favorite authority. Since the publication of the fictitious statement Edward J. Richardson, assistant manager of the Westerville Department of Publicity, has admitted in a letter to a fellow prohibitionist that the statement is "probably a fake." "We have no idea," he wrote, "nor is there any record, that Lincoln said such a thing." In the same letter Mr. Richardson regrets that "we can hardly claim George Washington as a temperance man as there seems to be no doubt about his having once owned in whole or in part a distillery;" also that "it seems pretty well settled that he was not a total abstainer." So according to one of the captains of the lucrative prohibition industry Washington was a very iniquitous person. All distillers, they tell us, are cold-blooded scoundrels who rob men of their souls. If a drunken man com-

mits murder the prohibitionists charge distillers with the crime. We hope our Christian correspondent does not agree with them.

The Pulpit Optimist

The Right Rev. Dr. Charles D. Williams, a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has joined the pulpit brigade of disarmament agitators who view with pride the meagreness of our means of defense. He has scorn for all who scoff at our small standing army. "It seems to me," says this church dignitary, "that it is not a shame but a glory for a free country to depend upon its free born sons, upon its men, and not upon its armament." Intellectual conceit is at the bottom of most of our optimistic pretensions, but many people are optimists from ignorance. It is the ignorant that are most susceptible to illusions and easily caught by the catch-words of optimism. People were never so fed up on worldly illusions as the people of Europe just before the war. They were stall-fed optimists ready for the slaughter. Half-brother to them is the Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, who would have the nation's free born sons repel invasion with their good stout hearts and nothing else. The world has learned from the present unpleasantness in Europe that in war nowadays machinery is of as much, if not more, importance than men. Also the world has learned how armies have fought at a great disadvantage from lack of equipment. Because nations depended rather on their free born sons than on the munitions of war many thousands of free born sons are no longer in the service of their country. These are things all the world knows—all save the inspired optimists of the Carnegie school wherein is taught the foolosophy of unpreparedness.

The Confirmed Orator

We have lately had a striking example of the fate that is incurred by the confirmed orator when he permits his intellectuals to be put to a test in public view. By the confirmed orator is meant the man who has lost control of his thirst for the evidences of successful emotional appeal. There is no more hideous vice of self-indulgence than the habitual orator's. His is the accursed lust of the glory of adulation. He has a morbid craving for applause, and to him applause is a delicious intoxicant more insidious than absinthe. It poisons his soul with enervating ideals, debauches his mental faculties and gives him an illusory confidence in the extravagant intuitions of his ineffable inebriety. In time, from protracted disuse, his intellectuals become clogged, he forgets how to think. Then there is nothing for him to do but to go on talking, automatically repeating his hyperboles and depending on an impassioned manner to start the applause of the groundlings. There was a time when oratory was honored for the supreme genius which at best it requires. Among the ancients of Athens and Rome it was admired as much as poetry and sculpture. The talents of a poet were pronounced inferior to those which are requisite for the art of forming public opinion and swaying the emotions. But among the ancients the art of oratory was cultivated, and to be recognized as an orator a man had to have more than a voice and glibness of speech and a talent for inventing rhetorical figures. Orators in Greece and Rome were not men of superficial knowledge. They were men of education, informed on the subjects they discussed. And though given to solid argument, to the eloquence that instructs the reason more than it affects the passions, yet they took their little excursions to Parnassus to gather the flowers of rhetoric that intoxicate with their perfume. Hence among the wise Athenians the Areopagites expressly forbade all allurements of eloquence. But the orator of Greece was much respected for his sincerity and patriotism, and when Demosthenes was down for a talk men flocked to Athens from all the provinces to hear him. Of the same high standing in Rome was Cicero who towered above Calous, Curio, Hortensius and even Caesar, himself a man of great eloquence. Though a wise philosopher Cicero depended a great deal on the emotional appeal and the cross-of-gold style of rhetoric, as for example in his condemnation of the crucifixion of a Roman citizen when he ranted in this fashion: "Should I lift up my voice in the most desolate solitude to the rocks and mountains, yet should I surely see those rude and inanimate parts of nature moved with horror and indignation at the recital of so enormous an action." Thus we see that even Cicero bloviated flubdub occasionally. The fact is that good flubdub when uttered with vehemence makes effective oratory. It is not to the discredit of the orator that his oratory is addressed chiefly to those sentiments and passions that when touched rise to life and warm the heart. But it is unfortunate that those sentiments and passions are so easily accessible in a crowd that they may be touched by men whose words are larger than their ideas. Hence it is that mediocrities who are tempted to become orators wield some influence. Innocuous as boy orators of their native village they rise to the Chautauqua circuit where more money is paid for small talents than in any other profession or trade; and in this field they widely diffuse their ignorance, corrupting the intelligence of the weaker minded until the pernicious effect of their little learning has spread its contamination far and wide.

Perspective Impressions

The great thing, says Dr. Aked, is "to believe that what is true for you is true for all mankind." Thus the Know-It-All stands self-revealed.

Burbank has been speaking on "the fundamental purpose of sex." Had he spoken on potatoes or Shasta daisies we might have gone to hear him.

Of course it was "only a crank" that threatened the life of the President. But cranks are often successful. And cranks are innumerable these days.

Moreover there are agitators breeding cranks in these parlous times.

It might be well for the agitators to go slow, and reflect that we can ill afford to lose our President; also that the people would bitterly resent his taking off—even by a crank.

News item: "The osteopaths have put a ban on popular songs." We thought it about time for a new American movement; and who are better qualified to invent one than our scientific masseurs?

There was a mediocre baseball writer lost when Billy Sunday became an evangelist.

Having been in the department store business so long John Wanamaker thinks everything can be bought and sold, even including peace.

The people of Mexico have had lots of time wherein to "work out their salvation in their own way." Perhaps the word should be "starvation."

It is possible to produce a perfect baby in six generations, says Luther Burbank. But when it comes to talking, Luther Burbank can produce perfect rot in six seconds.

Complaint is made that many Americans are prejudiced against Germans. Perhaps the prejudiced Americans have been unduly influenced by the Germans behind the German propaganda.

For some Americans are extremely pro-American and very sensitive to insult and impudence. Doubtless at this particular time it irritates them to be told by German propagandists that there should be a dollar mark on the American flag.

Maybe some prejudice was created by a patriot bearing the name of Henry Weissman who stood on a platform in Utica underneath an American flag bearing the motto "United and Strong; German to the Marrow," and charged President Wilson with violating his oath of office and being "a dupe of Wall Street pirates."

Such sentiments might be tolerable in normal times when at once untainted by sympathy for a foreign Power and free from the suspicion of disloyalty to the United States.

We know this is the deer season because a hunter was mistaken for a fine buck near Cazadero this week.

When Billy Sunday is merely coarse and blasphemous and cuts out the obscenity he disappoints the greater part of the kind of people who like to hear him talk.

Bryan says he bases his claim to fame on certain arbitration treaties. But posterity may remember him only for what he did for grape-juice.

Varied Types

CCXLI—EPHRAIM BENGUIAT

By Edward F. O'Day

He has a full white beard, the eyes of a dreamer, the voluble speech and excited gesticulation of an enthusiast. He looks as if he might have stepped out of a synagogue picture by Will Rothenstein. He's an orthodox Spanish Jew and a hadji, for he has made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He won't do business on the Sabbath; that's religious. Frequently he won't do business on any other day; that's temperamental. He has a collection of rugs and antiques that he says is worth four millions; yet he confesses to many a day when he has fasted for lack of the wherewithal to buy a meal. He told Roy Carruthers in my hearing that he didn't know how he was going to pay his Palace bill; then he took me to his room and showed me half a million dollars worth of rugs, tapestries, costumes and curios in gold, silver and copper. He showed me "the king of silk rugs" for which the late J. Pierpont Morgan offered him a hundred thousand dollars but which he loves too much to sell, and in the next breath he told me that he couldn't occupy the space opposite the Italian building assigned to him by the Exposition people because he hadn't the twenty thousand dollars a building would cost. Altogether, Hadji Ephraim Benguiat, son of the wealthy Benguiat "of the guineas," is one of the most remarkable characters I have ever met.

"Pierpont Morgan spent sixty-four millions on his collection," he told me. "I spent four millions on mine. But I wouldn't trade my collection for his. A century from now Morgan's collection will be mute; mine will still be talking to people, educating them in art."

"There are only three people in San Francisco who know rugs when they see them," was another assertion. "They are Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker. There are others who have the proper instinct; they know beauty when they see it; but they have not cultivated their taste like Mrs. Hearst and Mr. and Mrs. Crocker."

I had just read an article in the Saturday Evening Post, "Getting Wise in the Rug Business" by Thomas J. Donlon. That article contained these words:

"The Marquand sale at the American Art Galleries in New York, in 1903, marked the beginning of high prices for choice oriental rugs. At this sale Vital Benguiat, a famous collector, paid $38,500 for a fifteenth century Persian rug, twelve by six. I understand from the dealer who sold the piece to Mr. Marquand in 1893 for $4,000 that he had bought it the previous year in Constantinople for $1,500. The rug disappeared into Mr. Benguiat's collection, that gentleman subsequently refusing at least two offers for it of $100,000 each."

I asked Ephraim Benguiat what relation he bore toward Vital Benguiat.

"He is my brother," was the answer; "and he was my clerk at that time. I was in San Francisco at the time of that sale, and I telegraphed him to buy that rug for me."

The brothers are not friendly now, but Ephraim would not go into the matter, saying "It is too long a story."

"My brother," he said later on, "spends fifty dollars a day to live. I spend fifty cents. I am jolly, and he is not happy. He is not strong; I could break his neck with a blow," and he smote his left fist stingingly against his right palm.

"I am poor," he said, "because I have a large family. This is my family," and he waved his arm from side to side of the room which is carpeted and tapestried with the rarest rugs of silk and wool, and cluttered with a bewildering array of other treasures.

"But what is money?" he continued. "I could have money, but I should have to part with these things, and then I should die. It is enough happiness for me to show them to those who have taste, and to see from their eyes that they enjoy them. People say to me, 'If you can sell ten pieces for a million, sell then, and you'll be a millionaire.' I answer, 'Go to hell!' Daniel Meyers used to tell me that I was crazy. But what are millions? I have many friends here who have millions; yes, millions and diabetes. They leave their millions to their sons; yes, and their sons have millions and mistresses and troubles. I have my treasures and peace. And when I die, I shall have a good name, and my treasures will be schoolmasters, teaching the world."

"San Francisco is a good place to find good things," he told me. "See!" and he whipped a cloth covering from the finest Buddha I have ever seen. It is a Buddha of copper covered with leaf of gold, of exquisite anatomy, the whole mellowed by the patina of indubitable antiquity. I cannot give you a better notion of Ephraim Benguiat than by repeating his account of the manner in which he acquired this Buddha.

"I met my friend Alfred Hertz, and I wished to speak with him. But he was with many people, and that was a bad time. Among others there was a girl, a beautiful girl, and about her neck was a necklace of pearls. Such a necklace! Perfectly matched pearls. It must have cost a hundred thousand pounds. I could have knelt down before that necklace. However, that has nothing to do with the story. I told Mr. Hertz that I wished to talk with him, and he asked me to call at the Fairmont.

"On the day of the taking of Jesusalem—a black day with us, we do not touch food or drink until after noon—I went to the synagogue. At noon I left the synagogue and went to the Fairmont to see Mr. Hertz. He was not in. "Where shall I go?' I asked myself. 'To Chinatown?' 'No.' I walked the other way. I entered a shop. Shall I tell you whose shop it was? I think not. Yes, I shall tell you. It was Mr. McCann's.

"Years ago, before the fire, when I had a place here, a young man used to come in. He always went straight to the best things in my place, and he handled them as one who loved them for their beauty. He would pick out a little thing and say, 'I should like to buy this, but I have not the money.' 'Never mind, English boy,' I told him, 'you shall take it and pay when you can.' I called him 'the English boy' because I did not know his name. That was McCann; he was then working in one of the big shops. Now he has a big shop himself.

"Mr. McCann has taste, and always he has good things to sell. Every day almost the Chinese and others bring him fine things. Well, this day I went into Mr. McCann's, and I said, 'What have you?' And he said, 'Amigo, look at this.' Then I saw this Buddha. You know how it is when you see something very beautiful. Your blood runs hot; you can feel your heart jumping. You put out your arms. You want to kneel down and kiss that beautiful thing. So it was when I saw this Buddha. I asked the price. Mr. McCann told me. 'It is not too much,' I said, 'but I have not the money.' That was all I said, for the Talmud has a saying, 'To talk is silver; quiet is golden.' Mr. McCann proposed that we go out and have lunch. I was feeling weak, for I had fasted more than twenty-four hours, but I did not mind that, having seen this Buddha.

"At lunch Mr. McCann spoke a great deal about the Buddha. I did not say anything. 'Buy it,' he said, 'and take it to New York. You can sell it for two thousand dollars.' That was true, but I said nothing. 'If you have not the money,' he said, 'pay for it with a rug.' I spoke then. I said 'Good.' We went back to the shop and to the Buddha. 'Write down that I am to pay with a rug.' I said. Mr. McCann did that. And then I danced and shouted for joy. The Buddha was mine. I took it up in my arms and brought it here. I could not bear to leave it behind.

"There is a friend of mine here who came from Paris where he is a jeweler. I showed him the Buddha. 'Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!' he said. 'It is more than a thousand years old, and it is from the palace of the Emperor. Only the Emperor would have a Buddha like this.' I asked him how he knew it was so old. You see, I knew it was beautiful and that I must possess it, but I did not know its age, and I wanted to learn. 'The shape of the eyes proves that it was made before the Ta-Tao dynasty,' he said."

Benguiat turned his Buddha this way and that, and we examined it closely. He showed me that while the clothed portion of the body was covered with leaf of gold, the face, the hands and the naked middle of the figure were covered with powder of gold which gives them a more delicate surface. He was in raptures over it, he smacked his lips.

"Yes," he said, as he covered it reverently, "San Francisco is a good place to find good things," and he showed me a bowl of repoussé silver covered on the outside with gods and dragons enameled beautifully in black.

"This is Siamese," he said; "a temple vessel. I bought it the other day. It has taught me the secret of Russian enamel—"

And he flowed into a most interesting disquisition. I cannot give it here. Nor can I do justice to the other treasures he showed me—"the king of silk rugs" begun in 1835 for the Shah Mohammed and completed after twenty-eight years of continuous work, a pink tapestry that belonged to the "pink wife" of the Sultan Aziz, the hood and maniple of a Grand Inquisitor of Toledo, a French Gothic ciborium, a rug from the Alhambra which he says is unique and which it is useless for me to describe as of marvelous beauty, since it must be seen to be appreciated—I cannot do justice to any of these things. I can only hope that in some way or other Ephraim Benguiat will arrange to exhibit his collection at the Exposition. The trouble with this amazing man is that there are so few things in his collection that he is willing to sell. I suppose that most of his treasures will eventually go to the Smithsonian—there are a lot of them there already.

A Polish People

By Weyland Keene

Poland has always met with a sympathetic understanding from England, and has gradually come to look upon the English as her avowed champions, chiefly, no doubt, by reason of England's notorious love of freedom. Now, however, though their confidence survives, our sympathy is somewhat in danger of waning—perhaps because the sufferings of Poland have been overshadowed by the misery nearer at hand. But the conditions of Poland are as heartrending as those in Belgium, and they affect a far larger, though less populous, area. The greater part of the country has suffered three distinct invasions; three times have the German hosts burned villages and razed towns to the ground; three times have her people suffered all that has been perpetrated in Flanders. It is impossible to guess the depths of hopeless despair into which these unwilling victims might have been plunged had it not been for the proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas containing the Tsar's promise of autonomy for Poland. The passion for freedom, the most obstinate and the most inspiring of all national sentiments, has always dominated the Polish heart, so that she has produced some of the most famous men in history.

Not only is there this feeling among the Poles themselves, but there is an analogous spirit among all the inhabitants of the great plain stretching from the Baltic to the Carpathians. The inhabitants of this plain are not a homogeneous race, nor do they speak the same language. The love of freedom, therefore, becomes with them a rivalry of nationalities. These once autonomous nations are grouped round the central kingdom of Poland—Lithuania and White Ruthenia lying to the north—Ukrania or Red Ruthenia in Eastern Galicia to the south. National sentiment everywhere gravitates to some centre of attraction, generally a society such as the White Ruthenian Hromada, or the society called by the romantic name "The sun will look into our windows;" or round a university such as the one at Lvov, which has for a long time been the centre of Ukranian national culture, where lectures are given and books printed in that language. This now familiar town was also the birthplace of Sevcenka, the national poet, whose works have been translated into Russian. Though there is no doubt that this national rivalry springs from a desire for greater freedom, it may nevertheless present a serious difficulty when self-government is granted by Russia, unless, of course, the Tsar's promise referred to the ancient kingdom of Poland only, and no federation of the White Ruthenians and the neighboring people was contemplated.

Of all the ancient States, White Ruthenia is perhaps the least well known, except by the few travelers who have had occasion to go there, and the good fortune to seek hospitality. In former days, during the reign of Gedymin, it rivalled the kingdom of Poland in the extent of its territories, and for many years the White Ruthenian language was spoken by the nobility and in the courts of the neighboring State of Lithuania; but at present it only covers a small tract of country in the northeast of Lithuania.

The one link which unites White Ruthenia, not only with these continents, but also with History and Time itself, is the great road which runs from Warsaw to Petrograd, a road which seems even more ancient than the land through which it passes. Were it not for this broad way, furrowed with sandy ruts, on either hand reaching away into the unknown, carrying with it innumerable memories of merchants who have borne their goods along its interminable length, and of the advance of Napoleon and of the invading armies of all time, history itself would be in danger of being forgotten by the lonely inhabitants of this region. Dwelling among the great pine-forests where still lingers the wild aurochs, or European bison, this people possesses a very strong individuality. The primeval forests which have given birth to the ancient religion of tree and serpent worship, and to the priestly rites performed at the forest-altar of the "eternal fire," have formed as effectual a natural boundary as a range of mountains, and have isolated White Ruthenia from the wave of civilization and Christianity that swept across the prairie country to the south, leaving it one of the few pagan places remaining in Europe.

It is a sad land, where on the horizon always lies the thin fretted line of a distant forest. In the foreground are marshes from which the mist-wreaths rise stealthily and float towards the edge of the forest, where the pine-trees appear to be reaching forth their sombre branches like hands, to delay them as they glide past. Beyond the marshes lies lakes where the wild geese linger as they wing their way westward in a noiseless phalanx, and where the ground rises slightly between the forest belts, the soil becomes sandy, and the peasant tries to coax a few blades of rye to survive the meagreness of the boulder-strewn soil, in which nothing flourishes but juniper bushes.

For many months in the year winter casts its white robe over this sombre landscape of unending forest and marsh, marsh and forest. The trees are heavy with their glittering burden, the marshes are all frozen, and the lakes silent. For long, anxious days the spring has been expected and it seems as if life itself were lying dead in the womb of the earth, so long has she been wrapped in her snowy cerements. But at last there comes a day when the watchers realize that there is a change, faint, indefinable, yet as unmistakable as that which precedes the breaking up of the winter ice-floes of an Arctic sea. In what it actually consists it is impossible to say, till one morning, on some plot of snow-free earth, instead of the hard, resentful ring of the soil underfoot, there is a dull, muffled sound as if earth were relaxing her muscles before exerting a supreme effort. Then suddenly, long before those accustomed to a more equable climate would expect, the ground opens under spring's passionate embraces, and once again the ancient earth, having taken a new lover, yields to him the treasures of her life.

After their long dreamless sleep all the wild woods leap into a riot of living, like hamadryads springing full-clothed from the branches of the leafless trees. The streams are rivers and the marshes margeless lakes, across which the peewit and the snipe wing their trackless flight. In silent lines the wild mallard cleave the evening air, and here and there, far overhead, a sad cry announces the coming of the crane. The bursting buds purple the alder woods, and the soil, which in these days breathes that acrid sweetness so dear to a countryman, displays all its vigor in a largess of wild flowers. The forests are carpeted ankle-deep in pinkish moss and the meadows are starred with crocuses. The delicate shadow-grass silvers, as the hand of the wind touches it, and the summer-sweet cries of the birds come from the marshes, where the slim red bushes bend and the yellow iris springs as in the footsteps of a queen. The bog-cotton lies like new-fallen snow and the marsh-mallows, brimful of gold, grow at the edge of the water, upon which are floating the yellow-hearted lilies. From afar comes the drumming of the snipe, and the forget-me-nots and the blue speedwell vie with each other to rival the sky. A cloud of golden wood-bees dances among the syringa, like pine-pollen in the sunshine, and at the forest edge grow wood sorrel and purple hemlock, while out in the meadows the wild apple is already spreading a storm of white blossoms upon the wood. In the later summer the countryside is blue with lupins, which are gathered as fodder for the beasts; the meadows are sheets of blue, which change like the sea to a thousand shades

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when the wind sweeps across them. The blueness of the lupins invades even the cool green aisles of the forests, where their blossoms, hanging breast-high, weave an awning of blue in the sunshine.

In so sad a country, and one which can exhibit such contrasting effects, it is only natural that the inhabitants should reflect the same characteristics as their environment. The White Ruthenians are, indeed, one of those peoples who seem to have inherited the sweet melancholy peculiar to Slav races living in the barren lands of the North—a luxurious sorrow, often riven by outbursts of fierce passion, and intensities of love and hate that have their equal only in the races of the South.

There is sometimes no better way of obtaining an insight into the character of a people than by hearing their legends and folk-songs, which have grown under the influence of many generations of the people of the same district. The multitude of songs which the White Ruthenians sing while at work in the fields and during the long winter evenings are, though often quaint and primitive, a most faithful mirror of the national character. In the music which accompanies these songs lies, not only the key to their nature, but a whole history of past suffering, political injustice, and cruel serfdom. Like the songs of the boatmen on the Volga, this music is vibrant with an ineffable sadness, and as the poignant notes come plaintively over the bleak marshes they weave themselves into those old modes which fill the soul of the listener with a sadness as inherent in the music as it is in the heritage of this Northern people. Notwithstanding what they have suffered in the past from their own overlords, as well as from their conquerors, the White Ruthenians will never, like the exiles of Babylon, hang up their harps and sing no more, for with them, as with all true Slavs, suffering is the essence of their inspiration.

The Sphinx and the War

By Stephen Graham

Cairo.

The trenches are pungent with fumes, the earth itself is deaf from the sound of artillery, both nature and man's work lie blasted and ruined along a long but narrow stretch of land —that is, the front, the war, the biggest and the only thing in the world. But what is happening in other parts of the world?

In May, when I left England, the streets of London were crowded; business was improving from day to day, there was a vigorous popular optimism in the air. At night the Soho restaurants were packed, the theatres had large audiences. But how different was Paris as I saw it when I crossed over! Paris had become silent, dignified, vigilant—a serious city. One felt the enemy near. The contrast to the atmosphere of London was absolutely unexpected. Paris the gay, the thoughtless, had become religious and calm.

Marseilles was vivacious and many colored, light-hearted, pleasant. There was a marked kindness between the chaffering street-folk, an absence of tricksters, drunkards, quarrellers. We watched three transports leave, packed with young French soldiers going to the Dardanelles There was a terrible parting with women on the quayside—not that the French boys wept, their enthusiasm was indescribable.

Placid was the sea. The transports dipped beyond the horizon and we followed them southward. We pass but one warship. Only at Port Said we get back to war reality, looking at the hospital ships and the transports alive with British troops.

My object in coming to Egypt is to visit some of the caves of the old hermits who lived in the desert, Nitria, and the Thebaid. The hermits had a conception of Christianity which the Western Church has put aside. But that conception has lived in the East, and there are many hermits in Russia today. My idea was to go to Egypt, and then go north to St. Sophia and Russia, so following the road by which Christianity came to Rome, and to reconcile the miserable cave of the hermit with the marvelous splendor of the cathedral of St. Sophia. So I went away into the desert on my quest.

But first my obvious impressions of Egypt in wartime. All along the Suez Canal are little forts, made of sandbags, and soldiers are in possession, especially Indian soldiers, who seem happier in the glare of the desert in summer. Cairo is thronged with Australians and New Zealanders, and with them a few British. Mena House Hotel is converted into a barrack, and the Sphinx has a garrison. Soldiers are always staring at the Pyramids, and the black passage of the King's Chamber in the centre of the Great Pyramid is as thronged as a highway—you knock into people there. The Arabs are shrieking in everyone's ears as ever. They peddle their sham curios, tell fortunes, job camels.

I am looking at the Sphinx for the first time, and have great difficulty in freeing my attention from the photographers and curio-sellers behind me. I was going to ask the Sphinx a question —"What is the meaning of the war?" But when I saw the face I forgot what I was going to ask. The question could not be put. The Sphinx was serene. It dwarfed the war. Its bright and confident face expressed no interest in "today." And my questions—Is the war accidental or elemental? Will all be as before or will nothing be as before?—fell away. Egypt bids one be smaller and remember.

In Cairo lies the great Pharaoh, and one's sense of time and antiquity changes as one sees face to face the King who would not let the children of Israel go. Egypt remains a place of mystery and splendor, pomp and human abominations. On the one hand, the desert with its caves and temples, and on the other, the cities with their pleasure and sin.

I felt sorry for the troops waiting in Egypt, marching and drilling in a temperature of over 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, spending their leisure hours in the Cairo streets. But they at least were enjoying themselves and gaining an interesting experience in life. The lot of the wounded was harder. Egypt tends to be a place more of wounded soldiers than of whole ones. It is strange to see a great fashionable hotel, the last thing in luxury and tourist convenience, changed into a military hospital.

I took a basket of oranges and boxes of cigarettes and went to one of the big hospitals at Heliopolis, distributed these things, and talked to the men. They are crazy for oranges; for talk also. All were ready to tell how they got their wounds and what they thought of the Germans and the Turks. They had various stories of the Dardanelles. Three of the men had been in the same regiment as Rupert Brooke and I met one who was present at the funeral. It was at Scyros, not Lemnos, about 350 yards in from the shore. He was landed from a French hospital ship. The funeral was at midnight, by torchlight. If you go there you will find a little wooden cross with just his name and the date of his birth and his death marked on it in black.

I met a man whose right hand was shot away. He was returning to Australia as soon as he got well. "How far inland did you get?" I asked.

"Not at all," said he, with a cheerful smile. "I was shot in one of the landing boats. I never set foot on the land."

"Did you see the man who shot you?"

"I never saw a single Turk," said he, and he was perfectly cheerful. "It's rather rum to come all the way from Australia, be shot in the first half-hour, never see the enemy, and then go back home again without my right hand. But it's all for the cause."

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A Doll's Grave

By Marianna Perl

"Must you go, Herr von Kielegg? It is so early and Boreas seems contented in our stables. Won't you stay another hour with me?"

"Don't you know, Hermine, that I would gladly stay here to the end of my life, if you really and truly wished it?"

He looked tenderly into the face of the young widow who smiled coquettishly in return, thereby displaying a tantalizing dimple in her chin.

How well she dressed her hair! How charming she looked in this summer gown of pale gray with yoke of lace and girdle of gold!

They stood close together at the open window over which climbed an ivy. The soft spring zephyr blew the ringlets about her forehead, and the waving branches of the tall snowball bushes occasionally touched her shoulders. Out in the garden two young gardeners were turning the sod and sowing fresh seed in the newly turned earth. A spicy, penetrating, earthy odor prevailed.

"There will be plenty of time to talk that over," she said. "In the meantime there is much to be considered—I am not free—that child is a great burden. You have no idea what a naughty, stubborn, contrary creature she is. She has inherited an unconquerable will from her father."

"For that reason, if for no other, you need help, my dear friend. And I'll promise you that my little friend Trude shall be no care to you."

She smiled again, showing glistening white teeth between her somewhat too red lips, and without turning her head looked at him slyly, critically out of the corners of her eyes with one of those quick, fleeting glances.

"Give me one word of hope, Hermine."

"Victor—"

He put his arm around her overly slender waist and drew her to him, letting his lips touch her brown perfumed hair. Her eyes shone triumphantly.

Suddenly they heard a loud outcry mingled with the barking of dogs and laughter and shouts. The woman's expression changed immediately. A look of intense anger, held within bounds only by the greatest effort, came to her eyes.

"Oh, look—there—it is awful!" Looking down an avenue bordered with chestnut trees to an open space in the corner of the garden where mighty firs cast their deep shadows, he saw that the gardeners had progressed with their work to this point. Here they also wished to turn up the soil with their spades. Before them stood a little girl, legs apart, arm outstretched, face red as a cherry, defending the place with angry screams. Then she seized a branch of a fir tree from the ground and struck the oncomers with such violence that the needles pricked their faces. "You little witch!" they cried.

"Trude, Trude, do you hear! Go to Mademoiselle at once! You shall be well punished," the mother called in unconquerable passion.

The young man took his hat and whistled to his dog. "Good day, my dear friend," and he had already stepped through the window, down the steps into the garden, and followed by Nero, was soon at the scene of battle.

"You will stop this digging—stand back."

At once the gardeners halted, respectfully, as is customary. "Our overseer told us to dig up the whole garden."

"That is all right, but there is time for this tomorrow. Trude, come to me."

The child flew to him, threw her arms about his neck, trembling, sobbing, panting as if in pain. "Uncle Victor!" and then she wept aloud.

He stroked her rumpled, coal-black hair soothingly and led her a few steps farther to a bench under the firs where he took her upon his knees. He waited quietly until her sobs were spent and the convulsive quivers of her little body had ceased.

"What was the matter, child? Why don't you let these people go on with their work unmolested? Did they harm you?"

Trude again threw both arms about him, her warm little mouth lying close to his ear.

"But, uncle," she stammered, "here, here is the grave of Leonor."

"Leonor? Who is she?"

"Oh, uncle, don't ask such foolish questions—you know. Leonor, she is my jointed doll, that sweet little thing in rose-colored silk that you gave me for my birthday. She had such beautiful, natural, light hair and blue eyes with real lashes. And she could sit and stand and move her legs and arms."

She now remained quiet and her large, tear-dimmed, childish eyes, that appeared to become larger each moment as if looking into Dreamland where tiny porcelain-faced creatures walk and dwell in houses made of blocks and live on caramels, stared ahead into vacancy. There was where Leonor had come from.

Victor asked seriously, "Of what did she die?"

"You see, she fell from the balcony. I had given her a bath, and the red came from her cheeks and she was very pale. Then I carried her out on the balcony and set her between the flower pots so that she could breathe good fresh air. Mamma became very angry and threw her down and boxed my ears. That didn't matter for it didn't hurt; I cried only because Leonor's head was broken. She was dead and so I buried her here in the garden."

"Oh, that is it!" He did not smile, but looked with deep feeling on the little one who began to sob again as if she had experienced the greatest sorrow of earth.

"Indeed, Trude, this is very sad and I am very sorry for Leonor. But you know a grave must be so chosen that it will certainly be left unmolested. What do you say to taking her up and interring her elsewhere?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" Already Trude was on her knees digging into the soft earth. The young man took a spade from among the tools of the gardeners and soon had the grave open. There lay the broken doll in her damp, dirty little dress; the head was broken and the wet earth clung to her hair and limbs.

Carefully he picked her up with the spade, Trude looking on curiously through her tears.

"This isn't a pretty sight," said Victor. "Some day she shall all look like this. But here, take my handkerchief and we'll dry her dress and laces. This young lady was elegantly dressed for her burial. Then, too, I'd like a casket for her. Do you know whether you have that bonbonniere which I recently brought you, the one with an angel painted on it? You certainly have emptied it by this time."

The child nodded eagerly and ran away, quickly returning with it. Soon the doll was laid in the ring, a few large leaves from the overhanging bough of a linden tree hid her from view, then the bright cover was put on and again covered with leaves.

"Come." The funeral procession started. In the middle, Trude carrying the improved casket, behind her, Herr con Kielegg with the spade and ahead of both marched Nero, slowly, sadly, as if he knew what was going on.

At the other end of the garden on a little mound beneath a wide-spreading lilac bush, they halted.

"Do you see, Trude, here no grass will be sown the roots of the bush will not permit it. Here Leonor can sleep in peace."

The box was placed in a quickly dug opening, lilac twigs were spread over it and a little mound was soon over all. Nero walked solemnly about it.

"Some day we can erect a little cross and every spring you will see that the first leaves and flowers are here and the falling lilacs will rain upon this grave. Now, come away, Trude."

He took her to him. "I'll bring you a new and prettier doll, larger than Leonor and with eyes that move."

"No, no!" the child sobbed. "I do not want her, I want no other!"

"Poor little doll—mother! You little heart of pure gold—so misunderstood and so lonesome and yet so strong and true! Happy he who ever wins you. All right, we'll have no other doll. But listen. I must go on a long, long journey, and I don't want to take Nero with me. Will you keep him until I come again? If you wish, forever!"

"Oh, Uncle Victor! Uncle! Uncle!" Trude rushed to the young man and pressed her face in great happiness against his arm. She stretched her little hand back of her toward Nero who sniffed at her fingers.

"Will mamma allow it?"

"I think she will." Involuntarily he frowned. Always this same distrust of her mother. No doubt Hermine called this training. He had another idea of the word and would have done differently had this little soul been entrusted to him.

"Tell mamma that I was in a great hurry and could not call on her again before going away, but that I ask her the favor of keeping my dog until I come again. At all events, I'll write her, and you—" He lifted the black-haired little head and kissed her upon the forehead. She looked up at him with eyes filled with love and adoration, and when she smiled, the self-same dimple that had held him captive with the mother appeared in the child's round chin.

"Grow up strong and sound and always be as sweet as you are now. When I come again, you may be a young lady—don't forget your old uncle before then."

A few moments later, the young man on horseback rode out of the court and along the fence. His quick glance took in the ivy encircled window which was empty now. Ahead of him lay the open highway. But he turned around once more and his eyes sought the slight eminence where the lilac bushes grew the thickest and where a little jointed doll and a great love lay buried beneath.

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Poems About San Francisco

CCVIII—FROM RUSSIAN HILL

By Ina Coolbrith

(Some of the very finest poems published in this series from time to time were from the pen of Ina Coolbrith. Miss Coolbrith is a real poet, not a mere singer. And now she is the poet laureate of California, having been crowned at a pretty ceremony at the Exposition. The following poem on her beloved Russian Hill is taken from the current issue of Sunset.)

Night and the hill to me!
Silence no sound that jars;
Above, of stars a sea;
Below, a sea of stars!

Trancèd in slumber's sway,
The city at its feet.
A tang of salty spray
Blends with the odors sweet

From garden-close and wall,
Where the madrona stood,
And tangled chaparral,
In the old solitude.

Here, from the Long Ago,
Rezánov's sailors sleep;
There the Presidio;
Beyond the pluméd steep;

The waters, mile on mile,
Foam-fringed with feathery white;
The beaconed fortress isle,
And Yerba Buena's light.

O hill of memories!
Thy scroll so closely writ
With song, that bough and breeze
And bird should utter it:

Hill of desire and dream,
Youth's visions manifold,
That still in beauty gleam
From the sweet days of old!

Ring out thy solemn tone,
O far off Mission bell!
I keep thy tryst, alone
With one who loved me well.

A voice I may not hear!
Face that I may not see,
Yet know a Presence near
To watch the hour with me. . .

How stately and serene
The moon moves up the sky;
How silverly between
The shores her footprints lie!

Peace that no shadow mars!
Night and the hill to me!
Below, a sea of stars!
Above, of stars a sea!

The Spectator

Hyatt Prohibition Tract

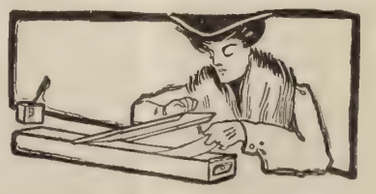
A pamphlet entitled "Alcohol and Efficiency" has come to hand from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction Mr. Edward Hyatt, who hails, I believe, from the little town of Riverside where all is sweetness and light. In a note printed on the cover Mr. Hyatt explains that for many years there has been a law in California "requiring all teachers in the public schools to teach the effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system," and that the pamphlet is intended to "help the teachers in their difficult task." It was prepared by a most competent authority, none other than a professional representative of that most pestiferous body, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Anna Chase. It consists chiefly of the sayings of great men. The first quotation is from Herbert Spencer, a short paragraph to the effect that vigorous health is essential to happiness. It is too bad Miss Chase is not more familiar with Herbert Spencer, since she might have quoted copiously from his brilliant essay on "Spontaneous Reform," wherein he discusses the absurdity of movements to abate evils that have greatly diminished and are diminishing as a result of the ordinary processes in the evolution of society. Spencer made special reference to the subject of drunkenness and to the rapid diminution of that evil up to the time that the crusaders got busy.

Some High Authorities

After Herbert Spencer comes that other great philosopher Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver who says that beer slowly poisons the body. Judge Lindsey proudly describes himself as a total abstainer, which is something anybody might have guessed. Later comes Dr. Lorenz who is quoted for prohibition. This is the same Dr. Lorenz who is quoted in another pamphlet, one that is now in its third edition, against prohibition. The Century Dictionary is quoted, but not in favor of prohibition. It is quoted regarding the effect of alcohol. I am reminded by the appearance of this quotation that the Encyclopedia Britannica is not quoted by Miss Chase. Therein she may find a very strong piece of fine writing in condemnation of prohibition, but I hardly think it will serve her purpose.

An Authority Omitted

Miss Chase has also neglected to quote that eminent physician Edward Huntington Williams who has in one of his books a very interesting chapter on "Temperance Instruction in Public Schools and Its Results," wherein he points out that the W. C. T. U. is responsible for the teaching of so-called "scientific temperance" which is chiefly flubdub. He quotes such well known educators as Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low and Professor Chittenden in condemnation of the practice of giving non-scientific instruction on the physiological effect of alcohol. He quotes former President Taft's criticism of the teachers of scientific temperance that it is most harmful since it is full of "grotesque exaggerations." In justice to Miss Chase it should be said that she chiefly quotes, but among her eminent authorities are Luther Burbank, several ball players, David Starr Jordan, and a Minister of Finance. At the close she summarizes as follows: "Alcohol is a poison, a narcotic poison, affecting disas-



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trously the protoplasm, the physical basis of life." This is the sort of stuff that has been pronounced flubdub by the world's greatest scientists in convention assembled. Alcohol is a poison in the sense that one may commit suicide by drinking pure alcohol, but the prohibitionists do not object to the drinking of pure alcohol, knowing as they do that there is no pleasure in it and very little appetite for it. What they object to among other things is the drinking of beer containing six or seven per cent of alcohol, which is admitted to be a food by the whole scientific world. They also object to whisky which is not half so harmful as a shallow-pated Superintendent of Public Instruction who encourages dissemination of half-truths.

Slander in the South

A San Francisco man not known as such in Los Angeles went to a hotel clerk there, and pretended to seek information about San Francisco, stating that he was going to see the Exposition.

"No use of going," said the Los Angeles hotel clerk; "the Exposition is closed."

"That can't be so," answered the pretended stranger, "for I met a man today who had just come from San Francisco, and he was full of the Fair. If it had closed he'd have mentioned it."

"Well, it's not exactly closed," said the hotel clerk, "but it's not the place you'd want to take your wife and family."

Whereupon the right fist of the San Francisco man shot out and connected with the hotel clerk's eye, putting him down for the count. Immediately afterwards he sought out the manager of the hotel, explained what had happened and left.

"I had heard that hotel clerks in Los Angeles were spreading lies like that about us," he told me, "and I determined to find out for myself whether it was true. What the clerk said to me accounts for the stories that are pretty widely circulated in the East. It was on my way home from the East that I stopped in Los Angeles. Time and time again people said to me in the East:

"'Isn't it too bad your Fair had to close down.'"

"On the Bayside"

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce distributes throughout the United States a pamphlet entitled "Los Angeles To-day." It is a typical piece of the literature of boost. The most interesting feature, however, is the cover illustrated in colors. Here we have a Franciscan padre standing beneath the lofty archway of an old Mission. Through the archway we glimpse an interesting scene. The blue sky smiles over all; purple and snowy mountains mark the horizon; at the foot of the mountains lie golden fields; nearer still are orange groves; and as we approach the foreground of the picture, behold! the skyscrapers of Los Angeles ranged along a water front, with steamers anchored alongside. It is indeed an interesting piece of appliqué work, but of course it is not "Los Angeles To-day" or any other day. It is the figment of a booster's vivid imagination. That bold transference of San Pedro harbor to the immediate neighborhood of Spring street is of course the genius-touch on the canvas. It is in line with this sort of childish deception that the name of San Pedro Harbor has been changed, on waybills, etc., to Los Angeles Bay. Is it any wonder that an easterner wrote to reserve rooms at the Van Nuys and stated that his preference was for rooms "on the bayside?" He had been swallowing Los Angeles boost literature and boost art, swallowing it whole.

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Art in Los Angeles

L. E. Behymer is the Will Greenbaum of Los Angeles. He is the impresario to whom Los Angeles is indebted for the concerts of the world-famous artists whom Greenbaum brings to San Francisco. And so the following confession made by Behymer is interesting, interesting as showing how difficult it is to make art pay its way in Los Angeles and also interesting as showing that there are lots of people in Chemical Purityville who are willing to patronize prizefights when they get the chance. After stating that it is his ambition to make Los Angeles an art center, Behymer says:

"I have worked and even slaved for my ideal, so much so that I assisted at one time in the promotion of prizefights in order to make enough money to cover the deficit incurred for me by some of the high-class musical artists I brought here. It would be a surprise, no doubt, to Mr. Blank and Madame Dash (Mr. Behymer will, if urged, mention their names) to know that their Beethoven and Richard Strauss ministrations were paid for by the artistic upper cuts and brilliant hooks and jabs of Messrs. Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and other virtuosos of the fortissimo punch."

Willis and the Mayor

It seems to stick in my mind, as Alan Breck would say, that Willis Polk has said many unkind things about Mayor Rolph. Am I wrong in recalling that the temperamental architect jibed and jeered at Mayor Rolph at the time the project of a Municipal Opera House was quashed? When I appear to remember that Willis raked "Mission Jim" fore and aft with verbal grapeshot on the occasion of his trouble with the Board of Works over the specifications for the Hobart Building, is my memory playing me false? And when I bear in mind that Willis made the incompetence of the Mayor one excuse for summoning a meeting of his friends to pick a live candidate for the mayoralty, am I totally wrong? I think not. And yet, it is possible that I am deceived in all these matters. It is more likely that my memory should play me a trick than that my eyes should deceive me. My eyes feasted on a curious sight at the formal opening of Chief Murphy's model fire house at Drum and Commercial streets. It was the spectacle of Mayor Rolph and Willis Polk fraternizing like two long-separated brothers. They were arm in arm, they beamed upon each other, they exchanged pleasant words—in fact, had they been of Gallic extraction they'd have kissed each other on both cheeks. In the exuberance of his affection Willis even attempted to do a one-step with Mayor Rolph, and though the Mayor refused to trip the light fantastic, it was not because he was displeased with Willis. I must conclude that everything Willis said about Rolph was meant in the Pickwickian sense and that Rolph realizes Willis was "only fooling." Which goes to show one of two things: either Rolph is pachydermatous, or doesn't take the capricious architect with the seriousness Willis deserves.

The Generosity of Bill

You read in the paper, did you not? that during his stay in this city William Jennings Bryan had his hair cut by a Palace Hotel barber who answers to the name of Bill Taft. It was a good story, this of Bill Taft cutting the hair of Bill Bryan, but it was incomplete. Let me supply the part the paper overlooked. After the Peerless One had been trimmed of his superfluous locks and had gone his way, one of the manicure girls walked over to the barber's chair.

"Bill," she said, "did he give you anything?"

"Yes," replied Bill, "he gave me the hair."

Is Judge Coffey a Purist?

I put the question reluctantly, for I remember very well that the Commonwealthers who dared question Judge Coffey's sense of humor were overwhelmed beneath his judicial wrath. I put it in some amazement too, for it was only within the past few days that I came to question the quality of the judge's diction. Until I read Judge Coffey's decision in the matter of the estate of David Baird—the "Dodie" Valencia case—I never dreamed that the genius of the probate department was open to the charge of verbal carelessness or incorrectness. I thought of Judge Coffey as a writer who handled English as surely, though not as brilliantly, as Walter Pater or Justice Henshaw. I considered him an artist in words, like Francis Thompson his coreligionist, or Oscar Wilde his countryman. As little did I dream of criticizing Judge Coffey's style as Charles Lamb did of speaking disrespectfully of the equator. Alas! 'tis another illusion the less! I have been reading Judge Coffey, and I find him guilty of assault and battery upon the King's English.

Some Examples

I find Judge Coffey writing:

"This dereliction, while it imposes a penalty, does not affect the validity of the certificate."

When, I ask Judge Coffey, did a dereliction ever impose a penalty? Again I find him setting down:

"As far as the Court can interpret this maze of figures and explanations."

A nice taste would thread a maze, or unravel a maze; but interpret a maze, never. I feel actual pain when I come across this form of words:

"To avert such possible contingency."

Judge, do you not blush for that pleonasm? And likewise for the following: "in these narrow straits." Look up the meaning of "straits," my dear judge. And I put it to you, judge, is not

"These cases do not come to assimilate with the case at bar"—a most vile derangement of language? And could you not do better than this:

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"The entire record is punctuated with this method of interrogation?"

And again:

"The record is full of extraordinary malevolences with respect to the rules of examination."

I pass over such an adjective as "repetitive," which is rare where the Americanism "repetitious" is common enough. I pass over "financial dignity" for financial standing. I pass over "spousal suggestion," meaning, I take it, suggestion that David Baird and Dodie Valencia were man and wife. I pass over "culinary artist of acceptance" for acceptable cook. I pass over the rare "inebrious" where drunk would serve as well, if not better. I pass over many other queer forms of expression, for I remember that Homer enjoyed nodding at times, and besides I feel that a judge ought to be indulged in his efforts to avoid the dry verbiage of the law.

Free Lodgings

Managers of large hotels in this and other big cities sometimes offer the courtesies of their hotels free of charge to distinguished travelers. It brings a great many other people to the hotels, and serves to advertise the accommodations the hotels have to offer. It is good business in every way. But not all the distinguished visitors to whom this compliment is paid accept it. Many of them prefer to pay their way, as the saying is. It is interesting to know that three distinguished visitors who have caused some stir here of late accepted this compliment from the St. Francis Hotel. Their names:

Theodore Roosevelt
William Jennings Bryan
Billy Sunday.

Bryan fared better than the other two. He stayed at the St. Francis free of charge on his first visit. When he returned from the south he put up at the Palace as the guest of Senator Frank Newlands of Nevada, one of the Palace stockholders.

A Temperance Story

Father John J. Burke of New York, one of the most eloquent preachers of the Paulist Congregation and editor-in-chief of the Catholic World which is sometimes called the "Catholic Atlantic Monthly," has been in town for the past few days. Father Burke is an excellent story teller. One of his stories illustrates the wit of the late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Father Burke once delivered a temperance lecture in Philadelphia. Part of the entertainment was supplied by a male quartet which sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and other songs. Archbishop Ryan was present, and at the conclusion of the temperance lecture he approached the members of the quartet.

"I enjoyed your singing very much," he told them. "I liked particularly that fine old song 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' It is indeed a beautiful song, and a beautiful sentiment. But let me caution you, gentlemen: be temperate even in that!"

On the Zone

Melville Marx of the Columbia Theatre says he heard this as he was idling along the Zone and stopped in front of the boxoffice at the Escorial concession. This concession consists of a huge copy of Blanchard's large painting, The Basilica of the Escorial. The interior of the famous Spanish church with its high altar, its lights, its pillars and its worshipers is reproduced on a canvas the size of a big theatre curtain. Two women, by their dress and general appearance visitors from the Middle West, rushed out of the concession and up to the ticket window where one of them, in a high, rasping voice, demanded her money back.

"Didn't you like the show?" asked the girl behind the window.

"Show!" exclaimed the indignant lady. "Show! Why, they didn't even raise the curtain."

Mrs. Atherton Interviewed

A newspaper interview with Gertrude Atherton is always a joy, she is so stimulating, so original, so vital in all her thoughts and expressions. I cannot conceive of Gertrude Atherton palming off a second-hand idea on an interviewer, as so many men and women in the public eye have a way of doing. She has just been interviewed by Joyce Kilmer, the poet, for the New York Times, a newspaper which has always shown a partiality toward the distinguished Californian novelist. Of course she talked books. She said that Henry James was once a novelist, and that his last real novel was "The Portrait of a Lady" published in 1881. She said that in England nobody thought of reading Dickens or Thackeray any more. She said she had never been able to read William Dean Howells' novels. She said the modern English novel was "a perfect picture of stagnation," that it was "polished, calm, dead." She said the only exception to this was Wells, and that he had real vitality in his work because he came up from the people. She said that practically the only writers one met in London fashionable society were Hilaire Belloc and Anthony Hope. And she said that feminism and socialism in fiction bored her to death.

After the War

Of course she spoke of the war, especially in its relation to women. "It is making women think who were unaccustomed to that exercise," she said. She wished Jane Addams hadn't gone to The Hague, as Jane made the whole sex look foolish. After the war, she said, the women who went into the suffrage ranks out of idleness "will be so mad about the handful of men left that they will have no time or inclination for feminism." Also that "the German women will be afraid to antagonize the few men whom the war has spared." She said the women of Europe must despise the men for letting the fabric of civilization fall to pieces. She thought that perhaps the women would take possession of the theatrical profession after the war. It isn't impossible that they may enact masculine roles. "What a splendid chance," she said, "for actresses like Nance O'Neill and Hedwig Reicher who are so tall that in spite of their art it is almost impossible to find feminine roles suitable for them!"

Who Was This?

Mrs. Atherton told Kilmer that writing was a woman's job, that men ought to do things, not write about them. And then she told this story about herself:

"Once I was very much taken with an Englishman who was a writer of fiction. He had been educated for the army, but when I knew him he had resigned and was devoting himself to literature. I nearly fell in love with him, I say—but I thought: 'Good heavens! The man does nothing but sit on a three-legged stool, and write little stories all day long and peddle them about to the magazines! He might as well be crocheting!' So I promptly recovered."

I confess that I am curious to know what writer Mrs. Atherton had in mind in that interesting revelation.

Another Kind of Bull

In advance I acquit that cultured Dominican priest Father Arthur McMahon of intending aught except a plain statement of fact. Father McMahon is provincial of the Dominicans of the west, and we cannot suspect him of levity. However, his words did have a curious sound, to be sure! Father McMahon was telling a lay friend about the magnificent ceremony which solemnized the installation of Edward J. Hanna as archbishop of San Francisco. Part of that ceremony consisted of the reading of the papal bull, and this was done by Father Wynne of New York, the celebrated editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia. It was in telling this part of the story that Father McMahon chanced on a dubious form of words.

"The Apostolic Delegate," he said, "delivered an address, and Father Wynne brought the bull from Rome."

A Golf Story

James Woods of the St. Francis brought this story back from the Ingleside golf course the other day. He says it's a new one:

A golf fanatic died and went to Heaven. "Where is your golf course?" was the first question he put to St. Peter.

"We have no golf course up here," was the reply, "but I've heard there is a splendid one down in Hell. You might drop down there for the day and look it over."

The fanatic descended. Sure enough, there was the most wonderful links he had ever seen. An attendant imp led him into a clubhouse so perfectly appointed as to suggest Utopia instead of the infernal regions. It took only a minute to find some togs which fitted him as if they were made to order. Never had he felt so correct sartorially. The set of clubs which the imp handed him were those of which he had always dreamed during his earthly life.

The imp, acting as caddy, conducted him out to the first tee. "But the balls? We have forgotten the balls," said the golf fanatic.

"Ah-ha! There ain't no balls!" shrieked the imp. "That's the hell of it."

A List of Twelve Best

Which are the best twelve short stories in the French language? It would be hard to find two critics to agree on the answer, but as the question has been raised by M. Auguste Dorchain, a distinguished French critic, doubtless there

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will presently be much discussion of it. M. Dorchain has selected what he regards as the twelve best. His choice was restricted to the works of authors no longer living, and to stories not exceeding 1500 words in length. The average reader of French literature will find that he is familiar with but a few of them. The list is as follows: Chateaubriand's "The Adventures of the Last of the Abencerrages." Xavier de Maistre's "The Prisoners of the Caucasus." Balzac's "El Verdugo." Alfred de Vigny's "Laurette." Prosper Mèrimèe's "The Venus of Ille." Alfred de Musset's "The Story of a White Blackbird." Stendhal's "Vanina Vanini." Thèophile Gautier's "The Child with the Bread Shoes." Alphonse Daudet's "Father Gaucher's Elixir." Gustave Flaubert's "The Legend of Saint Julian Hospitator." Francois Coppèe's "The Gate-Keeper." Guy de Maupassant's "Mademoiselle Perle." Some critics would argue that Maupassant wrote at least six of the twelve best short stories in French, and they would pronounce "The Piece of String" the best of the six. How many readers ever heard of "Mademoiselle Perle?"

Polk and the Clockwinder

Willis Polk, architect, clubman and soft shell philosopher, was standing on Montgomery street squinting up to the top floor of the Mills Building.

"Are you looking for a candidate for Mayor?" The question was asked by the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "If you are," he continued without waiting for a reply, "I can tell you it's no use. Billy Humphrey won't run. Almost everybody has thought of the president of The Olympic Club as the one safe bet in this badly tangled campaign, but Humphrey is a lawyer, and he hasn't the time to monkey with politics."

"Well, what are we going to do?" Polk asked.

"Appeal to Roodie," said the clockwinder. The little architect grinned. "Why not run yourself?" the clockwinder suggested. "I'll guarantee you the P.-U. vote—but I'm afraid you'd lose the P. P. I. E. I hear there are several potential candidates among the directors. Now if a good appetite and a respectable paunch were the only qualifications Bill Sesnon would be the ideal candidate."

"What about P. H. McCarthy?"

"Ah," said the clockwinder. "Now you are coming to your senses. There's the man to take the mit out of Schmitz and leave him without a punch."

The Latest Lantern

The appearance of the fifth number of that sprightly little monthly The Lantern serves to call attention to the remarkable success which this "periodical of lucid intervals" has achieved. I am informed that subscriptions are pouring in, that advertisers are sitting up and taking notice, and that it will not be long before The Lantern holds the lead in circulation over all the monthlies on the Pacific Coast. This number of The Lantern is of absorbing interest. Theodore Bonnet contributes a very thoughtful paper on Joan of Arc, a national heroine whose glory has been greatly enhanced since France became embroiled in the most fateful of all wars. The writer has studied the career of the Maid as set forth by Voltaire, Anatole France, Hanotaux, Andrew Lang, De Quincey, Mark Twain and others; and he has some extremely well considered remarks to make about those writers who flout or minimize the supernatural element in La Pucelle's career. It is a courageous utterance, and stimulative of thought, as are nearly all The Lantern articles. Edward F. O'Day contributes two articles. One is entitled "In Defense of Asininity," an attractive title for a paper in which the author admits kinship with Dogberry who insisted on being written down an ass, and so far from apologizing, seems to glory in this assumption of donkeyishness. His other article is called "Christian Drinking," and is a bold plea for temperate drinking. It will not please prohibitionists. There is a remarkable story by that splendid writer Cunninghame Graham, entitled "Charity," a story that once read will never be forgotten; and an exquisite poem by Ernest Dowson "Yvonne of Brittany." The editors of The Lantern are aiming high, and their marksmanship is good. So far there has been no sign that their guns are running short of ammunition.

Letters

"Brunel's Tower"

The title "Brunel's Tower" gives no hint of the characters or the locality treated of in Eden Phillpott's novel but those familiar with the author's work will trust him, and not unwisely, to give something both new and worth while. Brunel's Tower was a pottery establishment in a building once used in connection with a Devonshire railroad. The tower had been abandoned when changes in the railway were made, but its location and structure made it suitable for a pottery, and name and tower were appropriated when George Easterbrook came into the county in search of occupation. Easterbrook was a singularly upright man, an exacting but eminently just master who believed in giving his employees every opportunity his works afforded. He had certain marked characteristics, amongst them a passionate attachment to truth and honor, a profound belief in his own ability to judge character and a conviction that environment would always triumph over heredity. He was a widower with one child, a daughter, and one of the disappointments in his life was that he had no son. To this establishment there drifted a waif, half-starved and miserable, a boy who had made his escape from a reformatory. Harvey Porter was as marked a character as Mr. Easterbrook, clever, capable, industrious and ambitious, but, at the age of seventeen, still crude and partially developed. The most marked characteristic he developed was gratitude. Having been taken on at the works, though only on probation, the boy idealized the good master and set him up as an object of worship. He went to work to master every branch of the business and was constantly on the alert to discover something which would be of material benefit to Easterbrook. It may have been his early environment or a legacy from questionable parentage, or perhaps only the natural crudity of youth which made the flaw in an otherwise fine character, but at any rate Harvey Porter had not that fine sense of truth and honor which Mr. Easterbrook valued above all else. The lad put ends above means and regarded success as worth while, however attained. Had he realized the view which his master held he would have abandoned his own position at once, simply out of admiration for the older man. As it was, he was growing in favor day by day and taking the place of the son of whom Easterbrook was disappointed when the crash came. It seems there was a small pottery in the vicinity which held one advantage over Brunel's because of a jealously guarded trade secret. If Mr. Easterbrook had discovered in a legitimate way what this secret was he would have had no hesitation about availing himself of it, but he would profit by no underhanded means. It was just this which Harvey Porter had determined to find out, and to do the boy justice, he expected to go about it in a fashion not disdained by many celebrated establishments in other branches of manufacture. He had planned to get work at Todd's and by the use of his wits and observation to study out the secret, but he was saved the trouble by the unsolicited confidences of a love-sick girl, the granddaughter of the proprietor. Experiment proved to Harvey that she had really exposed the secret, and when he went to his master, triumphant, and with a piece of pottery to prove his case, it was only to be driven forth with contumely. Not only would Easterbrook refuse to profit by the discovery but he would not listen to the simple formula nor to how it had been obtained. It was not only that he had been confronted by chicancery, but likewise, his two favorite ideas, that he could not be mistaken in character and that the environment of Brunel's would overcome any heredity bias, had both been upset. The reader will have seen from the first how the boy's character had been developing, and will sympathize with him in this unexpected disaster. Out of Brunel's and in less favorable conditions, he still advanced and gave every indication of becoming a man of mark. Reconciliation with Mr. Easterbrook and a better understanding of both boy and man had just come about when Fate ended his career. "Better love hath no man than this, that he giveth his life for another." Incidental to the story of the development of Harvey Porter's soul, we learn more about the pottery business than the majority are ever likely to learn in any other way. Mr. Phillpotts is an artist, and the only novelist who comes within view of Thomas Hardy. In plots and character he is unsurpassed and his writing is literature. From the Macmillan Company.

Good Detective Yarn

When we who have reached middle age, were children, a "detective yarn" was the most despicable form of the despised "dime novel." We hid our "Old Sleuths" and "Cap Colliers" under the wood pile or in some other secure place, and traded amongst our companions, and exchanged at the exorbitant fee of "two for one," and exulted in our wickedness, though we walked in fear and trembling at results, should any untoward accident reveal the trend of our literary inclinations. Today we buy the same thing outright, albeit at something like fifteen hundred per cent advance and read our cloth-bound copies openly in the face of the world. Arthur Stringer's latest, "The Hands of Peril," deals with high-grade counterfeiters and forgers, and the pursuit is in the hands of the government Secret Service, but virtually it is the same old game of caution and precaution, traps that almost but not quite close, ensnaring first the outlaws and the minions of the law, lightning-quick movements of both body and brain, and the familiar "Foiled again!" at the end of each chapter save the last, where, as usual, "virtue" is triumphant. The valuable member of the counterfeiter's gang in this case is a young girl, Maura Lambert whose natural gifts have been trained to their highest power. She is an expert penwoman, an etcher and an engraver, without whose aid even the facsimiles of paper and ink would hardly avail against the scrutiny of experts. Maura, of course, is not a "criminal at heart," but is held to her task both by her relationship to the chief of the conspirators and by her belief that they share between them the knowledge of another crime not connected with the regular business. It may go without saying that Kestner, the secret agent charged with running down the gang, falls in love with Maura and thenceforward he has a double task, that of capturing the law-breakers, and saving and winning his lady-love, and that he is eventually successful in both. The chase leads well over southern Europe and across America. From Macmillan.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Reid Buys a Ford

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the widow of the American Ambassador to Great Britain, has been passing the summer months quietly at the fine old D. O. Mills place at Millbrae. Mrs. Reid has been entertaining her friends in a hearty but inconspicuous way, and there has hardly been a week-end which did not find a few well known people domiciled at Millbrae. For the convenience of these visitors who journeyed to Millbrae by train Mrs. Reid bought a little Ford car, and in this the visitors were driven from the depot to the house, or from the house to the depot, as the case might be.

And Sells It

It was not long however before Mrs. Reid's guests found it embarrassing to ride in the Ford. The small boy of the San Mateo county roads is an expert on motor cars, and like all experts he has his motor likes and dislikes. He disapproves of the Ford quite heartily. More than that, he is wont to voice his disapproval.

"Pipe the tin Lizzie!

"O you jitney bus!"

These and other jeering remarks leveled at Mrs. Reid's car jarred on the sensitive nerves of Mrs. Reid's guests. It was not long before the embarrassing state of affairs became known in the Millbrae household. Guests who had had one experience with the enfant terrible of the county road manifested a disinclination to make another trip in the Ford. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid found out what was the matter. She disposed of the Ford at a sacrifice.

Whose Turn Next?

One of the most delightful of recent romances culminated in the only true ending of romances when Miss Robina Henry, the daughter of Mrs. Neville Castle, became the bride of Rubino Francisco Apesche, a distinguished and wealthy young gentleman of the Argentine Republic. And now we learn that Virginia Rappe of Chicago, a very smart and original young lady who is as well known, they say, in the smart American set of Paris as in society circles of New York and the Windy City, is to be the bride of Alberto M. D'Alkaine, a member of the Argentine Commission to the Exposition. D'Alkaine is one of the handsomest World's Fair commissioners in town, which is as it should be, for Miss Rappe is quite beautiful, as all will testify who have seen her at Exposition parties. Naturally the question is: Who will be the next visitor from the Argentine to lose his heart in San Francisco? Will it be Horacio Anasagasti, the tall and handsome young millionaire of the Argentine Commission? He has fluttered many young feminine hearts since his arrival in this city, and it may be that he will add his name to the list of those who are to bring brides back to the home of the tango.

Tessie's Party

Our Tessie Oelrichs gave a party at Rose Cliff, her Newport place, the other day. It was a fashion show for charity, and as it netted $9,000 it must have been a financial success. But as an artistic effort it seems to have failed. Take the case of Mrs. Howard Cushing, a very important lady at Newport. She impersonated Joan of Arc in pale blue tights and Louis XVI slippers. Just who figured out this curious costume for the Maid is not stated. Mrs. Cushing found herself amusing where she had counted on being awfully impressive. Lydia Lopoukova, the dancer, was billed to appear, but for some reason or other she got hysterics. Probably from studying Mrs. Cushing's costume. The program spoke of "supper." The waiters passed through the rooms handing out glasses of champagne. Everybody took a glass, naturally, and everybody nearly fainted when politely informed (after drinking, not before) that the price of a glass was one dollar. That was all the "supper" there was. One young man had a party of seven, and when told that his eight glasses of wine would cost him eight dollars he threw a fit. He hadn't that much money in his jeans. When he went to Tessie and told her he'd have to mail her a check she froze him with a look. The atmosphere of the party was frigid, and Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Birdie Vanderbilt spent most of the time sitting on the stairs, alone.

Esther Moreland's Husband

Speaking of the Oelrichses reminds me that Harry Oelrichs hasn't had the nice time he dreamed of during his honeymoon days with his pretty bride Esther Moreland Oelrichs. All of Esther's friends here will tell you that she was always an independent girl. She inherits the trait from her father. Pater Moreland has obstinately refused to keep Son-in-law Harry in leisured affluence. He has declared that if Harry wants money he must work for it, and this is something Harry finds it very difficult as well as very distasteful to do. As Harry has no money of his own, and no prospect of acquiring any, the outlook is a gloomy one. At present Harry and Esther are occupying a modest cottage at Newport, and are not mingling with the fashionable set. There is a bungalow building for them, but not in the fashionable part of the colony. It really looks as though Harry will have to buckle down.

The Navy Ball

The naval officers in charge of the brilliant Navy Ball to be held at the Civic Auditorium Monday night announce that all their arrangements are complete. Six hundred and fifty of the chief guests arrived in San Francisco bay early this week when the battleship fleet passed through the Golden Gate bringing the midshipmen of Annapolis. Society will all be there. Captain Philip Andrews, chairman of the executive committee, solved a problem by permitting the gallants of Annapolis to choose their partners without having to wait for the usual formal presentaton. Not only are all the members of the commttees instructed to do all in their power to make the "middies" feel at home, but the matrons of San Francisco have been asked to take upon themselves the responsibility of chaperoning as many maids as possible so that there will be no dearth of partners. The tickets are selling rapidly, and it may be that all the seats will be taken before the doors of the Auditorium are thrown open. The demand has exceeded expectations, and this is due, it is believed, to the fact that the seats have been priced at $2 including dancing privileges. The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and at the headquarters of the Navy Relief Society, the beneficiary of the ball, in room 4023, Palace Hotel. The boxes are priced at $100, $75 and $50 and so many of the $100 boxes have been sold that a new tier is being built.

Notables at the Palace

The Palace has always been popular since it opened away back in 1875, but since Roy Bishop, assistant to the president, and Roy Carruthers, assistant manager, put their heads together the waiting list has increased daily. Among the recent arrivals is the beautiful Countess Franz Hoyas of Vienna whose reputation as a big game hunter and explorer is only exceeded by her charming personality. She has taken rooms for an indefinite stay. Harrison Fisher, the noted artist, has been at the Palace for the past month, but has been spending so much of his time at the Exposition that the public has seen little of him. W. H. Murphy, pioneer lumber magnate and at one time president of the Murphy Oil Co. which he sold to the Standard for eleven millions, is a guest. At present he is one of the large stockholders in the Ford Motor Co. of Detroit, his home city. The Harvard Clubs, five hundred strong, left New York last Saturday on the steamer Finland for San Francisco where they will hold their annual convention. The Palace has been chosen as the headquarters for the Harvard men, and a whole floor has been set aside for them as has the University room of the hotel. Their arrival will be the signal for elaborate entertainment which will culminate in the great Harvard banquet which will be held in the golden ball room. Wm. Boehing, millionaire sportsman and capitalist of Seattle whose fast yacht is one of the finest that has ever entered the Golden Gate, is at the Palace. He is accompanied by his brother-in-

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law Rudolph Ortman and Mrs. Ortman of Chicago. Ortman is a prominent steel manufacturer. Alberto Gonzales Soto, former president of the Republic of Costa Rica, has arrived at the Palace with his family. He is planning to spend several years in California, leaving his vast interests in his home country to be attended to by his son Alberto Jr. Among the visitors from the Antipodes who have adopted the Palace as their headquarters may be mentioned: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Clarkson of Christchurch, New Zealand, Wm. McArthur of Auckland and J. G. Nathan of Wellington.

Notes from the Fairmont

That the Fairmont is the rendezvous of the socially prominent who are visiting San Francisco this year is evidenced by a glance at the names on its register which present a practcal "Who's Who in California" as far as visitors are concerned. Judge and Mrs. Elbert H. Gary who were at the Fairmont a month ago and made the trip to Honolulu, returned on the Matsonia and are again in their magnificent apartments overlooking the bay. D. M. McNeill, millionaire copper magnate whose home at Colorado Springs is one of the show places of that city, also returned on the Matsonia and is at the Fairmont. McNeill who is interested in copper in Utah and Alaska is planning to visit Alaska with D. C. Jackling on his splendid yacht the Cypress. Mrs. Charlemagne Tower and her two charming daughters are still at the Fairmont, and are being much entertained. The Jean St. Cyrs are also there for an indefinite stay. Mrs. St. Cyr was formerly Mrs. "Silent" Smith. The Herbert Satterlee party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Satterlee and the Misses Satterlee who came to the Fairmont after making the trip from New York on the Kroonland, have gone to the Yosemite for a short trip, but will return before leaving for the East. Mrs. Frank Tilford and daughter Miss Franc Tilford who have been at the Fairmont for the past fortnight, have also gone to Yosemite. Mr. Tilford is the president of Park and Tilford of New York. Mme. Frohlich, wife of the well known Swedish sculptor whose father is Ambassador from Sweden to the Court of St. James, has also been at the Fairmont for some time and has gone into the Yosemite for a week. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Spence are guests. Spence is the director of traffic for the Southern Pacific lines with headquarters in New York. Two well known writers are making the Fairmont their home while in San Francisco. They are Owen Wister and Miss Ellen Glasgow. Miss Patricia Burke, famous California beauty whose praises have been sounded in the press of two continents, slipped into San Francisco the other day and took apartments. Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey Lamar who live at the Fairmont, are indefatigable entertainers, scarcely a week passing without their having one of their beautiful dinners or luncheons. On Tuesday Mr. Lamar was host at a luncheon given in honor of Lord Nevill, special representative of King George. Lord Nevill is also making his home at the Fairmont.

Del Monte Notes

On Friday, July 30th, Mrs. A. Roos tendered an elaborate tea dansant to a number of her friends and the young set now at Del Monte. There were forty in attendance. The dansant commenced at three o'clock and tea was served at four-thirty. There were surprises for all as Mrs. Roos had a special shipment of pastries and cakes which were baked in her home in the city. Many of her friends recognized the familiar goodness of the dainty luxuries. After all had had a very pleasant time and enjoyed their tea, dancing was resumed in the club room. There were bridge tables fully occupied by enthusiasts of the game. The tables were beautifully decorated with wild fern, dahlias and sweet peas. A local orchestra furnished the music and all departed about 6 o'clock after having a delightful time. Those present were: Mme. and Mr. A. Roos; Mr. and Mrs. J. Neustadter; Mr. and Forman, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg, Miss Rosenfeld, Miss Rosenberg, Messrs. Rosenberg Jr. and Rosenfeld, Jr., all of Chicago; Mrs. A. Stern, Mrs. A. Haas, Mrs. Fleishacker, Mrs. Rosenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Sheeline, Mr. and Mrs. Liebman, Mrs. D. Walter, Mrs. S. Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel, Miss Shainwald, Miss Claire Sheeline, Miss D. Walter, Miss Dinkelspiel, Miss Dannenbach, Miss R. Heller, Messrs. Greenbaum and John Stern, all of San Francisco; Mrs. A. Schlussel, Mr. and Mrs. Wolf, Miss Wolf, of New York; and Mr. and Mrs. Strauss of Chicago.

At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. Paul C. Fauntleroy, U. S. A., are entertaining their niece and nephew Miss Katherine Schmidt and Mr. Harry Schmidt at their beautiful apartments. The young folk are from York, Penn. Miss Maud O'Connor entertained a few friends informally at lucheon Sunday afternoon. Long-stemmed American Beauty roses ornamented the dinner table presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley when they entertained Monday evening in honor of eastern friends. Covers were arranged for eight. Among the numerous dinners given during the past week was the function presided over by Mrs. Henry Kinney, Monday evening. The circular table was adorned with pink Duchess roses and maiden hair ferns. After the dinner the hostess and her guests attended the theatre. Colonel and Mrs. Daniel L. Howell, U. S. A., entertained informally Monday evening. The repast was served in the private dining room at a table abloom with hydrangeas and pink roses. Among the recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kane of Detroit and their attractive young daughter Miss Gertrude Kane. Mr. E. Stewart White motored up from Santa Barbara Wednesday. Some of the Easterners who are enjoying the Exposition are Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Taylor of New York and Mr. E. B. Wall of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Smith of Memphis arrived Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stephens of Cincinnati have an attractive apartment.

At the Somerton

Mrs. Louise Blaney and Miss Dorothy Blaney, society folk of Reno, are guests at the Somerton. Mr. I. W. Copelin, Miss Dorothy Copelin and Master Copelin returned on the last steamer from Honolulu. They have taken an attractive apartment. Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Clark, U. S. A., and their two charming daughters Misses Clark and Miss Loughburrow are sojourning. A cordial welcome has been accorded to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Britt and Mr. G. W. H. Britt of Burnside, Ky., by their friends in California.

Attractions of Tavern

Not content with providing the finest dance floor and the most perfect music, the management of Techau Tavern, always on the alert to please its patrons, now distributes at the Candy Dances each evening, dainty souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's delectable candies to the ladies and large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes to the gentlemen—all without competition of any kind. The classical ballet is the greatest attraction which any cafe has ever featured. Miss Van Derhoff, the leader, is a star danseuse, and V. Vestoff is a ballet master of rare ability. It is he who arranges these dances and changes the program so frequently that there are continual surprises in store for habitues of the Tavern.

"Now this is a little thing I did in Italy," said the artist. "I am told by people who seem to know that the jackass off in the corner is especially well drawn."

"Yes," said the critic, eyeing the figure closely. "Yes—you seem to have put a great deal of yourself into it."

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Gossip of the Theatre

A Good Orpheum Bill

There are two good sketches on the Orpheum bill this week. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" has been condensed into a one-act playlet, and is given by William Morris and company for all the fun of which it is capable. Allan Dinehart and Mary Dyer present "The Meanest Man in the World" written by Everett Ruskay. Ruskay's is not a familiar name, but it will become familiar to Orpheumities if he produces more sketches like this one. It is well written, with plenty of humor and not too much sentimentalizing. The situation is good, and there is a happy ending. The author is fortunate in having so good an actor as Dinehart to enact the principal role. This young man knows his business. Nan Halperin makes one of the big hits of the show. She is an excellent mimic, and the gallery cannot get enough of her. Gus Edwards' Song Revue of 1915 is one of the longest acts the Orpheum has ever presented; but it is worth the time it consumes. There are some very clever youngsters in the big cast. Stewart Jackson and Dorothy Wahl have an act they call "Before the Theatre." Mr. Jackson is an agile and hard-working dancer. The Orquesta Torreblanca of twenty pieces render a number of selections pleasingly, but their soloist Senora Rivera receives most of the applause, and is entitled to it. One of the instrumentalists bears a striking likeness to pictures of "Pancho" Villa. The Volunteers are a quartet of young men with good voices. The tenor does a "boob" act that is very amusing. There are fine motion pictures taken especially for the circuit of the great motor race which Dario Resta won at Indianapolis.

—The Orpheumite.

The Bohemian Concert

The concert of the midsummer music of Bohemia, to take place at the Cort next Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock, is eagerly anticipated by the members of the club, their ladies and friends. These annual affairs are always of great interest, and this year's concert will be additionally interesting from the fact that George W. Hamlin, the eminent tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, the distinguished basso, will be heard in solos and a duet from the grove play of 1915, "Apollo," book by Frank Pixley and music by Edward F. Schneider. There will be an orchestra of eighty. The program will be opened with the prelude and dance from "The Hamadryads," the grove play of 1914, conducted by the composer William J. McCoy. Then will follow a group of three Camp Fire Songs sung by the Bohemian Club Double Quartet, including "Farewell to the Forest," by Mendelssohn, Caro Roma's "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline," and "Embers" by Joseph D. Redding. The prelude to "St. Patrick of Tara," the grove play of 1909, directed by the author Wallace A. Sabin will complete the first part. Excerpts from "Apollo" will comprise the second part of the program. The instrumental numbers will include the "Prelude," "Dance of the Elves," a scene between Apollo and Clytie, "March of the Gods," "Storm" and the finale. As Apollo, Clarence Whitehill will have a glorious solo and George Hamlin, as Pan, will be heard to splendid advantage in a single song. Both will be heard in a duet, "Oh Love Divine." Edward F. Schneider who also composed "The Triumph of Bohemia," a grove play of former years, will conduct the Apollo music. Reserved seats will be $2 and $1, and may be obtained at the box office of the Cort on Monday and the day of the concert.

Third Week of "Omar"

The third week of the very successful engagement of Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker," the Persian spectacle by Richard Walton Tully, will start at the Cort Sunday evening. "Omar" is a beautiful and thrilling romance, splendidly acted and magnificently produced.

"Yellow Ticket" at Alcazar

"The Yellow Ticket," Michael Morton's powerful and realistic drama of Russia which packed the Eltinge Theatre in New York for one solid year, has been chosen as the second offering of the season by Bert Lytell, Evelyn Vaughan and the excellent company of players at the Alcazar. The story is based upon Russian persecution of the Jews. It shows how a beautiful young Jewish girl, Marya Varenka, is hounded and forced to become the holder of "The Yellow Ticket," the badge of the underworld, in order to get passports from place to place, and Sardou's depiction of Baron Scarpia's attack on Tosca is recalled by the terrific scene showing Baron Andrey's attempt upon Marya.

"Society Buds" at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman in "The Society Buds," book and lyrics by William Le Baron, music by Robert Hood Bowers, production by Frank Smithsone. The girls are of unusual beauty and ability, their costumes the last word in Paris fashions. The fox trot will be rendered in a novel manner by Bergman and the "Buds" in a number called "The Chained Ankle Glide." Supporting Miss Clark and Bergman are the popular English comedians Vincent Earl and Jack Claire. Foster Ball and Ford West will present a character study "Since the Days of '61." Mike Bernard and Sidney Phillips have a fine act. Bernard is a pianist and Phillips a singing character comedian. The Three Steindel

GUY BATES POST
The popular star of Tully's "Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort Theatre

Brothers, Ferdinand, Max and Albin, will present a short recital of classical, operatic and popular music. They have met with great success on the concert platform and are making their first venture in vaudeville. They play the piano, 'cello and violin. The Gaudsmiths are eccentric clowns with Spanish poodles. The remaining acts will be Jackson and Wahl in "Before the Theatre," and William Morris and his company in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

Mrs. Campbell in "Searchlights"

For the fourth week of her limited engagement at the Columbia beginning Monday night, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will present a modern three-act play by Horace Annesley Vachell entitled "Searchlights." The play turns the searchlight on the soul of a woman. The leading character, Mrs. Robert Blaine, which is to be played by Mrs. Campbell, is the sort of heroine made popular by this star. Like Paula Tanqueray Mrs. Blaine is a woman who has an episode in her career that will not be acceptable to Mrs. Grundy. The usual special priced Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given. Considerable interest has already been taken in "Searchlights" which has to its credit a successful run of one hundred nights at the Savoy, London.

Beethoven Festival of Music

All is in readiness at the Civic Center Auditorium for the three performances of the Beethoven Festival of Music, Friday and Saturday nights at 9 o'clock and Sunday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock. Of real artistic significance and of gigantic proportions, the festival will surely fill the Auditorium. Orders for seats came from points as far east as Nevada, and every portion of California will be represented in the audience. The musical masterpiece of the festival will be the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven with the assistance of the great symphony orchestra of 100 musicians, conducted by Alfred Hertz, and assisted by the great vocal quartet: Marcella Craft, soprano, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto, Paul Althouse, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass-baritone. The festival sets a record for the low price of admission, considering the financial cost. More than $20,000 will be spent, and the "gate" of $2, $1.50 and $1 is made possible only by the large seating capacity of the Auditorium. The consulting architects of the Board of Public Works have recently made the Auditorium acoustically satisfactory to the Exposition company, having employed the Johns-Mansville Company of acoustic experts. All the great stars will appear on every program. Roderick White, the violinist, will be heard on Sunday afternoon only. The box offices and doors will open two hours in advance of the concert time. Seats and programs may be obtained now at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company and Kohler and Chase's.

The Anglin Season

The general public sale of seats for Margaret Anglin's performances of three Greek plays in English at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, will begin on Monday morning, August 9. The "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides will be given on Saturday evening, August 14, the "Medea" of Euripides will be the second performance on Saturday evening, August 21, and the play for the closing performance on Saturday evening, August 28, will be the "Electra" of Sophocles. The sale of seats will be at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland, and at Tupper & Reid's, Morse & Geary's, "The Sign of the Bear" and Sadler's in Berkeley. Rehearsals are in daily progress on the great stage of the

GLADYS CLARK AND HENRY BERGMAN
In "The Society Buds" next week at the Orpheum

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Reserved Seats, $1.50, $2.00—Admission, $1.00
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Tuesday Afternoon, August 10, at 3:15
CONCERT
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Midsummer Music of Bohemia
Given by the Bohemian Club
Performed by an Orchestra of 80 and Members of the Club
Soloists:
GEORGE W. HAMLIN
CLARENCE WHITEHILL
Reserved Seats—$2 and $1, at Cort Theatre, Monday

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And Their Own Company of New York Players
In the First Production at Popular Prices of Michael Morton's Powerful and Gripping Drama of Russian Life
"THE YELLOW TICKET"
A Production of the Utmost Importance
PRICES—Nights: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

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IN
"OMAR, THE TENTMAKER"
By Richard Walton Tully.
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c

Greek Theatre. For the past two years Miss Anglin has been preparing for these three performances. She has conferred with the most eminent authorities on the classic Greek drama and literature. She pored for hours over Greek books and prints. That the costumery will be accurate is guaranteed by the fact that it was designed by Livingston Platt, the noted artist-archeologist. The stage management will be under the direction of Gustave von Seyffertitz, the equal of any of his craft in this country or in Europe. Musical settings have been composed for each play by Walter Damrosch, the famous conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who has come from New York and will personally conduct an orchestra of fifty instruments. The solo numbers will be rendered by Miss Merle Alcock, the contralto of the New York Symphony Orchestra. Miss Anglin's supporting company embraces a long list of notable classic actors including Ruth Holt Boucicault, Fuller Mellish, Saxone Moreland, Lawson Butt, Pedro de Cordoba, Howard Lindsey, Alfred Lunt and a score of others. Upwards of 200 supernumeraries will be employed in the ensembles.

"Green Venus" at Pantages

The four Hanlon brothers, world famous pantomimists, and Bothwell Browne and his stunning company of show girls in "The Green Venus," will divide headline honors at Pantages next week. The Hanlon brothers are unquestionably the greatest exponents of pantomime before the public. In "The Haunted Hotel" which is the name of their silent comedy offering, the brothers specialize in droll antics introducing several wonderful effects in mirror dances and trick acrobatics. Bothwell Browne and his company are popular favorites with the Pantages audiences, and in "The Green Venus" the producer has conceived an original and daring idea in musical comedy shows. The opening scene of "The Green Venus" introduces a gorgeous dancing spectacle entitled "The Seasons," after which the company whirl into a rollicking farce playlet with a genuine plot of ludicrous complications. Besides Browne, Francis Young, the inimitable German comedian, and Alice Mason, a handsome young actress, will have strong roles. Edith Helena who is said to possess "the highest soprano singing voice in the world," is the big special feature. Other acts will be Kelly and Galvin as "The Actor and the Italian;" Kitner, Haynes and Montgomery, and Morton brothers, papers tearers and harmonica experts.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 50c to $1.50

THE BLOSSOM'S ON THE GORSE
By H. Fielding-Hall

"Come up and see the view from here,
The steep red cliffs, the deep blue ocean."
So wrote a friend, and I went there
Hoping to feel some new emotion.
I laid me in a form well placed,
Hid in some waving grasses,
To gaze at ease; and by me raced
Some merry lads and lasses.

Two came between me and the sun.
The boy, with strong affection fired,
Cried: "Let us two together run
Away, and hide till we are tired."
"Oh, no," she said; "to go alone
With you is not en regle."
In accents that would move a stone
He still did her inveigle.

He took her hand and drew her on.
She said, "Oh, no;" but still did follow,
And when they'd raced till breath was gone
They rested near me in a hollow.
"Dear, it is paradise enough
To have you near me," cried he.
"Oh, no," she said. "You are so rough
You've made me quite untidy."

Within her pretty cheeks the red
Made her more charming than beforetimes.
"Come, sweet, and kiss me quick," he said,
"Once, twice, and, if you like, some more times."
"Oh, no," she said. "That's worse and worse.
You'll put me in a passion."
He cried, "The blossom's on the gorse,
And kissing's still in fashion."

She had a slim and pretty waist,
She did not note what he was doing;
So he his arm about her placed,
And warmer grew his tender wooing.
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
She frowned at him rebuking.
He did not care, but kissed her thrice;
He said, "There's no one looking."

Her eyes grew soft and large and wet,
She laid her face upon his shoulder.
Time ceased, but measured by heart's beat
They grew in wisdom quickly older.
For love can tell more in a day
Than can through years a preacher.
In things too deep for words to say
Love is the only teacher.

At last they moved. She said: "It's late,
We must at once towards home be going.
But first my hair I must put straight
Lest any guess what you've been doing."
He laughed: "That is the lesser part,
Your eyes you ought to cover.
Unless you keep them shut, sweetheart,
They will betray your lover."

It was a sunny April day,
But when their way towards home they wended
A mist came up across the bay—
My vision on the Downs was ended.
For I had been asleep and dreamed
That forty years were banished
And to the waking man it seemed
As if life's taste had vanished.

Even the fool is sometimes self-made.

A man should be known by his deeds; not by the deeds of his ancestors.

It's easier to talk a man up than to keep him there.

The one time when every man is inclined to the back-to-the-land idea is when he is seasick.

Few people in the world are so aggravating as those who have heard your pet story before.

Sometimes a very good way to help others is by keeping out of their way.

Perhaps the reason a woman changes her mind is because she doesn't like the looks of it after she has made it up.

This would be a pretty fine sort of world if we were all as good as we expect others to be.

Baseball umpires shouldn't be married. The married one sare more apt to stand for back talk.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The industrials known as the "war stocks" continue to have the call in Wall Street, and most everything else is lost track of. The Steel stocks, led by Crucible, suddenly woke up and scored a big advance. This stock has been lying dormant for some time, and on reports of big war orders business every day traders seemed to see another Bethlehem Steel in sight, and bought regardless of prices. The strength in Crucible was reflected in the other Steel stocks and a big advance was the result in Republic Steel. U. S. Steel common was strong and active, although the advance was not over five points. The latter company is doing business on the basis of 90 per cent of its capacity and a dividend on the common stock is expected soon. Experts interpret the course of the stock market within the past three or four days as indicating a weak technical position due to overbuying by "short-waisted" bulls, but they agree that it also possesses great underlying strength. They believe that professional operators will become more aggressive and that raids will follow every sign of weakness in attempts to catch stop-loss orders, but that the public is looking for bargains and that rallies will be forced by such buying and by short covering. As soon as reports of railroad earnings confirm the stories of a revival of business and the harvests are assured, more attention will be paid to standard rails, but that group will have to bear foreign liquidation as soon as prices become more attractive to holders who may wish to buy British and French Government securities. Wall Street paid little heed to stories about a consolidation of independent steel companies, but Bethlehem Steel made a new high record and other independents were firm, as was Steel common. General Electric, Baldwin Locomotive and National Stamping were active and closed with large gains. Mining shares were irregular and acted badly following sales of copper at 18¾ cents a pound by second-hand dealers. Automobile shares were irregular. Trading in railroad shares formed a relatively small part of the business, and speculators were not interested in them because they were too slow, but small investors bought steadily.

Wheat—Wet weather in the Southwest and reports of black rust in the Northwest were the features in the market the past week which brought about an advancing market. Continuous rain in the Southwest almost every day for the past thirty days is beginning to have its effect on sentiment, and a good many of the pronounced bears are beginning to become a little bit uneasy, as receipts are very light as compared with last year and stocks of wheat at Chicago are the smallest on record. The July option showed congestion right up to the last trading day, but on the last few minutes, the market lost its snap and closed around 108. Reports of black rust in the Dakotas and Minnesota, while having some influence on the market at times, was not taken seriously by the trade, as most reliable people in that section of the spring wheat country were inclined to ignore black rust reports, and while they admitted there was some black rust up there, they said there was no more of it this year than in other years and unless the weather turned extremely hot and cloudy there would be no danger. Weather conditions in the Northwest have been favorable to growing crops and while there have been heavy rains generally, the temperatures have been low, which made conditions ideal for filling. Some wheat in South Dakota will be cut this week and by August 15th, harvesting will be general over the southern part of the spring wheat belt. Export demand is not near as large as last year and clearances are only about half as much as for the same period last year. The foreigner does not seem anxious for wheat and will only buy on declines. The Canadian crop will be a large one this year and will come into competition with our crop unless there should be some change in the present crop outlook. Prices are high enough.

Corn—About the same conditions prevailed in corn as in wheat, namely, wet in the corn States and small receipts. The farmer has been too busy working between showers trying to save his wheat and oat crop, to haul corn to market, and as a result, receipts have been so small that they were hardly large enough for Chicago's local consumption. Stocks of corn have shown a further decrease and are now down to almost nothing. Cash prices have been above the option and deliveries on July contract were practically nothing. There was very little open interest in the July option, otherwise we would have had some fireworks on the last day. The bears are counting on increased receipts after wheat and oats harvest, and say the present cash demand will fall flat as soon as receipts show a fair increase. The growing crop has shown some improvement and while the weather at times has been too cool, on the whole, the crop has done well and with delayed frost we will have a record crop. Argentine continues to offer corn to New York at 73 cents all charges paid, and quite a little corn has already arrived from there with more to follow. Prices look high when all things are taken into consideration, especially the large oat crop and the record hay crop and the low prices for hogs.

Cotton—The cotton market has been a scalping affair the past week with prices up one day and down the next. The weather conditions have been quite unfavorable in the Southwest, where temperatures have been too high and in the absence of rain, the plant has shown some deterioration. The lack of fertilizer is beginning to tell and the plant cannot stand this dry hot weather. Boll weevil reports from Alabama have been numerous, although the weather of late has been against the rapid multiplication of their numbers. Receipts of cotton have kept up fairly well, and while local consumption is much above last year, exports are still handicapped by the European political situation. The Government report showed a condition of 75.3 as compared with 74.6 last year, and was considered bullish, as a better condition was expected and there had been further deterioration since July 25th, at which time these figures were compiled. The market acts like a trading affair for the present, but we believe advantage should be taken of all recessions to buy cotton, as prices are below the cost of production.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Our Melting Pot

The war has given rise not only to new problems but also to new apprehensions. One of the apprehensions is that it may turn out that this melting pot of ours is somewhat defective. This apprehension is due to the furious and aggressive activities of the pro-German propaganda and to sentiments that have emanated therefrom. Heretofore it has been assumed that under the free institutions of our country it was possible to assimilate and absorb all men eligible to citizenship. From the days of the Founders it has been a grateful theory that all aliens capable of appreciating the value of American citizenship would avail themselves of it with heartfelt sincerity and enthusiasm and become loyal to the country of their adoption. But of late certain phenomena have given men pause, causing them to wonder whether in this melting pot of ours there is much raw material that does not fuse with the mass. Now while it is most unfortunate that there should seem to be justification for serious speculation on such a subject, it is not to anybody's interest to avoid discussion of it. We all know that the loyalty of some of our citizens has been questioned. Only the other day it was publicly suggested by a leading and influential American journal that in view of certain phenomena great caution should be exercised in the selection of men for the national defense bureau of inventors and mechanics. The Administration was warned against appointing men whose antecedents might justify apprehension of disloyalty. Suggestions of this kind are clearly indicative of a tendency to suspicions by reason of which injustice may be done to a very large class of citizens. But singularly enough nothing is done to counteract this tendency. Apparently the German propagandists are wholly preoccupied with what they conceive to be the interests of the land of their birth. And they are not only negligent; some of them are to say the least remarkably indiscreet. Consider for instance President Reichart of the Teutonic Sons of America, who, when asked if in the event of war between Germany and the United States the Teutonic Sons would enlist for the service of the country of their adoption, made reply that the Teutonic Sons would not enlist unless it was clearly shown that Germany was the aggressor. This approximates to an admission of disloyalty, yet we have heard of no repudiation of it by the Teutonic Sons of America. Now it is partly owing to the impression that the attitude of Mr. Reichart is not uncommon that plain unhyphenated Americans are asking themselves about their melting pot. In the circumstances it would seem to be well for German-Americans to take cognizance of the malign consequences of over-zealousness. For this war is not going to last forever, and it is desirable that when peace shall have been restored we should be free from distrust of one another and should live in harmony, confident that there is but one flag for all of us.

An Irritating Propaganda

In the first months of the war the German propaganda strove hard to cultivate American sentiment in favor of Germany. Though it met with little success there were many influential Americans in sympathy with the cause who did not hesitate to affirm their faith in the justice of the German position. Also there were many Americans who were determined to follow the advice of their President, the advice to preserve a strict neutrality. In the course of time there was a marked decrease in the number of German sympathizers, and during the same period it became manifest that among unhyphenated Americans a feeling of unfriendliness to Germany was developing. Now what is the psychology of these phenomena? Doubtless in a measure the explanation is that Americans disapproved the German style of conducting the war. Doubtless they were displeased at the destruction of American lives and American property. But there were other factors that contributed to the ill-feeling that has become manifest. For these factors the German propaganda is chiefly responsible. The German propaganda has done much to irritate Americans. It has caused a widespread feeling of resentment. While unhyphenated Americans were trying to preserve a strict neutrality German-Americans were very busy agitating in the interest of the land of their birth and against the interest of the land of their adoption. They have made it very hard for their plain American sympathizers to bear with them. They have gone so far that the St. Louis Star, which is published in a centre of German-American influence has asked: "How much further must the pro-German program in this country go before it becomes seditious?"

The Munition Question

The prepossessions, passions and prejudices of German-Americans in this world upheaval are quite natural, and it would be absurd in the circumstances to expect them to be repressed. We ought to be willing to indulge the German-American in the expression of his feelings for his native land, but the German-American propagandist has grown somewhat unreasonable. His sense of neutrality has been blunted, and in his zeal for the immediate interests of Germany he has lost sight of the future interests of the United States. It is owing to his passionate, blinding partisanship that he regards as German-haters all Americans who do not concur in his views. He does not realize that it is an insult to the intelligence of Americans to tell them it is immoral, or a violation of neutrality, to supply the Allies with munitions of war. And in his rage he delivers himself of the ungracious suggestion that the dollar mark should be inscribed on the American flag. He makes it hard for us to believe either in his sincerity or in the patriotism that followed his expatriation. For his demands are so preposterous that Germany itself does not openly sanction them. The official protests against supplying the Allies with munitions came not from Berlin, but from Vienna where there is an imperial arsenal that shipped munitions to the South in our civil war; also from Constantinople which was supplied with munitions by Germany during the Balkan war. There are several reasons why Berlin does not protest. One of them is that when it was proposed at the Hague Conference that the supplying of war material by neutral States should be prohibited, it was Berlin that caused the rejection of the proposal. Perhaps another reason of Berlin's apparent acquiesence is that Germany is now buying munitions from Switzerland. So it appears that German-Americans are even more unreasonable than the Government to which they no longer owe allegiance. And the pro-German press of this country is somewhat less honest intellectually than the Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger, which says: "The reproach leveled against Americans for supplying war material to our enemies is unjust." It would be less difficult to believe in the sincerity of the propagandists who denounce our President for not putting an embargo on munitions had they taken kindly to a suggestion made by Victor Berger, the Socialist leader, before German ships were swept off the seas. "Starve the war and feed America" was the cry uttered by Berger. Did the German-Americans of Milwaukee support the proposal then? They did not, says Berger. Instead, the Germania Herald and the Free Press denounced him as an enemy to the Fatherland. It was not until Germany

found herself at a disadvantage that German-Americans discovered the immorality of manufacturing munitions for foreign consumption. From all these circumstances we have come to the conclusion that there is a pretty large admixture of cant in the appeals and protests of the propagandists. And we believe that if they were able to overcome for a brief space the spirit of partisanship they would see the folly of pursuing a course that is causing much irritation and provoking resentment.

Effects of Agitation

The munition propagandists are making a battle ground of the land of their adoption, and they are losing sight of the fact that they are not the only naturalized Americans; nay, they are losing sight of a principle of very great importance to this country; for as Professor Stowell of Columbia University says, to interfere with the shipment of arms "would be an unfriendly act toward the Allies who would have us absolutely at their mercy should they wish to retaliate." And besides the propagandists are accomplishing nothing by the agitation. The only effect of it so far, says the Springfield Republican, was the disordered mind which was driven into an attempt at murder. Worse than that perhaps are the ineptitudes into which large bodies of Germans are driven. The other day at a meeting in Washington, D. C., of a society financed by Germans it was decided to start a fight on Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port of New York, for refusing to prevent the shipment of munitions abroad. Thus would the propagandists coerce the Government they are living under. And it is thus they are embittering American sentiment and provoking deep resentment. We are reluctant to believe that these propagandists are representative of the great bulk of German sentiment, but if they are not they should be repudiated.

Justice Henshaw's Dissenting Opinion

Pretty generally it has been assumed that our "Workmen's Compensation Act" was the last word on the subject of employers' liability. Pretty generally it has been thought futile to question the rights asserted under this act. We all know that the people of the State amended the Constitution so as to empower the Legislature to make compensation to injured employees compulsory. And as the impression prevails that the voice of the people is the voice of God what was there for our politicians to do but create another commission and enlarge the grand army of taxeaters? Under the statute enacted presumably in strict compliance with the wishes of the people a new political industry was created which is now flourishing. But this industry may not be on a very solid basis. Our Supreme Court has decided that it is, but there is one dissenting opinion, and the reasoning of that opinion has made a very deep impression on the minds of intelligent men. They are asking whether the Supreme Court of the United States may not be very likely to adopt the views of the dissenting justice. The author of this minority opinion is Justice Henshaw, to whom, curiously enough, dissenting opinions are repugnant. He says they work a harm "in unsettling confidence in a court" that is seldom offset by the value of the dissenter's views. "But in this case," he declares, "the momentous nature of the constitutional questions involved imposes the duty of speech." According to Justice Henshaw the constitutional declaration that an employer without fault shall deliver over his property to an injured employee has no more relation to the police power (as the prevailing opinion argues) than would a declaration that the Legislature may at any time take the property of the prosperous and bestow it on the needy. It is simply the expression of a mandate by the highest State authority, and as such is not supported by the decisions on which the majority of the justices relied. So far as our constitutional limitations are concerned it may be regarded as valid beyond parley. But there is yet one higher law which it must not violate, and that is the Constitution of the United States, and the Supreme Court of the United States must pass upon the question which it involves. "The law," says Justice Henshaw, "requires the employer to pay a stated sum of money to every employee who is injured while in his employ though he be injured through no fault of the employer. This is penalizing an employer for no other reason than that he has given a man employment. It is as though contracts of employment were wrong, when as a matter of fact they are not only desirable but necessary to the welfare of the State. "American citizenship," says Justice Henshaw, "has been bred in the belief that to each man has been given the utmost liberty of contract, of initiative, of action, so long as he did not trespass upon the equal rights of his fellows. It has been told and taught that a man was responsible for his wrongs, civilly or criminally, or both; but it has also been told and taught that where one had committed no wrong he walked scathless and unharmed in person and property." In this case it was argued that loss by injuries to workmen should be borne by the industries and not by the men. But this says Justice Henshaw, "is only a euphemism which obscures the facts and darkens reason. It is like other happy catch-phrases that deceive the mind by pleasing the ear. We have many such. 'Putting the rights of property before the rights of men,' is one —as though property, apart from those of its human owner, ever did or could have any rights. So that the rights of property are absolutely the rights of men." Justice Henshaw is heartily in favor of compensating injured workmen, but he holds that the burden should be on the State, not on the individual. "I earnestly advocate the payment of Paul," he says, "but as earnestly condemn the robbing of Peter to accomplish this end." And to declare, in his opinion, that the law does no violence to the Constitution of the United States is the exact equivalent of saying that the Constitution of the United States does not protect its citizens from the spoliation of their goods and the confiscation of their properties." Every proposition advanced in the majority opinion is taken up and discussed by Justice Henshaw, and so far as we are able to see there is not an argument left unrefuted. In conclusion he deals with the question whether the Legislature exercised precisely the powers conferred by the Constitution of the United States. It is admitted, he says, that the amendment "is a revolutionary departure from all existing concepts of the duties and obligations which may be imposed upon any class of citizens." In his judgment it "does violence to what may be conceived to be the natural right of all persons," and therefore it should be construed as written. As written it declares that the Legislature "may create and enforce a liability on the part of all employers." Now the Legislature has seen fit to enforce a liability against some, not all. Here is discrimination which Justice Henshaw regards as fatal.

Now that Oriental immigration is once more the subject of discussion we would suggest that if we lowered the bars to all Orientals the Chinese would soon settle the Japanese question for us.

As an economist and an industrial artist John Chinaman has an edge on our pompous little friend from Nippon; and now that we have become well acquainted with the subjects of the Mikado we find much to admire in the men from Cathay.

The thrilling story of what happened to Princess Pat's regiment in Flanders, the finest human interest story of the war, was told in Town Talk, in the issue of July 24. It appeared in the Examiner of August 8. There is nothing like having a "longest leased wire" and lots of enterprise.

The problem of race betterment would be simpler if we could agree as to standards. One race betterment faddist tells us the perfect woman of the future will be taller and plumper than the average woman of today. But suppose the chicken should remain most suitable to the taste of the average man?

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Varied Types

CCXLII—ARNOLD GENTHE

By Edward F. O'Day

When the late J. Pierpont Morgan sent the son of Thomas Fortune Ryan an autochrome of his magnificent Ghirlandajo, young Ryan said to Arnold Genthe:

"I am very glad to possess Mr. Morgan's Ghirlandajo. I have always wanted it. It did not cost me half a million as it cost Mr. Morgan, but I am sure I enjoy it as much as he does."

It was Arnold Genthe who made the autochrome of the masterpiece; that is why Ryan's remark was addressed to him. I have seen a duplicate of the autochrome, so I can appreciate Ryan's satisfaction. The magnificent colors of the original painting are reproduced with brilliant fidelity. I do not envy Morgan the possession of a half-million-dollar masterpiece; but since Genthe came back to San Francisco my thoughts have been dwelling with pleasure on the possibility of some day possessing my favorits paintings in autochrome.

Since Arnold Genthe left this city four years ago he has made a place for himself in the world of art as the chief of all photographers in colors. He has not only demonstrated the manifold possibilities of the autochrome process, but he has also enlarged the boundaries of photographic art by his splendid success with the Ives process of direct color reproductions on photographic paper. No doubt you have seen some of his color photographs reproduced in the magazines, the portraits of Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, Laurette Taylor and others. These colored halftones are fine, but they lack the perfection of the originals from which they were engraved; the originals are works of art with many of the qualities of oil painting joined to the peculiar merits of photography.

In Genthe's collection of autochromes are to be found charming portraits of children so true to the colors of life that they must be jealously treasured by the parents for whom they were made; pictures of gardens in all the tender blossomy beauty of spring or the mellow glory of autumn; pictures of homes that add a new attractiveness to the triumphs of architecture; pictures of the great masterpieces of painting, like the Morgan Ghirlandajo; and pictures of landscape composed with that unerring artistic taste for which Genthe is noted. Among these is a remarkable photograph of a rainbow made in the Grand Canyon.

"I earned my rainbow," said Genthe. And then he told me how he tramped the canyon for three hours in a storm of thunder and rain, drenched to the skin; how he caught the rainbow on his photographic plate while a forest ranger held his hat over the lens; and how the rainbow disappeared just as he was sliding a second plate into the camera. There is also his autochrome of J. Pierpont Morgan's library which, Genthe says, is the most perfect room in the world. Genthe made a great many pictures for the king of finance and was tremendously impressed by him, as indeed all were who came in contact with him.

"His was the most compelling personality I ever knew," says Genthe. "He had the eyes of an eagle; his manner was abrupt, brusque, like that of an old sea captain. His interest in pictures was of a naive, simple sort. I think he was as much attracted by the subject of a picture as by its artistic excellence. He loved religious pictures; indeed most of the pictures in his library were religious pictures. He was, indeed, an extremely religious man, as that truly remarkable document, his will, showed. He read the Bible every day of his life."

Of course Genthe has not deserted his first love for color photography; there is still plenty of room in his affections for black and white. He showed me a great many of his recent works in this medium, in particular a number of pictures illustrative of dancing ancient and modern which he is preparing to issue in a handsome volume through Mitchell Kennerley. There are pictures of Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, pictures of classic dancers, of ballet dancers and of modern ball room dancers. Some of these pictures represent weeks of work, so difficult was it to catch the model in just the dancing pose, with just the arrangement of drapery and the poise of limbs which Genthe was looking for.

"I regard the new love of dancing as one of the most significant tendencies of the day," says Genthe. "It teaches a wholesome respect for the body; does away with that secretiveness about bodily beauty which was one of the evils the puritans left us. Men and women are learning to cultivate their bodies, and I think that this will lead naturally to the cultivation of their minds. There is a great deal in the old saying, 'Mens sana in corpore sano.' Even the rather ludicrous attempts at dancing one sees at the commencement exercises of young ladies' schools are not without their healthy influence; and the same may be said of the wild gyrations of middle-aged people on crowded floors which remind you of nothing so much as of a box of sardines that have suddenly gone crazy. The dancing craze needs some adjusting, but meanwhile it is producing good results. We see one of them in the more natural attitude toward nudity in art which is being adopted in this country. The time will come, with the cessation of the activities of Anthony Comstock (whom Bernard Shaw proposed for President of the United States in his article 'The United States, a Nation of Villages'), when such a silly stir as that about 'September Morn' will be quite impossible. Such a stir could not take place in Europe any more than it could take place in the nursery where children still retain the natural attitude toward their bodies."

Genthe regards Isadora Duncan as the greatest of the dancers.

"She has a wonderful mind," he says, "and in conversation she is quite admirable, though when she speaks for publication she is abominable. And she is quite unmanageable. But her influence has been enormous. It has affected countless people who have never seen her and who are quite unconscious that they owe her anything."

Genthe retains his old affection for San Francisco.

"I have been speaking today with Mrs. Eleanor Martin," he said, "and I could not but smile as I recalled to mind the first time I met her. I came to San Francisco as the tutor of 'Heinie' von Schroeder, and dined at Mrs. Martin's the day of my arrival.

"'You Germans are very remarkable,' she said to me. 'I spent many months in Germany, and toward the end of my stay I was able to make myself understood in German. But you, Dr. Genthe, have only been here a day, and you speak English perfectly!'

"The first thing I did when I returned here the other day was to take a mournful walk through the new Chinatown. I did my best work in old Chinatown, and a great many of the Chinese knew me. But I was surprised to find that they still remembered. 'Hello, Doc! You back?' several of them said to me.

"I left San Francisco because I liked it too much. When you do good work here it is appreciated by your friends at once, and by the public without delay. The result is that you receive considerable praise, and there is the danger that you will rest content with what you have done and make no effort to improve. In New York there is a constant stimulus to better and still better work, because you are constantly comparing your work with the best work and striving to make it as good as the best, or better than the best. New York is not impressed by what you have done elsewhere. You are received there with polite indifference. It takes at least two years before you arrive. Then, if you have made good, the circle of those who are doing things opens and you are received into it. This difference is shown by the manner in which a club like The Players' receives you as contrasted with the reception you get at the Bohemian. A stranger in the Bohemian is at once heartily welcomed on the strength of his known reputation or on account of what his friends have said about him. The Players' waits until you have done things in New York. They must see for themselves. No doubt this attitude is quite justified—New York must have been buncoed so often!"

Genthe came here to make colored photographs of the Fair for the Century Magazine. He is enthusiastic about the beauty of the Exposition.

"But how inadequately it has been advertised in the East!" he said.

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Perspective Impressions

The controversy of the parsons over Billy Sunday would be diverting had it not induced him to book a return engagement.

John Burroughs says that life is an inscrutable mystery to the scientist. Professor Larkin should excommunicate Mr. Burroughs.

Now comes the problem of the unemployables —they that can work but don't feel like it. Why not pension them out of a fund created by assessing the idealists by whom they are most encouraged?

"Human beings are like plants," says Luther Burbank. The author of the Shasta daisy sticks so close to his garden that he has not the leisure to keep in touch with the progress of science. The latest dictum of science is that biologists were in error who said that human beings were like plants.

Dr. Aked's repugnance to Billy Sunday is but a coy reluctance compared with our own aversion to all preachers with the instinct of the yellow journalist.

And so we are able to view a theological combat between any two of them in the sweetly disinterested spirit of the lady whose husband was having a fight with a bear. She didn't care which of them was licked.

Now that Professor Gayley has spoken for the Allies we are reminded that President Wheeler has been sitting tight since the first week of the war when he spoke for the Kaiser.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills who used to be known in these irreverent parts as "Buffet" Mills, has returned to the fold of orthodoxy. Does anybody anywhere regard this as in the smallest degree important?

Mayor Rolph said the other day he would rather go to jail than stop the cars. And then everybody knew he intended to run again.

The Pope as well as Mr. Hearst is for peace, but the great journalist has not yet pointed out that the Vatican is a convert to one of his policies.

Americans are the best fathers in the world, says a feminine authority on paternity. This is a perfectly safe and perfectly meaningless thing to say.

Paul Popenoe, a Eugenist, is in favor of improving the race by preventing the births of children whose parents have certain weaknesses. Wouldn't it better to prevent weak persons from becoming parents? This could be done by killing them, which would be rather tough on our popenoes.

Serbians Come Back

They Survive Typhus and Teutons and Are Once More Playing an Important Part in the War

By Robert McTavish

Once more the Serbians must be reckoned with. We have not heard much of them of late. In their combat with the typhus germ they were obliged to retreat after a glorious triumph over the Austrians and thereafter we heard very little of the little Serbian army. But early in the year Serbia began strengthening her northern and eastern frontiers, and later a Serbian army crossed over the Albanian Mountains to the Adriatic.

After the Belgians, the Serbians were the first to suffer from a Teutonic onslaught. The Austrians almost immediately upon the declaration of war began the cannonading of Belgrade from forts at Semlin and from gunboats in the Save. The Serbians checked their advance at this point by destroying the railway bridge over the Save, which was the connecting link with Hungary, and made several offensive movements from the capital, one of which resulted in the capture and holding for several days of Semlin, and another in the repulse of a heavy detachment of Austrians who attempted to force a passage of the Danube at Semendria. The Serbians knew the strategic weakness of their capital city and when the bombardment increased in severity they moved the seat of goverment to Nish and made Kraguyevatz their military headquarters.

The Austrians found the capture of Belgrade a much harder task than they had expected; for although they continued the cannonading without intermission and succeeded in destroying most of the public buildings and in causing great damage to private property they did not enter the city until December 2. On that day General Frank, commanding the army of occupation, sent to Emperor Francis Joseph a telegram saying:

"On the occasion of the sixty-eighth anniversary of your reign permit me to lay at your feet the information that Belgrade was occupied today by the Fifth Army Corps."

While this despatch was not premature the felicitations that followed were decidedly premature. For twelve days later the Austrians were footing it across the Save. And at Jadac a battle raged five days at the end of which time the Austrians were routed. The Serbian success, however, was only temporary, for the Austrian army, retiring to the border, was reformed and reinforced and it was again sent upon its punitive expedition. Before this force the Serbians, their artillery ammunition exhausted, fell back and the Austrians swept everything before them.

"For forty miles from the frontier," said an American who followed in the wake of the invaders, "the country is deserted and silent as a tomb. Eighteen towns through which we passed were utterly deserted. In every town I saw one or two walls riddled with bullets which had been execution places."

Finally on November 15 the battle of Valjevo was fought and the Serbians, driven from their last trenches, were in full retreat. Here this peasant army appeared at its best. The men had been told that ammunition was coming. They knew not from where or how it was coming, but their faith in its arrival and in their final triumph remained supreme.

On the 1st of December the world had begun to believe that the Serbian resistance was broken and that the Austrians had completed the conquest of the country. But on December 3 two things happened suddenly. In the first place the ammunition that men for weeks had been laboriously dragging through the snow over the mountains from the Montenegrin coast arrived. In the next place the old King, crippled with rheumatism and worn out with gout, took his place beside the soldiers in the trenches. An emotional and sentimental people, they saw in the aged ruler who had come to lead them either to victory or death one of their legendary heroes of Kossovo.

These peasants fell upon the astonished and unprepared Austrians with the dash and spirit of a new army. They crushed the main body and sent its remnants flying across the Drina into Bosnia and they stormed the position of the smaller body which had been able to fortify itself at Belgrade and drove it back across the Save. The Serbians took 60,000 prisoners, hundreds of guns and stores of ammunition. On December 15 while the firing was still going on the old King at the head of his people entered Belgrade and the people returning from their refuges in the country strewed his way with flowers. Few nations have a more splendid story of overwhelming victory plucked from disastrous defeat in twelve days.

But admirable fighting men as the Serbians were, they were not able to combat disease, which proved in the end almost as deadly as the Austrian invaders. Their medical staff, while efficient, was unequal to the task of caring for the wounded and sick and their hospitals were inadequate and overcrowded. War swept away safeguards sufficient for a country of which the population was mostly rural and admitted typhus. This dread disease appeared in the camps at Nish and at other points where large bodies of troops or prisoners were congregated and made heavy levies upon both Serbians and Austrians. England, through Sir Thomas Lipton, labored to assist her small ally, but a great deal of credit for the final control of the scourge was due to the Americans who contributed so liberally of money and to the American doctors and nurses who valiantly and in constant peril of death fought it in the Serbian camps.

The Serbians in their advance across Albania repeated their memorable march of two years ago and with the same success. They reached the neighborhood of Durazzo with practically no opposition and are in virtual control of Albania.

In the second phase of the war the Serbians have taken as the motto of their army:

"Something to defend; something to reclaim."

The something to defend is the kingdom of Serbia; the something to reclaim is all Serb lands still outside the limits of that kingdom and they have entered upon this mission with unabated enthusiasm.

Miss Prim

By J. W. N. Sullivan

We all referred to her as Miss Prim, and I will not mention her real name. She had an oval face, terminating in a pointed chin, a tight little mouth, and clear, light blue eyes, magnified and meek behind her gold-rimmed spectacles. She was a slight, fragile little woman of about thirty, and at first I thought her quiet the outcome of timidity. But, in truth, she was quiet because she never saw occasion to be otherwise. Yet one would have imagined she would find her surroundings sufficiently exciting. We were part of a Red Cross expedition, bound to Serbia, a country of which we had the vaguest notions. We had left England at midnight, creeping cautiously through a minefield, and until Gibraltar we had been honored with a convoy! The ship was a transport ship, and the saloon was filled with wounded officers, returning to India or Egypt from the front. Miss Prim had never before left England, and yet in all these unprecedented exepriences she saw no occasion even for comment. She would sit at dinner, refusing wine with her quiet "Thank you, but I prefer water," entirely self-possessed and uninterested, with the gayest and most stimulating chatter going on all about her. Whether people ignored her or she ignored them, one could never decide.

There was one gorgeous night at Malta which might, like the music in Comus, have created a soul under the ribs of Death. Over the dim battlements the moon swam in a silvered sky, its light on the water seeming to make the anchored battleships in the harbor unsubstantial, robbing them of their day-time menace; while the searchlights all round the bay stabbed at the sea like giant swords. I stood beside Miss Prim, leaning over the side of the ship, half stupefied by the vague loveliness of the scene; and, somehow, my hand closed over the hand of Miss Prim. Instantly her clear, decisive voice cut the stillness like something metallic: "I must ask you not to take liberties."

The French liner which took us from Malta to Salonica had many Russians and Poles on board. One of the latter, a tall, handsome man with a carefully groomed beard and beautiful, romantic eyes, was the subject of vague rumors. We heard that he was a spy and that an emissary of the French Government was on board with the special object of keeping watch on him. Certainly he wore an air of mystery, and would stalk the deck with solemn regular strides, looking straight before him with an expression of the profoundest melancholy. The latest rumor was that he was a Polish noble in disgrace, returning to his native land to answer for his failure in a highly important secret mission.

I endeavored to interest Miss Prim in him, giving her the rumors as authenticated facts and adding details not without dramatic interest. She eyed the tall figure of the mysterious Pole attentively while I was speaking and then reflected for a few minutes: "He must be very hot in that fur coat," said Miss Prim.

During our short stay at Athens, Miss Prim made one of the party which visited the Acropolis. She clambered about the stones indefatigably, clutching a guide-book, and pausing every now and again to consult it. She was very anxious to get all the names of the various buildings quite right. She displayed an animation I had not before observed. "I've always wanted to see the Acropolis," she confessed to me; "one has heard so much about it. Now that I've seen it I'm quite satisfied." She paused, and her eyes became dreamy behind her glasses. "And now I'd like to go to Egypt and see the Pyramids," she observed.

Except at meal-times, I saw but little of Miss Prim in the hospital. Her ward was in the smaller of our two buildings; the pressure of our work did not enable us to take any time off, and it was to grow harder. Typhus commenced to ravage Serbia, and to accommodate these new patients we had to erect an isolation tent in our grounds. Day by day the number of patients increased. Ours was not the only hospital in that part of Serbia, although it was the best equipped, and presently we heard terrible rumors. One evening, when we were at dinner, our head surgeon made an announcement. He mentioned a hospital situated in the worst part of the town. "They have lost over fifty per cent of their nursing staff," he said bluntly, "and things grow worse. We are comparatively well equipped. I can spare a nurse or two if anyone cares to volunteer. I shall not hide from you that any volunteers run a very considerable risk."

One of the two volunteers was Miss Prim. "It is disgraceful that patients should be neglected like that," she said severely.

We buried her a few days later. We could not all attend the funeral, but I am afraid many of us strained a point to do so. I was with her just before she died. She had come out of the torpor characteristic of the disease, and was quite rational.

"I shan't see the Pyramids after all," she said, smiling at me. She lay still for a while. "But I'm glad I've seen the Acropolis. It was so romantic," said Miss Prim.

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 7

Thomas Jefferson "Father of the Declaration of Independence"

THIS noble founder of the Democratic Party immortalized himself by writing our Declaration of Independence—the document which laid the foundations of Free Government, not only for our own beloved land, but for all the world. His countrymen twice elected him President and will always treasure his memory. Jefferson was the most ardent advocate of Universal Freedom of his time and it was his wisdom and foresight which brought about the Louisiana Purchase. Every drop of his Virginia blood loved Liberty, and because he wanted Americans to be assured of it for all time he championed with all his might and main the signing of the Constitution of the United States. None of the Fathers of the Republic were more far-seeing than he and none knew better than he that a mild brew of barley-malt and hops is truly a temperance drink. Hence, in 1816 he wrote President Madison: "A Captain Miller is about to settle in this country and establish a brewery. I wish to see this beverage become common." Jefferson lived past his 83rd year and all his life he was a moderate user of light wines and barley brews. It is unimaginable that were he alive today he would vote otherwise than NO to proposed tyrannous prohibition laws. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley and hop brews which Jefferson hoped in his day to see the National beverage of Americans. Exactly such a beer is BUDWEISER. Its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor have won its way to the top. To-day 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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Ivan Alexandrovitch

By Hugh Walpole

Our flat is so small and our cook is so large that anything that happens in the one concerning the other is of immediate and dramatic importance to us all. Yesterday afternoon a gipsy fortune-teller and the cook's cousin, although unknown to one another, arriving simultaneously, filled the kitchen with color and heroism. Heroism is too loud a word for the cook's cousin in his natural condition, but Ivan Alexandrovitch returned, six weeks ago, wounded from the war, and has, during these last days, wandered from one relation to another with a bandage about his head, a great hunger, and a mighty flow of talk. I had already heard of him, and now, when I knew of his arrival, I hurried to the kitchen and found him sitting on the kitchen table with the bandage rakishly set over one eye, his hair standing up on end over the top of it, he meanwhile busily engaged in blowing at his tea in his saucer. The cook watched him with that look of affectionate contempt that is bestowed by relations upon relations all the world over. In one corner of the tiny kitchen the gipsy, a splendid splash of flaming orange and scarlet, was telling the fortunes of one of the tenants, a melancholy man who shook his head bitterly over her brightly-colored prophecies. My knowledge of the Russian language is now in that happy condition in which, by the aid of faith, hope and a lively imagination, one snatches at straws and constructs castles. Upon this afternoon, however, the conversation was of a simple sort, and those phrases that defied me were translated for me by the wife of the melancholy tenant, who had learnt American during two years in New York and was proud accordingly. There were, indeed, a great many of us in that tiny kitchen, and Masha, the maid-servant, was compelled to listen with her body half in the room and half in the passage, but as she always slept in a box underneath the coat-rack in the hall she was thoroughly accustomed to inconvenience. Outside it was snowing fast, and, as it was the third snowfall, it was likely to hold. That made everyone cheerful because, for the last week, Moscow has been swimming in mud—very depressing for us all.

Ivan Alexandrovitch was the centre of the picture; at first, on being introduced to an English "Barin," he had put down his saucer, jumped off the table, and stood at attention, but the heat and size of the kitchen made social distinctions impossible, and I fancy that he had of late been offered so much attention by admiring friends and relations, who had once upon a day had no respect for him at all, that his natural modesty had been clouded a little by the incense. He was short, thick-set, with stocky, thick legs, broad shoulders, a head like a bullet, and scarcely any neck. The eye that was visible was large, blue, tender and sentimental, and his mouth was the mouth of an absolute rogue and vagabond. His whole body expressed an overwhelming sense of humor—yet, with that also, an inevitable resigned melancholy as though he had found life an absurdly difficult thing, but could not help being amused by other people's ridiculous attempts to grapple with it. The bandage over his eye and a dimple in one cheek gave him the look of a naughty small boy. He gave the impression of struggling to arrive at some definite solution to the strange problem of existence, a bewildered, stupid, but cheerful expression—you can see this in the eyes of very many Russian peasants. The cook regarded him with mingled feelings. She had for so long had a kind indulgence for him as a drunkard and an idler, now he was a hero and everyone listened to him. Once and again she whispeerd to me: "He was a sad drunkard and a burden to his family, but now, thank God, he is a changed man;" nevertheless I could see that she was not assured of the change. As we sat there the room seemed to gather to itself ever a thicker and thicker curtain of hot air, from which penetrated Ivan Alexandrovitch's merry and sentimental eye, the glittering tinsel of the ikon in the corner by the window, and the shining row of fat white pots on a shelf above the oven. Also there was the gipsy, whose jingling sleeves tinkled as she reassured the melancholy tenant. Ivan Alexandrovitch, as he talked, had his eye upon me. He spoke, with the highest enthusiasm, of the conduct of the Englishwoman (our country has been thus known to the Russian peasant ever since the day of the Crimea, when the Highlander's kilts evoked superstitious amazement). He spoke of his own actions at the front with becoming modesty.

"I was greatly terrified, Barin," he said, "on the first day. If one had had some vodka one . . . . .but it was cold, and you must understand that I had a toothache. But I had a fine officer, thank God—a fine fellow he was—and we were all as friendly together as a litter of little pigs in a sty. Then on the second day I was angry. The anger came from God. I was so angry that I continued to whisper to myself. . . . . We came into a village and there was nothing left of it. Burnt and dried like a dried pea. Yes, I was very angry, and I was so angry that I wasn't hungry. Then on the fourth day we met some of them. The first one I killed I was very happy—happy as a pigeon in a granary. Then they began to run away, and one of them was hurt, you must understand, Barin, so that he couldn't run, but just sat down and began to cry. I was very sorry for him, crying like that. He cried like a baby. War's a silly thing, Barin, but God (here he crossed himself and looked at the ikon) knows what He will do with us, and it's a fine thing to fight for Holy Russia. . ."

"He was once a terrible fellow," whispered the cook to me. "Now see how he is changed!"

"And what," I inquired of the hero, "will be the result of all this in future years?"

"The Englishwoman and the Little Father," answered Ivan, winking his one eye at the gipsy, "will make a fine marriage, and then everyone will have plenty of everything, and will love one another. . . . But," he suddenly ended, "no one will be any happier."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because God does not think it good for men that they should be happy. It is for one as for another. . . . 'Bez Mooke, Nyett Naooke—No pain, no profit.' "

He jumped off the table and stood for a moment, lost to all consciousness of our presence, staring through the misty kitchen into some strange world of speculation and wonder. In the heart of every Russian soldier there is that mystical consciousness. In the Russo-Japanese War he felt that God was against him. Now he feels that God is behind him. There is the whole future history of Russia in that contrast.

"Well, little pigeon," he said, addressing the cook, "this has been a fine afternoon for us all, and now I must go." He stopped once more, silent, staring at the gipsy, with his glance puzzled and bewildered. He appeared to find no explanation of her existence—nor, indeed, of his own. Then he became in an instant again the practical, humorous man-of-affairs with a roguish satirical twist at the corner of his mouth. He bade us farewell in a very friendly, easy manner.

The gipsy, silently, with a swift look round upon all of us, followed him.

The tenant, who had paid half a rouble for his fortune, sighed: "She says that I shall live until ninety-five. . . . I don't think I want to."

"I'm sure that you won't," said his wife sharply, because she had been to America and encouraged no nonsense. "This is a very strange country," she added, apologetically, to me.

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Poems About San Francisco

CCIX—AFTER LONG YEARS

By Howard V. Sutherland

(Some years ago Howard V. Sutherland wrote his "Songs of a City" in celebration of his beloved San Francisco. A goodly number of those "Songs" found place in this series. Sutherland went away from San Francisco, and only recently returned. His renewal of acquaintance with this city was marked by the composition of the following verses.)

After long years of exile I behold
My love, my San Francisco, and I thrill
As Marshall thrilled when first his eyes saw gold.

Upon her face I see no sign of tears;
She whispers not of sorrow. In the Now
She has forgot the anguish of the years.

A new-born splendor swathes her. She is yet
The royal darling of the burly winds,
The sea's Belov'd, declining day's regret.

The stars still hymn her, and from hills of morn
The wild-flowers send, like shy but curious maids,
Their scented greetings when the light is born.

But more to her than praise or love of these
The homage of her Titan-hearted sons,
Her daughter's laughter on their bended knees.

O dear, fair City! With impassioned eyes
I read the story of thy destiny
In gleaming letters on empurpled skies.

So splendid now! But oh, in other days
More splendid yet to be! From East and West
All men shall ever seek thee, ever praise.

From isles of indolence, from lands of ice
Shall daily come their tribute—Europe's arts,
Awakened Asia's gorgeous merchandise.

Thy sister cities, where the toilers wear
The chains a Lincoln smote from off the blacks,
Shall sink beneath the monstrous weight they bear;

But thou, until the sun itself is hurled
From off its throne, and paling stars are mute,
Shalt be the matchless wonder of the world.

* * * * * *

When Morning's trumpet fails to waken me
Here let me sleep and dream of eager men,
Of sunshine and the thunder of my sea.

The Spectator

Justice Lawlor in Distress

Justice Lawlor has dissented again, and says he may write an opinion. His friends hope that he will do nothing of the kind. Judge Lawlor's friends are worrying about him. They are much concerned about his health. They fear that if he writes more opinions than are absolutely necessary he will get an attack of brain fag, and keel over. For in the rarefied ambient of his present intellectual altitude Justice Lawlor suffers from mental depression. Thus far he has been unable to acclimatize his faculties. He has been up aloft seven months, and during all that time he has been able to write but two opinions. In one of them he affirmed an order setting aside the verdict of a jury. The proposition was elementary. Any other jurist would have disposed of the matter in ten words. But to Justice Lawlor the simplicity of it proved very seductive. Here was his first case in the Supreme Court, and it was so simple he could understand it. Not only that: it was so simple he could explain it. And so he did, consuming about two thousand words in the process. He wrote an elaborate opinion to affirm the obvious, thus contributing to the gaiety of the bar of the whole State.

A Dragchain On the Court

Justice Lawlor's second opinion was a dissenting opinion, one that vindicated his inflexible devotion to the interests of the dear pee-pul. There he stopped. Cases began to accumulate. Meanwhile Justice Lawlor's associates were holding up their end. Each was writing his share of opinions in the cases assigned to him. In the Supreme Court this strict performance of duty is a matter of some importance, for, be it known, to cash their salary warrants all the justices must make affidavit that no case before the court has been under submission more than ninety days. But as Justice Lawlor has been mentally indisposed the court has been suffering from a drought. The court has been living on short rations. Now this is pretty tough on Justice Lawlor's associates. All of them are dependent on their salaries, and though they could borrow money on a salary warrant doubtless a justice of the Supreme Court would hate to do business with a money lender. So what is to be done? I have heard it suggested that the Legislature might pass an enabling act; that is to say, an act authorizing Justice Lawlor to employ a deputy to write his opinions for him. But the Legislature is not in session. Of course Justice Lawlor's associates might do the work for him; or they might order a resubmission of the cases and thus evade the law. But Justice Lawlor is a stickler for the law—when he knows it. And this is certainly a case where ignorance of the law cannot be pleaded as an excuse.

A Battle of Rugs

Vahan Cardashian, Turkish Commissioner to the World's Fair, and Mirza Ali Khuli Khan, Persian Commissioner, smile with oriental politeness as they pass each other by, but they are not friends at heart. The Armenian lawyer from New York and the chargé d'affaires from Washington find that they are obstacles in each other's path. Things would go ever so much more pleasantly with Cardashian if Khuli Khan were somewhere else than in San Francisco, and Khuli Khan fervently wishes that Cardashian were in his New York law office or in the Armenian city of Mush or in fact anywhere so it were at a distance from this exposition city. What's the trouble? Rugs, just rugs. Battles have been fought for rugs, if we may believe the thrilling tales of rug-dealers; and I suppose we may, for a sort of battle, bloodless but determined, is being fought over rugs right here and now. And strangely enough, there would be no trouble had Turkey kept out of the Great War. Thus do mighty events exert their influence upon comparative trifles.

The Money Did Not Come

When Turkey decided to be represented officially at the World's Fair, the Sublime Porte decreed that $75,000 should be set aside for the construction of a Turkish pavilion and the installation of a fitting exhibit. Vahan Cardashian, an Armenian lawyer of New York who has some good friends in Constantinople, was named Exposition Commissioner for Turkey. He came here and commenced work. Some money was forthcoming, enough to make a beginning on. But lo and behold! Turkey went to war on the side of the central empires, and the source of supplies was shut off. The major part of that $75,000 never got here. It was probably used to buy munitions for the fighting in the Dardanelles. The Turkish Commissioner was left with an unfinished building on his hands, and no funds. He appealed to the Exposition authorities. They advanced the money to complete the Turkish pavilion, and devised a means of assuring themselves that their money would be returned. This was accomplished by giving Cardashian the exclusive concession for the sale of oriental rugs. Oriental rugs are not hard to sell—women with money find it impossible to resist them—and the prices are high; so it looked as if the Exposition would recover without difficulty the money it invested in the Turkish pavilion.

Along Comes Mirza

So far so good. But about this time the suave and polished Mirza Ali Khuli Khan appeared on the scene. He came with credentials as the

Persian Commissioner. And he came with more than that. He came with a letter from Secretary of State William J. Bryan, a letter in which Mr. Bryan begged the Exposition directors to allow Khuli Khan to exhibit and sell his priceless collection of oriental rugs. The Exposition directors were in a quandary. They had given an exclusive concession to Cardashian, verbally it is true, but they did not wish to offend the Secretary of State. While they were trying to solve the dilemma, Bryan resigned. This seemed to offer a way out, but on second thought it made matters more difficult than ever. Bryan was coming to the Fair. He had accepted an invitation to speak, and could not be turned down merely because he had chucked his job. And to the minds of the Exposition directors his letter on behalf of Khuli Khan could not be disregarded for the same reason of delicacy. So Mirza got his rug concession. Incidentally, I am told that Mirza has no priceless collection of oriental rugs—that the rugs which he has put on display as the exhibit of Persia were supplied by certain dealers of this city and Los Angeles. But Persia is selling rugs as well as Turkey; and the Exposition directors are wondering whether, with this competition in the Exposition rug trade, Turkey as represented by Cardashian will be able to sell enough rugs to pay off its indebtedness. And how has the ill feeling between Cardashian and Khuli Khan been displayed? Well, here is one instance: on the night of the Persian dedication, Cardashian gave a big dinner and lured as many commissioners and directors to it as he could. Mirza was not there.

Poor September Morn!

No longer does the young blonde goddess of the pool exhibit her naked loveliness. She crouches uselessly. The shelter which her dainty arms lend to her bewitching, huddled body is quite unnecessary. No kindling eye may behold the rounded glory of her firm young breasts; no rapturous admiration may feast upon the smooth and dimpled wonder of her pink, her creamy flesh. Not now need the bewitching nymph fear that her modesty stands in peril of outrage. Her maiden fright is meaningless. She cowers still like the Venus de Medici, but without that divinity's bashful warrant. September Morn, the living, breathing September Morn of the Zone, has been robbed of her nude innocence; her virgin bareness has been denied her; she is now like other goddesses we know, beautiful but draped. The actual terms of September Morn's humiliation, the hard condition of her fallen state it is difficult to set down—difficult because shocked fingers pause irresolute over the typewriter keys that would register her defloration. But away with this weakness! News is news, and must be chronicled. And so I write the words, with all their implication of vulgarity: September Morn is wearing tights! Yes, tights! She who was wont to show herself to the gaze of all in the primitive unadornment of Aphrodite rising from the wave is now sheathed from neck to ankles in a white silk union suit. Is it not to weep? It is, verily and in sooth it is!

The Fair's "Purity League"

Our World's Fair has an unofficial but extremely busy purity league. The members of the California commission consisting of Matt Sullivan, Chet Rowell, Marshall Stimson and Arthur Arlett, together with certain dear ladies of the Woman's Board make up the membership of a committee of censorship which has been nicknamed the "purity league" by the denizens of the Zone. These guardians of morality modified the danse du ventre on the Streets of Cairo, when it became too frolicsome for their stern taste. And now they have ordered September Morn into tights. She still poses, but she is a mockery of her former self. She looks like a fashion model demonstrating the latest thing in knit underwear. She is vulgar. And she doesn't like it. I have not had the pleasure of meeting her; but I have had speech with the "Psyche" of the same Zone show, likewise the "living Venus," and these young ladies tell me that "September Morn" does not enjoy posing in a union suit. They tell me that she shrinks from the public eye as she never shrank before. She feels that she has been degraded. It is an interesting point of view, but one which the "purity league" is quite incapable of understanding.

Pixley's "Apollo"

"An attempt to combine the most salient features of several earlier productions" is the way Frank Pixley modestly describes his work for the Bohemian Club. And he succeeded in giving the club an impressive spectacle which the beautiful music of Edward F. Schneider lifts high above the commonplace. It has not received the unstinted praise of the poets in Bohemia, but that was not to be expected. Pixley, the author of "The Prince of Pilsen," would be the last to set his work in competition with the grove plays produced by George Sterling, Louis Robertson, Herman Scheffauer, Porter Garnett and other poets. He found his machinery in classic mythology, but that is no reason why he should be expected to achieve the classic style of writing. "Apollo" pleased as a dramatic production aided by music, by the fine voices of Hamlin and Whitehill, by the acting of Dick Hotaling, Judge Melvin and others and by the master arts of Frank Mathieu and Edward Duffy who staged and illuminated it. It was witnessed by one of the most distinguished gatherings the Bohemian Grove has known. Included in the audience were Owen Wister, George Ade, Jack London, Walter Damrosch, George Sterling, Stewart Edward White, William H. Crane, David Warfield, Maclyn Arbuckle, Edwin Markham, Richard Walton Tully, Harry Leon Wilson, Harrison Fisher, Burton Holmes, Lord Richard Plantagenet Neville and Sir Arthur Herbert.

A Lady in Bohemia

Great excitement, and the wagging of many tongues. The Bohemians went to their grove by the Russian River for the presentation of Frank Pixley's "Apollo" to find a lady in possession! The lady was there to stay, and stay she did. She's there yet. To add to the embarrassment, she's a nature lady and wears less clothes than Joe Knowles. You can imagine the excitement of the Bohemians! But stay, she is not a live lady of course. The lady in the Bohemian forest is Diana, and she's the work of Haig Patigian, one of Bohemia's favorite sculptors. Patigian's big bronze of the "queen and huntress, chaste and fair" was taken from the club and installed in a mossy nook by a little stream. The intention is to keep Diana there; but of course there are two opinions about this. There are always two opinions about anything done in Bohemia. Some Bohemians think it a beautiful idea to have Diana as the guardian of the grove. Others think that the installation makes a bad precedent. If a statue by Patigian, they argue, why not a statue by Earl Cummings and a statue by Douglas Tilden and a statue by Arthur Putnam and a statue by Joe Mora and a statue by Bobbie Aitken and statues by other sculptors of Bohemia? Is the Bohemian Grove to enter into competition with Sutro Gardens and Busch's Gardens in Pasadena? And besides, they say, how does Patigian like the idea of having his Diana hidden away where she may be seen and admired only two weeks in the year?

The Inaccurate Mr. White

William Allen White, who is one of the leading moralists of the Progressive party and a devotee of the professional saints of Westerville, Ohio, has been quoted as saying that he never saw a drunken man in Kansas, and that in Emporia there isn't enough liquor sold in six months by bootleggers to make up the morning's business of a little saloon in a country village on a busy day. Mr. White is a God-fearing man who loves the truth for truth's sake. He hates wickedness of all kinds, and he is a successful reformer because it is believed that he is as virtuous as he pretends to be. But he is at times extraordinarily, almost criminally, inaccurate; as for instance when he describes the results of prohibition in Kansas. A correspondent of the New York Sun has just finished an investigation of conditions in Kansas. He spent a month going through the blind tigers and speak easies of the Sunflower State, and he reports that liquor is very easy to get in Kansas. It is sold, he says, in pool halls, drug stores and cigar stands which are frequented by boys as well as men. Upon arriving in the town of Leavenworth he went to a hotel, summoned a bellboy and ordered a quart of whiskey and six bottles of beer, and he was served in a few minutes. Though this correspondent spent only a month in the State where William Allen White has lived all his life he saw much drunkenness. And he learned from the records of the police department of one town—Wichita—which has a population of only 25,000 that in one year 1480 arrests were made for drunkenness.

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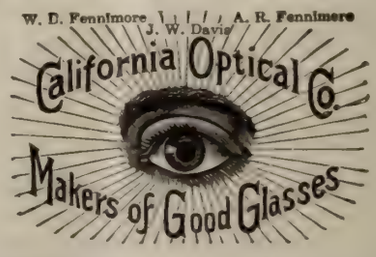

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The Moral Liar

Dear reader, be not impulsive. Do not jump to the conclusion that Mr. William Allen White, eminent Puritan and reformer, is an ordinary self-betraying prevaricator. Remember that Mr. White is in the philanthropic business of rendering service to mankind according to his lights, the golden lights that shine from Westerville. Convinced that the cause of the captains of the prohibition industry is the righteous cause, according to his philosophy lies in furtherance of it are in the service of Heaven and therefore not to be despised. This is the philosophy of all our reformers. And so Kansas is pointed to as the model, exemplary State worthy of imitation, though according to the Sun's correspondent it has made liars and hypocrites out of many of the leading cits of Kansas, for there are many like White who go about saying that prohibition prohibits when they very well know that the police of the principal cities are occupied chiefly in making arrests for drunkenness and bootlegging. "Whiskey is to be had anywhere," he says, "simply by asking for it." Further: "There is as much if not more drinking in Kansas today than ever before."

A Psychological Problem

Far more interesting to me than the liquor problem is the psychological problem which the prohibition agitation presents. How are we to account for the vast army of intellectual perverts that is scattered all over this country? Obviously these prohibition agitators who are well aware of what prohibition entails are men of a very low order of morals. Of course among their followers honest zealots preponderate. The average prohibitionist is not versed in paradoxes. He is not aware that in the philosophy of life the false view on many questions is greatly the most plausible. To him prohibition means compulsory abstinence, and anything that abates drunkenness in his opinion is desirable. But the active propagandist who has seen the practical application of the principle in Maine and Kansas; who knows what evils flow from attempting to enforce laws that are agreeable only to a small proportion of the people, he is under no delusion. On what hypothesis are we to account for him? The professional propagandist who has capitalized his zeal, him we can understand. We can also understand the prohibition Governors and Congressmen and other State officers, all sensible of the wholesale corruption of municipal authorities, of the traffic in vile whiskey and drugs and the provocation to intemperance. Of course they are above all things politicians, and some politicians consider it expedient to cultivate the friendship of reformers and zealots of all kinds. It is politicians of this type that the prohibition propaganda has brought into prominence in some States. But it has made enthusiasts of thousands of others who are not blind to the truth. There are thousands of prohibitionists interested chiefly in the destruction of many industries. They prefer the illicit distillery to the one that helps to support the government. The blind-pig to which boys are admitted they regard as preferable to the saloon. These are the prohibitionists that puzzle us. They are possessed by the same bug that has bitten those clergymen who would scatter prostitution and make syphilis a national disease. Surely theirs is a field for psychological inquiry.

Hard to Beat

Thomas Fortune Ryan is a devoted golfer, and one of the first things he did on his arrival here was to obtain cards for the golf clubs. A local friend of Ryan's who is also a golfer, was instrumental in obtaining these courtesy cards. This man met Alexander S. Lilley shortly afterwards.

"Al," he said, "let's take Mr. Ryan out to the golf links and separate him from some of his money."

"Can't be done," was Lilley's pithy reply.

"Why not?" demanded the other golfer.

"Because," said Lilley, "Ryan learned the game from John D. Rockefeller."

Scott and the Colonel

When Colonel Roosevelt was in town he was seen hobnobbing with Henry T. Scott at the St. Francis. Now some of Scott's friends were astonished, for they knew that Henry T. was an anti-Bullmooser. Much greater was their astonishment when they learned that the Colonel had come to San Francisco as Mr. Scott's guest. Back in the days of McKinley when Roosevelt was assistant Secretary of the Navy and Scott was building battleships they became very intimate friends. They have had a sentimental regard for each other ever since, and though they have had political differences the ties of friendship have never been broken.

Sword in Oakland

The management of the Hotel Oakland is now in the hands of Mr. Carl Sword, formerly of the St. Francis and for more than a year house manager of the Olympic Club. The owners of the Hotel Oakland are deserving of felicitations on obtaining the services of a manager of the calibre of Mr. Sword, for he is a man of rare executive capacity besides possessing the qualities that make for distinction. He is known from the Pacific to the Atlantic as a hotel manager of the first rank. Under his management the Hotel Oakland will experience a change of atmosphere.

Henry James Explains

We have all read how Henry James, the distinguished American writer, gave up his country, the country of his distinguished ancestors for many generations, to become an English subject. It is interesting to know why he did this, and an article has just come from his pen to explain the matter. It is an article called "The Mind of England at War," and it was published recently in the New York Sun. In this article Mr. James expounds not only the English mind, but his own mind too. Having read the article carefully, I find that Mr. James has two grounds for his action, the same being a background and a foreground. What of the background? I quote Mr. James:

"Complications really and thrillingly attended, since where would have been the suspense, which I think I must have positively cultivated in the interest of the rapture of final relief, if the fortune of my exposed and imperilled, and hence so ideally recoverable or in other words positively ponderable, stake didn't seem at moments to sway this way and that?"

Obviously! But there are other complications which Mr. James goes on to state in his inimitably lucid way:

"They had, indeed, these eyes, an immense call to their different, their very own vast masses of interest; but wouldn't the effect of that be at the same time to quicken rather than restrict for them their awareness of the English affirmation, whether as hostile or as helpful, and so to make the degree and the mode of our display of genius signify, that is, count all round, as it had not in all the ages had to?"

Just so, of course! And clearly it follows that—

"These last would inevitably and probably very soon strain themselves clear so far as to care so much meant to be so much in suspense, this clutch of the formula, this idea of a genius only waiting to be identified, gave relief to the tension and saw me as by a sudden jump ever so much further on the way."

As to the Foreground

Having made the background of his mental condition so plain, Mr. James jumps to the foreground:

"If such then was the case for the background, by what art did the foreground not only hold together but form to the extent I have noted the place of frequentation the most attaching, not to say even the most edifying, one could have desired?"

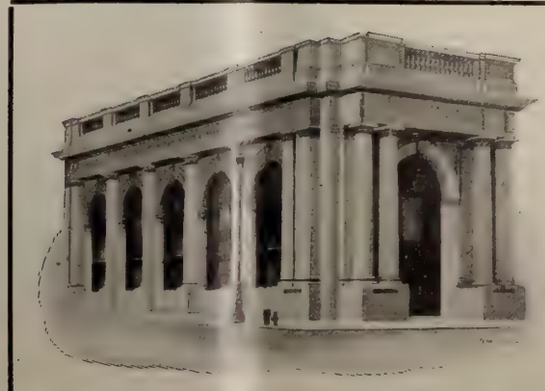
This seems to present a difficulty, but again Mr. James easily disposes of it in a manner even a child may grasp, thus:

"What it came to in the last fine analysis seemed to be that whereas in association with other people you for the most part know by their conversation what you had got hold of, or whether this were at a given moment their reflective or their active, their cerebral or their practical part, so in the association I had happened most to enjoy there was no such clear and perhaps I should say convenient distinction, convenient in especial for the demonstration of one's grounds. This might certainly represent in regard to the others that conversability worked better, but could it represent that association did?"

There could be, I need not point out, but one answer to this direct, this gripping question. Says Mr. James:

"My state became, to the exclusion of every other, since none was of comparable portee, the state of sought certitude, a certitude difficult but not impossible, and carrying everything with it if it should come."

The "portee" made the decision inevitable. In accordance with the dictates of the "portee" and of his own simple, crystal-clear logic, Mr. James could do nothing but become an English subject. And so he's went and gone and done it.



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More Light

I have given only a few brief extracts from a long article, choosing those which would put the matter of Mr. James' transference of allegiance in the clearest light. He also speaks of the "favorite amusement of putting the cart before the horse and the idea out of sight." No one, surely, will suspect Mr. James of doing that. And he asks:

"Hasn't the impression been as of an averted or muffled or even reluctant exercise of the faculty?"

The answer is, Not at all, not at all! Though, to be sure, when he writes:

"Vagueness waned, or at least began to, from the moment one saw, or at any rate reasoned, that with genius there could not be a light—" one is forced to admit that Mr. James is indubitably and unilluminatively the greatest genius of the age!

A Mental Vice

Gertrude Atherton said recently that Henry James ceased writing novels in 1881. Mrs. Atherton is wrong: what he actually ceased writing at that time was the English language. About that time he slipped into a bad habit of the mind; he indulged instead of resisting it; it has become a vice, as fixed upon his mind as certain depravities are fixed upon the bodies of the vicious. The result is that Mr. James is almost incapable today of making himself understood. His mind is a labyrinth in which he becomes hopelessly involved whenever he takes pen in hand. He is a literary decadent. His words are as hard to understand as a cubist picture. The essay from which I have quoted is as impossible of understanding as "The Nude Descending a Staircase." I have a notion that the wild woman who slashed his portrait at the Royal Academy—the Sargent portrait which is to be seen at the Palace of Fine Arts—was not actuated by suffragettish motives, but was unbalanced through striving to read Mr. James' books. In the homely speech of the street, all that Mr. James writes is as clear as mud.

Was Barker Shut Out?

I am in receipt of a circular issued by Professor William Dallam Armes in connection with the Margaret Anglin engagement at the Greek Theatre. The circular states that Miss Anglin was asked as long ago as 1913 to give a repertoire of Greek plays in Berkeley during the World's Fair. The Musical and Dramatic Committee, I read, "assured her that if she would do so, no other Greek plays should be given in the Greek Theatre during the Exposition period." This statements reminds me that I heard some time ago that Granville Barker was desirous of bringing his Greek productions to the Greek Theatre this year, but was barred from doing so by the agreement made with Miss Anglin. I understand too that it prevented the Chicago players from giving "The Trojan Women" there instead of at Festival Hall. It does not seem to me the part of wisdom to give Miss Anglin a monopoly of this sort, especially as against Granville Barker whose production of "The Trojan Women" has been one of the great dramatic events of this year in the East.

Inventors to the Rescue

Although we cheer
Red, white and blue,
Your Uncle needs
Gray matter too.

Lots of girls put on airs, even the air of innocence.

Many a fellow gets the reputation of being fast when his creditors think he is mighty slow.

Letters

"The Jewel City"

Ben Macomber of the Chronicle is one of the best newspaper writers in San Francisco. And he has been in charge of the Chronicle news bureau at the Exposition ever since the Exposition opened in February. These facts indicate that Ben Macomber is properly equipped to write a book on our World's Fair. The best evidence, however, is to be found in the book itself which is entitled "The Jewel City" and which has just come from the publishing office of John H. Williams. It is a well bound, compact volume of two hundred pages illustrated with a colored frontispiece and seventy-five pictures which show the gardens, palaces, courts, fountains, sculpture, paintings, and many of the State and foreign buildings. To a certain extent "The Jewel City" is made up of articles which Ben Macomber contributed from day to day to the Chronicle. But it also contains a great deal of new matter of great value, and the whole has been so arranged and coordinated that the work is a real book and not a mere journalistic compilation. Ben Macomber writes well, and with authority. There is evident throughout a cultivated taste for beauty, the beauty of architecture, of painting, of landscape gardening. And this cultivated taste for beauty so informs Ben Macomber's writing that his chapters are things of beauty too. The author is generous with praise, but he is not backward about criticizing adversely where his mind and eye tell him that adverse criticism is in order. And so he stimulates his readers. He does not ask his readers to swallow the Exposition whole; he is intelligently discriminating, and expects his readers to be so too. Ben Macomber has been mightily impressed by the artistic triumph achieved by the builders of our World's Fair. His mind takes fire from the results of their splendid, unselfish collaboration; and the warmth of his admiration is pleasantly evident in his words. This is no book of letter press designed to carry illustrations. It is an interpretation, a sympathetic rendition of the Fair, a reasoned panegyric based upon analysis and study. The pictures and the text illustrate each other; both pictures and text have a sound reason for being here. Those who have seen the Exposition will read "The Jewel City" with a great deal of satisfaction; those who read the book without having seen the Fair will move heaven and earth to visit San Francisco, and if they are not so fortunate as to accomplish their desire, they will have Ben Macomber to thank for as complete a presentation of its glories as is possible on the printed page.

GUY BATES POST AND LOUISE GRASSLER
In "Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carolan's Loss

At the Columbia Monday night I met one of those rare birds in Burlingame—a gentleman of some wit—who called my attention to Mrs. Frank Carolan seated in a box with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell.

"It's too bad," he observed, "that she must suffer so severe a loss."

"Has somebody died in the Pullman family?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said my friend, "not that kind of bereavement. I mean the loss of that precious resemblance which she used to bear to her distinguished friend Mrs. Pat Campbell. You see Mrs. Pat is taking on plumpness whereas Mrs. Frank is remaining almost fashionably slender. Mrs. Frank will have to change her diet to take on weight. I must recommend a pastry cook."

Young Blood Needed

This same Burlingame wit looked over the fashionable audience and called my attention to several representatives of peninsula society. "By the way," he remarked, "has it never struck you that our smart set is getting badly wrinkled."

"No," said I, "it never has."

"It occurs to me," he went on, "that it needs a little new blood. There are no young recruits. These folks that I see here tonight are all survivors of the smart set of the early nineties of the last century. Apparently they are doing nothing to replenish the push. They ought to take down the bars, and have a little life infused into the midst of them. It doesn't seem right to have a bald-headed smart set with a paunch."

His Second Appearance

Charles Templeton Crocker, millionaire young man of leisure, made his second local appearance as an actor in Frank Pixley's Bohemian grove play "Apollo." The first appearance of Crocker was in the Christmas jinks at the Bohemian Club. He was so successful that time that he was drafted for service in the most important dramatic event of Bohemia's year. He played the part of a Dryad, and played it for all the wood-nymph sweetness it contained. Here is his only speech, addressed to Apollo:

Oh, thou who hast dominion here, give heed
To this our prayer! Some potent, mystic force,
Unknown to us, hath wrought our fearful plight.
We thirst! We sigh! We gasp for life itself!
No cooling breeze now fans this favored spot!
The brooks and springs are dry. How can we live
Since every artery is scorched? The sap
Of life no longer courses through our veins!
We pine and droop and fade! Give us relief!

Templeton Crocker won considerable fame at college as a female impersonator, so he was not a raw amateur. But he had to sacrifice his mustache to the demands of the role. The other female parts were enacted by Herbert Heron, the Carmel poet, and George de Long.

Concerning Miss Morrisson

All the way from New York comes an item saying that "San Franciscans are watching with interest the devotion of an elderly son of Mars to one of a well known family of spinsters who divide their time between their home in San Jose and the Palace Hotel." Is it possible that one of the famous Morrisson sisters is going to forsake her pleasant state of single blessednes and lion-hunting?

Celebrities at the St. Francis

I don't think there is any man left in San Francisco who cherishes a doubt about the success of the Exposition; but if such a person exists a few hours at the St. Francis would dissipate his lingering pessimism. This hotel is doing today more business than any other in America, entertaining twelve hundred persons daily; and this patronage is sufficiently cosmopolitan to satisfy the most zealous of our civic press agents whose ideal seems to be variety of types in our shifting and stationary population. Copy no end is ready for the newspaper reporter at the St. Francis today. The hotel is full of personalities dear to the front page. Junius Spenser Morgan, son of J. Pierpont Morgan, probably heads the list of those who satisfy the popular taste for plutocrats, though he is pressed hard for honors by others who are sacred to an envious public by virtue of their supposed practice of writing checks, off and on, in seven figures. Among these is Felix Warburg, the associate of Jacob Schiff, who was something of a casus belli in the Federal Reserve Board. King Cacomber of Pacines Rancho who stacks his millions up like poker chips, and Cheng-Hsun Chang, reputed to be the richest man in China, ought to be conspicuous—but they are not. They lack the glory of such guests as that peripatetic Tower of Jewels "Diamond Jim" Brady whose generous lustre was sadly dimmed whenever Clara Baldwin Stocker blazed upon the famous Peacock Alley. Whether Mrs. Stocker travels upon her private yacht, her private aeroplane or her private car, she is always attired in jewels. It is unnecessary to speak of the fact that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan were recent guests of the St. Francis, because these gentlemen are fully capable of speaking for themselves. There are other statesmen in the big hostelry, however, who have some claim upon popular interest, Governor J. M. Slaton of Georgia, for example.

A Long List of Others

There seem to have been at the St. Francis all the Governors in America except the historic Governors of North Carolina and South Carolina, and they are probably detained at home in an effort to solve their historic question. Governors Capper of Kansas, Walsh of Massachusetts, Spry of Utah, Hammond of Minnesota and Dunn of Illinois are a few of them. More interesting is it to see William Hale Thompson, present mayor of Chicago, and Carter Harrison, former mayor of the Windy City, together in the same building; to see Harry Leon Wilson and the hero of his "Ruggles of Red Gap" in the club room at the same time; and to realize that Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina is really an amiable gentleman and does not use a pitchfork as a walking stick. Briefly, the variety of personalities at the St. Francis would satisfy the most avid seeker for the spice of life. Captain Goethals, son of Col. Goethals, Mrs. Marshall Field, Tracy Drake, president of the famous Blackstone of Chicago, Barney Oldfield, and Dario Resta, John Philip Sousa, Geraldine Farrar, David Warfield, Raymond Hitchcock, Maclyn Arbuckle, Col. Green (Hetty's), are others worthy of mention. Perhaps we should not ignore Dr. G. S. Peterkin who built up his practice by wearing a fresh orchid in his buttonhole every day. And did I forget Billy Sunday? Well, he is coming back.

Del Monte Notes

The Congressional party of the Rivers and Harbor Commission were at Del Monte on Friday to look over the possibilities of making Monterey a real harbor. A party of autoists from San Antonio, Texas, arrived on Saturday, consisting of Miss Eunice M. Cole, Miss Star McDaniel, Master McDaniel and Dr. Alfred C. McDaniel. A party of well known society people from the East registered at Del Monte this week. They are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cuthwaite of New York, Mr. E. P. Borden, Philadelphia, E. A. Bigelow Jr., New York, Miss Helene Louise K. Porter of New York, Chas. D. Dickey Jr., New York. Miss Mary Newbert, a charming young society girl from Los Angeles and the cousin of Mathew Head, the congenial host at Del Monte, spent a few days at Del Monte this week. N. L. Lucius of Chicago and his sister are at Del Monte for a week. Mr. Lucius is the outside advertising man for the

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Chicago Tribune. They are both enthusiastic golfers. Mrs. C. P. Libby of Chicago, wife of the well known packer, is accompanied by Miss L. L. Burrows. Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin, horseman and poloist, is there for a month with Mrs. Cowdin, baby and nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Hamill of Chicago are there for a few days. Mr. Hamill is a well known attorney. Owen Wister, the famous novelist, was a recent visitor. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McMullen and Miss McMullen spent a few days playing golf. Mr. McMullen is a well known insurance man from Los Angeles. Miss Edith Hecht and maid of San Francisco are there for a few weeks. Mrs. Helen Hecht expects to join the party. Mr. Emerson Hough, the author, came down from San Francisco with Frank Lathrop of the S. P. to spend a few days. He says it is the prettiest spot he was ever in. Col. D. A. Mass of San Francisco is down for the week-end. The golf tournament in early September for the State championships promises to be the largest and best ever held on these beautiful Del Monte links. Most of the smart set from San Mateo, Burlingame and Hillsborough have engaged accommodations. The hotel dinner dance for the young people Thursday night was a great success. Favors were passed around and the most hilarious time of the season was the consequence.

Music Notes

Sigmund Beel, concertmaster of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, is visiting this city and will remain here during the summer months. Fritz Kreisler has been engaged by Will Greenbaum to appear at Stanford University as the opening feature of the course of concerts given there annually under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association. It is probable that Kreisler will give a special concert at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. Arrangements between Greenbaum and the Music and Dramatic Committee of the University are now being made to make it the big musical event of the season in the great open air auditorium.

At the Cecil

Mrs. M. H. Hyland, wife of Judge Hyland, entertained at luncheon Monday afternoon at the Hotel Cecil. Mrs. David Goodsell of Portland was the complimented guest. The affair was in the nature of a reunion, for the guests were girlhood friends of the hostess. Those who enjoyed the affair were Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. David Goodsell, Mrs. Clarence Ravlin, Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. Frank Weber, Miss Claire Hastie. There were a number of dinners given Monday evening by guests. The private dining room and the main dining room had both formal and informal affairs. The general color scheme was pink, and most of the tables were decorated in Killarney roses. After the dinners the hosts and their guests attended the Navy Ball in the California building in the Exposition grounds. Among those who attended the ball were General and Mrs. McClernand, Colonel and Mrs. D. L. Howell, Major and Mrs. F. J. Koester, Captain and Mrs. B. C. Bispham, Mrs. Howell Clinton, Mrs. C. Williams, Mrs. William Franklin Morris, Mrs. B. L. Thane, Miss Alma Thane, Colonel William Hart, Mr. R. Rogers. Crystal vases filled with pink and lavender snap dragons ornamented the dinner table presided over by Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Farnham. This dinner was given Tuesday evening in the private dining room. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Merrill, Dr. and Mrs. Goodfellow, Dr. and Mrs. Snyder and Dr. Willard. Colonel William Bowen, U. S. A., and his attractive daughter Miss Gladys Bowen are guests. They attended the Navy Ball Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Weir of Salt Lake are registered. General Walter S. Schuyler, U. S. A., is being extensively entertained by his San Francisco friends. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Tanner arrived the first of the week and are occupying an attractive apartment. They will not return to their home in New York until the autumn.

At the Somerton

Mrs. Elizabeth Horton, one of the social leaders of Seattle, is a guest at the Somerton. Among other recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Selling of Wilmington, Del. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. R. Van Sickel of Columbus, Ohio, have come to San Francisco to see the Exposition. A. C. Boyer arrived on the last steamer from Kobe, Japan. Judge and Mrs. John R. Bond and their charming daughter are stopping at the Somerton. They plan to return to their home in Omaha the latter part of the month. Among the Eastern visitors who are enjoying the P. P. I. E. is H. R. Manning of Salem, Mass. Mr. E. C. Howard motored down from Seattle Tuesday and will spend the coming week at the hotel.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. George Mendell accompanied by Miss Louise Janin, Mrs. Harrison-Smith and Miss Smith enjoyed a quiet motoring trip through Lake and Mendocino counties recently.

Mrs. Eugene Bates and her sister Miss Cavanaugh have returned from a delightful sojourn in Mendocino county.

Miss Mildred Schmidt, the clever, handsome, young artist, and her father have been enjoying a sketching tour in Lake county.

Baskette at Techau's

No less an authority than Pavlowa has pronounced Mistress Lena Baskette the coming classic dancing sensation of the twentieth century. Mistress Baskette who is the prize pupil of V. Vestoff, for several seasons the leading man of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet, has been engaged by Techau Tavern for a protracted season, and all this week has been delighting audiences the size of which has been limited only by the capacity of the Tavern. Miss Van Derhoff, herself an artist of rare ability and formerly the dancing star of the Ruth St. Denis Company, still leads the corps de ballet at the Tavern in solo and classic ensemble dances which appeal alike to the critical taste of connoisseurs and to those who appreciate the atmosphere of refinement and respectability to which all Tavern entertainments conform. At every Candy Dance, which means every evening, the gentlemen receive large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes and the ladies dainty souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's unequaled candies. Last Wednesday, Carnival Night, each lady received in addition to the bag of fun-making souvenirs, a miniature bottle of Carolina White perfumery.

Fisk Service Station

The motorists of San Francisco are finding their way in increasing numbers to the Free Service Station maintained by the Fisk Rubber Company at 1635 Pine street near Van Ness avenue. The motorist who thinks that his tires need any sort of attention may obtain it at this staton free of charge. There are competent employes in attendance to inflate tires, change tubes or tires, test the air pressure in tires, see that wheels are in alignment, put spare tires on and fill the small tread cuts with fill-a-cut. In fact, they take care of all sorts of tire worries at absolutely no cost to the motorist. This service is extended to lady drivers who are invited to drive in at any time and ask for this free service. The Fisk Rubber Company boasts of the efficiency and courtesy of its employes. Every employe of this Free Service Station is expected to make the boast good—to be courteous, prompt and alert in attention to patrons. And a patron is defined for these employes as any man or woman who avails himself of this free service, no matter whether his motor car has Fisk tires or any other sort. The phone number of this Free Service Station is Franklin 4326.

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Searchlights From London

By Theodore Bonnet

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's new play "Searchlights" is an example of the standardized London drawing-room drama, a case of collateral descent through Henry Arthur Jones and Alfred Sutro from Sardou's disciple Arthur Wing Pinero. One always expects to meet in this type of drama the midde class Englishman who is pretty certain to be a barrister or a commercial person or a member of Parliament and the wife neglected by the busy husband; also a lackadaisical army officer in love with the vivacious ingenue. Nearly always there is a feminine foil to the heroine in the person of a prim individual of vinegarish aspect with a predisposition to hysteria. And last, if also least, is the inevitable butler. He is absolutely essential. In "Searchlights" we meet all the familiar figures of English drawing-room drama. The author, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, has not even omitted the family doctor. Yet it is not to be said that Mr. Vachell has given us conventional drama. I suspect that he wrote the play with the determination to be anything but conventional. At any rate he avoided theatricality in the raw and went solemnly to the other extreme. And the result is a colorless drama. Spontaneity is not even simulated, and when a "situation" seems inevitable Mr. Vachell turns a corner to escape. Mr. Vachell has given us a play of love, hate, ambition, sympathy and fear, all excellent passions wherewith to agitate the emotions of an audience, but alas, they are subdued like the lights in an old maid's living room. They are not the passions of impetuous souls,—violent, resistless and tormenting. They are passions that have become as faded blossoms. As a consequence "Searchlights" with all its passions is unimpassioned drama. Mr. Vachell is a playwright with very little sense of spiritual forces. He has imagined a pretty good, if somewhat trite, story, a story having a motif somewhat similar to that of Maupassant's "Paul et Jean," but he is not alive to its most significant events, nor does he see those events in their actual relationship and contrast to one another. To get all there is out of the story of a mother whose husband is not aware that he is not the father of her son, and who comes to suspect that he is not, and finally learns the truth from his wife's lips; to extract the quintessence of the moods and the emotions that play upon the surface of a drama that tells such a story, the playwright must have seen much and felt much, he must be artist and moralist, preacher and observer. Above all he must exercise the power of choice and analysis with fine discrimination and he must adapt to the conventions of the theatre figures sharply outlined and the concentrated play of motive and actions. All this appears to be beyond the capacity of Mr. Vachell. He has given us no passionate probing of the soul of the heroine. It is as though he regarded the display of emotion as bad form in a London drawing-room. He speaks to us in silences that are not eloquent. He has given us very little insight into character. What one sees of the husband one does not like, and one regrets that the author neglected the opportunity to suffuse the stolid gentleman with a glow of patriotism instead of making a Pacifist out of him. How much more plausible and stirring it would have been if the deceived husband had been roused to enthusiasm for his wife's son by reason of the latter's self-sacrificing devotion to his country? If the play was a success in London it was because of its faint echoes of the war. These echoes might have been made audible by converting the son into a great hero instead of putting him down and out with fever after an attack of sunstroke. Fancy employing sunstroke for dramatic effect! And if the husband had to become reconciled, why not give him a good reason; and what better reason than intense love of country and admiration for the young man who rushed, let us say, to the cannon's mouth to save the country? I hope Mrs. Campbell did not pay much for her American rights to "Searchlights," for it is unfinished drama; so far from finished that it would be hardly fair to indulge in criticism of the manner in which it is presented.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Vocal Renascence

The outstanding episode of the Beethoven Festival (by any other name it would have been as Wagnerian) was the flawlessness of Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing. In a concert in this city a few years ago this great contralto's voice seemed to show signs of wear. Her most ardent admirers admitted that it was not the voice that had thrilled them in the heyday of the songbird when she was with the Metropolitan Opera House Company. But Mme. Schumann-Heink is herself again. Her tones all along the great compass of her voice are mellow, sweet and splendid. In these concerts there was delicious blending of the registers and most exquisite tonal shading. It was not only the rejuvenation of the Schumann-Heink voice that was the surprise of these concerts but the appearance of the singer as well. Hitherto Mme. Schumann-Heink has not gone in for style or personal adornment. Doubtless she felt it was enough to charm us with her beautiful voice. She looked the part of the mother of eight children. Now she has the air of one who understands that the public loves to see its darlings beautifully and becomingly arrayed. Maybe now that the kinder are grown mama has decided to squander some of her fortune upon her own adornment. She is a graceful, upstanding woman and if she would blindly place herself from corset to coiffure under the governance of such specialists as Melville Ellis or Lady Duff Gordon there would be such a Schumann-Heink as would be a joy as great to the eyes as to the ear. Was there ever before a prima donna who appeared in her own face? Schumann-Heink's smooth skin glows with out-door health, but is guiltless of softening powder; her pretty eyes twinkle with kindness, but there are never any beautifying or enlarging shadows drawn beneath or about them. I have known more than one skillful facial artist express a desire to drag her off somewhere and "fix her up."

—H. M. B.

The Conducting of Hertz

An undersized man of great chunkiness, with a head of gleaming baldness, large round glasses and an enormous black beard, he limps to the conductor's stand, leaning heavily on a cane. He bows awkwardly to the applause of the audience, turns his broad back upon it and picks up his baton. He waits for perfect silence before he starts that great orchestra on the "Rienzi" overture. Every eye in the orchestra is upon him. You can see that he has mastered all these musicians, that they acknowledge his domination and are prepared to yield him the uttermost of their musical skill. And now he has forgotten everything but the score which he must have perfectly by heart, for he turns the leaves mechanically as the magnificent overture progresses. You are so absorbed in this strange figure that you pay him more attention than the music. Indeed, he seems to be the spirit of music, the evoking and guiding spirit who hushes the music to the faintest whisper or rouses it to crashing, thunderous storms of sound at will. With this man music is a possession; the marvelous sounds he commands react upon him and he is wrought to frenzy. Leading with him is no mere wrist work. He leads with every tendon of his massive arms, with his hunching shoulders, he is up and down on his toes in frantic entreaty for the strains he wants; he leads with that jet beard which makes him look like an overgrown gnome or an Assyrian captain; he leads with his fist menacingly, with his finger to his lips imploringly; I'm sure he'd wiggle his ears at his men if that would help! It is hard work, this leading of his, but how he enjoys it! The sweat pours from his face. He grins when a passage pleases him particularly. With frantic appeal he lifts his baton at taut arm's length, it describes a parabola above his head and comes down across the back of his gleaming skull, that skull which reminds you of pictures you have seen of Paul Verlaine. I verily believe he has worn the hair off his head by this amazing gesture! He is grotesque; he makes you smile, but not in derision. The power in him grips you. You cannot take your eyes from him. You lean forward in your chair, hypnotized by his weird passes. The music does not seem to come from the orchestra, but from him; and there is truth in this seeming, for these are mostly players you know, and they have never played like this before. He raises them out of and beyond themselves; no wonder they look exhausted when the overture is finished. But he is not exhausted, though he wipes the sweat from his brow and from his great fan of a beard. He is of inexhaustible strength, seemingly. "They called him Old Hertz when he was only twenty-one," I heard a man behind me say. I can well believe it. He is as old as music is, and as young. Something goes out from him with every number he directs, but he suffers no diminution of

life; he is forever renewed. We have seen all sorts of conductors, some of them virile and some of them namby-pamby, some spectacular, some poseurs, some charlatans; but we have never seen one as great as Alfred Hertz.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Concert in Festival Hall

The first of a series of weekly concerts to be given by the Exposition Orchestra under the baton of Richard Hageman, will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half past two, when a program of singular interest will be offered. The overture to "The Bartered Bride," by Friedrich Smetana, will be the initial number and later in the afternoon will be played that wonderful symphony of Dvorak, "From the New World." Richard Strauss' remarkable tone poem "Don Juan" will complete the offering of the eighty musicians constituting the Exposition Orchestra, admittedly one of the best organizations of the kind in the country. The soloist for the occasion will be Senorita Paquita Madriguera, a daughter of Barcelona and a pianist who has created a profound impression in her native land, France and England. She is fourteen years of age, and Spanish newspaper writers call her the "second edition of Mozart," as she began to compose when she had just passed her fifth birthday. Her technique is said to be extraordinary and those who have heard her in private say that she abounds in those temperamental qualities so essential to a finished artist. She has chosen for this, her first appearance in America, two compositions of her fellow-countrymen, the Fantasia "Aragon," by Albeniz, and the "Allegro de Concert" of Granades. She will also play Chopin's Valse No. II and "La Campanella" by Liszt. Seats for the concert may be obtained at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

Cohan Play at Alcazar

George M. Cohan, the most prolific of American authors, furnishes next week's play at the Alcazar. He has done his very best work in "The Miracle Man" which will be the third play of the Bert Lytell-Evelyn Vaughan season, beginning on next Monday night. Writer of musical comedy and farce and plays designed to make audiences laugh, Mr. Cohan, for the first time, has projected himself into the field of serious drama. "The Miracle Man," based on Frank L. Packard's novel of the same name, is one of the most interesting novelties of the season. It is conceded to be the most ambitious effort of young Cohan, and when it was produced in New York last season, it had one of the longest runs in the history of the Astor Theatre. It is now being presented extensively on tour, but thanks to the enterprise of Belasco and Mayer, San Francisco will not have to wait a couple of years to witness it. There are plenty of good parts for all the cast of excellent players now appearing at the Alcazar, and the leading roles will surprise even the most ardent admirers of the two popular stars. The regular Thursday, Saturday and Sunday matinees at the popular prices of twenty-five and fifty cents have been resumed at the Alcazar and have again found favor.

Joan Sawyer at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as headliner Miss Joan Sawyer who is called in New York "The High Priestess of the Dance" and is conceded even by those of her own profession to be the most beautiful waltzer in the world. There is nothing acrobatic about her dancing; she keeps to the floor as a ball room dancer should; and the most noticeable features are distinction, refinement and grace. Miss Sawyer holds the record in vaudeville, for she comes direct from a two-years' continuous New York engagement which proved an immense sensation. She is assisted by George R. Harcourt and accompanied by her own fine orchestra from the Joan Sawyer Persian Garden, New York. Her program consists of poetic and popular presentations of society and ball room dancing. Jack Allman and Sam Doddy will appear in the comedy skit entitled "Reincarnation." Mindell Kingston has long been one of the most popular artists in vaudeville. Her partner George Ebner is a comedian of recognized ability. They present a singing, talking and dancing skit called "A Vaudeville Flirtation." Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer offer a very pretty act which they style "Just a Song at Twilight." Miss Carlisle sings in a delightful mezzo soprano voice, and Mr. Romer evidences great skill as a violin soloist. The remaining acts will be Ball and West in "Since the Days of '61;" Mike Bernard and Sidney Phillips; the Gaudsmidts; and Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman in "The Society Buds." A sensational motion picture entitled "Where Cowboy is King," which deals with life on the frontier, will be a thrilling incident of one of the best shows ever offered in vaudeville.

Mrs. Campbell's Engagement Extended

In order that she may stay at the Columbia for two additional weeks, commencing Monday night, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has cancelled her entire California tour with the exception of the Los Angeles dates. Her engagements at the Columbia, originally for four weeks, would have come to a close with this Saturday evening's performance of the new play "Searchlights," but Gottlob, Marx and Co. have prevailed upon the star to remain for two additional weeks. A rearrangement of other bookings has been made and clears the way for the continuation of the Campbell engagement. The actress will, at the conclusion of her six weeks' stay, have made quite a record for the Exposition year. It is her intention during the coming fortnight to present a repertoire of her popular successes. The arrangement of the plays for the first week is as follows: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee, George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion;" Wednesday matinee and Thursday evening "Searchlights;" Friday and Saturday nights and at a special matinee to be given Thursday, Mrs. Campbell will present "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." All matinees during the week—Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday will be given at special prices, ranging from 50 cents to $1.50. Following the extended engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia Theatre comes the famous comedy success "Potash and Perlmutter" for a return engagement. Margaret Anglin and the great success "On Trial" are also early bookings.

The Supreme Melba

The question is often asked, What is there about the voice and singing of Melba that makes

MISS JOAN SAWYER
The high priestess of Terpsichore next week at the Orpheum

her a unique figure in the world of song? The answer is very simple. Melba's voice is a divine gift. Chas. A. Ellis of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has secured Mme. Melba for an American tour to open in Maine in October at the big annual musical festival held there. The Spanish baritone De Gogorza will also open his season there. The diva has been visiting her father in Australia and will arrive in this city early in September to spend a week or two at the Exposition. The indefatigable Greenbaum has induced Mr. Ellis to arrange for two concerts by Melba in this city prior to her Eastern tour and these will be given on Sunday afternoons, September 19 and 26, at the Cort. In Oakland Mme. Melba will have the distinction of giving the first concert in the new Civic Opera House which is located in the new Oakland Auditorium building and which is said to be a perfect theatre.

Emmy Destinn

After five years at the Metropolitan Opera House where she shared the honors with Caruso, Emmy Destinn, the Bohemian soprano, will make her first American concert tour. Under the direction of Ottokar Bartik who has guaranteed her one hundred thousand dollars for a tour of sixty concerts, Destinn will devote nearly all of her time during the coming season to her concert work, appearing only at about a dozen operatic performances as a special "guest." Will Greenbaum has taken over the western end of the tour and has arranged a series of appearances for the diva, opening in Los Angeles and ending in Denver. Destinn will sing for us during the month of October.

Fritz Kreisler in October

Fritz Kreisler has been secured by Frank W. Healy for his only recitals in San Francisco this season. The recitals will be given in the Cort Sunday afternoons, October 3 and 10.

All-Stars Coming to Cort

An announcement of unusual importance from a theatrical standpoint is that of the coming of the famous all-star cast in "The New Henrietta" to the Cort Theatre on September 6 following a brief return engagement of "The Clansman." William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham and Mabel Taliaferro are the notable names at the head of the organization which Joseph Brooks will present.

Last Week of "Omar"

On Sunday evening Guy Bates Post will enter upon the fourth and final week of his notable engagement in Richard Walton Tully's Persian love-play "Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort. Keen interest continues to be evidenced in the enthralling romance of Omar Khayyam, while the acting of the principal players, including Guy Bates Post as Omar, Louise Grassler as Shireen, and Mabel Emerson as Little Shireen, has made a deep impression. The performance next week will be the last which Mr. Post will ever give here as "Omar" for Mr. Tully has nearly finished the manuscript of a new play for the use of his star next season. On Sunday, August 22nd, "The Birth of a Nation" or "The Clansman," D. W. Griffith's motion picture masterpiece, will come back to the Cort for a brief engagement.

First Greek Play

Margaret Anglin and her co-workers have had the final dress rehearsal of the opening Greek play in English, on the great stage of the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, and everything is in readiness for the public performance of the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides this evening, August 14. The second play of the series will be given on Saturday night, August 21, when the "Medea" of Euripides will be presented, and the festival will close on Saturday evening, August 28, with the "Electra" of Sophocles. Seats for all performances are on sale at the stores of Sherman, Clay and Co. in San Francisco and Oakland, and at Tupper and Reid's, Morse and Geary's, The Student's Co-operative Store, The Sign of the Bear and Sadler's in Berkeley. The performances will begin at 8:15 and end at 10:30.

Stunning Girls at Pantages

"The Shadow Girl," Margaret Whitney's pretentious musical comedy with ten stunning Salt Lake City beauties, is the topliner on the new bill at Pantages. Miss Whitney's charming production "The Wrong Bird" was one of the big hits last season, and the beauty of her girls won wide comment. The same beauty chorus is with "The Shadow Girl," with Stella Watt, former leading soprano with Harry Girard in "The Totem Pole," in the principal role. J. J. Summerhays and Douglas Martin are the comedians. Princess Nana, an East Indian dancer who has been creating a mild sensation at the San Diego Fair, has been specially engaged for the week with her offering of native "nautch" dances. Dainty Nora Schiller has a phenomenal singing voice for such a tot. Clark and McCullough will supply the comedy portion of the program with uproarious patter. The Musical Gordan Highlanders, three men and a girl, finish with a rollicking old time Scotch reel. The Victoria Four, a quartet of dapper singing chaps; Mintz and Wertz, eccentric and burlesque acrobats; and a Chaplin comedy, are other acts.

Paderewski in One Concert

Ignace J. Paderewski, the great Polish pianist who has not been heard here since 1908, will give a single recital at Festival Hall on Saturday afternoon, August 21, at half past two. For the past year he has been devoting his entire time to his unfortunate countrymen, and the "Polish Victims' Relief Fund," of which Sienkiewicz is president and the pianist is vice-president, has received tremendous aid through the efforts of Paderewski. At the Festival Hall recital he will deliver an address on the condition of his country and the gross receipts of the afternoon will be sent to Poland. Many prominent society folk are taking a keen interest in the affair and the audience promises to be brilliant. Paderewski's program will consist entirely of works of Chopin, Poland's greatest composer, and will include the Ballad in A flat, op. 47, the Sonata in B flat Minor, op. 35, the G Major Nocturne, op. 37, the Mazurka in A Minor, op. 17, and the Polonaise in A flat, op. 53. Reserved seats are from one to three dollars, with box seats at five. The sale will begin Monday morning at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street. Mail orders, accompanied by check payable to the P. P. I. E., will be filled in the order of their receipt as near the location desired as possible.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—"War stocks" monopolized the interest of speculators last week and the sensational advances of Bethlehem Steel and Crucible Steel caused many conservative houses to issue warnings that the game had become dangerous. When an active stock like Bethlehem Steel can decline five points between sales, the small speculator should keep close to shore if trading on margin. This speculative orgy in war stocks is not tying up much money because there is not enough stock "in the street" and the banks are not lending money freely on such security. If the bubble bursts it will not hurt business by making money scarce. The really big railroad shares have hardly moved and are still close to rock bottom. If they could stand the test of a year of war so well, they will not be hurt by a little flurry in minor industrials, most of which never paid a dividend. Stock brokers are busy and Wall Street has become cheerful at last. This country has lacked enthusiasm and confidence for two or three years and it is encouraging to see that somebody is at last willing to take a chance. This "war stock" boom may be overdone, but it is not without solid foundation. Labor is well employed and wages are higher than ever in many trades. These employes spend their wages and this stimulates retail trade and extends to other lines of industry. It is not war materials alone that are being manufactured. The men employed buy food, clothes, furniture, etc., and spend more for amusements. Out West, the farmers are reaping record-breaking crops, for which they are receiving remunerative prices. Prosperity is well distributed now that the East and the mill towns of the Middle West are getting their share. Railroad earnings for June, as far as reported, show decided improvement and this is very important because railroad earnings reflect business already done. A boom in stocks may discount the future, but railroad traffic records history and discounts nothing.

Wheat—At one time during the week prices displayed quite a little strength, but very recently there has been a considerable readjustment in values. A congested condition was somewhat responsible for the firmness, aided by reports of rust in the Northwest and generally disturbed weather conditions through the winter wheat belt. The primary movement, however, this week has assumed proportions much above that of last week and as the export demand is moderate, the sustaining influence of the other factors has been lost. The decline which is now in progress has brought about quite a little liquidation, and there is a notable absence of a demand to absorb the offerings. Late reports from the spring wheat crop bespeak a rather flattering prospect. Argentine shipments are quite light and India's moderate. It is fair to assume that the primary movement will continue to grow to larger proportions, and as the export demand is not anywhere commensurate with this movement, prices should decline to lower levels.

Corn has had some recession, although prices showed a considerable degree of strength at one time, as the result of the generally conceded backward condition of the crop and the constantly decreasing stocks. Covering by shorts and relaxation in other grains has substituted a weaker tone. There has been, as a result, liquidation of rather a free character. Country offerings continue light with, however, a fair domestic demand. Recent advices and more or less unfavorable weather should make for comparative strength in prices.

Cotton—It was a see-saw market in cotton the past week, and price changes were influenced by the weather reports from day to day. The private crop experts who are now in the fields are sending unfavorable reports from some sections of the belt where it has been too dry and rain is urgently needed. A good many reports, however, indicate that the crop on the whole is not suffering, and as showers have fallen in some sections of the belt, the feeling prevails that we will soon have rain where it is needed, and that the present dry weather has eliminated the boll weevil. Exports are slow, due to the political situation abroad, and there is very little prospect of an improvement in this line until the political situation clears. Business in this country shows a big improvement in all lines of business and the textile trade has come in for its share. The crop this year is estimated, at present, slightly under twelve million bales and with better financial conditions on this side of the water, this crop can be easily taken care of at this level of prices. We believe cotton should be bought for an investment.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons havaing claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John S. Hogan, Attorney-at-Law, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 14th, A. D. 1915.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
68 Post St., Foxcroft Bldg., San Francisco. 8-14-5

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Said the Trend unto the Probe:
"I cut the future's robe."

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVI. No. 1200 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 21, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

Opportunity Knocks

"Get out of your swivel chairs and learn the rudiments of national defense." Such was the adjuration Rear Admiral Wakes addressed to the members of the San Francisco Commercial Club. He was exhorting them to enroll in the business and professional men's military camp at the Presidio, there to learn the rudiments of the soldier's profession and become available for gun fodder at the psychological moment. An excellent enterprise, this civilian camp. It is the first sign of reaction against mollycoddle culture. We believe it will prosper, and we have very good reasons for our belief. One reason is that the most conspicuous paradox for which civilization is responsible is that latter-day man plunges for pleasure into discomfort. Apparently Rear Admiral Wakes is not aware of this fact. He urged the men of commerce to divorce themselves from their automobiles for awhile and endure a little hardship for their country's sake. These men of commerce love hardship. They take a good deal of it on their tours through the country where they eat horrible meals in ill-smelling dining-rooms melodious with mosquitoes. Some of them go off duck shooting every little while, and persuade themselves that it is pleasure to rise before dawn and get chilled to the marrow in a cell on stilts. Others tramp over dusty roads until they almost die from exhaustion. The more secure and sheltered the earth becomes, the more, it seems, do men insist on returning in their leisure to the hardships of the infant world. A few hundred years ago the world was full of discomforts. The luxuries of a few hundred years ago would be intolerable now. But now that comforts and conveniences are on every hand, accessible to the poorest mortal, to be had for the asking, there are men who find life, the plain business of existence, so dull a thing that they must vary the monotony of it by making themselves miserable. Released from work, they hastily pack a bag, leave comfortable quarters and hurry away to a little yacht to sleep in a bunk or get the thrill of drenching spray. The man who has no taste for yachting loves hunting or some violent exercise—anything to escape from the easy-chair, if it is only to climb a mountain that he may preen himself on an exploit or arrive tired somewhere. These are the things worth recalling when comfortable days are forgotten. And so we say we have reason to believe the military camp for business men will be a great success. Here is one thing that affords a rational pretext to escape from comfort. We believe it will prove irresistible. We hope it will attract young men whose mothers sing "I didn't raise my son to be a soldier."

Aked and Sunday

There appears to be this difference between Billy Sunday and Dr. C. F. Aked,—that when Billy isn't talking for the gate receipts he talks like an honest, sensible man, whereas the Post street divine at all times gives one the impression that his intellectuals are so warped that he cannot be otherwise than disingenuous. Interviewed by the Examiner as to whether the United States should put an embargo on munitions Billy Sunday observed that were we to stop the exportation of munitions we should be put in the unenviable position of taking sides. He added: "It seems to me it would be almost like going out of our way to side with Austria and Germany." This is so well understood now that even the Hearsts of the pro-German propaganda are no longer urging an embargo as a matter of justice between nations. They are not agitating for neutrality according to the laws of man. It is some unwritten law of morality by which they would justify our interference in the interest of Berlin. But listen to the expatriated Britisher who styles himself a "minister of righteousness: "What is the use of pretending that we are neutral if for the sake of our profit we deliberately persist in a course which helps one side and injures the other?" According to Dr. Aked's reasoning it is wrong to help one side and injure the other by selling munitions to whomsoever is able to get them, but it is not wrong to help one side and injure the other by refusing to continue a perfectly lawful practice that was quite satisfactory to both sides until Germany found herself at a disadvantage at sea. At present the neutrality of the United States cannot be impugned by any foreign Power, but were we to take the advice of Dr. Aked it would be absurd to pretend that we had no desire to help Germany. Of course we might say that we put an embargo on munitions for the sake of humanity, but nobody would believe us. Even Dr. Aked wouldn't believe us, for Dr. Aked has as clear an understanding of the whole matter as that shrewd business man Mr. Hearst. Dr. Aked may be a minister of a Christ that isn't Billy Sunday's Christ, but in this munition agitation, whatever be his motive, he is a minister of the pro-German propaganda, and if an embargo were put on munitions he would be under no delusion. He would know that it was an embargo not for love of humanity but for love of the Fatherland, and he wouldn't even be sure that it would end the war, for the Allies are enlarging their munition plants. There is but one thing that Dr. Aked might be sure of: he might be sure that for awhile his former countrymen would be at a disadvantage in the trenches.

Our Note to Vienna

Secretary Lansing in his note to Vienna points out that there is a "practical and substantial reason why the government of the United States has from the foundation of the republic to the present time advocated and practiced unrestricted trade in arms and military supplies." The reason is that the United States has never pursued the ideal of militarism. As it is against the policy of this nation to maintain a large military establishment it keeps on hand no large stores of arms and ammunition; not even enough to repel invasion by a well-equipped and powerful enemy. "It has desired," says Secretary Lansing, "to remain at peace with all nations and avoid any appearance of menacing such peace by the threat of its armies and navies." And so, he adds, the United States has always depended on the "right and power to purchase arms and ammunition from neutral nations in case of foreign attack." Obviously it is of very great importance to this country that the right of a neutral nation to sell arms and ammunition should be preserved. It would be folly to lose sight of the danger of our becoming the prey of an "aggressive nation whose policy and practice it is to increase its military strength during times of peace." It would be folly unless we intend to adopt the German plan of preparing for war on a gigantic scale. Thus we see that the position of the Akeds and Hearsts is paradoxical. They are for an embargo because they wish to serve humanity, but, as Mr. Lansing says, to deny the right of a neutral nation to sell munitions "would result in every nation becoming an armed camp, ready to resist aggression and tempted to employ force in asserting its right." In other words the pacifists of this struggle are militarists in disguise.

The Substance of His Fame

By the indiscretion of Mr. Harry L. Wilson of the American consulate in Berlin we are reminded of Mr. Bryan's self-asserted claim to fame based on his perpetual peace treaties. Mr. Wilson is the man who was arrested on a charge of conspiracy to aid the escape of an alien enemy by means of a fraudulent American passport, a charge peculiarly embarrassing to the Administration because of the complaints of frauds of a similar nature involving Germans. Now it appears that Mr. Wilson's qualifications for his post were of the kind most acceptable to our State Department in the days when our luckless President was enduring with the patience of Job the ineptitudes of the Peerless One

of Nebraska. Mr. Wilson desired to give his daughter the advantages of musical instruction in the German capital; which was quite as cogent a reason for his appointment as for that of a certain Peoria editor to the Court of Russia, who desired, it will be remembered, that his children and his children's children should be able to preen themselves on an ancestor's proud distinction. Mr. Bryan will long be remembered for the perspicacity he displayed in perceiving qualifications for the diplomatic and consular service among Democrats whose faith remained steadfast through three campaigns. His treaties may be reduced to scraps of paper and blown to the ends of the earth, but the correspondence necessitated by his lively sense of more favors to be required will remain in the archives of the nation's capital while that capital endures. In that correspondence is bottled all the perfume of his heroic deeds.

The Unwholesome Colonel

As a result of the spirited controversy now in progress between peace-at-any-price polemics and advocates of peace-through-preparedness much clotted nonsense is cluttering the columns of the press and some curious contributions to the literature of war and peace are passing through our publishing houses. Colonel Roosevelt, who is leading the forces of reaction against mollycoddlesomeness, recently called attention to a book that gives promise of becoming a best seller; and for expressing the hope that it may have "the widest possible circulation in this country" he is being denounced by some of his old Christian Soldiers of the bloodless Armageddon who have been shocked by the brutality of some of the author's sentiments. This book is entitled "Defenseless America." Its author is Mr. Hudson Maxim. He answers some of the propositions laid down by our vociferous Pacifists of the Carnegie-Jordan school. Among other things he says that if they are for cosmopolitan patriotism and concerned chiefly for the survival of the fit they should reflect that invading armies "must, with other luxuries, have women." As a result, he says, "they leave a large progeny—wrens in the nests of the doves of peace." Hence, he argues, "inasmuch as soldiers are the pick of the manhood of their country, they are likely to do about as much toward securing the survival of the fit in an enemy's country as they would have in their own country." From this we infer that in Mr. Maxim's philosophy war is an effective means of spreading cosmopolitan patriotism, since invading armies tend to mix the blood of nations. But the idea is immoral, and will not therefore receive the approval of that inexhaustible fountain of wisdom, the incessant Jordan. Nay, it is this particular Maxim argument that has lowered the Colonel in the esteem of his friends. In their opinion it is positively indecent, and as the Colonel has recommended it to all "wise and patriotic Americans" he is without doubt an immoral agent. Fancy the Colonel standing for the proposition that women are luxuries that soldiers must have. If the truth were known, in his heart the man regards prostitution as a necessary evil, and doubtless he is opposed to the abolition of red light districts. It's time for the pulpit to get after the Colonel. He's an unwholesome influence.

The Missing Gentleman

There are literary critics who regard it as evidence of the limitations of a creative genius that he never created some particular type of man. And the type that is most often missed is the gentleman. It is the facile supposition of the carping critic that the novelist who never created a gentleman was unable to do so. But usually it appears that it is the "perfect gentleman" the novelist never created; also, that it is the "perfect gentleman" according to the critic's conception of the qualities that constitute a perfect gentleman. How often have we been told that Dickens never created a "perfect gentleman?" Years ago the question whether a real gentleman could be found in the Dickens gallery of portraits was a favorite among lovers of academic discussion. When the enemies of Goethe were comparing him with Schiller they depreciated him on account of the vulgar qualities of his characters. Goethe's detractors thought that Schiller was deserving of admiration for his heroes, his stained-glass embodiment of virtue and morality. Pointing out to them that it is the second-rate artist who likes to fill his canvas with life-sized saints Heinrich Heine observed that "it takes a great master to give us a Spanish beggar-boy catching lice." The same reflection might be appropriately addressed to the academic critics who are at present telling us that among the three or four thousand characters created by Balzac there is not one person of refined manners. This discovery was made by M. Faguet, a professor at the Sorbone, an epicure in letters. M. Faguet has not any strong sympathy with the mighty bourgeois who had contempt for syntax. He was a vulgarian. Which reminds us that Shakespeare was pronounced a barbarian by Voltaire. But Shakespeare like Balzac is good company. One may wander through the Comedie Humaine from beginning to end without missing the gentleman with perfect manners. The coarse persons therein are sufficiently entertaining. We are not over-fastidious; and besides if we met a perfect gentleman, one given to no lapses, always exhibiting good taste, always impeccable in his manners, flawless in all his relations, we should be immediately sensible of the fact that he was not flesh and blood, only a make-believe man. Now Balzac had a horror of puppets. Also he had the instinct of life and he gave us characters that are nobody and yet everybody. Like God's men and women the men and women of Balzac's world are immortal. And if he never gave us the perfect gentleman at any rate he discovered for us the woman of thirty with all her advantages. In the absence of the perfect gentleman Balzac's woman of thirty will protect us from ennui.

Perspective Impressions

Do you know of a single person who is doing the Exposition systematically?

Or of anybody who hasn't said at one time or another, "You've got to go alone to see things properly?"

A lot of people do go alone—and spend their time in the Streets of Cairo and the Stella and Living Venus exhibitions.

The college girl, a college don tells us, contributes to the world four-fifths of a child per capita. Her condition, you see, is not as bad as that of the tailor who only contributes one-ninth of a man.

"Women should have the right to select the fathers of their children," insists a lawyer of the fair sex who has come to us from New York. We agree, provided they select the same father for all the kiddies begotten of one marriage.

One day Max Kuhl heard the call to office. Next day he consulted an aurist.

Is Andy Gallagher running for Mayor, or is he just sauntering?

According to David Starr Jordan the essence of culture is the ability to place oneself in the position of somebody else. Now isn't it to be supposed that if Jordan possessed this ability he would get away from himself once in a while?

When Labor Secretary Wilson was in town he assured us that the report that the Pacific Mail steamers would be sold wouldn't come true Which reminds us that no calamity that has been discounted by this Administration has failed to happen.

But the Administration goes blundering on in the full pride and panoply of its invincible stupidity.

Dr. Lathrop has given ear to a Macedonian cry from Milwaukee. Wonder whether he will preach prohibition there.

If a Foreign Power is practising wholesale bribery in this country isn't it about time to start a pro-American propaganda?

We nominate Andy Furuseth for the National Board of Inventors and Mechanics. Andy invented the La Follette torpedo by which whole fleets of American ships were sunk for the benefit of Japan.

The Administration is not insensible of matters demanding early national legislation, such for instance as the repeal of the La Follette seamen's act and naval and military defense equipment, but the pro-German propaganda, it is said, gives the President pause, and that is why we are not to have the much needed extra session.

Varied Types

CCXLIII—CHARLES DICKMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

Painter Charlie Dickman met Actor Billy Crane at the Family Club a few nights ago.

"Good evening, master," said the genius of the palette.

"Billy," asked one who overheard, "why does Dickman call you master?"

"Because," answered the distinguished comedian, "I once had the privilege of playing in the same company with him."

Charged with having been a professional actor in the same company with "The Senator," Dickman blushed modestly and admitted the corn.

"That was not my only offense," he vouchsafed; and so it comes about that I am able to give the public a hitherto unpublished chapter in the life of one of California's foremost artists.

"It all started when I was at school in Detroit," Dickman confessed. "I took part in a number of performances, and the rest of the fellows applauded me and said I was great. The result was that I found my way into amateur theatricals. I became stage manager of the Detroit Theatrical Society.

"There was a tragedian named Frederick Loranger playing in Detroit, and he took me into his company. I played the Gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' Tubal in 'The Merchant of Venice' and Francois and de Berenghen in 'Richelieu.' The Detroit Free Press gave me a great send-off."

"Whom did you know on the Free Press?" I demanded suspiciously.

"I didn't know anybody," answered Dickman in a tone of rebuke. "I went on the road with Loranger, touring the central States. A little later I joined the company of John Sullivan and Fannie Moncastle. We were playing at Chatham in Canada one night when I received a telegram from William McConnell, the stage manager for John McCullough, asking me to come to Detroit at once. I went.

"McCullough was at the Detroit Opera House, playing 'Othello.' Frederick Warde was playing Iago, John Lane Cassio and Augusta Stockman Desdemona. Barton Hill was in the company too. The Roderigo of the cast had been taken suddenly ill. The first act was just over when I reached the theatre, and Roderigo was lying on a stretcher in the wings.

"'For God's sake, Charlie,' he said, 'get into these duds and go on.' I had played Roderigo before. Warde, Lane and I rehearsed the duel scene during the entr'acte. They didn't let McCullough know what was happening for fear he'd be rattled. When he got to the end of his speech to Cassio, 'Never more be officer of mine,' he looked at me and saw I was a stranger. So he strode over to the wings and said, 'Who's this kid?' The prompter told him not to worry. After the performance McCullough offered me a position in his company.

"I didn't take it, for I knew I could do pretty well around Detroit. I was a very quick study, and I used to be called in at the eleventh hour to take a part when an actor couldn't go on. I was paid as much as sixty dollars a night for doing this. I remember that one night I played the leading comedy part in 'Michael Earl, the Maniac Lover.' I learned the part between noon and night, and had a single rehearsal with the comedienne.

"When Robson and Crane came to Detroit in 'The Comedy of Errors,' I got a job as a super. Billy Crane drilled us. He looked older then than he does today, and that goes whether he reads your article or not!

"Then I was with the Forester Troubadours in comic opera for a year. We played all the way from Buffalo to Chicago and Cincinnati. What the name of the piece was I have entirely forgotten.

"That ended my theatrical career until I came to California. I had been drawing all this time. I became chief designer for a lithographing house in New York. I came out here to work for the Bancrofts. But the stage still pursued me. I joined the Bohemian Club twenty-four years ago, but for two years before that I had been staging their jinks.

"When 'Bluff King Hal,' the opera written by Daniel O'Connell and Humphrey Stewart, was produced at the Grand Opera House, I played the part of Bardolph. And later on when 'His Majesty,' by Peter Robertson and Humphrey Stewart, was produced at the same theatre I played the leading role.

"My amateur standing had been restored by this time, so to speak, and it was as an amateur that I played Eccles in 'Caste' at the California. Just the same I was paid for it. And about a year before the fire I played my old part of Tubal when Dick Hotaling gave 'The Merchant of Venice' at the Majestic—or was it the Central? I appeared under the name of 'Williams,' and my secret was kept.

"I never cared for the stage. I like my friends too well to be traveling all the time. When I was in comic opera my contract placed my services at the disposal of the manager for club affairs, lodge meetings and so on. Night after night I'd take off the grease paint, get into a dress suit and go with that manager to some entertainment. The presiding officer would say, 'We have with us tonight,' and that was my cue to get up and be funny. This disgusted me. The last straw came when a clerk in a store said to me, 'You're the funny man.' I didn't care to go through life with that tag. And now all that is left of my theatrical activity is an occasional appearance with Mackenzie Gordon and Bill Hopkins in The Neapolitan Trio."

Would Charlie Dickman have risen to eminence in the dramatic profession? Would he have become a distinguished actor, as he has become a distinguished painter? In answer to these questions let me tell a little story.

A number of years ago Dickman wrote a little sketch for the Bohemian Club. It was called 'The Hypnotist,' and the author played the principal role. Sir Henry Irving was present at the Bohemian jinks at which this sketch was presented. A few nights later the great English actor was at a dinner at the home of M. H. De Young. He spoke of Dickman's work without mentioning Dickman's name which he did not know. He declared that the man who played the Hypnotist had given a remarkable performance.

"That was Charlie Dickman," said William Greer Harrison. "Charlie has the makings of a good actor."

"He has not the makings of a good actor," replied Irving. "He is a finished artist now."

Shortly afterwards Irving wrote to Dickman, asking the painter to join his company. Dickman declined the flattering offer. Irving wrote again, begging him to reconsider his decision, but Dickman withstood temptation.

I take it that we are all glad he did. The fame and the wealth which might have come to Charles Dickman as an actor would have been an inadequate recompense to art lovers for the loss of those magnificent marines which he has executed. Better one mural from his wizard brush than a long gallery of histrionic pictures. Dickman made no mistake when he stuck to his studio. That is where he belongs; there he is doing creative work with which the work of the actor cannot be compared. Sir Henry Irving lives in the memory of those who saw him, in unsatisfactory descriptions of his art—even Hazlitt and Lamb could not capture all the genius of great actors for the written page—and in the portraits which great painters made of him. The painter's is the more enduring work; his masterpieces live through the ages. Sir Joshua Reynolds is greater than Garrick; Gainsborough is greater than Mrs. Siddons. Most decidedly, Dickman was right.

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Week-Ends at the War

By Charles G. Harper

Back to the war! "If you've 'eard the East a-calling," says Kipling, "you won't 'eed nothink else;" and similarly, if once a man has been to the front in this great conflict, he has an irresistible longing to return. Nor is the getting there too difficult for a person of enterprise and resource, who is prepared for roughing it. You may leave London by midday and hear the guns that same night. The interest begins in London itself—at Victoria; Charing Cross being now, as far as foreign travel is concerned, a thing of the past. There in a waiting-room on the platform, after having purchased your ticket for Boulogne or Calais as the case may be, you are searched by one of the plain-clothes Scotland Yard officials, with important looks and big feet, stationed there, with the object of seeing that no goods or information are carried to the enemy. You submit with a good grace to what would in other times be an indignity, displaying baggage and even contents of pockets. Letters are scanned, and gold coin, except for a few sovereigns only, is forbidden to be taken out of the realm. The train for Folkestone, Boulogne, and Calais leaves at 1 p. m., and by it are always to be seen numbers of officers and soldiers returning to the trenches, the mud and water and danger of the campaign. I traveled with a Belgian cyclist-soldier who was carrying in his pocket a medal for Liège—perhaps the promptest issue of a military medal ever recorded. It is of gilt metal, in the form of a star, with the Belgian lion within a circle, surrounded by the national motto, "L'Union fait la force," and the ribbon is a repetition, many times over, in narrow perpendicular stripes, of the Belgian colors. Others in the carriage were some of the Yorkshire and Lancashire regiment, returning after ten days' leave, and one of the 11th Hussars, the famous "Cherry Pickers," the only red-breeched soldiers in the British army. The red breeches are now, of course, suppressed in the general wear of khaki, and it is only by the badges (when indeed they still survive!) that units can be distinguished. The badge of the 11th Hussars is somewhat calculated to shock an Englishman at the present juncture, for it bears the German motto, "Treu und Fest" beneath a castle. This was the cognizance of the Prince Consort, the 11th being "Prince Albert's Own."

Our carriage-full of soldiers seemed to be much more impressed with the dangers of walking London streets after nightfall than with those of the shell-strewn area of the war-zone. It is all a question of use; but for a Londoner to hear soldiers who have been continually under fire talk seriously of the dangers of crossing Trafalgar Square is a weird and unexpected lesson in comparative risks.

The color-sergeant of the Yorkshires took a visiting-card out of his pocket as soon as we had started and had left behind the cheering crowd on the platform. He read the name; it was the card of a civilian who had accompanied the men to the carriage, carrying one of their rifles and some of their bundles. In parting he had handed in cigars and cigarettes. "I thought he was a relation, or at least a friend," I said, in answer to a remark.

"Never saw 'im before," said the soldiers. And that is typical of the hearty send-offs that our fine fellows get from strangers. The British soldier takes all that in good part and is grateful; but none the less he has a fine independent spirit. It is the spirit of a gentleman. "Why," they said, "we've come back from Manchester and Sheffield, an' they've been offering us money. . . . Putting it into our 'ands, an' when we wouldn't take it, shoving it into our pockets." This, mark you, with indignation! I assured them that these gifts were offered out of a full heart, often by those who would themselves be in the firing-line if by any means they could; and that to refuse a well-meant gift of that kind was really hurtful to a generous impulse.

"That's right enough," said the color-sergeant, "but money won't buy much out Wipers way; an' when we wants luxuries, we just goes an' forages for them. 'Course no lootin's allowed, but supposin' you want a change from bully-beef an' 'ash, an' you see deserted farms with the live stock wanderin' about, with no visible means of support" (he was a reservist and a policeman, and had got the last conventional phrase by heart!), "why then—" He broke off with more eloquence than the completed sentence would have given, and lit a cigarette.

"There was that calf," said his comrade, "what we was skinning in a farmyard. One of our orf'cers comes up: 'How was that calf killed?'

"'It with a shell, sir.'

"'Remarkable thing,' 'e says, 'all the cattle you men find have been killed by shell-fire.'" The others smiled broadly at the recollection of it.

"Plenty poultry, too," added the color-sergeant; "gettin' rather thin and scarce though, as time goes on. Everyone's a fair mark on fowls and ducks. One day we was plucking some fowls be'ind a barn, when our major happens along. 'Looting?' he asks. 'No, sir, the pore things was starving. No one left to feed 'em, an' so—'

"'Ah! well. When you've finished plucking them, you might send me along a feather or two to my quarters as pipe-cleaners.' We sent 'im the finest bird of the lot, with half a dozen feathers stuck in it, an' our compliments."

"You understand a hint as well as anybody."

"Well," agreed the color-sergeant, with a modest confidence, "I reckon by this time we knows what's what, even supposin' we didn't before."

And now we were at Folkestone, or "Folkèstone" as foreigners call it. At the harbor station a prodigious bustle of coming and going, officers and soldiers coming home with various periods of leave, from seventy-two hours to ten days, coming off the Boulogne boat with eager anticipations of a fleeting holiday. Here too is a small knot of German prisoners under escort, all the smartness of military bearing gone out of them, as is commonly the way with prisoners. One of our soldiers of the escort is observed by an officer to be wearing a German military overcoat, en banderole, across his chest and shoulders. "What's that?" asks the officer.

"Souvenir, sir; German overcoat."

"Well, then, just take it off and give it to that German prisoner who hasn't one."

And the disappointed Tommy had to relinquish his cherished trophy. Certainly the English make war like gentlemen, and are infinitely pitiful to "all prisoners and captives," precisely in the terms of the supplication in the Litany.

That disappointed souvenir-bearer came in for unmeasured criticism from a soldier standing at my elbow. We had got into conversation by way of an apology on his part for his kit-bag, with which he had accidently dealt me something of a stunning blow in hoisting it on his shoulder. I picked my hat out of the mud and deprecated apologies. He nodded towards the soldier, who was then getting his head through that horse-collar of a German overcoat. "Asking for it, he was," said he. "If he wanted it as a souvenir, why didn't he wear it under his own overcoat? Nobody would have known anything about it. . . . Me? No, not R. F. A., I'm Royal Garrison Artillery, the Heavies—sixty-pounders. Come home with this," and he showed me the cicatrix marking where a rifle bullet had passed clean through his forearm. "Yes, all right again, an' going back to it. . . . I've been killed once—according to the casualty-lists. When I come home to Portsmouth I reported myself at Fort Brockhurst, an' they said, 'Why, you're dead!' Just matter of fact, like that.

"'Oh, am I?' I says; 'that's the first I've heard of it.'

"'Oh! yes, you're dead, right enough,' an' they turns up the casualty-lists, 'Gunner George Ketley, Royal Garrison Artillery.'

"'Well,' I says, 'I want my kit, an' I want to draw some pay.'

"'You can have a look round for your kit,' they says, 'but it's doubtful if you'll be able to draw any pay, unless you can prove you're alive.' So I pulls out my identity disc, and shows 'em. Here it is," and he showed me the metal disc which all soldiers wear suspended from the neck, beneath their underclothing.

"So," he resumed, "I searched for my kit, an' there it was, with this label attached" (he produced it and showed it to me)—"'The late Gunner G. Ketley.'"

"How do they make such mistakes? I don't know. Perhaps in my case they mistook the name for Kelly. . . . Well, so long, sir." The grip of his hand at parting was vigorous enough to convince me that this was indeed a real live gunner, and no ghost.

Arrival at Calais at 5 p. m., with the least inconvenience. Then an interval until the 7:43 train leaves Calais Ville Station for Dunkerque. This is partly filled by the necessity for refreshment, and for the rest by the equally necessary obtaining of a laisser-passer, permitting one to travel by rail. One has to show a reasonable cause for wanting to reach Dunkerque; but, this being arranged for, the rest is easy, and that town is gained at 9:38 p. m., sufficiently late, it is true, in war time, for by then the streets are deserted. However, there is an excellent hotel in the Place Jean Bart, opposite the statue of Jean Bart himself, who, in his fifteenth-century costume, with feathered hat and big bucket-boots, looks precisely like the usual stage realization of one of the Wicked Uncle's ruffians in the story of the "Babes in the Wood." Here, apparently, is "Business as Usual," occasionally punctuated by aeroplane bombs; and although the fighting-line is only eighteen miles away, at Nieuport, one may stay as comfortably here as in any English provincial town, and with things of the keenest interest on every hand. The military and other proclamations that decorate the walls of the town are innumerable, and the Mayor issues every day printed news-bulletins; but as "rien á signaler" appears so frequently on them they excite little comment. It is even possible to penetrate, with a certain amount of luck and determination, to Furnes and Nieuport, and in short to have an exciting week-end at the war, returning with an enlarged and educated mind to London by Monday afternoon.

The Balkan Situation

By Robert McTavish

This week the eyes of Europe are on the Balkans, and the all-absorbing question is, What will Bulgaria do? Last week it became evident that Bulgaria holds the key to the Balkan situation. It is unjust to the Bulgarians to assume that Bulgarian military resources are on the auction block or that the Bulgarian soldiery has been up for sale in the Hessian fashion. Bulgaria has been constant in her declaration of neutrality. Not so the other Balkan States. Rumania has been vacillating since the opening of the war. She was inclined to the Entente Powers, but her Captains of Industry were making big profits off Germany. Now she hesitates because there is now no Russian army in Galicia. Greece would dearly like to claim lordship over her kinsmen in Western Asia Minor, even now suffering severely under the Turks, but her army is unwilling to fight, and her unstatesmanlike leaders are only too willing to follow the Kaiser's lead, as understood by the King. Moreover, the Greeks cannot easily overcome their ancient prejudice against the two Slav States of the peninsula, and may hesitate till their hope even of retaining the islands is lost. But Bulgaria, amid the hesitation and uncertainty of Rumania on one side and Greece on the other, knows her own mind. She has been husbanding her resources, and if she should decide to use them, can do so as effectively as she did in the First Balkan War. She has maintained her neutrality under trying conditions. At the end of last November, when the world thought that Serbia had suffered a crushing defeat, Bulgaria's answer to the Entente Powers was invariably the same. She is, and intends to remain, neutral, until she can obtain an agreement with the Entente by which she will obtain her just demands. What Bulgaria seeks is the reunion with the Bulgarian kingdom of something more than a million of her race brothers, separated from the fatherland by the Treaty of Bucharest. It is purely and simply a question which of the two conflicting alliances can and will promise this.

For the loss of the larger part of this fraction of the Bulgar people Bulgarian statesmanship is responsible. It was the decision of Czar Ferdinand and his advisers to attack Greece and Serbia in 1913 which provoked the second Balkan war and the ruin of Bulgarian hopes. The attack itself was a piece of treachery. But the consequences of the attack are now borne by something like a million Bulgars, who were innocent of all complicity in the crime. Today Macedonia, the portion of Macedonia which has ever been recognized as Bulgar in race, language, but above all in the desire of its population, is subject to Greek and Serb masters.

Go back to the Serbo-Bulgar treaty which preceded the first Balkan war and it will be recalled that Serbia agreed to recognize Bulgaria's claim to all of Macedonia east and south of a line drawn from Lake Ochrida to the point of contact of Serbia, Bulgaria and the Turkish Vilayet of Kossovo. This gave to Bulgaria Monastir, Ochrida, Kuprili, Istip and Prilep. At the close of the war Greece was prepared to surrender her claim to the portion of Macedonia east of the Struma river, including Drama, Kavala and Seres.

But the Serbian agreement was based on the presupposition that Serbia should have Albania north of the Skumbi River. When Austria vetoed this Serbia claimed as "compensation" the portion of Macedonia her armies had conquered, including Monastir, Kuprili, Ochrida and Prilep. Bulgaria declined to make such a cession, holding Serbia bound by her agreement and naturally refusing to give up territory inhabited by a population which desired to join Bulgaria.

While the question was still being debated Bulgaria struck Serbia and Greece, who had made a common cause. But this treacherous attack failed, Bulgarian troops were driven out of Macedonia by the combined Serb and Greek armies. At the same time Turkey retook Adrianople and Rumania invaded Bulgaria from the north and seized a wide district about Silistria and between the Danube and the Black Sea.

At Bucharest the victors divided the spoils. Serbia kept all of Macedonia west of the mountains, including Istip as well as Monastir and Prilep. Greece took Kavala, pushing her frontier east to the Kara-Su. Turkey retook all of Thrace save a small district between the Aegean and the Rhodopians, west of the Maritza. Rumania annexed the region between the Danube and the Black Sea.

By these annexations there were taken from Bulgaria 1,250,000 people, who inhabited regions Bulgarian troops had conquered, or districts which were Bulgarian before the war. In addition, her claim on 500,000 people in Macedonia about Monastir was forfeited to Serbia. Out of the two wars Bulgaria came with a gain of less than 500,000 in population, while not less than 1,000,000 Bulgars were placed under Greek, Rumanian or Serbian rule.

This is the Bulgarian situation. She now asks Serbia to return upward of 500,000 people in Macedonia, a large majority of whom desire to become Bulgarians. Serbia can do this now, because the enemies of Germany are able to restore the old situation and permit Serbia to annex the Albanian regions, which she has reoccupied, Austria now being out of the reckoning. Italian consent will restore the condition on which the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of 1912 was based, and this Bulgaria asks. In addition the enemies of Germany are prepared to promise Serbia Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia, south of the mouth of the Narenta. These regions are inhabited by Serbs, save for the Albanian district. Serbia would thus gain 2,500,000 people and lose to Bulgaria some 750,000. She would surrender Bulgars for Serbs.

The Barber

By Arnold Bennett

I was staying in an agreeable English village. And my hair grew as usual. I asked an acquaintance of mine, a chauffeur, for information about local barbers. He replied that there was a good barber in the county town, twelve and a half miles off, and that there was no other. Discouraged, I put the inconvenient matter aside, hoping, as one does of an inconvenient matter, that in some mysterious way time would purge it of its inconvenience. But my hair kept on inexorably growing, growing. No shutting of my eyes, no determination not to be inconvenienced, would stop it. My hair was as irresistible as an avalanche or as the evolution of a society. I foresaw the danger of my being mistaken on the high road for a genius, and I spoke to the chauffeur again. He repeated what he had said.

"But," I protested, "there are fifteen hundred people living within a couple of miles of this spot. Surely they don't all travel twelve and a half miles to get their hair cut!" He smiled. Oh, no! A barber's shop existed in the hinterland of the village. "But it would be quite impossible for you, sir. Quite impossible!" His tone was convincing. An experienced gardener confirmed his judgment with equal conviction. I accepted it. The chasms which separate one human being from another are often unsuspected and terrible.

Did the chauffeur submit himself to the village barber? He did not. The gardener did, but not the chauffeur. The chauffeur, I learnt, went to the principal barber's at X., a seaside resort about four miles off. Being a practically uneducated man, incapable even of cutting my own hair, and thus painfully dependent upon my superiors in skill, I was bound to yield somehow in the end, and I compromised. Travel twelve and a half miles for so simple an affair I would not. But I would travel four. "Couldn't I go to the barber's at X.?" I asked. The chauffeur, having reflected, admitted that perhaps I might. And after a few moments he stated that the place was clean, and indeed rather smart.

X. is a very select resort, and in part residential. It has a renowned golf links, many red detached houses with tennis lawns, many habitable bathing cabins, two frigid and virtuous hotels, and no pier nor band. In summer it is alive with the gawky elegance of upper-class Englishwomen, athletic or maternal. But this happened in the middle of winter.

The principal barber's was in the broad main street, and the front shop was devoted to tobacco. I passed into the back shop, a very small room. The barber was shaving another customer. He did not greet me nor show by any sign that my arrival had reached his senses. A small sturdy boy in knickers, with a dirty white apron too large for him, grinned at me amicably. When I asked him, "Is it you who are going to

operate on me?" he grinned still more and shook his head. I was relieved.

The shabby room, though small, was very cold. A tiny fire burned in the grate, and the grate—in this quite modern back shop—was such as one finds in servants' bedrooms—when servants' bedrooms have any grate at all. Clean white curtains partially screened a chilly French window that gave on to a backyard. The whiteness of these curtains and of three marble washbasins gave to the room an aspect of cleanliness which had deceived the chauffeur's simplicity. The room was not clean. Thick dust lay on the opaline gas-shades, and the corners were full of cobwebs. A dirty apron and cap hung on a nail in one corner. In another was a fitment containing about fifteen heavy mugs and shaving brushes, numbered. The hair brushes were poor. The floor was of unpolished dirty planks, perhaps deal. There was no sign of any antiseptic apparatus. I cannot say that I was surprised, because in England I already knew of towns of thirty-five or forty thousand inhabitants, not to mention vast metropolitan suburbs, without a single barber's shop that is not slatternly, dirty, and inadequate in everything except the sharpness of the razors. But I was disappointed in the chauffeur, whom I had deemed to be a bit of a connoisseur. The truth was that the chauffeur had imposed himself on me as a grenadier on a nurse girl. However, I now knew that chauffeurs are not necessarily what they seem.

I stood as close as I could with my back to the tiny fire, and glanced through the pages of the Daily Mirror. And while I waited I thought of all the barbers in my career. I am interested in barbers. I esteem hair-cutting a very delicate and intimate experience, and one, like going out to dinner, not to be undertaken lightly. I said once to a barber in Guernsey: "That's the first time I've ever been shaved!" I was proud of my sangfroid. He answered grimly: "I thought so, sir." He silenced me; but the fellow had no imagination. I bring the same charge against most New York barbers, who, rendered callous by the harsh and complex splendor of their catacombs, take hold of your head as if it was your foot, or perhaps a detachable wooden sphere. I like Denmark because there some of the barbers' shops have a thin ascending jet of water whose summit just caresses the bent chin, which after shaving is thus laved without either the repugnant British sponge or the clumsy splashing necessary in France and Italy.

French barbers are far better than English. They greet you kindly when you enter their establishments, and invariably create in you the illusion that you will not have to wait. I knew well a fashionable barber in Paris, and in his shop I reclined generally between a Count and a Marquis. This prevalence of the nobility amazed and pleased me until one day the barber addressed me as Monsieur le Marquis. He made a peer but lost a customer. For years I knew very well indeed the sole barber of a small French village. This man was in his excellent shop fourteen hours a day seven days a week. He had one day's holiday every year—Easter Monday, when he went to Paris for the day. He was never ill and always placid. Then came the Weekly Repose Act, and the barber was compelled to close his shop one day a week. He chose Monday, and on Mondays he went fishing. He had been a barber; he was now a king; his gorgeous satisfaction in life impregnated the whole village like ozone. Not every act of Parliament is ineffective.

Italian barbers are greater than French, both in quality and in numbers. Every Italian village has several big barbers; and in some of the more withdrawn towns, festering in their own history, the barber's seems to be the only industry that is left. On a recent afternoon I walked up and down the short and narrow Via Umberto Primo in that surpassingly monumental port, Civita Vecchia, and there were at least ten seductive barbers' shops in the street, and they were all very busy, so that I entered none of them, though boys in white ran out at intervals and begged me to enter. These small boys in white are indispensable to the ceremonial of a good Italian barber's shop. After you are shaved they approach you reverently, bearing a large silver or brass bowl of water high in their raised hands, and you deign to rinse. In that industrial purgatory, Piombino, I found an admirable shop with three such acolytes, brothers, all tiny. The disadvantage of them, however, is grave; when you reflect that they work ninety hours a week your pleasure is spoilt. There are wondrous barbers in Rome, artists who comprehend that a living head is entitled to respect, and whose affectionate scissors create while destroying. Unnecessary to say to these men, "Please remember that the whole of my livelihood and stock-in-trade is between your hands!"

But the finest artist I know or have known is nevertheless in Paris. His life has the austerity of a monk's. I once saw him in the street; he struck me as out of place there, and he seemed to apologize for having quitted even for an instant his priest-like task. Whenever I visit him he asks me where I last had my hair cut. His criticisms of the previous barber are brief and unanswerable. But once, when I had come from Rome, he murmured with negligent approval, "C'est assez bien coupè."

The principal barber of X. signed me to take the chair. The chair was very uncomfortable because it was too high in the seat. I mildly commented on this. The barber answered:

"It's not high enough for me as it is. I always have to stoop."

He was a rather tall man.

Abashed, I suggested that a footstool might be provided for customers.

He answered with quiet indifference:

"I believe they do have them in some places."

He was a decent, sad, disappointed man, aged about thirty-five; and very badly shaved. No vice in him; but probably a touch of mysticism; assuredly a fatalist. I felt a certain sympathy with him, and I asked if business was good. No, it was not. X. was nothing of a place. The season was far too short; in fact, it scarcely existed. Constant "improvements" involved high rates—twelve shillings in the pound—and there were too few ratepayers, because most of the houses stood in large gardens. The owners of these gardens enjoyed the "improvements" on the sea-front, which he paid for. His rent was too heavy—fifty pounds a year—and he was rated at thirty-two. Such was his conspectus of X., in which everything was wrong except his chairs—and even they were too low for him. He had been at Z., with his uncle. Now Z. was a town! But he could not set up against his uncle, so he had come to X.

Two young men entered the front shop. The barber immediately left me to attend to them. But as he reached the door between the two shops he startled me by turning round and muttering:

"Excuse me, sir."

Mollified by this unexpected urbanity, I waited cheerfully with my hair wet some time while he discussed at length with the two young men the repairing of a damaged tobacco-pipe. When he came back he parted my hair on the wrong side—sure sign of an inefficient barber. He had been barbering for probably twenty years and had not learnt that a barber ought to note the disposition of a customer's hair before touching it. He was incapable, but not a bad sort. He took my money with kindly gloom, and wished me an amiable good-day, and I walked up the street away from the principal barber's hurriedly in order to get warm. The man's crass and sublime ignorance of himself was touching. He had not suspected his own incapacity. Above all, he had not guessed that he was the very incarnation of the spirit of British small retail commerce. Soon he and about ten thousand other barbers just like him will be discovering that something is wrong with the barber world, and, full of a grievance against the public, they will try to set it right by combining to raise prices.

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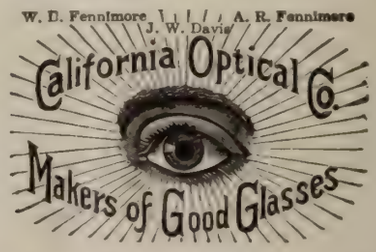

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The Spectator

Back to Barbarism

A correspondent has called my attention to one of the most remarkable features of this war —the return that has been made in several directions to older, if not to ancient methods. The steel fort has been discredited and the earthwork justified; the strength and direction of the wind has become a leading factor once again, as it was in the days of bows and arrows, since aeroplanes are affected by the wind and gas attacks determined by it; hand grenades and bombs have assumed real importance. Finally the question of armor for the fighting man himself has come up for consideration. Early in the war visitors to the Belgian front saw a form of shield which was used by the soldiers. This shield was fixed in the ground when in use and the man lay behind it and was protected by it. It was employed by cavalry and, it is understood, answered the purpose for which it was intended. The idea grew in popularity on the continent; in a shop window in Calais a breastplate was exposed for sale many months ago for which it was claimed that it would turn aside bullets and pieces of shrapnel. A shield of this kind was tested very carefully by a group of private inventors and was finally submitted to the authorities of several of the nations at war. During the private tests a revolver was emptied at the shield while it was being worn. The shield was also subjected to rifle fire with, on the whole, good results. The results were certainly so good as to merit more extended trial. And now, as I learn from the London Times, a shield is in use among the French infantry in Argonne. The French Government is manufacturing this type of shield, and it has been adopted by the Russian Government. Now the use of armor is advocated in England.

A Novelist's Hobby

Once more credit is due rather to the imagination than to the scientific mind. As Jules Verne pointed the way to scientists, and as H. G. Wells conceived the idea of organizing inventive genius for this war, so now it is to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that the Allies are indebted for the suggestion that sixteenth century armor may be good to stop the bullets of twentieth century machine guns. Doyle began a campaign for the revival of armor to meet the exigencies of modern warfare twenty-five years ago. He believes that demonstrations in the present war fully vindicate the position he has taken through these years. For the French have been wearing steel helmets as in the heroic days when knights were bold, and Doyle has been urging the English to consider that other parts of the body as well as the head demand protection. I have been reading a letter of his in which he says:

"Such actions as that of May 9, where several brigades lost nearly half their numbers in endeavoring to rush over the 300 yards which separated us from the German trenches, must make it clear that it is absolutely impossible for unprotected troops to pass over a zone which is swept by machine guns. Therefore you must either forever abandon such attacks or you must find artificial protection for the men.

"It has always seemed to me extraordinary that the innumerable cases where a Bible, a cigarette case, a watch or some other chance article has saved a man's life have not set us scheming so as to do systematically what has so often been the result of a happy chance.

"As a man faces a hostile rifle his forehead and his heart are the only points presented which are certainly vital. The former would be protected by such a helmet as the French have now evolved. The second should be covered by a curved plate of highly tempered steel which need not be more than a foot in diameter. With this simple and light equipment the two centres of life are safe.

"The remaining dangers to life are the severance of a large artery or a wound in the abdomen. The former is not common from a rifle bullet and cannot be guarded against without complete armor, which is out of the question. The latter is no longer a certain death wound, thanks to the advances of surgery, but a third curve of steel strapped across from the border of the ribs to the crest of the hip bones would afford protection."

Why Armor Was Discarded

There were several reasons for the discarding of armor after the invention of gunpowder. One of them was that the craft of the armorer became decadent. The earlier craftsmen had studied more carefully the tempering of the metal and the adjustment of the various pieces of the suit. The later manufacturers produced armor which was too heavy and often of indifferent material. Of course the weight was increased to stop bullets. Besides the tactics of the seventeenth century were far more intricate than the simple "battle array" of earlier times, and the far reaching expeditions of Drake, Columbus and Cortez necessitated a much lighter equipment than was needed for European wars. At the same time it should be noted that the actual weight carried by the twentieth century soldier is much the same as that borne by his forefathers of the sixteenth century.

A very serviceable half armor weighs about 30 pounds, to which may be added another 15 pounds for clothing and arms, making together 45 pounds. Against this may be placed the service equipment of 1911, totalling 59 pounds 11 ounces. In the case of the cavalry the comparison is still more striking, for the war horse of the late fifteenth century carried about 350 pounds (horse, armor, rider, rider's armor, arms and saddlery), while the German cuirassier horse of 1909 carried 334 pounds.

Defensive armor was given up not wholly because of its actual weight but because the material was cumbersome, was not easily adapted to the conformation of the body and did not allow of rapid or easy movement. For example, it is less irksome to carry a heavy sack on the back than an ingot of iron of equal weight, because the former is better distributed and more adaptable. In the same way the military equipment of today, although of equal weight, is better suited for rapid manoeuvring than plate armor, and much of the equipment may be discarded without lessening the fighting efficiency of the soldier. Thus far the metallic headpiece, it is said, has saved thousands of lives in the French army.

The Clockwinder in Soliloquy

"This is a terrible war," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, speaking to nobody in particular. He was standing at the corner of Third and Market looking at the Hearst building. "It has plunged Europe into an abyss, and the nations of Europe are writhing in torment."

"What are you talking about now?"

The clockwinder looked around to see who had asked him the question. He saw nobody he knew. Presently he heard a giggle, and dropping his glance he saw his little friend Willis Polk looking up at him. "I'm talking about the war," he said. "Like the clock it's always on my mind."

"The war is raising hell in Europe," said Polk.

"It's raising hell in this country," said the clockwinder. "Nobody is neutral any longer. See what it has done to Hearst."

"What has it done to him?" Polk asked.

"It has shown him up, hasn't it? You don't suppose Hearst is arguing the munition case for Germany for love of the Germans, do you?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"Of course you don't. I've told you not to spend all your time up to the P. U. Club. Hearst wants Uncle Sam to swat France and England with a club. He—"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do."

"Then he must be in sympathy with Germany."

The clockwinder grinned. "There you go again. "Sympathy, bah! Hearst doesn't run his newspapers on sentiment. Hearst is a business man."

"Do you mean to insinuate that—"

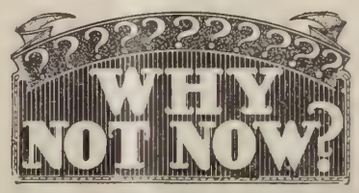
"Now, look here, Willis, I don't mean to insinuate anything. I don't know how they got him, but let us suppose that he figures out that the Germans are very strong in this country and that it's worth while beating all the other newspapers to their support and cinching them up for future reference—what then?"

"Well, what then? I don't know."

"Of course you don't know, but I'm only suggesting the most charitable hypothesis. Even at that it's pretty tough when you think of the position he is trying to drive his country into. Of course he's a great patriot. He loves the Liberty Bell, but oh, you German propaganda!"

Profits from Both Sides

At this moment Mr. Polk shied at a jitney that grazed the curb and the clockwinder smiled. The architect indulged in a little profanity, and



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the clockwinder resumed his discourse: "As I was saying, the war is raising hell in this country. Consider how it pains these Frenchmen of the White House and the City of Paris to put money in Hearst's other pocket."

"His other pocket?"

"Yes, the one opposite the German pocket. Of course I mean by the German pocket the one that receives money for subscriptions. I don't suppose that anybody will deny that Hearst will do almost anything to increase circulation."

"Betray his country, for instance?"

"Well, if it isn't betraying his country to encourage sedition and work in the interest of a Foreign Power to have his country abandon a policy that is deemed an essential national safeguard I don't know what betraying one's country means. But I was talking about some distinguished French patriots who have relatives in the trenches. I see their advertisements in the Examiner."

"I shouldn't call them patriots," Polk observed.

"Tush! tush! my boy, say not so. They belong to the Legion of Honor."

"And they are putting money in the pocket of a German propagandist?"

"Hold on now, don't get hot about it. I've just told you the war is raising hell. Read the Eastern papers and you'll see what damphools some of our hyphenated citizens are making of themselves."

"What—"

"By gosh, I've got to wind the clock." And the clockwinder vanished.

Wilson Mizner Denies

The New York Evening Telegram had a story a few days ago to the effect that Wilson Mizner had escaped from a sanitarium on Long Island. In a later edition the Telegram corrected this statement, saying that Wilson had left the sanitarium with his keeper. When interviewed for another New York paper, the erstwhile husband of Mrs. Yerkes denied the impeachment of mental softness.

"When very young," said the irrepressible scion of the California House of Mizner, "I distinctly remember having had my head in a letter press for some considerable time, but my friends all assured me that I had grown out of it. The Evening Telegram impresses me as a bit contradictory. In the same sentence wherein it impugns my sanity it says I disappeared from the Hotel Astor without paying my check. This would seem to indicate peculiar acumen on my part. The only establishment at all resembling a sanitarium which I have ever visited on Long Island was the home of my justly celebrated brother Addison Mizner at Port Washington. Furthermore, I am prepared to bet that the Evening Telegram could not find the third rail in the Subway."

School Marms in Convention

A convention of the National Education Association is a sort of glorified Teachers' Institute. We all know the Teachers' Institute. It is important in the eyes of school children because its coming means a week's vacation. The teachers attend its sessions because they have to, or because they have cultivated the convention habit and want to bask in the limelight and hurl polysyllables of pedagogic jargon at the heads of their colleagues. Sometimes the naked truth of common sense is spoken at the Teachers' Institute, but it receives small notice. It is the theorizer with a startling assertion who wins notice and newspaper publicity. So at the National Education Association. Take the meeting of the kindergarten school marms on Tuesday. One of these dear ladies up and demonstrated with a chart that "left-handed people are right-brained." What's the consequence? "If born left-handed it is a crime to force a child to use the right hand, for it injures the power to centralize, and also unfavorably affects the speech center." No punishment was suggested for the crime, but doubtless the school marm who commits it deserves a jail sentence at least. Another school marm—of the masculine gender this time—declared that kindergarten principles should dominate all education. He scored "the fetish of the printed page;" so without question he was dreadfully peeved to find himself and his remarks chronicled in the newspaper. Another deep soul enlarged on the importance of teaching the little dears to make kites that will fly. This of course is ever so much more to the educational point than teaching them to make sentences that conform to the old-fashioned rules of orthography and grammar. Still another offered the jewel of thought that what the child accomplishes is unimportant—"in fact, the activity may be an end in itself." I take this to mean that if a neglected child taught himself to write backwards or figure upside down, there would be merit in the accomplishment. And then a teacher projected a burning thought, thusly: "In order that a child behave well before company the habit must be formed beforehand." Don't wait till the parlor is full of company before instructing little Willie in his manners. But the case presents difficulties. School marms don't look on parents as safe guides for children. And school marms are too busy teaching youngsters to make kites that will fly to instruct them in deportment. It will probably take another annual convention of the N. E. A. to resolve this difficulty.

Myrtle to Write Grove Play

There was general satisfaction in the Bohemian Club when it was announced that the grove play for 1916 was to be written by Fred Myrtle. Fred Myrtle was an able newspaperman before he left his position as political writer of the Examiner to edit a handsome magazine for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. He has always indulged the mood poetic, and some of his verses read at club jinks have become famous. For the subject of his play he will go to the early history of California, thus marking a point of departure in Bohemian grove drama. Hitherto the plays have been principally mythological in their inspiration. Myrtle is the first grove playwright to take advantage of the rich stores of romance and color in the annals of this State before the gringo came. The music will be written by Dr. Humphrey Stewart, one of Bohemia's foremost composers. The combination is a happy one, and there is no doubt that next year's play will be a fine effort.

Mutt and Jeff in the Chronicle

No doubt newspaper readers have been wondering why the Mutt and Jeff comics of Bud Fisher were transferred from the Examiner to the Chronicle. The reason is simple enough. Fisher's contract with Hearst expired at the beginning of this month. Some time ago a newspaper syndicate headed by the Chicago Tribune and including the San Francisco Chronicle, the Los Angeles Times and the Salt Lake Tribune, made Fisher an offer so flattering that he could not resist it. When this became known, the Hearst papers stopped publishing the comics with which Fisher was supplying them daily. The plan was, I am told, to hoard them for a few weeks and then publish them in the Hearst papers simultaneously with the publication of the new series drawn for the Chicago Tribune syndicate. This, however, the Hearst paper has not so far done in San Francisco, maybe because the relations of Mr. Hearst and Mr. De Young are very cordial. I have also been told that another comic artist will go on drawing the Mutt and Jeff pictures for the Hearst papers. The name "Mutt and Jeff" will be used, because Hearst owns the copyright on it, but of course the drawings will not bear Bud Fisher's signature.

To Broadway via San Francisco

Giacomo Minkowsky, the composer and music critic, came to town the other day and was duly celebrated by the dailies. Minkowsky is now a big gun in the music world, and therefore it is easy for him to get into print. It was somewhat different when he made his first appearance in San Francisco back in the late nineties. He came hither from his native land. He possessed youth, courage, talent and ambition, but he was unknown. He had a musical composition in his pocket, but little else. It was in the columns of Town Talk that it was first announced that he had a light opera to sell. The work was extolled in these columns long before the music world heard of Giacomo Minkowsky. After a long struggle he got the opera—The Smugglers of Badajez—into the hands of The Bostonians, and it was produced by that popular organization, and it was a success. A little later Minkowsky "arrived" on Broadway. And then he returned to San Francisco to marry the girl who smiled encouragement on him in the days of his early struggles in this city. She was Miss Wanda Galland.

The Death of Watt Brown

His newspaper associates and his intimate friends called him "Watt;" to most others he was "Brownie." There was a reason for this difference of familiar naming. Those who called him "Brownie" knew him as a character, an encyclopedia of San Francisco's unwritten history past and present, an inexhaustible humorist and a reportorial dynamo. They delighted to draw him out, to coax the telling and retelling of his inimitable stories. But "Brownie" was only part of the true Watt Brown. Ask those who called him "Watt," and they will tell you about him. They will tell you of his tender heart. His was indeed a woman's heart in a man's body. Many a time I have seen the tears well in his eyes at the tale of some fine deed of charity. He had a knightly courtesy, and it was a lesson in chivalry to note his courtly attitude toward elderly women, especially if they were poor, shabby and in trouble. There were many powerful men in his list of friends, but those for whom he had the highest affection were the men who sought out want and relieved it unostentatiously. Sham and cant and hypocrisy he despised. He saw much of these in his long and varied newspaper career, but they could not harden him. Cynicism was alien to his nature which was soft, sentimental, forgiving. There are many newspapermen in this community who are respected for their intellectual attainments; Watt Brown was of the rare few who win sincere love for their deeply human qualities. Indeed, there was

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no newspaperman of whom so many in every walk of life delighted to say, "Watt is my friend." There is none to take his place in this regard. It will happen many times in the next few years that travelers from the ends of the earth will register at the St. Francis, the Palace, the Fairmont, the Stewart and other big hotels, and one of the first questions they will ask will be, "Where is Watt Brown?" When they are told that Watt Brown is no more they will be affected as by a death in the family. He left his impress upon a multitude of hearts. Those who knew him do not wonder at such a tribute as that which "K. C. B.," a friend of only a few months, paid to him. His personality so wrought upon congenial souls that intimacy was not to be measured by its duration but by its intensity. As a newspaperman he was brilliant, alert, infinitely resourceful. The front page was his familiar ground; a "scoop," a "beat" was his almost daily contribution. More important, however, than the "stories" which he wrote were the "stories" which he withheld from publication. Who shall say how many homes were saved, how many reputations plucked from destruction by the intervention of Watt Brown? His was the larger newspaper vision; he saw the consequences of print before the news was written, and no wanton sensationalism ever tempted him to give the public facts which were better left unchronicled. Foolish, thoughtless men and weak, tempted women learned a lesson from his forbearance and bless his memory. May God rest the soul of a splendid gentleman.

Praise for The Lantern

The editors of The Lantern, that stimulating little monthly "of lucid intervals," have been receiving a number of compliments on the numbers so far issued. Thus, Attorney Joseph Scott writes from Los Angeles:

"I am delighted to get The Lantern. It has punch, and flavor and style."

And Attorney Otto Irving Wise of this city writes:

"I am almost beginning to feel that I should be on the regular pay roll of The Lantern. I carry a copy to show to my friends, and am actively engaged in soliciting subscriptions. My work, however, has really been on behalf of my friends, not on behalf of The Lantern, because I think that it is a remarkable magazine, and I want those I know to get the benefit of its brilliancy."

Clarence Ward, the architect of Machinery Hall at the Exposition, declares:

"It is splendid. It is the sort of periodical one reads and keeps to read again."

Leon Sloss, World's Fair director, has this to say:

"You should be encouraged by the enthusiasm with which it has been received."

District Attorney Fickert writes:

"The light of The Lantern has reached me. My friends have been telling me what I have missed, so please send me all the back numbers."

These are random quotations, published as an indication of the spirit in which The Lantern has been welcomed. There seems to be no doubt that The Lantern has made a place for itself in current literature.

Drake's Pocket Piece

One of the treasures recently added to the Park Museum, I have just read in the morning paper, is a silver coin of English mintage, bearing the effigies of Philip and Mary. Twenty years ago, it seems, a pick and shovel man found it at the bottom of a twenty-foot excavation up at California and Powell. How it got there offers no difficulty to Curator Barron, the archeologist of Golden Gate Park. It was dropped by one of Drake's men. I didn't know before that old Sir Francis landed on this peninsula, but if Professor Barron assures me of it, I am prepared to believe that the doughty old adventurer dropped this coin himself, owing to the misfortune of a hole in his vest pocket. But what he was doing on Nob Hill is entirely beyond me.

A Hero of Beecher Island

Tom Ranahan of Weiser, Idaho, is in town. The hotel reporters have not chronicled the name of this exposition visitor, because the hotel reporters do not consult the register of the humble hotel in Sixth street where Tom Ranahan is stopping. No silk-hatted functionary of the World's Fair has been deputed to show Tom Ranahan round the Exposition. There will be bronze plaque for Tom Ranahan. And yet it seems to me that Tom Ranahan deserves more notice than a great many of the men who have been feted here this year. Personally I am more interested in Tom Ranahan than in Judge Elbert Gary or Junius Spencer Morgan or young Harriman or Billy Sunday. For Tom Ranahan is one of the few survivors of the battle of Beecher Island. Tom Ranahan helped to save many towns in Kansas from the horrors of an Indian raid. There are people living in Kansas today in happiness and prosperity who would have been butchered forty-seven years ago had it not been for Tom Ranahan and his brother scouts. A tough, rough, vigorous, plain-spoken, honest old boy is Tom Ranahan; and I account it an honor to have shaken his hand.

Forsyth's Scouts

Following the Civil War there was a great rush of settlers into the western regions of the department of the Missouri which consisted of the States of Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas and the territories of Colorado, New Mexico and Indian Territory. The Indians resisted their intrusion, and the result was a succession of massacres and depredations in which whole settlements of whites were blotted out. In August, 1868, General Phil Sheridan sent out the brave Major George A. Forsyth with fifty scouts to track and destroy a band of Okalala and Brulè Sioux who were on the warpath. Tom Ranahan was one of those fifty scouts. They came upon the Indians at the Arickaree River and found to their dismay that the savages were in overwhelming force and that all possibility of retreat had been cut off. Their food was exhausted, but they had plenty of rifle and revolver ammuntion, so they "dug themselves in" on a sand bar and prepared to stand siege.

"The Good Lord put that sand bar there for our use," says Tom Ranahan. "If it hadn't been for that sand bar not a man jack of us would have survived."

Nine Days of Battle

For nine days the scouts held that sand bar against the Indians who were excellently armed and mounted. On the first day the most terrible feature of the attack was a charge of some four hundred mounted Indians in serried ranks with a front of sixty warriors. It was repulsed, and Roman Nose, the great Sioux chief, was among the killed. Major Forsyth was hit three times; one bullet entered his groin, another broke his right leg and a third fractured his skull. Lieutenant Beecher from whom the battleground took its name, was killed. The most hopeful event was the detachment of two scouts under cover of darkness with instructions to make their way to Fort Wallace and get reinforcements. Day after day passed in terrible suffering, the men lying in their rifle pits, breathing the air poisoned by their dead horses and repelling attack after attack made by the Indians. On the ninth day the black troopers of the Tenth Cavalry came to their relief, the Indians retreating before this reinforcement. Five of Forsyth's scouts were dead and fifteen seriously wounded. The men were so exhausted by their long defense that most of them had to be carried out of the pits.

"If anybody asks you whether I ever kissed a n'gger, tell him I most certainly did," says Tom Ranahan. "We kissed those troopers and then we'd laugh and cry and kiss 'em again. I guess we weren't quite right in our heads."

Ranahan says that two hundred of the Indians were killed in the nine days' battle. In 1872 steps were taken to get pensions for the men who made the fight at Beecher Island. The pension was granted two years ago, when only eleven of the scouts survived!

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Letters

"Alice and a Family"

St. John G. Ervine is a name new to American readers but one that will repay watching. His "Alice and a Family" is not only radically different from that powerful "Mrs. Martin's Man," but different as well from every other slum story. When a poor woman dies leaving a week-old infant, two small girls, a boy of thirteen and a man who at best is only a casual dock laborer, without ambition or energy, though sober, honest and industrious, and, moreover, crippled by an accident, one expects a tale of woe, beginning with out-door charity assistance, and wandering at will through all the usual misfortunes until the jail and the workhouse loom up in the foreground. The Nuddses had all the initial qualifications. They also had Alice. Fifteen years old, and just emancipated from the board school room, she had energy, common sense and executive ability enough to run a city government. Catch her joining the shrieking sisterhood! She would have been in peaceful exercise of all the rights she cared for before the rest knew what they wanted. She could have quelled a mutiny or mobilized an army, though she could not pronounce the king's English. We get a first taste of her quality when 'Erbie Nudd is on his way home to display his treasure, a half-sovereign school prize, while visions of the joys of spending chase themselves through his head. Before he fairly knows what he is about Alice has him hustled off to the "poce-office," with a convincing if not lucid dissertation on safety and interest. When poor Mrs. Nudds asked the girl to "look after 'em w'en I'm gone," Alice accepted the charge quite literally, and a good thing it proved. It was she who single-handed stood out against the undertaker and the whole neighborhood in the matter of the funeral, setting her foot on the elaboration of mutes, plumes, velvet trappings and mourning coaches, and all the rest of the splendors that go to making a gala occasion of a death. Alice it was who saw to the christening of the baby and the cleaning of the house and the disciplining of the two little girls. Masterful and plain of speech, she was neither harridan nor vulgar, but clear-sighted and a born diplomat; she knew what she wanted and how to secure it. How she quelled the superior young person at the "poce-office," and out-bargained the keeper of the stationery shop and out-manoeuvered the insurance agent, to say nothing of how she artfully managed her own capable mother, are all convincingly and delightfully set forth. Alice is an engaging and original heroine, not at all improbable and a healthy reaction from the innumerable caravan of "girls who go wrong" and have been coddled and humored and excused for their lapses until it is little short of a miracle that they have not served as shining examples. Give us more of the girls that go right and keep others going in the same direction. From the Macmillan Company.

"The City of Domes"

Being a great walker as well as a great talker and writer, John D. Barry of the Bulletin has taken a lot of pedestrian exercise on the Exposition grounds. Mr. Barry is not a pedestrian merely; he is also a peripatetic, which means a man who thinks about things as he walks. Mr. Barry thought about the architecture of the courts, the meaning of the statues, the symbolism of the fountains and so forth as he pounded the asphalt of the Fair. More than that, he discussed all these important things with an architect who had the leisure to accompany Mr. Barry on his many walks by day and night. The dialogues thus initiated were set before us in the Bulletin; now they have been gathered together into a pretty book, not the least of whose attraction is the copious illustrations. Mr. Barry has been at pains to summarize many things about the Exposition for the Cook-tourist sort of visitor who wants to be told what to admire instead of finding out for himself. So this book should fill a want. J. J. Newbegin, recently started in the publishing business, is Mr. Barry's publisher.

"SOLDIER GOING TO THE WAR"
By Richard Le Gallienne

Soldier going to the war—
Will you take my heart with you,
So that I may share a little
In the famous things you do?

Soldier going to the war—
If in battle you must fall,
Will you, among all the faces,
See my face the last of all?

Soldier coming from the war—
Who shall bind your sunburnt brow
With the laurel of the hero,
Soldier, soldier—vow for vow!

Soldier coming from the war—
When the street is one wide sea,
Flags and streaming eyes and glory—
Soldier, will you look for me?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lennen, Esq., 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 21, 1915.
J. J. LENNEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-21-5

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Ryer's Success

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer seems to have made complete conquest of Newport. The heavy guns of her money, her connections and her personality battered the outer defenses to pieces, and she and her charming daughter Doris are now occupying the inner citadel. "Veni, vidi, vici" Mrs. Ryer might write home to her friends in this city if Latin were not de trop in our best circles of culture. She gave a big dinner recently, and there were more important Newporters at her board than the Ben Thaws from whom she rented the cottage she is occupying were ever able to gather together. The Russian Ambassador and Madame Bakhmeteff were there; so were the Spanish Ambassador and Madame Riano. The tremendously uppish James Laurens Van Alens were on hand. The Stewart Barneys and the Stuart Duncans—people in whose presence lesser folk do the humble kow-tow—honored her abode. Hers has been a signal triumph, and all Newport is speaking of her success, while those who have attempted what she has accomplished, and who failed in the attempt, yield her the high social compliment of their undisguised envy.

She Is in Mourning

Mrs. Borden Harriman who is one of the most distinguished Exposition visitors just now, is still in mourning for her husband, so she has not been going about much. With her sixteen-year-old daughter Ethel she has been attending the Fair, but aside from that has not been seen much in public. J. Borden Harriman died last December. He had been to Carlsbad for the cure, and the war proved a great shock to his system. Mrs. Harriman spent last winter in Washington on account of her duties on the Commission on Industrial Relations, and her husband was brought there by special train from the country home at Mt. Kisco, surviving the trip only a short time. Borden Harriman or "Bordy" as he was called, was a son of the late Oliver Harriman and a brother of J. Low, Oliver B., Herbert and Joseph Harriman, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stephen H. Olin and Mrs. Frederick Havemeyer. He had been associated with his brother Oliver in the banking business, but retired a year before his death. Mrs. Borden Harriman was Miss Daisy Hurst, a noted Westchester belle. She has been prominent in social and philanthropic movements, in reforms and politics.

Alice Is Cured

"Please do not carry my mumps to the newspapers."

This plea was made by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth some time ago when a reporter called on her to ask if her mumps hurt her, superfluous question! For the Princess Alice really had the mumps, and had them bad! Of course they hurt her. Mrs. Longworth is in town, but the mumps are not with her, having been cured in due course.

A Tessie Oelrichs Story

I wonder, writes an Eastern scribe, if Tessie Oelrichs remembers a sweet little good-bye she wrote when she changed her name from Theresa Fair to Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs? Tessie then, as now, was popular and attractive and imbued with all the sentiment of youth. On the bottom of a box—evidently one that had contained a wedding gift—she wrote her last girlish words, filled with the sadness and sentiment of the occasion, to a heart-broken admirer who had lost in his suit for her hand. For years this man kept that precious box. Then one day, down in Nicaragua, where his family is prominent, he wished to send some pansies to a girl. He saw a pretty, white, satiny box among his traps. He arranged the pansies—for thought—tenderly in the box, and, with Tessie and her last good-bye all forgotten, the pansies were dispatched. But the pansies did not make the impression that was intended. The girl unwrapped the box with Tessie's farewell on the upper side instead of the lower, and she does not know yet whether the man really forgot or never saw the message from Tessie that was meant for balm.

A Splendid Concert

Father Philip O'Ryan, the rector of the Star of the Sea parish in the Richmond district, is a man highly esteemed for his broad literary and artistic culture. He is intensely interested in the musical renaissance of San Francisco and believes in the elevating influences of high class concert and opera. Through his enthusiasm for music he was enabled to get away from the stereotyped methods of raising money for the building fund of his church. Instead of the usual dansant or card party to which most churches have to turn, there was a superb concert for his building fund on August twelfth at Scottish Rite Hall. Mme. Bernice Pasquali, late of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave her lovely voice in a fine program for the purpose. She is a prima donna for whose services impresarios pay high, and Father O'Ryan's congregation and friends appreciated her generosity and attended in sufficient numbers to swell the proceeds to a goodly sum. Besides coloratura numbers for which she is famous she sang a group of American songs and also an Irish group and was generous with encores. Achille Artigues, Mme. de Lara and Edmund Foerstel were the accompanists.

For the Garys

One of the most important affairs of last week, and one of the most thoroughly enjoyable was the dinner dance given by Mr. Joseph Martin in honor of Judge and Mrs. Elbert H. Gary. A large number of prominent people attended this affair which was given in Mr. Martin's Fillmore street home. Among those present were: Lieutenant and Mrs. James B. Howell, Messrs. and Mesdames Alexander W. Wilson, Frank H. Ames, Nicholas Ohlandt, Alfred S. Hammesrmith, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Coffey, Mesdames Howell Clinton, Charles H. Williams, N. W. Wilson, Messrs. F. W. Whipple, George W. Peltier, A. F. Morrison, Wellington Gregg Jr. and John Daniels.

In Honor of Mrs. Tower

One of the most elaborate and delightful entertainments of the season was the reception and dance given last Thursday evening by Mrs. Alexander Russell and Mrs. E. S. Simpson at the former's magnificent home on Ocean boulevard. The function was in honor of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Misses Gertrude and Helen Tower and Roderick Tower of Philadelphia. Mrs. Russell's beautiful home was effectively decorated with hydrangeas, roses, woodwardia ferns and pussy willow. The hostesses and their guests of honor received in the drawing-room and after the reception dancing was enjoyed in the spacious ballroom which was opened on this occasion for the first time. Among the invited guests were: Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr, Messrs. and Mesdames Philip E. Bowles, Edgar De Pue, Charles Stetson Wheeler, Charles Fay, Milton Esberg, James Otis, J. R. Weber, Mesdames William Mills, C. O. Alexander, Phoebe Hearst, Putnam Griswold, Misses Laura McKinstry, Elsie Sherman, Yvonne de Treville, Dorothy Dozier, Mary Fennell, Louise Weick; James Fennell, Guy Cramer, Charles Crocker, Frank Brown, E. T. Dimond, L. C. Mullgardt; Consul-General and Mrs. Yasutaro Numano, Judge and Mrs. George Crothers, Doctors and Mesdames Philip King Brown, Stanley Stillman, Charles Dozier, Misses Elizabeth Fee, Marcia Fee, Harriet Alexander, Dorothy Crawford, Fernanda Pratt, Louise Bragham, Katherine Burke, Dr. Millicent Cosgrave, Lieutenant E. K. Burnett, Messrs. Edward Corbett, Albert Elkus, Henry P. Bowie, George Dennison, Vincent Butler, Myron Wolf, Charles Field, General de Castello.

Yachtsmen at Tallac

One hundred and fifty members of the Indoor Yacht Club returned to this city Monday morning singing the praises of John Tait and Tallac. If there was anything in the line of high encomium which these jolly landlubbers with the nautical name neglected to say about their host and his hostelry by the mountain lake, I failed to notice the omission. The Indoor men left this city last Thursday by special train, and the week-end was spent at Tallac, with a short ex-

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cursion to Reno on the side. At Tallac Mine Host Tait met them with smiling face and elaborate plans for their entertainment which kept them gaily busy every minute of their stay. There were swimming races, athletic events, fishing and all sorts of sports. There was feasting, and song, and jocularity and general good cheer. There was a large crowd of guests at Tallac, and this added to the pleasure of their stay. The Yachtsmen declare that John Tait has made a fine art of hospitality and acclaim him "the host perfect."

Notables at the Palace

While the Exposition has brought so many notables to the coast that any one less than a senator receives but slight notice in the daily press, one cannot help but be impressed with the number of well known men from all parts of the country to be seen in the lobby of the Palace. The other day a distinguished party of four men was seen there awaiting the luncheon of the Commonwealth Club. It included Governor Hiram Johnson, Governor Emmet Boyle of Nevada, Governor Ernest Lister of Washington and former Governor Slaton of Georgia. Charles Frederick Holder, expert and authority on deep sea fishing on the Pacific Coast and member of the leading fishing clubs of France, England, Scotland and America, is a guest with Mrs. Holder. Holder was the founder of the famous Tuna Club of Catalina whose membership button is one of the most prized among sportsmen. He has written a number of books. Knowlton L. Ames, familiarly known as "Snake Jr." to his intimates at Princeton, is at the Palace, registering from Chicago. Ames' father was the most famous athlete of Princeton during his day and the young fellow is following his example and plays on the Princeton team. Before coming to San Francisco he made a tour of the fisheries in which his father is heavily interested in the Northwest and had some exciting times while participatng n the salmon catch. Samuel Hill, foremost advocate of the development of "Good Roads" on the Pacific Coast, is a guest. So is George B. McGinty, secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He began life as a railroad clerk. Walter Raymond, well known throughout America as one of the foremost hotel men of Southern California, is at the Palace with Mrs. Raymond.

Society Folk at Fairmont

The Fairmont which has so often been called "the most superbly situated hotel in the world" has had the honor of entertaining perhaps more distinguished society people than any hotel in the city during the period of the Exposition. This is because of its location, the quiet elegance of its appointments and the dignity of its surroundings. It has been doing a capacity business ever since the first of the year and there is no indication of any let-up. Mrs. E. H. Harriman who with her daughter has been making her home there for the past month, gave a welcome to her son Roland who with a party of friends arrived in the city on the magnificent Harriman yacht the Sultana. They came by way of the Panama Canal, and made a leisurely trip, stopping at points of interest. One of the prettiest and most interesting dinners given the past week was that by Bernard Baruch, well known capitalist of New York, in honor of the Misses Crocker, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker. Mr. Baruch is one of the most talented dancers in New York and after the dinner had Miss Joan Sawyer come in to entertain his guests with her new dances and numbers from her celebrated "darkey band." This was one of the most elaborate functions ever given in San Francisco. The Red Room was gorgeously decorated with American beauty roses, palms and greenery. Former President and Mrs. William Howard Taft who will arrive in San Francisco on August 25 and have made reservations at the Fairmont, will be the guests of honor at an elaborate dinner to be given by Mrs. Thomas Walsh on August 30. Mrs. Walsh has been occupying apartments at the Fairmont for the past month. Her home is in Washington, D. C., where she is a leader in social affairs.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Beckley of Honolulu have been at Del Monte. They are enthusiasts on sports. They regret that they did not plan for more time at Del Monte and less in the mountain region where they spent most of their time, but say the next time they will plan accordingly. Mr. Beckley states that Del Monte may expect an exodus from Hawaii in the summers to come. Mrs. Beckley was formerly Miss Campbell of Honolulu. Mrs. Walter Damrosch accompanied by the Misses Damrosch, spent her time at Del Monte while Mr. Damrosch was at the Bohemian jinks. Mrs. J. Downey Harvey is back at Del Monte for a brief period, visiting friends before the annual golf tournament convenes. A. A. Jackson and wife, A. A. Jackson Jr. and wife and Miss Mildred Jackson of Dallas were recent guests. Also Mrs. Adams and her charming daughter, and Mrs. Clark, Jeanette Smith and Amelia C. Smith from Austin. From Houston are Mrs. J. S. Cullinan, the Misses Cullinan, Mrs. W. B. Sharp, Dudley Sharp and Mrs. Delia Boughton. Guests from Seattle and Portland are: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Linne, Miss Edna, Miss Annette and Mr. Harvey E. Linne from Seattle, and from Portland Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Buebke, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman R. Hall, Sherman Hall Jr. and Francis L. Hall. E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, and Emerson Hough, the well known writer, accompanied by Mr. Daniels, the landscape gardener, made a special trip through the Pacific Improvement Company's property on the Monterey peninsula recently, at Mr. Hough's suggestion, as he wanted to see it once more before returning East. Mr. Hough says he regards it as the most beautiful spot he has visited and hopes to purchase a few acres and build a villa. Mrs. O. W. Powers and Mrs. A. Jamison Donnell, dashing and charming folk from Salt Lake and Pasadena, are spending a week. Both are enthusiastic horsewomen and beautiful dancers. Mrs. Abraham Stein has returned after a few days' visit to San Francsico. Mr. R. E. Mulcahy, the well known broker, with Mrs. Mulcahy and party, were week-end guests.

At the Cecil

Miss Marjorie Miller was hostess at a beautifully appointed dinner Tuesday evening. It was given in the private dining room, and the circular table was ornamented with a dainty basket of Cecil Breuner roses. The function was in honor of Miss Ruth Shaw of New York. Among the guests were: Mrs. O. E. Morris, Mr. Frank Hill and Mrs. A. Thompson. A profusion of pink roses adorned the dinner table presided over by General and Mrs. George B. Rodney, U. S. A., Sunday evening. Covers were arranged for eight. Mrs. C. Duisenberg and her daughter Miss A. W. Duisenberg of Honolulu are enjoying a visit at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Carman of Manila are guests. They have been in the East for the past month. Major and Mrs. F. J. Koester who are guests gave an informal dinner Sunday evening. The table was ornamented with rose-colored peonies.

A Harp Recital

One of the rare treats this week was the harp recital at the St. Francis Monday afternoon by Miss Mildred Dilling who had the assistance of Madame Augett Foret in a selection of "songs in costume." Miss Dilling played with rare artistry the "Bourree" of Bach-Saint-Saens, "Am Sprinbrunnen" by Zabel, the Prelude, C Minor of Chopin, "Arabesque" by Debussy, and numbers by Hasselmans and others. Madame Foret was particularly delightful when she appeared in Early Victorian dress to sing favorite old ballads. The recital was well attended, the following ladies acting as patronesses: Mrs Francis Carolan, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mme. L. G. Lambert, Mrs. George H. Mendell Jr., Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Walter D. Bliss, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. A. Sterling Calder, Mrs. Charles M. Dutton, Mrs. George T. Cameron and Mrs. D. C. Jackling.

Cigarette Dances at Tavern

Every evening in the week the ballet at Techau Tavern charms the throngs which gather at this high-class family cafe. Each week the program is changed and the skill of V. Vestoff, late of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet, in devising new and fascinating dances is matched by the grace and loveliness of this corps of expert toe dancers who are headed by Miss Van Derhoff, former star of the Ruth St. Denis Company. These dances occur on the floor of the main cafe, not on a stage, and afford a delightfully intimate view of the technique of these remarkable dancers. The Candy and Cigarette dances are as popular as ever and the souvenirs are appreciated because of their real worth, the ladies receiving beautiful art boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies, the gentlemen large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes.

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Euripides in Berkeley

By Helen M. Bonnet

An event at once pleasurable and educational is the revival of classic drama by Margaret Anglin at our Greek Theatre across the bay. On Saturday night she gave us "Iphigenia in Aulis" arranged from Robert Potter's translation. In that writer's preface, dated Scarring, 1781, he writes that he hopes his translation may give an agreeable and rational amusement to ladies whose education does not generally lead them to an acquaintance with the Greek language, and he ventures the opinion that an endeavor to revive the manly simplicity of the ancients cannot be unuseful to any person in any age. It was no vain hope, no extravagant belief that Robert Potter expressed. More than four generations have passed since he rendered Euripides in noble English, and people are still finding "agreeable and rational amusement" in his translations of the Greek dramatist. Last Saturday evening under the deep blue sky and the eternal stars nearly ten thousand people heard the great rebel poet, as he is called, sounding across two and a-half millenniums, uttering his meditations on human life and destiny. What a glorious privilege is this! Hearing a Greek play in what approximates to the ancient Greek theatre, in the semi-darkness of an August evening a new pleasure possesses you. In this play of Euripides we have a vivid, picturesque drama of the simple, unchanging elements of human life, and we are made to feel the surging, vital forces beneath the surface. Ancient tragedy it is, but like all true art its appeal is immortal. The spirit that broods over Greek tragedy is no less affecting today than it was more than two thousand years ago. And the play itself, how modern! Like impassioned opera it keeps your eye and ear together in a state of expectancy. There are long speeches, but how beautiful! And there is speech that clicks on speech fast enough to outpace American comedy. The play was presented in a way that made one feel the sublimity of Greek tragedy. It was an impressive performance that Margaret Anglin gave us, and I am sure the audience was grateful to her and rejoiced in the signal success of her splendid undertaking. It is something for a woman to be proud of, this big achievement—the production of Euripides' great play with all the pomp and awful pageant of the Greek stage. How many producers have tried this very thing and failed! For Greek theatres are few and far between, and the modern theatre is unsuited to Greek drama. To produce the effect of sublimity in Greek drama there must be something of the grandeur of architectural proportions. California has the spacious arena beneath the sky, but to Margaret Anglin is due high praise for the study she has given to the elements of the ancient drama and to her success as a producer as well as an exponent of her art. As an actress in the title role she gave us life kindling, trembling, palpitant. The role of Iphigenia, young, tender, trusting, self-sacrificing is a most difficult one to portray; not less so than that of Shakespeare's beautiful heroine, Juliet, of whom the Greek maiden reminds one so profound are the emotions that rack her soul. Adequately to portray such emotions the actress must have at her command all the resources of the histrionic art. Margaret Anglin's performance despite the tax put upon her energies by the great labor of production was in nowise lacking. Hers was a double triumph. When Iphigenia greeted Agamemnon, her father, she looked the sweet young daughter, cherished flower of his soul. She was indeed the dearest thing he had in life to offer as sacrifice to Diana. And when, in soft white raiment and with tragic dignity she stood amidst the glorious calm and declared in beauteous language her heroic submission to a cruel fate, though it was shortly before she had pleaded to be allowed to live, Margaret Anglin convinced her big audience of the spiritual exaltation that made plausible her willingness to obey her father's will and die for her country. Her part was to her a living thing, and her lines she recited with a fine sense of the value of the verse in a voice and in cadences that thrilled with their beauty. Ruth Holt Boucicault gave an admirable presentation of the tragic Clytemnestra who, except when the realization is borne in upon her that her offspring is to suffer a horrible fate on account of the hated Helen, has opportunities of being the ordinary mortal. Witness for instance her scene with Achilles, where she is the mother-in-law elect and again where she has a row with her husband. The Agamemnon of A. Fuller Mellish, the Attendant of Pietro Sasso and the Achilles of W. Lawson Butt were all effective impersonations. As to the chorus, which we have always been told was no mere accident but the root of Greek drama, its full significance was perhaps not fully realized in this performance. But it was graceful, good looking and rhythmical. The Damrosch music with its haunting flute strains, light strings and echoing trumpet calls, contributed in no small measure to the impressive effects.

Gossip of the Theatre

Pantages Has Fine Bill

The show at Pantages this week has talent and variety. There is a little of everything that goes to make vaudeville pleasing. The Shadow Girl is the main act. It was first played and produced in Salt Lake and was such a success there that it was booked over the circuit. Stella Watt and J. W. Summerhays play the leading parts and are assisted by eight pretty chorus girls. Summerhays, as Wayne, is an artist in love with Molly. Wayne goes to the woods every morning to get his inspiration for painting. Molly thinks she ought to be furnishing his inspiration, so she goes to his favorite nook, appears from behind the rocks and enables him to paint the prize picture of his career, "The Shadow Girl." In the meantime the beauty girls keep you in high spirits. Princess Nana, the East Indian dancer, or in other words "Hoochy Koochy" dancer, from the San Diego Fair, is the best ever seen here. Clark and McCullough in "Much Ado About Nothing" have tramp makeups and act up to them. Nora Schiller is a ten-year-old in character songs. One can hear and see by the way she sings and dances that she is no beginner and that a bright future is in store for her. The Great Barnum in hypnotic moments is hard to figure out. The young men whom he tries his power on look as if they were hired for that purpose. The great thing about him is his snapping of his fingers to bring them to. The Victoria Four, a quartet of singers and entertainers, help to pass a pleasant fifteen minutes. Besides those mentioned there are four Scotch musicians and two comedians.

—The Second Nighter.

The Hageman Concert

The second of the series of weekly concerts by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians, under the capable leadership of Richard Hageman, will take place at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon at half past two, when another program of great charm will be offered. Beethoven will be represented by the Symphony No. 5 in C minor, op. 67, without doubt the best known, and therefore the most generally enjoyed, of his nine symphonic works. The Wagnerian number will be the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The third of the orchestral offerings will be the delightful Scherzo from "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Paul Dukas, a quaint work. The occasion will also mark the San Francisco debut of Miss Frances de Villa, a New York pianist of renown who will play, with the orchestra, Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy." Mr. Cecil Fanning, the American baritone known as the "Singer Poet of Ohio," will be the vocalist of the concert and he has chosen to sing the wonderful "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Herodiade." The Exposition Orchestra is a notable organization and its concerts always attract wide attention. Reserved seats may be obtained at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

The Paderewski Concert

A great event will be the big benefit in aid of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund to be given this Saturday afternoon at half past two at Festival Hall by Paderewski, the most famous of living pianists. This distinguished son of unfortunate Poland has, for several months, been securing substantial relief for his fellow-countrymen. He will begin the afternoon with an address concerning the sufferers in his native land. After a brief intermission he will play five works by Chopin and the program will be brought to a close with the appearance of David Warfield, the actor, who will appeal to the generosity of American citizens, asking them to help the war-stricken Poles in every way possible. Paderewski's wonderful art is too well known to require any encomiums and it is safe to say that he will play at Festival Hall as he has never before played in San Francisco where he first delighted thousands over twenty years ago. Many prominent, big-hearted ladies and gentlemen are aiding the affair. Reserved seats may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. Paderewski's Chopin numbers will be as follows: Ballade, A flat, op. 47; Sonata, B flat, op. 35; Nocturne, G major, op. 37; Mazurka, A minor, op. 17; Polonaise, A flat, op. 53.

"Under Cover" at Alcazar

Paying positively the largest royalty ever offered for a recent New York success, Belasco and Mayer will next week offer at the Alcazar Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan in Roi Cooper Megrue's great American play "Under Cover." This is one of the big catches of the season for the enterprising Alcazar management, and it is absolutely the first time that the famous play of love, crime, romance and comedy has ever been played in stock and at popular prices. This smashing success ran for two solid years on Broadway and there are now five companies playing it on the road. It has every element for a successful play, and there are more good parts contained in the cast of characters than there are in almost any three or four plays.

Kreisler's Qualities

Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist whose concerts are announced for Sunday afternoons, October 3 and October 10, in the Cort Theatre, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, inherited certain qualities which have gone far to make him the supreme master that he is. By race he is a Czech and as such has that interesting mixture of dreamy languor and fiery romanticism which are the peculiar artistic attributes of the Slavic race. By birth he is a Viennese, and having received his early training and education in that city he has absorbed the almost Gallic vivacity and sparkle characteristic of the Viennese. In his life he is thoroughly cosmopolitan, at home in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome and New York. And this cosmopolitanism has given him a sure balance of feeling for proportion and a sense of fitness which very few artists have.

Final Week of Mrs. Campbell

The final week of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's engagement at the Columbia begins Monday night. Three plays are to be presented by the noted English actress. "Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw; "Searchlights," by Horace Annesley Vachell; and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by Arthur Wing Pinero, constitute the repertoire. These three plays give Mrs. Campbell a variety of characters to interpret; a comedy role, a role of mother love and a highly emotional role. Mrs. Campbell has made quite a success during her engagement in all three characters, and it is hard to judge in which of the three she has been best. The repertoire is as follows: Monday, Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee, "Pygmalion;" Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;" Friday and Saturday evening and Saturday matinee, "Seachlights." The engagement closes with the performance of "Searchlights" on Saturday night, August 28. It has been the most successful, from both an artistic and financial standpoint, of any of her engagements in this city.

"Potash and Perlmutter" Coming

If there is anyone in this broad land not yet acquainted with "Abe" and "Mawruss," he will have the opportunity to become so, for "Potash and Perlmutter" will return to the Columbia for a limited engagement commencing Monday night, August 30. The partners in the cloak and suit business, their designers, cutters, salesmen, office help, their friends and rivals will all be welcome back for their part in the making of this most unusual success from the Montague Glass stories in the Saturday Evening Post. Jules Jordan will be the "Abe" of the cast and Lew Welch the "Mawruss." Lottie Kendall will be seen in the role of the designer. Seats go on sale Thursday.

"Clansman" at Cort

"The Birth of a Nation; or, The Clansman," D. W. Griffith's wonderful motion picture production, will be the attraction at the Cort for a brief period, beginning with the matinee Monday. Despite the length of its run in San Francisco "The Birth of a Nation" would seem to possess as great drawing powers as ever, judging by the interest shown in the advance sale. It should prove, too, an ideal attraction for Exposition visitors who have heard of the wonders of this screen drama. During the engagement at the Cort the original incidental music will be given, interpreted by an enlarged orchestra. The twelve reels of "The Birth of a Nation" are based on the novel called "The Clansman" by Thomas Dixon Jr. but deal more broadly with history than either the book or the well known play.

All-Stars in "The New Henrietta"

Announcement of unusual theatrical interest is that of the coming of the famous five-star aggregation to the Cort on September 6 in "The New Henrietta," a modernization of Bronson Howard's play "The Henrietta" which was a starring vehicle for William H. Crane and Stuart Robson for many years. The "five-star aggregation" embraces William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham and Mabel Taliaferro. This superb organization only recently completed a triumphant run of fourteen weeks at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, following a lengthy engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, and it comes to San Francisco with the company and production intact. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes are responsible for "The New Henrietta," and Joseph Brooks is the producer.

Thomas Egan at Orpheum

The Orpheum will have as its chief novel feature next week Thomas Egan, Ireland's famous tenor who will make his vaudeville debut in this city and will sing the most delightful and popular ballads of the Emerald Isle. Of the four great tenors who are known internationally in concert as well as in opera, Italy claims Caruso and Bonci, and Ireland John McCormack and Thomas Egan. J. C. Nugent, vaudeville's foremost author-comedian, will appear in his oddity "The Squarer," assisted by Miss Jule York, a clever and vivacious comedienne. Han Ping Chien, a famous Chinese magician, will present his famous "Pekin Mysteries" which are sensational and perplexing illusions. Rex's Comedy Circus which includes beautiful performing ponies and cats, also the greatest bucking mule in the world, is one of the greatest laugh producing acts in vaudeville. The name of the mule is Dynamite, and $25 will be paid to any one who can remain on his back a minute. The same

THOMAS EGAN

Ireland's famous tenor who will be heard in ballads of the Emerald Isle next week at the Orpheum

sum is offered to anyone who can stay on the revolving table for the same space of time. Jack Allman and Sam Dody; Mindell Kingston and George Ebner; Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer will also contribute to this bill. It will be the last week of Miss Joan Sawyer, the Peerless Queen of the Dance, assisted by George R. Harcourt.

Edmund Hayes at Pantages

Edmund Hayes, without question one of the best liked and most popular character comedians that has ever appeared in San Francisco, is the topliner on the new bill which opens at Pantages Sunday. Hayes will be remembered for "The Wise Guy," and later he achieved a tremendous success in "The Piano Movers" which is the big act in which he opens at the local vaudeville theatre. "The Piano Movers" is one scream of laughter from the rise of the curtain. Hayes will be given a royal welcome by his many friends here. Another big attraction of local interest is the Royal Italian Singing Sextet, composed of stars of the late Lambardi Company. The six are well known in the Italian colony here and comprise Luigi Cecchetti, director; David Silva, baritone; G. Oppezza, tenor; P. Obiasi, basso; Aida Gugliemetti, soprano; and Luisa Cecchetti, mezzo soprano. Belle Oliver, "the Queen of Syncopation," will sing a number of her own songs. Dorsch and Russell, the musical railroaders, carry a beautiful setting and introduce several classical selections in their act. Lady Alice and her trained rats, cats and dogs has a real novelty. John P. Reed, the black,face funster; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Grady in the newest ball room dances, and comedy films will complete the bill.

Even rubbing up against the world doesn't seem to make some men any brighter.

THE LILY AND THE CABBAGE

By Feodor Sologub

A lily reared her head in the garden. She was serenely white, and beautiful and proud.

Quietly she addressed herself to the passing wind:

"Have more care. I am the queenly lily, and King Solomon himself did not dress as beautifully as I."

Quite close by, in the vegetable garden, grew a she-cabbage.

She overheard the speech of the lily, whereupon she laughed, and said:

"This old Solomon was, in my opinion, a mere sansculotte! How did these ancients dress? They barely covered their nakedness with scant drapery, and imagined that they were robed in the height of fashion. It was I who taught people how to dress, I may safely take credit for the following plan: First, there is the naked stump, upon that goes the first wrap, then a shirt, upon that a jacket, upon the jacket a petticoat, upon the petticoat another petticoat, then another wrap, another shirt, another jacket, another petticoat, then a shawl above and a shawl below and a shawl on each side—until the stump becomes invisible. Now this is both warm and modest."

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"SEARCHLIGHTS"
Monday, August 30 "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

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Last Time Saturday Night—Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker"
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Our market is so different from what it ever has been that you can't educate the room trader or the trader of former years to appreciate that it is built on economic conditions. We have shake-outs every ten days or two weeks which are so violent that it lends belief that the market is oversold. We had Crucible Steel at 41½ on a ten-point break before it sold above 90. Our economic conditions are such as to warrant a bull market. There has never been anything like it in the world before. The markets of the whole world are open to us; we have the goods to supply and are getting big prices. Our rate conditions, crop conditions, and money conditions are all the best they have ever been. Of course, in a market like this, many stocks will be exploited. This can't be helped, but it is equally certain that many securities which in the past have been worthless have great value today. Exchange sold 4.69½. This means enormous gold imports. Without some disaster, it looks as though a higher market and a bigger is inevitable.

Wheat—Prices range higher this week, being influenced by the extraordinary weather conditions which have prevailed so long. The generally accepted large estimate of the crop in bushels cultivated an expectation of lower prices, more or less, in the trade, and consequently with the appearance of any favorable conditions this tendency quickly leads to an oversold condition. The congestion resulting therefrom has been the means of inducing strength at various times. Aside from this, the excessive rainfall has contributed its share through interference with the movement of wheat, primary receipts this week showing a reduction from last week's. Clearances for the week are light, both from this country, the Argentine and India. Foreign crop conditions, as indicated by the week's reports, are not so favorable and while export sales from this country are moderate, it is assumed that this demand should soon take on larger proportions. The trend of prices seems to be governed by weather conditions, and it is likely that with a period of favorable weather, the market would show a declining tendency.

Corn has displayed quite a little strength during recent days, the backward crop conditions being effective in causing shorts to cover, in addition to which there has been a good class of buying through commission houses. The idea seems to be prevalent in the trade that notwithstanding the unusual growing conditions, the crop stands a reasonable chance and the favorable condition of forage crops tempers the enthusiasm of holders. As a consequence, on the appearance of weakness in prices, there is a disposition to liquidate, with at the same time considerable reselling by shorts. The domestic demand is fair, while offerings are moderate. Favorable weather should be reflected in declining prices.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to mark time and prices move in a narrow range. The strength in Liverpool and dry weather in Texas have been the sustaining factors. The weather in the Eastern belt has been showery and considered quite favorable, although on the whole, the condition has been reduced a few points from last month, and this is probably due to the lack of fertilizer. New cotton is beginning to make its appearance and a good many in the trade are beginning to wonder who will finance the coming crop, as exports are bound to be small owing to the political conditions abroad, and with exchange selling below 470, it is anything but favorable for higher prices. Of course, the crop this year is going to be a small one, probably not over eleven and one-half million bales, but with a carryover of about four million bales from last year, it will still be a large crop and must be financed. At the moment, the market is in a rut and until the pressure of actual cotton in the way of hedging sales makes its appearance, we believe it to be a scalping market.

"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE"

By Walter De La Mare

Nay, nay, sweet England, do not grieve!
Not one of these poor men who died
But did within his soul believe
That death for thee was glorified.

Ever they watched it hovering near
That mystery 'yond thought to plumb,
Perchance sometimes in loathèd fear
They heard cold Danger whisper, Come!—

Heard and obeyed. O, if thou weep
Such courage and honor, beauty, care,
Be it for joy that those who sleep
Only thy joy could share.

Many a fellow loses his heart and says nothing who would put up an awful roar if he should lose his money.

A level-headed man is merely one who always agrees with us.

Even the second-story man has no objection to getting in on the ground floor.

Knicker—Any mosquitoes?

Subbubs—They stay out of houses that cost less than the architect's estimate.

Perhaps the most lied about thing in all the world is the pie mother used to make.

When we liken a man to a mule, it is just as well not to talk behind his back.

When a big man is mean he's the limit, because there's so much of him to be mean.

A Five-Reel Thriller

Reel 1—Telephone bell rings and voice at the other end of the wire says: "Is this Miss Billionbucks? Ah, my dear, are you alone?"

"Yes, Count, the last reception guest has just gone. I was thinking of you."

"Oh, if I were only with my heart's idol! What rapture! I would—"

Reel 2—Telephone bell rings. Far-away voice asks: "Is this the garage? Well, I'm ten miles out on the State Pike, and my engine's gone dead. Tell me what to do with her."

"Well, if I were you, I would—"

Reel 3—Green Telephone Operator: "Something tells me that I've mixed the connections for the last two parties. Guess I'd better switch 'em before they get a chance to kick. Here goes."

Reel 4—"Well, Count, what would you do? I'm waiting!"

—"Shove her over in a corner and let her sit there till some boob came along who could tow her in!"

Reel 5—"Hurry up, Garage. What would you do?"

—"Drop on my knees, throw one arm about her exquisite body, and, while raining kisses upon her, ask her to be my wife!"

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons havaing claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John S. Hogan, Attorney-at-Law, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 14th, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
68 Post St., Foxcroft Bldg., San Francisco. 8-14-5

"It Has Choke and Grip in the Bare Reading"—ASHTON STEVENS

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

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Cotton and Aked

The British Government has solved a vexed problem by declaring cotton absolute contraband. Which reminds us that the folks who have been stoutly objecting to the sale of ammunition to the Allies never had anything to say about the cotton that was going to Germany through neutral countries. Even the good Dr. Aked whom the "inner organization" of the German propaganda recognizes as a "friend" notwithstanding his British antecedents never took occasion to denounce the cotton planters of the South. According to his philosophy the munition manufacturers were accomplices in wholesale slaughter, but he had nothing to say about the men who were supplying the Germans with the essential ingredient of high explosives. Dr. Aked, however, is neither pro-British nor pro-German. His sympathies are with mankind, his love is for humanity and he is a minister of Christ—not Billy Sunday's Christ but a Christ of his own conception. Our authority for these things is the gentleman who emits "lecturettes," as he calls them himself, at Post and Mason.

Racing Revived

Again the jockey is permitted to work at his trade in California. In this State as in every civilized country in the world relaxation is to be had on the race track. A little freedom has been restored to us, for which we should be grateful. And now that there is racing under good auspices let us be frank enough to admit that the busybody reformers who closed the track across the bay deserve some credit. They accomplished a reform, though it is not precisely the kind of reform they intended. The objection the busybody reformer has to racing is the objection he has to every form of amusement to which he is not inclined: the objection that it is enjoyed by others, and not by himself. He pretended to be opposed to racing because of the gambling feature, but after the track was closed he made no effort to close the pool-rooms. Despite the closing of the track at Emeryville there has been no surcease of gambling in this city. However, as a result of the closing of the track across the bay a breeders' association has been organized, and the business of racing is in good hands. Formerly it was in the hands of a few men who derived a large part of their profits from gamblers, and there was much dishonesty on the track. Now there is no connection between gamblers and the jockey club, and the public is assured of clean sport. In the circumstances the public-spirited men behind the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association are well deserving of encouragement. They are doing something more than contributing to our entertainment: they are making it worth while to breed fine horses. Horsebreeding is an industry that has been neglected ever since the reform wave of a few years ago swept over the country. When race-tracks were closed it ceased to be profitable to breed horses, and as a consequence cavalry mounts became so scarce that the Government found it necessary to breed horses for the army. The scarcity of cavalry mounts would now be a serious problem were it not for the revival of racing.

A Spectacle!

A spectacle for the groundlings to gape and guffaw at was presented in Judge Crothers' court during the long and tedious process of proving that the Hon. James Rolph Jr. is mayor of San Francisco. The Mayor though he loudly professed himself willing to go to jail to win a martyr's halo was not averse to the technicalities dear to the heart of the pettifogger. Hence the spectacle which at once tickled the groundlings and titillated that exotic product of the South, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. The Examiner roared with laughter, and took much pains to point out the grotesqueries of the slapstick farce. Despite the dulness of our own sense of humor we were able to laugh too. We laughed at the irony of the Examiner's laughter. For we remembered that this uproarious juridicial farce had its inception in the Examiner office. It was our native shrinking violet, Mr. Hearst, who conceived the idea of making mockery of justice the motive of a screaming farce. And so, always first to applaud his own handiwork, he was quick to call attention to the rollicking absurdities of the little play. The play is a Hearst masterpiece. Mr. Hearst might uplift the stage with it, as he uplifts everything he touches, by transferring it to the Hearst-Selig "movie" concern. And we have another suggestion to offer: why not celebrate the actors as well as the play? We know that Mr. Hearst is a glutton for glory and hates to divide the honors. But here is the Mayor of a great city serving as one of his puppets; likewise a former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court: surely they are worthy of mention. What would the play be without Matt I. Sullivan, the uprighteous M. Ignatius Sullivan, gallant champion of the ethics of the noble profession that he adorns? Matt has original genius. Matt himself is no mean farceur. Not to detract from the Hearst achievement, but in the interest of truth beloved by all the virtuous, we would credit Matt with inventing some important "business" for the act in Judge Crothers' court. It is Matt who insisted that the obvious should be proved, thus shrewdly caricaturing the measly shyster whom he detests from the bottom of his noble heart. And it is this element of the play more than any other that the Examiner editor has found laughable.

Tragedy and Farce

The cleverness of the Hearst farce will be found especially striking if we reflect on the poignancy of the tragedy in Georgia wherein the Examiner's darling proprietor played no unimportant part. Tragedy and farce are more closely related than the casual observer is able to perceive. They may be motived in precisely the same theme. They may deal with the same passions, with the same elements in human nature. A dramatist may make you laugh or weep by exhibiting to you the consequence of injustice or the result of a mishap. He may make you laugh at a boy chasing a wind-blown hat into a mud puddle, or he may make you weep by having the boy crushed beneath the wheels of a truck. Similarly he may make you roar with laughter by showing you that when decrees are

> "Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
> And Liberty plucks justice by the nose,"

or he may harrow your feelings with an exhibition of the savagery of a mob like the one that has been applauded by the Mayor of Atlanta. Between the crime approved by Mayor Woodward and the crime perpetrated by Mayor Rolph there is essentially no difference. In both little dramas one may perceive the same ugly elements, the same vicious indifference to the sanctity of the law and to the elemental principles of our government. A characterization true to either Mayor would serve for both dramas; for the essential qualities of the demagogue are common to both. Any psychologist will tell you that the Mayor who justified the Georgia mob is precisely the same gentleman who has been playing to the gallery in San Francisco by swatting the United Railroads and boasting of his willingness to defy the courts even though they send him to jail. Be not deceived by the circumstance that Mr. Hearst who has made Rolph the protagonist of a farce is inclined to view the lynching applauded by Woodward as a tragedy. Remember that this is the same Mephistophelian journal-

ist who incited the mob in Atlanta and later boasted that he was instrumental in obtaining a reprieve for the object of the mob's hatred.

A Triumph of Yellow Journalism

Presumably it is the function of a newspaper to keep the world informed about things in which the world is interested. But it is not to be presumed that a newspaper is neglectful of its duties when by its silence it protects the reputation of a girl who has in nowise made herself the object of a proper public concern. On the contrary it ought to be the aim of every newspaper to disappoint mean curiosity, especially in all cases where the gratification of it entails injury on individuals. These reflections were induced by a newspaper that used to boast of its life-saving achievements. An eighteen year old girl was lying unconscious the other day, apparently at death's door, when a reporter of the philanthropic journal was sent out to pick up the scent of a scandal by which a greater tragedy than the one imminent might be brought to the home of crushing sorrow. There was nothing to be gained by the reporter's activities except the ruin of the poor girl's reputation. It was not quite possible to bring this enterprise to a definite, satisfactory conclusion, but in lieu of facts innuendo was deemed acceptable, and innuendo was employed to inflict as much of a scar as possible. The main purpose was to prove that there had been some lying and thus to imply that there had been something to be ashamed of. Cruel, viciously cruel, to be sure; shamefully unjust, but in the ethics of yellow journalism nothing is sacred and all is fish that comes to Paul Pry's net.

Where Consolation Is Found

One of our scholarly educators has been explaining the revival of religious feeling in Europe. It is due, he says, to that desire for consolation which the educated man finds in philosophy. Which reminds us of the remark of a notable essayist, that educated persons cannot take consolation in philosophy. As a matter of fact it is the ignorant who suck solace out of the stalest truisms of a Marcus Aurelius or an Epictetus. Try to console an educated friend in trouble with a moral sentiment, and he will suspect you of laughing at him. It is the unsophisticated person who smiles through his tears when you offer him a philosophic conclusion. We have heard of the sage seated in the temple of wisdom on a sublime height above the world, breathing a serene air, preserving himself from worries and anxieties in his philosophical indifference. But we are quite sure he is a myth. In the really great sorrows of life religion is still the consolation most generally desired by those whose spiritual capacities have not been lost by the cultivation of that dangerous thing, a little learning. Philosophy and all its banalities are powerless when the bitterest tears are falling in the darkest hours of affliction, as Abraham Lincoln testified when he spoke of the times when there was nowhere else to go but to his knees. There are many aids to forgetfulness, but religion, not philosophy, is the one vitalizing agent that enables a man to look above and beyond "the turbulences of present things."

Moltke and Napoleon

One of the many military experts now expounding the strategy of the war for us says that the Teutonic commanders in Poland pursued the methods of Moltke, who taught the world that there was no more effective procedure than for the assailant to hold the enemy in front with a portion of his force while attacking him in flank with another portion. It appears that ever since the beginning of the drive on Warsaw the Russians, while their front was kept busy, were constantly threatened with flank movements. Now Moltke was not the first to realize the difficulties of mere frontal attack, though it is so asserted by some writers on the strategy of war. They say that his idea of moving forces concentrically toward the battlefield with a view to bringing them simultaneously upon the enemy's front and flank, was a departure from and an improvement on Napoleon's practice. As a matter of fact this was the principle of Napoleon's strategy in several instances. But at one time it was thought to be Napoleon's rule to place his army in a central position from which to strike blows at the different parts of a divided hostile front. This belief arose from speculations on Napoleon's system long before the publication of Napoleon's correspondence rendered possible an exact study of his mode of operation. That study has been carried out during the last twenty years, and from it we know that Napoleon's practice was to move his divisions to a battlefield from all directions, and to collect them suddenly from all points of the compass when he wished to strike a blow. The enemy was almost invariably attacked from two directions at once. His battle with rare exceptions was an attack in front and flank, and the force which struck the enemy's flank was normally brought up from a distance for the purpose. This was the principle of Napoleonic strategy as early as 1796 when he took command of the Army of Italy, of which four divisions were immediately made available for his contemplated offensive. His plan was to "embrace the whole theatre of operations," as he says in one of his letters, and this is precisely what the Teutons have been doing in their campaign against the Russians. His first move was to march three divisions from different points on the coast over the mountains into the basin of Caveare. A part of this operation was the battle of Montenotte where the Austrians were attacked in front by Laharpe and in the flank and rear by Massena. In the short campaign against the Sardinian Army Napoleon had four divisions spread out over a great extent of territory. As in the case of the Teutons in Poland, where larger armies make possible more extensive movements, Napoleon drew in his four divisions with a view to encompassing the enemy. Several writers have seen in Napoleon's conduct of the Waterloo campaign the type of his method. But the conditions of that campaign were peculiar. His army numbered little more than half of the Allied forces in Belgium, and his aim there was to separate them, and he all but succeeded. Moltke's strength, like that of Stonewall Jackson's, lay in his appreciation of the principles of Napoleon's strategy and in his application of them to changed conditions.

Perspective Impressions

An easy way to get a line on what our schools are doing to the country is to read over the newspaper reports of the N. E. A. convention.

Mayor Rolph says he's going to run again because it's his duty. To whom, we wonder.

Some folks say it shocks them to think that possibly Schmitz may be elected. Wonder what it does to them to think of prolonging the official career of Matt Sullivan's chum—the man who would rather go to jail than see the courts obeyed.

It may be said of Schmitz that he wishes to rehabilitate himself, but that cannot be said of Rolph. Jim insists that he's proud of his nakedness.

We cannot elect Rolph without implying that we are grateful to him for popularizing himself at public expense.

Not a very happy state of affairs to be sure, but whatever happens we shall richly deserve the kind of government we get. The people and their Mayor are usually on the same moral and intellectual plane.

Henry Ford is opposed to preparedness for war. Former President Taft is in favor of it. We prefer to align ourselves with Mr. Taft.

A delegate to the N. E. A. convention wants school children taught more geography. Better wait till the war is over and the maps cease to be kaleidoscopic.

We have looked for the name of David Starr Jordan in the list of press humorists, but for some reason it isn't there.

Which reminds us that the greatest press humorist of them all is William Randolph Hearst.

And the funniest things he writes are those editorial broadsides wherein he starts war in Mexico, stops war in Europe and relieves President Wilson of his executive responsibilities.

The reluctant attitude of a prominent citizen at the bar of justice reminds us that when Eugene Schmitz was on trial he did not avail himself of the privilege of refusing to testify on the ground that he might incriminate himself.

Varied Types

CCXLIV—GIACOMO MINKOWSKY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I am an American citizen," says Giacomo Minkowsky, "but on my father's side I am Russian, and on my mother's Italian. So I suppose the sun of Italy shines on the Slavic darkness of my temperament and warms my music. But since this terrible war began the sun doesn't shine within me. I am become a Slav, and serious. In California I shall feel the sun again. But until it warms me thoroughly I shall not write any music."

The distinguished author of "The Smugglers of Badajoz" and "Die Schonste Frau," the music-teaching associate of Ernst von Schuch, Germany's greatest conductor, dropped into the office of Town Talk to pay his respects. Giacomo Minkowsky confesses to a soft spot in his heart for the paper which alone proclaimed his musical talents when he was an ambitious, striving stranger in this city many years ago. His name is known and his talents acknowledged in all the music centers of America and Europe nowadays, but a brilliant success has not made him forgetful of the encouragement extended to him in the vexatious days of his struggle. Not all who arrive are so appreciative; but Giacomo Minkowsky is of the sort prosperity cannot spoil.

"When I stepped off the steamer from Europe," says Minkowsky, "the newsboys were shouting an extra. There are few extras in Germany, and I thought: 'Something very important has happened; the war is over, or the Russians have lost an army, or the three emperors have been killed.' I bought an extra and found that a New York police officer had been executed for murder. I wondered that people should be excited over such a thing. I went into a cafe, and found men and women dancing to gay music. This stunned me. I could not at first believe my eyes and ears. I thought those people were crazy. It is all so different from that in Europe since the war began. You hear no music. There is no dancing. The war has changed everything in Europe. It has changed me. I am not yet used to gayety and frivolity.

"Here you cannot realize what the conditions are in Europe. You have no conception of what is going on over there. The war has robbed everybody of enthusiasm. Nobody is writing anything. All are indifferent to art, music, literature. Only the mechanical writers, the men who write to order, are doing anything. What the ultimate effect will be nobody can tell. The war may bring out the greatest things in art, or it may handicap art for fifty years. The war has made Europe a volcano. It may throw out something, or it may lie dormant. It may give us a Shakespeare, a Heine, a Wagner; or there may be a lack of all art for a very long while."

Giacomo Minkowsky left San Francisco for the larger field of New York after the Bostonians accepted his comic opera "The Smugglers of Badajoz." He was twenty-four years old when that signal recognition of his ability as a composer set him on the high road to fame. I do not think that any other composer ever succeeded in having an opera produced in this country at so youthful an age. "The Smugglers" proved one of the greatest successes the Bostonians ever staged. Its long run made it quite unnecessary for Giacomo Minkowsky to tell New York about himself. He opened a school of vocal instruction in Carnegie Hall, and pupils flocked to him. He became a musical critic, and his views on music were sought by the most authoritative papers in the country. His work as a musical critic brought him the nickname of "the Cossack" by which he is still known. It is a nickname which proclaims his ruthlessness of judgment. Singers and instrumentalists found it impossible to cultivate Giacomo Minkowsky for the betterment of their press notices. He was interested only in their art; to their personality he was indifferent, their social graces did not attract him, their hospitality he would not accept. Hence he became known as "the Cossack."

Some eight years ago Minkowsky wrote a light opera, and offered it to Savage for production. But that was the time when "The Merry Widow" was the American rage. Producers are sheeplike in following a leader, and Savage refused to believe that a great success could be found this side of Vienna or Berlin. He would not consider Minkowsky's light opera.

"If a European success is necessary before one can receive recognition in New York, why then I shall try for a European success," Minkowsky told himself.

So he took his light opera abroad. "Die Schonste Frau" was produced in Berlin, and ran for one hundred and fifty-six nights. It was played in Dresden, Munich, Liepzig and other great cities of Germany. It succeeded too in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Russia. Minkowsky was about to conduct a first performance in Stuttgart when the war turned all Europe's thoughts away from light opera and other light things.

Meanwhile Minkowsky had associated himself with Ernst von Schuch in a school of vocal instruction. Ernst von Schuch was the foremost musical director of Germany. His position will be understood from this that Dr. Muck of the Boston Symphony accounts it a high compliment to be called "the von Schuch of America." The Kaiser conferred on Schuch the title of "General Musical Director"—and then, lest Richard Strauss should object to the conductor of his operas enjoying an unique distinction, conferred the title on Strauss also. Ernst von Schuch conducted not only at Berlin but also at Dresden. He waved in Dresden the baton sacred to the fingers of Wagner. It is related of von Schuch that he and Richard Strauss conducted "Der Rosenkavalier" at Dresden on alternate nights, and that the opera took forty minutes longer when the composer directed the orchestra. The reason was given by the concert master. "Herr Strauss," he said, "is wedded to every bar of his music."

General Musical Director Ernst von Schuch and Giacomo Minkowsky made a splendid success of their school of vocal instruction. Indeed, it became the foremost vocal school of all Germany, and the biggest in the world.

"Thirty-eight of our pupils have been in the big opera companies," says Minkowsky.

Their pupils came, not from Germany alone but from France, Italy, Russia and the United States. But when the war broke out most of them returned whence they had come. The male pupils went to the trenches. Some of them are there now. Some of them have been buried on battlefields. Some of them have been invalided home. Among these latter was a young German, a dark, handsome fellow with a fine tenor voice. He had served under the redoubtable von Hindenberg at the Mazurian lakes of dreadful memory.

"In six months," says Minkowsky, "his jet black hair had turned snowy white."

Another was Minkowsky's secretary, naturally one of his closest associates.

"He peered at me with his hand on his brow," says Minkowsky. "'Are you the master?' he said. It was some time before he recognized me. He had been sent home for rheumatism so bad that an operation was necessary. And the horrors of war had darkened his mind."

Still another of these invalided pupils was Adolph Loltgen, "Kamersanger" by decoration of the King of Saxony. He had been wounded in the leg.

"He is a dramatic tenor," says Minkowsky, "and has been engaged for the Metropolitan. And I think we shall hear him there, for he has not been sent back to the front, though his wound has healed. Germany is trying not to sacrifice her artists if she can help it. Nevertheless there are doctors, poets, artists and musicians, the finest blood of Germany, in the trenches."

"It is heart-breaking," says Minkowsky, "to have a pupil return from the trenches and say to you, 'I think my voice is as good as before.' And it is impossible to tell such a one the truth."

Minkowsky has tried at times to give up teaching which is strenuous work.

"But I seem to have no luck unless I teach," he says whimsically; "so I must continue to dedicate myself to the art of the human voice."

Some of his pupils are following him to San Francisco.

"There will be no composition or criticism for a while," he says with a sigh. "But when the warm sun of California heats my blood a little, then perhaps I shall do something. Real music, you know, must come without being called. You cannot write real music to order. It must sing itself out of you spontaneously. And when it begins to sing it must not be interrupted. That is why I do not compose at the piano.

"Well, I have talked a great deal!" said this interesting man who had not talked half enough, and as he brought his visit to a close the sun of Italy—or of California?—smiled on his artist's face.

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Official Documents Made Public by the New York World Showing What the German Propaganda is Doing in the United States—Press Comments

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Wonderful is German efficiency! Great is the science of militant Teutonism. The perfection of this science is not to be appreciated by observation only of the work that has been done in and out of the war zones of Europe. Some of the evidences of German efficiency are to be found and studied in this country. For militant Teutonism does not rely for success wholly on soldiers, the implements of their trade and the tactics and ordinary strategy of war. We have seen that to militant Teutonism preparedness for war means something more than the efficiency of an army or navy. It means the crippling of an enemy by invisible manoeuvres in the heart of his country. Nay more, as we have lately come to learn it may mean secret manoeuvres in the heart of a neutral country. Of the nature of these manoeuvres we have come to learn through the press, not the press of this city, which has become exceedingly discreet, if not singularly complaisant, but through the press of the East. The New York World recently got hold of some sensational evidence of the activities of the German Government on American soil, and the publication of it has given the German Ambassador many a bad quarter of an hour. Doubtless it also has worried the German Chancellor a little. For the World's evidence consists of official documents. How it was obtained the World does not tell us. From this evidence it appears that there has been a good deal of German intriguing in this country. The World has published correspondence that throws illumination upon the efforts of German agents to foment strikes in domestic establishments manufacturing munitions of war, with the connivance of disloyal labor leaders. From this correspondence it appears that Dr. Heinrich F. Albert is the chief financial agent of Germany in this country, and that Captain Franz von Papen, Military Attache of the German Embassy at Washington, has been very active. It appears that newspapers have been subsidized in the interest of Germany. In one of the letters there is discussion of an "inner organization" which enjoys the co-operation of a Hearst representative in Chicago. The correspondence establishes a connection between Dr. Hugo Schweitzer and the Imperial German Government. Dr. Schweitzer has been active in the German-American Alliance which has pledged itself to cast a solid German-American vote against President Wilson if he becomes a candidate in 1916.

The World has reproduced documents which are alleged to show that, while the German Government was protesting to the administration at Washington against the stoppage of German trade with this country by the British orders in council, the German secret agents in the United States were recommending to the imperial chancellor, Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg, that pressure be put on President Wilson by artificial interruption of shipments of dye-stuffs and chemicals, of which American manufacturers were in need. The concluding paragraph of a memorandum to the chancellor, signed by Waetzoldt, trade representative is as follows:

"From a German standpoint the pressure on the American Government can be strengthened by interruption of deliveries from Germany even if the British Government should permit exceptions. Those shipments especially should be interrupted which the American industries so badly require; especially chemicals and dye-stuffs, as also goods which are used in the realm of the fine arts. The withholding of goods is the surest means of occasioning the placing before the administration in Washington of American interests. Those protests have the most weight which come from American industries which employ many workmen. The complaint of one of the great American dye factories, which declared that the continued withholding of dye-stuffs would make necessary the dismissal of 4,000 workmen, has done more than the protest of the importers."

Among other documents published by the World is a letter from William Travers Jerome, ex-District Attorney of New York, to Arthur von Briesen, a German-American lawyer, in which Jerome states that he must have a retaining fee of $10,000 and an expense account of $10,000 to undertake certain work which is not specified. In regard to this work both he and Mr. von Briesen have refused to comment. In addition to all these things comes the story vouched for by the Providence, R. I., Journal of leaks in the State Department and Treasury Department. According to the Journal, private information has been carried from those departments to the German Embassy, and several men are now under official investigation.

George Gordon Moore contributed fuel to the fire during a speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He said that the great peril to the United States "lies in 2,500,000 German reservists awaiting word to start war against this country." He was denounced by German-Americans, and he then publicly announced that his authority was his friend General Leonard Wood.

Naturally all these stories have provoked much comment in the press. The New York Sun speaks of "a conspiracy between the representatives of the Kaiser's Government and hyphenated citizens owing their undivided political allegiance to the United States." The Sun adds:

"The chief endeavor of the foreign sowers of the seeds of treason is now to influence the vote of American citizens and members of the American Congress against the declared policy of the American Government with regard to the export of munitions of war. This policy has been stated with incomparable clearness, and its basis in international law and in national right has been demonstrated with unanswerable force in Secretary Lansing's reply to the Austro-Hungarian protest. The evidence of German official participation in an organized attempt to influence the American vote for pro-German military advantage is already a hundred times stronger than that which impelled President Cleveland, in October of 1888, to instruct Secretary Bayard to send to Lord Sackville, the British Minister at Washington, the subjoined communication:

"'My Lord: The President of the United States has instructed me to inform you that for good and sufficient causes, which are known to yourself, and have been duly brought to the knowledge of your Government, he has, with great regret, become convinced that it would be incompatible with the best interests and detrimental to the good relations of both governments that you should any longer hold your present official position in the United States, and that accordingly the Government of Her Britannic Majesty will without delay be informed of this determination, in order that another channel may be established for the transmission of such communications as may be found desirable by the two governments for the transaction of their business.'"

The World says: "The German propaganda in the United States has become a political conspiracy against the government and people of the United States. Documents in possession of the World clearly prove that there is no other word for it. This conspiracy is directed from Berlin and is financed by the German Government. It has been organized with all the amazing thoroughness and efficiency that characterize all German military activity, and it is as much a part of the German campaign as the operations of the armies in the field. In order to further the military needs of the empire, the German Government is subsidizing sedition throughout the United States. An official reptile press has been transplanted in American soil to incite citizens of the United States against their government. No agency of publicity or service has been overlooked by the keen intelligence that instigates these plots against the American nation. Outwardly, the German propaganda is carried on by American citizens who profess to be outraged by the sale of American-made munitions of war to the allies and who pretend to be animated by a noble Christian sentiment to prevent such traffic. Actually, the German propaganda is carried on from Berlin, and its sole purpose is to destroy American neutrality, sacrifice American interests and annihilate American rights for the advancement of German arms."

Here are some more press comments:

"A Diplomatic Scandal—All Europe will be impressed by the exposure of the German spy system by an American newspaper, The New York World. We have read pages about the

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wonderful efficiency of the German secret service and we have been conscious of its activities in this country, but it will surprise the diplomatic corps and secret service agents of all foreign countries to find that the German system, which baffled the secret service departments of Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, became an open book when American newspaper men looked into it."—New York Commercial.

"The World's Latest 'Beat:' Whether the World obtained its original documents from waste baskets or letter files by questionable methods is a question utterly submerged in the more important features of the expose and will be overlooked in the face of the fact that the revelations constitute a patriotic service."—Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen.

"Disclosing Conspiracy: Nothing more thoroughly illustrates the serious situation developing in this country over German effort to control the sources of war supplies and to influence political action than the sensational disclosures made by the New York World. The great New York newspaper has at last obtained the written evidence of this effort. Not only that, but it shows how money offers have been made right and left, and that the prime movers in this campaign are men directly connected with the German Embassy."—Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.

"These revelations call for one thing imperatively. President Wilson should lose no time in ordering an investigation of the facts. International law and the diplomatic customs of generations alike forbid the embassy of a great foreign power interfering in the internal affairs of a neutral nation with which it is avowedly on friendly terms."—Boston Daily Advertiser.

"The aim of all this pro-German intrigue is to force our government into an attitude of unneutrality by threats of political action here."—Boston Transcript.

"It appears that the movement representing itself as neutral is nothing more or less than the Imperial German Government using its influence and money in various ways to make the United States a base of activity for the aid of the German cause."—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

"If the German Government, through its Ambassador or agents, is financing insolent press campaigns on our own soil, in opposition to the policies of the United States Government, and fostering popular agitations to undermine the President of this country among his own people, there will be cause for resentment among all loyal and true Americans."—Springfield Republican.

"The United States must be managed from Washington, not from Berlin or any other European capital. Our hyphenated citizens must understand that either they are Americans or they are not. If they do not like the kind of government we have on this side of the world, let them go elsewhere."—Providence Journal.

"Even a President singularly indifferent to the grave insults to the national dignity and honor involved in these offenses can find no further excuse for delay in resenting them in the only way possible. The German Ambassador should be sent back to Berlin at once, whatever the consequences."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Alien Trouble Makers: American public opinion is invaluable to Germany. And within certain wide limits the Kaiser's Government may properly invest millions of dollars to create sympathy in the United States. But there are some things which propaganda of this sort may not attempt without menace to the peace and sovereignty of the nation. . . . . No foreign government can engage in such enterprises as these without being an enemy of the United States."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"If the activity of the German agents in the United States has had the effect of promoting sedition, it is in its final analysis a grave offense against the United States and must be treated accordingly."—Washington Evening Star.

"The disclosures which the New York World is making with regard to German activities in this country indicate, if not an organized conspiracy against our Government, as the World puts it, certainly an organized conspiracy against our peace."—Baltimore Sun.

"The result will be to bind the American people more closely together, an undivided unit, backing to the limit the policy of President Wilson and to strengthen still futher their confidence in the fidelity and courage of the President and in his ability to deal with the difficult diplomatic situation which the war has created."—Paterson (N. J.) News.

Comments have not yet appeared in the San Francisco papers—perhaps because they are so neutral. Apparently even as between their own country and any foreign Power they are determined to be neutral.

Talks with T. Atkins, Esq.

By Charles G. Harper

I met him in those inimical streets of Calais. An unholy drizzle was descending upon the cobble-stones, and the electric tramcars whizzed and clanged their way to and from the Place d'Armes. We were waiting outside the one newspaper shop in the town where they sell the English papers, claiming to receive the London dailies at 6:30 p. m. Generally in these uncertain times it is more like eight o'clock; and we wait and wait for them like casuals outside a soup-kitchen.

One does not look for the British soldier in Calais: at Boulogne, yes, and generally wounded there. Here they are Belgians; and so a khaki overcoat and cap at once attracted attention. "Hullo, George, what are you doing here?"

"What oh! uncle; you English?"

"Seems like it."

"Me? I'm taking a holiday. Bin out at Wipers; got my horses shot and lost my little lot, an' now s'posed to be training it to the base at Rouen. Rotten luck!"

"What are you? A British soldier without his badges is like a Smith or a Robinson without a Christian name."

"I'm A. S. C.; leastways, I was; now I'm attached to the R. F. A. Wish I was in the trenches again among the boys. It's fine there. I'll get back there, though, somehow."

"Do they do well up there?"

"I should think so! Hot dinner ev'ry day and two vegetables. An' good bread. You sh'd see our field bakeries."

"Better than the Germans?"

"No comparison. If you want to rake in a few Germans out there, all you've got to do is to stick a bit of grub on a bay'nit, an' wave it about. It makes 'em feel faint and hungry."

"Got any souvenirs?"

"Oh, yes, just a few; including this kick on the leg from a battery-horse, an' a German helmet."

"So you've got one of them?"

"One! Had dozens! Giv' 'em all away but this one. I'm keeping him," he added with, I thought, unnecessary emphasis.

"Oh!" I replied; "I don't want it. Yes, I do, though," I added frankly. "I had one, but that's gone; and I could do with another."

"Well, guv'nor, you won't get this! No offense; but it's something special, and I'll tell you about it."

"Tell it in the next cafè."

The cafès are the only refuges from the miserable Calais streets. . . . .

"Santè."

"Well, here's yours."

* * * * * * *

"My name's ——; Charles ——. I'm a Folkestone man, an' I was chef at the —— Hotel there before the war. Look here, I'll show you my references. Been in Folkestone, you see, all my life, and in several of the hotels there. It was at Soissons where I saw the first German prisoners. Proper lot of kids they are now, with old men with long beards among 'em; but this what I'm telling you was a month or more ago, an' things was a bit different then, you know, in all sorts of funny ways.

"Well, they was bringing along a batch of German prisoners past us, when one of 'em looks me straight in the face and says, 'Charlie—!' Just like that!

"Surprised? I should think so. So I looked at him, hard; an' he took his helmet off, an' I says, just like this, 'Alfred Winkler!' It was a German waiter who'd been at the same hotel with me at Folkestone. Look here! I'll show you his helmet. I took it off him."

And he dived deeply into his kit-bag and brought up one of those spectacular polished black-leather spiked helmets of the Kaiser's legions that are so keenly sought after as relics.

* * * * * * *

Another incident, at that lethal place "the front."

It was an advanced post, looking out towards the German flank on a new battlefield. It had rained heavily overnight and the earth was sodden. "What's up now?" I asked a group of Warwickshires, digging themselves into position across a vast turnip-field.

"Just puttin' in the foundations of the new Hotel Breezy," said one of the group, scooping up some of the rich, light chocolate-colored Belgian soil in an empty bully-beef tin; "all bedrooms beautifully ventilated. Unlimited water-supply for baths. Fresh vegetables. For tariff,

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apply manager. 'E's over there, in that farm."

"He means the colonel," said another. "If you're a newspaper correspondent, sir, you'd better cut it; he's not half down on them. Got some sort of idea the Kayser—"

"Thanks. . . . Woodbines! This is a bit of allright. Well, sir, tell 'em at home that we're not downhearted. We're not—eh, you chaps?"

"No!" from the trenches.

A different kind of voice, with a note of authority in it, sounded at my elbow. "Now, you men, I want you to go and help B Company up there at the cross-roads." He looked inquiringly at me, and I felt constrained to explain myself, for a civilian has no locus standi under these circumstances.

"Have you any papers?"

"My Foreign Office passport, yes." Always papers to be shown in these surroundings.

The colonel (for it was he) laughed. "I didn't mean that kind of papers; but since you suggest it, you might—Thanks," he added, on glancing at the credentials I displayed. "No, I was thinking of newspapers," he concluded.

"I'm sorry," I said; "but those I have in my pocket are a couple of days old."

"My dear sir, we have seen no papers for nearly a week;" and he eagerly accepted such as I had. "Do you care to take a cup of tea with us?" He indicated a neighboring barn, in which three other officers could be seen.

"If you don't mind drinking out of the same cup: we've got only this one," remarked one of them, when we came up.

"Sir," I replied, "it is an honor!" For I fancy I can turn a complimentary phrase with anyone on occasion.

Tea and bread-and-jam for five: this was the frugal meal, with that one cup for all the company. I do not as a rule in this campaign much relish the chance of coming up against our own people, for newspaper men in particular and civilians in general are not endured gladly by the British military authorities at the front. "Sufferance," said Shylock, "is the badge of all our tribe;" but not even sufferance has been the measure meted out here to many of the more enterprising and less discreet correspondents, who have not infrequently been sent back with endorsed passports. To carry an endorsed passport makes one feel dèclassè, as though one were a taxicab driver with convictions registered on his license.

On this occasion however all was well. I record it here, alike gratefully and with sorrowful reminiscence, for I read now, almost at the moment of writing, that my hospitable and kindly colonel is dead on the field of honor. He was Colonel Loring, of the Warwickshires, who fell, as the newspapers have since told us, under exceptionally gallant circumstances.

* * * * * * *

From grave to gay: it is a quick change, quite characteristic of these tragic fields of heroism and glory, of tears and Homeric laughter. I met some of the Queen's West Surrey near St. Omer. Each khaki-clad figure looks at first glance like every other, except that some are shorter and some taller; for by this time there is scarce a regiment has kept a badge to swear by. "Good-day, sir," said one of them. They were drinking coffee and chocolate by the roadside, given them by the women and girls, partly by hospitable instinct, but also in the now vain hope of securing souvenirs. The Queen's West Surrey badge is a pretty and attractive one, by the way. It is the Paschal Lamb.

"Good-day, sir; 'ere we are again, pom-pom!"

"Good-day, you chaps. Who are you?"

"Queen's. You don't remember us!"

"Indeed I do: at Ledeberg outside Ghent, seven weeks ago. But all your badges are gone. What sort of a time?"

"All sorts. In the trenches mostly. It came to fisting some of them Germans sometimes, out at Wipers."

"What about the bayonet?"

"Lord! When a man's dropped 'is rifle in the dark, it's no good lookin' for it; so on you git, an' do the Carpentier act on the first dial you see. But it ain't all boxin' out there. Some of our chaps—" He looked sad and thoughtful.

"It takes the 'eart out of a man," said another, "a night retreat, even though you may be pretty sure of gettin' back in the mornin'. There was that place near Armentears—'Flower-box,' but that's not what they call it."

"Fleurbaix," I suggested.

"Yes, that's it. Well, we was the rear company one night. No one knew for certain 'oo was behind us. We could 'ear 'em now and then. Presently our captain sends a man to find out 'oo they was. 'Call out "Onglay!"' he ses, 'and they'll let you know.'"

"Pretty near. 'E got a bullet whizzin' past 'is cheek when 'e sung out, an' 'e comes 'oppin' back, quick. Then the orf-cer thinks 'e'll get the rights of it, an' 'e goes back an' 'ollers 'Onglay!' an' jolly well gets 'it in the shoulder, and 'e comes back. Then the sergeant ses, 'Let me go, sir; p'r'aps I can make 'em understand.' So 'e goes back, an' we 'ears 'im shoutin' in the dark, "Oo the —— —— (heavily censored phrase here) are you?'

"'We're the pore —— East Lancashires.'

"Now you're talking: why the —— —— couldn't you say so before?'

"'Why didn't you talk English before, then?'"

For myself I think it will be an entirely excellent thing when English becomes the universal language. It is so rich, so racy, and so varied!

FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A. NO. 8

The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the "Louisiana Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry, because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

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The Spectator

A Jurist in the Clock Tower

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was seated in his den high up in the clock tower where the wheels go round. Like a true philosopher he was buried in meditation, and there was a faraway look in his eyes. A knock at the door roused him from his reveries. "Come in," he shouted, and a little old man blew in like a gust of wind.

"Hello, judge," said the clockwinder, "I was just thinking about you. Have a seat on the key and wind yourself up." Justice Lawlor of the Supreme Court sat himself down. "I was thinking about you," said the clockwinder, "because I've been reading what you had to say in the Bulletin about the Frank case."

"Ah!" The little judge smiled and rubbed his hands. "What do you think of those sentiments of mine?"

"Great, judge. You're surely a wonder. I nearly roared my head off when I read what you had to say. And I said to myself, 'The little judge is encased in triple-plated brass."

An expression of astonishment settled on the jurist's countenance. "What did you mean by that?" he asked.

"Well, you see, judge, when I found you voicing your disapproval of all that happened to Frank I thought of poor Morris Haas."

Justice Lawlor shuddered. His face turned pale. He looked as though he had seen a ghost.

"Also," the clockwinder continued, "I thought of the Buckley case."

In a panic Justice Lawlor started for the door, but the clockwinder beat him to it. Just then the clock made a whirring noise and Justice Lawlor fell in a heap.

Refreshing the Judge's Memory

When Justice Lawlor recovered he complained of exhaustion from overwork writing dissenting opinions.

"I see," said the clockwinder, "that you paid the tribute of your approval to Governor Slaton for sparing Frank's life."

"Yes, I did. Governor Slaton is a brave man."

"Indeed he is," said the clockwinder, "but as the trial judge asked him to do what he did there was good reason for his action. The trial judge did not want to have any of Frank's blood on his hands."

"That's right."

"If you were the trial judge in Atlanta you'd have stood pat."

Justice Lawlor's rubicund countenance took on a deeper glow. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because I remember the Buckley case. Buckley, an innocent man tried by you in your favorite style was on his road to the gallows in this State. Good friends started a movement to have him pardoned. Let me see; didn't they call on you, judge?"

Justice Lawlor sputtered.

"Yes, judge, I believe they asked you to do for Buckley what the trial judge in Atlanta did for Frank. And you refused, judge. But Chief Justice Angellotti who read the record of the trial was good enough to take an interest in the matter, and he wrote to Governor Gillett and that gentleman did what Governor Slaton did. I have no recollection, judge, of your applauding Jim Gillett for his bravery."

The Haas Case

By this time Justice Lawlor was edging his way toward the door, but the clockwinder inadvertently barred the way. "Don't be in a hurry, judge," he pleaded. "I don't see you often, and I love your company. Come, let us talk about the Haas case."

Again Justice Lawlor shuddered. The clockwinder smiled, and assured his guest that there were no ghosts on the water front—not even Biggy's. "Curiously enough," he said, "the Frank case reminded me of the Haas case. Perhaps it's because they were both Jews, and because Haas might have been hanged by a mob had he not committed suicide. You remember, of course, that there was a mass-meeting harangued by public officials who would have the public believe that poor Haas whom you wouldn't excuse from jury duty really tried to get on the jury. They pretended to believe that Haas had been hired to kill Heney, and that night the Ruef jury, if you remember, sat in earshot of the mass-meeting and when some of the jurors subsequently asked to be excused you refused. Do you remember?"

Justice Lawlor grinned.

And the clockwinder laughed so heartily that the clock stopped. "Judge, you're a wonder," he exclaimed. "I don't think there is another man on earth who, if he had figured as you did in the graft prosecution, would have the nerve to affect to be shocked by what took place in Georgia. And you'll get away with it, too. You never fail."

The clockwinder's compliments warmed the jurist's sweet countenance with blushes. As the little judge was taking his leave the clockwinder begged him not to overwork himself writing opinions.

A Talk on Politics

"Who is this man Sweigert that's running for District Attorney?" the clockwinder was asked by Willis Polk the other day.

"He's one of the survivors of the graft prosecution," said the clockwinder. "Some folks say he's a lawyer and some say he's a gumshoe artist. I believe he was close up to Burns."

"I'm surprised to hear that," said Polk, "for the Bulletin took a swat at him the other night."

The clockwinder smiled. "Willis," he said, "you'll never get beyond the age of innocence."

"What are you driving at now?" Polk demanded.

"You are dead to the most commonplace phenomena. You say the Bulletin swatted Sweigert. Aren't you aware that all the old prosecutors have been knocking one another for years?"

Polk confessed that he was not, and wondered why it was so.

"Because they're all onto one another," said the clockwinder. "They are all about as friendly as Johnson and Heney, or Older and Johnson, or Lawlor and Johnson, or Roodie and anybody. I think they're all for Fickert now because they know he's on the square. By the way, who is your candidate for Mayor?"

"Pudd'nhead Gallagher."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I know he hasn't a chance, so I can't see how I can do any harm by voting for him."

Otis Skinner on the Zone

Otis Skinner and his fifteen-year-old daughter were taking in the Zone. They paused before the Samoan village.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" cried the barker. "David Warfield, America's foremost actor, has pronounced this show the greatest ever produced in America!"

The star bought tickets and took his daughter in. When the show was over they emerged and stopped once more to hear the barker who was better fun than the show.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" cried the barker. "Otis Skinner, America's foremost actor, has just seen this show and pronounces it the greatest ever produced in America!"

Otis Skinner and his daughter moved on.

Our Too Careful Papers

You who read your San Francisco daily paper with more or less thoroughness, have you been able to discover just what was the trouble which caused Miss Grace Strachan, defeated candidate for president, to resign from the National Education Association? I doubt it. Of course, if you read everything that was published on the subject—and there were colmuns of it—you gathered finally what all the row was about; but unless you happen to be specially interested in N. E. A. affairs you probably did not wade through all that matter. You nowhere saw it stated in so many words in a San Francisco paper

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that Miss Strachan resigned because she held that the opposition to her candidacy was anti-Catholic. And yet such was the case, as you might have learned without difficulty had you read the Oakland Tribune or the Sacramento Bee. Just why the local papers were so reticent in this affair I cannot figure out. It was news, and news of considerable importance. I say nothing about the truth or falsity of Miss Strachan's charges. She may be entirely mistaken. That she is not possessed of the best judgment in the world seems clear, for she certainly committed a tactical blunder when she resigned from the N. E. A. immediately after her defeat. That allows members of the N. E. A. to say with considerable plausibility that Miss Strachan is a "sorehead," that she is unable to accept defeat gracefully, and helps to discount whatever charges she may bring. However, she did bring charges, and there was no reason why the local papers should be so chary about referring to them. Miss Strachan's charges are legitimate news. The publication of them in a newspaper could offend no reader of ordinary common sense. This is an instance of the exercise of too much care for the supposed sensibilities of readers.

Other Instances

I have said that the Sacramento Bee made it plain what Miss Strachan's charges were. Sacramento Bee readers needed no cryptogram to elucidate this N. E. A. difficulty. In the same issue of the Bee there appeared a full summary of the evidence of German intrigue in this country published by the New York World. No San Francisco paper presented this important news to its readers. It was the Sacramento Bee which published the news of the Long Beach scandal to which the local papers referred in the scantest terms. The local papers, in other words, believe in censoring their news. It was, I believe, the great Charles Dana of the New York Sun who declared that he was willing to print in his newspaper whatever the Almighty permitted to happen. Our newspapers appear to follow an antipodal policy. Are we to regard the Sacramento Bee as the leading daily of Northern California? Certainly you get news in the Bee which you may look for in vain in our local papers.

Hanify's "Westward"

Our dailies are so fearful of giving offense in these parlous times that they almost suppressed the news that our gallant sportsman, Mr. John R. Hanify, won the gold cup sent to San Francisco by King George of England to be competed for in a yacht race. The news of the victory won by Hanify's yacht the "Westward" was stowed away in an inside page on Monday morning, and hardly anything was said about the cup. The probability is that unless you take a special interest in yacht races you know nothing about the Hanify yacht. All the dailies have told us is that the "Westward" won a cup race on the bay. They have not told us that the races were the most important ever sailed on the bay, or that the president of the Hanify Lumber Company by reason of his victory has become a man of international prominence in yachting circles. These races were the outcome of Lipton's visit to this city. It will be remembered that while here he wondered why there was not more enthusiasm for yachting on our beautiful bay. About that time he issued a challenge to a race for supremacy on the seas to all yachts of the 23-metre class. The challenge was accepted by somebody in San Francisco who talked about having a yacht built for the race. I forget who the gentleman was. I know it was not Hanify. Later it was thought advisable to race with 12-metre boats so that a yacht of that size might be shipped to this city from any country on the deck of a tramp steamer. I believe President Wilson offered a cup for the race. On account of the war the race was postponed. In March of last year King George offered a cup for a race between Class N yachts. At that time Mr. Hanify was in London where he met Sir Thomas Lipton, and in a conversation with that gentleman decided to enter a yacht for the King's cup. It was agreed that the yachts should be designed acording to the universal rule. On his return to this country Mr. Hanify employed William Gardner of New York, the designer of the "Vanity" that beat the "Resolute" the other day, to design a boat for him. The design of the "Westward" was what he got. The boat was built by Frank Stone of Oakland.

Congratulations from the King

By the way, Mr. Hanify received a telegram the morning after the victory from the British Ambassador at Washington. The despatch is as follows: "I am commanded by His Majesty the King to convey to you his heartiest congratulations on the victory of your yacht 'Westward' in the race for His Majesty's cup. Kindly accept cordial congratulations from myself and Embassy staff."

A Cocktail Quip

It was Manhattan Day at the Fair last Thursdap, and the New Yorkers were made the mark for a great deal of panegyrical sharpshooting. Gallant fellows that they are, they retaliated in kind. There was, for example, Marcus M. Marks, president of the Borough of Manhattan. Marks, it goes without saying, played a conspicuous part in the oratorical ceremonies of Manhattan Day. He was delighted with California, and made no bones about confessing as much. Our golden sunshine, our glorious hills, our fruits, our flowers, our splendid sons and radiant daughters wrought the president of the Borough of Manhattan to the approved pitch of verbal enthusiasm.

"Where else in this country of ours," he demanded in peroration, "where else is it possible to ride in a few hours from magnificent ice-capped mountains to opulent orange groves?"

Uprose then Ed Rainey, the Mayor's secretary, to soothe Marks and the other men of Manhattan, with glad San Francisco words.

"President Marks," he said, "presides over the great New York Borough of Manhattan, and yet his thoughts run to ice and oranges, which shows that he can't keep the Bronx out of his mind."

Evidence of Confidence

Brief was the announcement made the other day of the renewal of the coal contract between the Western Fuel Company and the Japanese steamship line. Apparently nobody has thought it at all curious that the Japanese company should continue doing business with the Western Fuel concern. Yet when the Western Fuel officials were on trial in the federal courts it was represented that they had defrauded the Japanese company. It will be remembered that the prosecution of the Western Fuel Company was inspired by discharged employees intent on sharing whatever fines might be collected by the Government. According to their testimony the Government had been defrauded as well as several steamship companies. It is therefore a matter of some significance that the Western Fuel Company, which is still under the management of James Smith, has lost none of its former customers. Even the Government, through several departments, is still buying coal from the Western Fuel Company under contracts entered into since the trial. The fact is that among people familiar with the business of handling coal on a large scale the prosecution in the federal courts was never taken seriously.

Kuno Meyer Here

Thus far the presence of Kuno Meyer in San Francisco has failed to make much of a stir. Perhaps we have been too busy interesting ourselves in the youngster who married the thirty-million-dollar heiress of Chicago, the mayor of Atlanta and other celebrities of the same sort to waste much time upon this great scholar. Kuno Meyer is one of the greatest Gaelic scholars in the world. He ranks with Douglas Hyde in the movement to revive the ancient literature of Ireland. Kuno Meyer spent ten years on the Arran Islands (where Synge obtained the inspiration for his Irish dramas) in order to master Celtic folklore. He was for thirty years professor in Liverpool University. He was enrolled among the Freemen of the city of Dublin. Indeed, Kuno Meyer has received many honors for scholarship. And at this writing there are plans afoot for honoring him in this city. Frank J. Sullivan is at the head of a committee of local Irishmen who are to tender him a reception.

An Example of War's Bitterness

The case of Kuno Meyer shows what havoc the great war has made of life-long friendships. This man whom Great Britain delighted to honor is now anathema to his erstwhile associates. He has been removed from his chair at Liverpool University. The freedom of Dublin has been taken away from him. He has been charged with trying to foment sedition in Ireland. It has been declared that he advised Irish soldiers taken prisoners by the Germans to join the German army. Even his scholarship is now treated with disrespect by the British. In this country he aroused the hostility of many who favored the cause of the Allies by taking exception to a Harvard prize poem in which the sufferings of Belgium were treated sympathetically. To cap the climax an old friend of his contributed the

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following sonnet to the London Morning Post, signing it "R. W. K. E.:"

TO KUNO MEYER

When we foregathered by the Celtic lamp,
Whose flickering flame you fanned to make me glow,
In that sweet West—'tis half my life ago—
How could I read you right? Not yet the cramp
Of things that stoop had crooked you: Teuton stamp
On brow or tongue was none; talked e'er a foe
So friendly-wise, while gathering filth to throw—
Mire, from the midden of the Prussian camp?
I, too, a craven, though not unashamed,
Hear how you void, because you cannot fight,
The long-secreted venom of your spite:
I hear of Belgians by your heroes maimed:
Yet do not from my quivering forearm hew
The tainted hand that once shook hands with you.

The case of Kuno Meyer is not unique. What is true of him is also true of Hauptmann, Bergson, Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck and other distinguished men who have seen international friendships go by the board since the war started.

Ungrateful Paderewski!

It was eleven o'clock at night, and the white-coated mixologists of the Palace Hotel bar were resting up after the exertions of a busy day. At one end of the long bar Charles Upton and Douglas Erskine of the Examiner staff were sipping Scotch and discussing a newspaper "story" on which they had been engaged all day. Suddenly Upton's attention was attracted to the other end of the room. There was a man accompanied by a lady there. The man was peering into the bar from the grill room entrance. Uncertainty was depicted on his face. It was a striking face, the face of a foreigner and an artist. Upton recognized the face, and also took in the situation. He excused himself and left Erskine to approach the couple.

"Mr. Paderewski," he said, "would you and your wife like to walk into the bar and see Maxfield Parrish's 'Pied Piper?'"

"That is exactly what we should like to do," said the great pianist with a smile of pleasure, "but—"

"I understand," said Upton. "Your wife hesitates. But I assure you, many ladies come in here to see the picture. And as you see, the place is practically deserted."

So the great Ignace, his wife and Charley Upton inspected the picture together. The pianist was enthusiastic, and so was his wife. They left Upton and went out, after expressing their appreciation.

"Charlie," said "Dougie" who had taken in this scene, "did Paderewski give you a tip?"

"Not a note," answered Upton.

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Praise from the East

The Eastern athletes who participated in the national track and field events at the Exposition have returned to their homes, and are saying nice things about the Olympic Club. While some of them have excuses for not winning, all are agreed that they received fine treatment, and that Western athletes must be reckoned with in the future. The Olympic Club's double triumph—the junior and senior championships—is said by all Eastern authorities to be unprecedented in the history of athletics in this country. According to New York dailies the officials of the American Athletic Union have high praise for William F. Humphrey, the director-general of athletic events for the Exposition. To him they attribute the success of the big championship meets the management of which he took charge of at a critical time when there was a strong portent of dismal failure. It was he they say that inspired the necessary enthusiasm, the result whereof was a profit of several thousand dollars to the Exposition. All the members of the executive committee of the A. A. U. are in favor, says the New York Times, of bestowing the honor of the presidency of the association on the president of the Olympic Club of San Francisco. There are honors galore in sight for Mr. Humphrey, but with a law practice that keeps him on the jump he finds it hard enough to attend to his duties as president of the Olympic Club which has a volume of business greater than almost any other club in the country.

A Chant of Good Teeth

Speaking at the N. E. A. convention, Dr. Adelaide Brown of the Girls' High advocated "tooth brush drills" and "tooth brush songs" in the elementary schools. An excellent idea. I offer the following chant for the use of the children, but how they are to sing it and brush their teeth at the same time I do not profess to know:

Children, when to school you fare,
Brush in the presence of the teacher there!
Eighteen minutes if your teeth need care,
Fifteen minutes if your teeth are fair,
Thirteen minutes if your teeth are rare,
Brush in the presence of the teacher there!

Chorus.

Brush, children! Brush with care!
Brush in the presence of the teacher there!

"At the End of the Trail"

I have been reading the latest poems from the busy pen of former mayor Edward Robeson Taylor. These are published in a very attractive little book with a colored picture of the Fine Arts colonnade on the cover. The book is called "In the Court of the Ages," and bears the imprint of A. M. Robertson. Doctor Taylor has been impelled—I do not say "inspired"—to write a number of poems about the Exposition. A good many of them are in the sonnet form which is this versifier's favorite poetical medium. Here are poems on Rodin's "Thinker," on "Night at the Lagoon," on Mrs. Whitney's fountain "El Dorado," on "The Adventurous Bowman," on the Tiepolo in the Palace of Fine Arts, on Duveneck, on Chase's portrait of Whistler, on "France at the Exposition" and so on. To give a taste of their quality I shall quote the sonnet Doctor Taylor calls "At the End of the Trail:"

In thickening gloom the far-stretched forest lies
Where the long trail has reached its sudden end;
And the worn Indian Chief is fain to bend
O'er his exhausted horse with napless sighs.
The faithful beast, with drawn, despairing eyes,
Droops low his head for woe its worst to send,
Nor is there sign whereon they might depend
For any answer to their lonely cries.

We see in you the ever wretched soul
Whose hopeless, ended trail and vanished goal
Have made a derelict of him for aye;
And while Life spreads for him its feast in vain
He feeds on bitterness from day to day,
As round his heart Despair winds tight its chain.

What Others See

This sonnet tells us what Doctor Taylor sees when he looks at James Earl Fraser's statue at the entrance of the Court of Palms. Let us consult the Exposition books and find out what the prose writers see when they study this same statue. Professor Eugen Neuhaus in "The Art of the Exposition" speaks of this statue as symbolical, "representing the destinies of the vanishing red race." Ben Macomber in "The Jewel City" says that "the dying Indian, astride his exhausted cayuse, expresses the hopelessness of the Red Man's battle against civilization." And Sheldon Cheney in "Art-Lover's Guide to the Exposition" says: "Some see in the statue only the abject despair of a horse and rider when the consciousness finally comes that the trail is definitely lost in the wilderness; and it is notable enough as an expression of this tragic theme. But others, remembering the history of the Indian, see here an eloquent and pathetic reminder of a race that has seemingly come to the end of its trail. As a portrayal of this racial tragedy the group is even more remarkable than as an expression of the hopelessness of a lost man and horse." Read Doctor Taylor's sonnet again, and you will not find the least hint to show that the writer saw this meaning in the statue. Is it not strange that prose writers should find more poetry in "At the End of the Trail" than a professed poet does?

A Picture and a Moral

Let us look at Doctor Taylor's sonnet a little more closely. The octave contains a picture

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consisting of what the statue conveyed to Doctor Taylor's physical eye, and one or two very obvious details supplied by the writer's imagination. The sestet contains a moral, and a very platitudinous moral at that. Taking the first eight lines again, we notice that the description of the statue is not exact, for it mentions the "lonely cries" of rider and horse, and there is nothing in the statue to warrant the statement that they have cried out for help. As for the language, it is quite commonplace. The epithets are neither choice nor striking—the forest is far-stretched, the trail is long, the end is sudden, the Indian is worn, the horse is exhausted, the sighs are hapless, the beast is faithful, its eyes are drawn and despairing, and so on. The rider is "fain to bend" because the metre and the rhyme require it. He is fain to bend "with hapless sighs" for the same reason, despite the fact that one doesn't connect "hapless sighs" with an Indian warrior. "Droops low his head for woe its worst to send" is a very poor line. It will be noticed that the second quatrain consists of one sentence, but this sentence has two subjects, a singular subject and a plural subject. This is of course looser construction than poetry permits. In fact, this is a very poor sonnet. Doctor Taylor missed the larger meaning of the statue, and expressed the smaller meaning in trite terms, adding a solemn reflection of no poetical value whatever.

Historic Hysterics

Can you stretch your imagination enough to get a vision of:

Bismarck at a the dansant dancing the fox trot and munching caramels?

Queen Elizabeth making fudge in the palace kitchen and giving college boys kisses for their fraternity pins?

Nero, laurel wreath and all, standing on a soapbox at the Plaza and posing as a "horrible example" for an itinerant Salvation Army preacher?

Joan of Arc asking one of her soldiers for a light as she rolls a cigarette?

Ludwig von Beethoven in a reverie in the twilight, playing "Get Out and Get Under?"

Madam Du Barry seated at a sewing machine making herself a red calico wrapper?

Socrates reading a novel by Chambers?

Shakespeare reporting a baseball game for the Avon Bugle?

Napoleon doing a bit of lace embroidery between the attacks at Waterloo?

Sappho writing lyrics for a song by Irving Berlin?

Roosevelt keeping quiet?

Friend—How's business?

Publisher—Rotten. Our fiction market is ruined. Our writers can't compete with the war correspondents.

A La Mode

For her, a football player dashed recklessly through a scattered field and at the cost of a broken leg scored a touchdown.

For her, an artist put on canvas a combination of colors that placed his name in posterity.

For her, a private in the ranks fought his way to a lieutenancy by successive acts of heroism.

For her, a scholar studied all but three hours of each day with a resulting wisdom that crowned him as the most wonderful of all philosophers and writers.

For her, a minister's eloquence transformed a belligerent nation into the spirit of the church.

For her, a passionately striving but unsuccessful boy stabbed a friend whose fortune put him at a financial disadvantage.

But—she eloped with a chauffeur who drove a car with one hand and rolled a cigarete with the other.

Hokus—Flubdub is getting more absent-minded every day.

Pokus—What's he up to now?

Hokus—He was terribly worried about something this morning, and now he's terribly worried because he can't remember what it was.

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To grow old gracefully is the hope of everyone—to keep from "slowing up" too early—to be able to resist the first signs of age. The eyes are first to attract attention to advancing years—it may be said that one is as old as their eyes. A new and wonderful glass has been invented called "Caltex" which does away with the handicap of two pairs of glasses and enables one to see both far and near as well aas in youth—it can truthfully be said, puts a person back in the "young class."

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 21, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-21-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Opening Day at the Races

It was one of the happiest crowds I have ever seen. Every individual in the big grand stand, in the paddock and on the club house roof and verandas seemed to be consumed with joy over the successful revival of the splendid sport of horse racing. "Isn't this like the good old days?" "Aren't you glad to see the ponies running again?" These questions were put to me a thousand times, but always with such genuine feeling, such sincere delight that I never got tired making the appropriate replies. In truth we were all hungry for the pastime; just how hungry we didn't realize till that first great shout "They're off!" boomed out to the Golden Gate. It was a day of fine, clean sport. The running of the Exposition Handicap provided one of those rare thrills that make racing history when Brynlimah with old Bullman up beat Rash by a scant head. There were other finishes only a little less thrilling, and there were plenty of other features. The parade of Anita Baldwin's thoroughbreds led by the great Rey El Santa Anita stirred the vast assemblage to loud applause. Then there was the meeting of old friends who had not seen one another since the last race was run at Emeryville five years ago. It was a day which will be remembered for a long, long time.

Notables in Evidence

Society was out in force, filling the boxes and crowding the club house. I noted Charles W. Clark, president of the Board of Stewards, and I was not surprised that his face wore a smile of satisfaction. He has worked like a Trojan to make the meeting a success; it was no wonder he received so many congratulations. Mrs. Clark was there too. Other stewards I noted were Dick Tobin, Porter Ashe (with Mrs. Ashe), Charles Butters, Bill Humphrey, Captain McKittrick and James C. Nealon. On the roof of the club house I saw M. H. De Young (who tore himself away for a while to welcome the King of Denmark's yacht) and Mrs. De Young, with Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron. I have never seen Mrs. Cameron look prettier. Dalton Mann was there with his dainty wife who is Wellington Gregg's daughter Ethel, and his sister Dorthy. There too was Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, our own Jennie, enjoying every moment of it.

The Armsby Luncheon

There was much merriment in the big party which Raymond Armsby entertained at luncheon before the races began. This party was given in the club house where John Tait is providing an impeccable service. It was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCullough of New York. Others in this merry party were Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Mrs. Ralph Sanger, Miss Osborne, Miss Janetta Alexander and Miss Carol Harriman, all of New York; together with the George Armsbys, the Walter Martins, the C. W. Clarks, the D. C. Jacklings, Mrs. C. W. Penoyle, Paul Hamlin and R. M. Tobin. Another notable luncheon was the stag affair which Will Humphrey gave at Old Faithful for Roger Sullivan and John P. Hopkins of Chicago, T. R. Riordan of Flagstaff, Sam Rucker, Bill Lange, John J. Corbett and Joseph F. Cannery. I also noticed Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morse, Mrs. Charles Alexander, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson, Walter Dupee of Pasadena, Harry Hastings, Edgar Mizner, Tom Driscoll, Sam Knight, Cyril Tobin, Charles Templeton Crocker, Prescott Scott, Bert Nixon, Arthur Fiske, Dr. Walter Coffey, James Woods, Roy Carruthers, Chief of Police White, George Wingfield, Tom O'Connor, Ray Splivalo, Andrew McCarthy, Frank Moroney, Clarence Ward, George Uhl, Arthur Stringer and ever so many others.

SNAPPED AT THE TRACK

Charles Clark, president of the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association which has revived racing in California

Why the Maid of Honor Quit

No two people have excited more interest in and around the St. Francis than Catherine Barker Spaulding, the $30,000,000 heiress of Chicago, and her husband Howard Spaulding. Since their arrival last week they have been devoured by hundreds of hungry eyes. It is very satisfactory to many people to see the owner of thirty golden millions in the flesh, and only a little less satisfactory to inspect the lucky man who captured her. The wedding of this young couple was of peculiar interest because there was a tremendous row just before the ceremony, a row which resulted in the withdrawal of the maid of honor from participation in the nuptials. Elizabeth Goodrich, a young lady of considerable social importance in the Windy City, had been chosen by Miss Barker as her maid of honor. Miss Goodrich is a high-spirited young lady, and she took umbrage at some remark made by the groom-to-be. She expressed her feelings in language at once terse and vivid.

"You," she said to Howard Spaulding with fire in her eye, "you are a thirty-million-dollar 'nobody home'!"

After that there was just one thing to do, and Miss Goodrich did it. She withdrew from the wedding party. The ceremony was performed without the attendance of a maid of honor. As Spaulding told the reporters when he arrived here, "no self-respecting man would wish for her presence at the wedding in the circumstances."

Is It True?

Was Miss Goodrich's remark true? Is Howard Spaulding a "nobody home?" I take it that a "nobody home" is one painfully lacking in intelligence, one who is "not all there," a boob in fact. Viewing the matter quite dispassionately, I am inclined to think that Miss Goodrich's remark was hasty and ill-considered. Consider young Mr. Spaulding. He is just twenty-one years old, only two years older than his thirty-million-dollar bride. At the age of nineteen he was graduated from Yale, in itself not a conclusive proof of high intelligence, perhaps, but important when considered with other facts. From Yale he went into the Haskell and Barker Car Company of Michigan City, taking a minor job there. Now this company which builds freight cars is the concern in which the thirty-million-dollar bride's father amassed all those millions. Decidedly, Howard Spaulding was not a "nobody home" when he picked out this likely concern and went to work for it. And in two years he has advanced to a responsible position. He is now secretary to the general manager. It certainly begins to look as though the maid of honor was unjust to his abilities. But here is the conclusive factor. The romance began four years ago. That is to say, this young couple fell in love when Catherine was fifteen years old and Howard seventeene. Does that indicate a condition of "nobody homeishness?" I should say not!

Senator Phelan Entertains

One of the most interesting house parties of the summer was that which assembled for the last week-end at Senator Phelan's wonderful Italian villa at Saratoga. The guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth who found themselves in the midst of quite a number of their friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr.

and Mrs. John R. Chadwick, the Misses Nan and Katherine Chadwick, Mrs. Claus A. Spreckels and Messrs. Enrique Grau, Heinrich von Schroder and Harry Howland.

The Marye Pedigree

One of the Eastern "journals of society" is offering to its readers a series of American genealogies, selecting for exhibition the family trees of those who can look back a few generations without glimpsing shirt sleeves or callous hands, since such spectacles are not regarded with favor in the circles where gilded leisure is fashionable. The latest genealogy in this series is that of the Marye family to which George T. Marye of this city, American Ambassador to Russia, belongs. This genealogy is a very interesting one. It appears that Ambassador Marye is of Huguenot descent. The founder of the family was the Rev. James Marye, a native of Rouen, Normandy, France. He entered the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, but scruples as to the correctness of that faith led him, in 1726, to flee to England, abjure it, and be ordained in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He married in London Letitia Maria Ann Staige a daughter of a clergyman of the established church. In September, 1729, he embarked for Virginia where he took charge of a parish at Northam, Goochland County. He had five children, and Ambassador Marye is descended from the youngest, Peter.

Hail, Caesar's

Sound a long note of triumph on the bugle, and let the air be resonant with joyful shouting. Summon the smile of delight and put on the trappings of pleasure. Let there be a healthy appetite for good food, and an eagerness for nimble footing to the strains of the waltz and the fox trot. For Caesar's is once more on the map terpsichorean. "The heart of Bohemia" beats again to syncopated music. The old floor has been polished and waxed to a proper slipperiness; a better than the good old orchestra blows and scrapes and fingers dancing tunes; the cunning of the chef has not been forgotten or abated; and the favorite vintages abide in cobwebbed bins. Or to put it in less impassioned language, Caesar's is itself again. The grand re-opening took place Wednesday night of this week. There had been a great many advance reservations of tables, and the famous resort of entertainment was crowded from six until closing time. When the dancing began there were many familiar faces to be seen in the swaying throng. Caesar's has not lost its pristine popularity, and there are signs that it is destined to a greater vogue than ever before.

The Foret Recital

An artistic treat, both oral and visual, such as society in this vicinity has seldom if ever had the opportunity to enjoy will be given Tuesday evening, September 7, at nine o'clock by Mme. Augette Foret, the soprano chansonniere, who brings an enviable reputation from Paris, London and New York. In the Colonial ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel Mme. Foret will give "An Hour of Music in a Garden at Versailles." Under distinguished patronage a delightful program has been arranged, and society is even now eagerly anticipating the evening. There will be dinner parties preceding the concert and supper parties afterward. Among the patrons and patronesses of the event are the following: Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, General and Mrs. Arthur Murray, Colonel and Mrs. Lincoln Karmany, M. and Mme. L. G. Lambert, M. and Mme. H. A. Van C. Torchiana, Mirza Ali Kuli Khan and Mme. Khan, Mr. and Mrs. William Hutchinson, Consul-General Numano of Japan and Mme. Numano, Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr., Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker. Mme. Foret will appear in four different costumes, singing several songs of each period she represents. The first group of songs will be rendered in the Bergerette costume. Next she will appear as a lady of the early Victorian period. In the Breton peasant costume the artist will sing a number of folk songs which were arranged for her by Gustave Ferrari. The concluding number will be in a costume representing the Louis XVI period. Gyula Ormay will be at the piano.

Heller at the Palace

Since the appointment of Herman Heller as leader of the Palace and his removal from the gallery to main floor of the court, the Palace tea room has taken on an added attraction. Heller has for years been well known among San Francisco music lovers and the performances each afternoon are really concerts of the very highest musical order. Heller has added a number of pieces to his orchestra, until now he has eleven of the most talented artists in the city under his direction. Not only is the tea room crowded each afternoon but the audience in the Palm Court has grown amazingly each evening, attracted by the splendid music.

Goethals Due at Fairmont

Reservations have been made at the Fairmont for Major General George W. Goethals who will arrive on September 4. Major Goethals as builder of the canal has a peculiar interest in the Exposition but has so much modesty that he has particularly requested that no public demonstration be given him. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Goethals and his son Thomas.

At the Cecil

The "Lounge" at the Hotel Cecil was unusually gay Tuesday evening when Madam F. Lora Bona gave a dramatic recital. She was assisted by Oscar Hightower who played some beautiful selections on the piano. A number of the army folk from the different posts attended the affair, and prior to the recital the guests at the hotel were hosts at dinner parties. General and Mrs. Edward J. McClernand who are noted for their hospitality entertained at an impromptu dinner. General George B. Rodney entertained a coterie of friends at another table, and Major and Mrs. Francis J. Koester who have recently come to the Cecil, presided over a dinner of ten. Mrs. C. H. Warner and her mother Mrs. J. B. Stubbs of Cleveland are sojourning during the month of August at the Cecil. Mrs. J. E. Dooley, her daughter Miss Mary and her son Richard Dooley of Salt Lake City are visitors. Among the prominent Southern Californians who motored up to San Francisco this week were Mrs. L. W. Edwards of Pasadena, and her sister and brother Miss Anne Wilshire and George Wilshire. The party are occupying an attractive apartment.

At the Somerton

General and Mrs. John J. Rogers, U. S. A., arrived on the last steamer from Honolulu. This charming army couple are occupying a beautiful apartment at the Hotel Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. Hager of Shanghai are guests. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Newcomer, society folk of Washington, are sojourning. Mrs. W. W. Dungan and Mrs. Charles Michall of Baltimore gave a luncheon Thursday. Covers were arranged for ten, and afterwards the party attended the Exposition. These charming Southern women will be guests at the Somerton for another fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Laer of Minneapolis are recent arrivals. A prominent party from Brooklyn, N. Y., are staying at the Somerton. In the party are Mrs. Charles E. Armstrong, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, Mrs. Melville Bearns, Miss Ruth Bearns, Miss Selma Bearns and Mr. Melville Bearns Jr.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, famous yachtsman and financier of New York and Boston, is at Del Monte for a brief stay. Mr. and Mrs. Henry

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For further information write for illustrated booklet. Address DR. F. W. SAWYER, Manager, Paso Robles Hot Springs.

W. Taft are there for a three weeks' stay. Mr. Taft is a brother of ex-President Taft. His son who is spending a few days in Yosemite Valley will join his parents on his return. Mr. and Mrs. M. Eyre Pinckard, well known society folk of San Francisco, motored down to spend the week-end, bringing with them Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bowers, well known society folk from Washington, D. C. Ferdinand Thieriot, Mrs. Thieriot, his two sisters and mother from New York are at Del Monte for the golf tournament. A. H. Tillinghast, Mrs. Tillinghast and Miss Tillinghast left Providence, R. I., their home, in an automobile June 5 and drove by way of the Santa Fe trail to Los Angeles and San Diego, thence to Del Monte where they are sojourning after a most eventful trip. Mr. Tillinghast is not a young man and for that reason alone the trip was quite an accomplishment. Mr. Tillinghast is a retired business man.

Dante in Art

Miss Blanche M. Harcourt, having an exclusive arrangement with Miss Helen Zimmern, the noted lecturer of Florence, Italy, to deliver in America her series of illustrated lectures on Dante's Divine Comedy, announces a course of four Friday afternoons. She will show in the slides 218 subjects collected by Miss Zimmern, among which are the famous Botticelli drawings, now priceless and only to be found in rare old manuscripts. Among the old masters represented are Giotto, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Orgagna,—and there are many modern artists as well. The first lecture, dealing with Dante's life and times and the influence of the Divine Comedy on art and literature, will be given Friday afternoon, September 3, at 3 o'clock in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue.

Illustrated Lectures by Neuhaus

A series of six illustrated lectures by Professor Eugen Neuhaus, on The Galleries of the Exposition, will also be given in the Paul Elder Gallery. To meet the convenience of the public and to provide adequate facilities, three parallel courses will be given. The first on Tuesday afternoons at 3 o'clock, the second on Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock and the third on Saturday forenoons at 10:30 o'clock. Professor Neuhaus is a member of the International Jury of Awards in the Department of Fine Arts of the Exposition, and lectures with authority and charm. Many hundreds of very excellent stereopticon slides have been provided, and each lecture will be liberally illustrated with reproductions of the paintings and objects of art under discussion. The first lectures of the series will be given at the hours mentioned on August 31, September 2 and September 4, the subject being "The Pictures from the Foreign Nations"—Sweden, Holland, Germany, France, Italy and other Latin countries.

Departure of Marcella Craft

Marcella Craft has departed for the East, after having attended the reception and garden party at the Burlingame home of Mrs. George Pope, given in honor of Mrs. Harriman, and a reception in her own honor by Mrs. Stanley Stillman. Miss Craft left for Campbell Park, Ill., to spend a short time with her parents. She will then visit Mme. Schumann-Heink at the latter's home on Michigan avenue, Chicago, and in the first week of September join the house party of Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin at Onteora in the Catskills. Whilst at Onteora Miss Craft will give one concert to a number of subscribers. She will terminate her brief vacation by appearing in the middle of October in a joint recital with Amato at Columbus, Ohio. Her many concert bookings include joint appearances with Fritz Kreisler and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Miss Craft will return to the coast in the very early spring, having been re-engaged to appear at the Easter Sunrise Service at Mount Roubidoux, Riverside. Before leaving the Hotel St. Francis Miss Craft was presented with a magnificent array of flowers which were placed in her state room through the kindly care of the hotel management. She said she was glad to take California flowers to her second home at Campbell Park.

Mme. Peacock Coming

Madame Eleanor Peacock, one of the very best known sopranos of the day who has been heard a great deal in the East since her return from Germany and England, in which countries she is one of the greatest favorites of the concert platform, is due here to visit the Exposition. Mme. Peacock will most probably be heard in a point appearance with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach before leaving the coast.

Ballet at the Tavern

The novelty of witnessing the most exquisite ballet dancing at close range, as it occurs on the main floor of Techau Tavern, where the maple dance floor is used instead of the conventional stage, is attracting large throngs to this popular cafe. Each week there is a new spectacle to charm the eye, as Mr. V. Vestoff, late of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet, devises an original and enchanting repertoire for each week's program. Miss Van Der Hoff, the charming premiere danseuse, is ably supported by a corps of expert toe dancers, every one of whom possesses individual characteristics of the highest order. The souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies and the large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes, which are presented each evening to the ladies and gentlemen respectively, are much appreciated by those who attend the popular Candy and Cigarette Dances at the Tavern.

MIRIAM COOPER
In "The Birth of a Nation" at the Cort Theatre

The Day of Reckoning

I do not ask for gems or gold;
I would not care for wealth untold;
Bank notes would only worry.
Broad acres would be quite a bore;
A palace—spare, I do implore!
I want one thing, and nothing more—
Just sixty, in a hurry!

I do not ask for eloquence
To stir a mob, in passion tense;
You'll find me passing meek.
I'll leave to Webster and the rest
That gift, if I may be possessed
Of words to stand off that old pest,
My landlord, just one week!

..Olga..
PARIS MILLINERY
Fall Opening
OF THE LATEST IMPORTATIONS OF
HATS AND BONNETS
MONDAY AND TUESDAY. AUGUST 30TH AND 31ST
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN
237 POST STREET. NEAR GRANT AVE. SAN FRANCISCO

Gossip of the Theatre

At the Orpheum

Apparently Joan Sawyer loves to dance. In this she is somewhat different from most of the exponents of the modern dance who have appeared at the Orpheum. I have seen dancers at the Orpheum, graceful, light and airy dancers, who made it evident that they were dancing to please the audience. I have seen them simulate abandon and smile joyously. But all the while I could see that they were indeed simulating not only abandon but joyousness. And I was always sensible of the fact that the audience was on their mind. This is not the case when the lithe and rapt Joan Sawyer is tripping it with her partner through the Congo Trot, the Tango or the Zurmaxka. Here is a dancer who appears to embody the spirit of the dance. She dances like one sprung from the foam of the sea and intoxicated with its music. She glides through the dance as though conscious only of its rhythms. She does not simulate abandon; she illustrates it. Among the best of the new features at the Orpheum are the "Pekin Mysteries," Chinese prestidigitateurs and gymnasts, and J. C. Nugent, an odd comedian in an odd sketch that is very laughable up to the point where it degenerates into bathos. Thomas Egan, the Irish tenor who was here in concert some months ago, is among the new comers. Mr. Egan has a very sweet quality of voice. Were he able to use his voice properly he would be a great singer.

—T. F. B.

Paderewski Again

One of the most important musical events of the year will be the concert this Sunday afternoon at half past two in Festival Hall. The occasion will mark the second and last appearance here of the world's greatest pianist, Ignace J. Paderewski, who will play his own Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A major, Op. 36, with the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians. Paderewski has never been heard with an orchestra in San Francisco before, but he has given this Concerto with marked success in other important musical centers. Last year when he had completed the number at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so insistent was the applause that the absolute rule of that organization, "no encores allowed," was broken and Paderewski responded with several additional selections. Max Bendix, the eminent leader who has just returned from the East, will conduct the orchestra and, in addition to the Paderewski Concerto, he has arranged a very attractive program, opening with Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont." Then will follow Volkman's Serenade for String Orchestra, with a 'cello obligato by Horace Britt. The Symphony will be Tschaikowsky's No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36, in four movements and the symphonic poem "Finlandia," by Sibelius, will conclude the afternoon. "Finlandia" was composed in 1894, before Finland lost its identity as a nation, and it is so imbued with the national sentiment that during the last political conflict between Russia and Finland its performance was prohibited in the composer's native land. The demand for seats for the concert is very large. Reservations can be made at 343 Powell street and at Festival Hall.

French Farce at Alcazar

There will be a combination of fun and frolic at the Alcazar next week when Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan, with their big company of popular players, will be seen in a splendid production of the rollicking farce "The Girl in the Taxi," adapted from the French of Anthony Mars by Stanislaus Stange. Mr. Lytell and Miss Vaughan have already scored heavily in farce at the Alcazar, and "The Girl in the Taxi" is going to afford them and their clever assistants opportunities of which they will take full advantage. E. D. Hales, Henry Shumer, Phillips Tead, Robert Eagne, Alexis Luce, William Amsdell, Frank Wyman, Alice Hills, Kathleen Comegys and others will be agreeably cast, and there will be a number of specially engaged players.

Mrs. Carter at Orpheum

The Orpheum will have as its headline attraction next week Mrs. Leslie Carter who has long been recognized as one of the principal stars of this country and who has frequently been styled the Bernhardt of America. She will represent

SCENE FROM "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"
At Columbia Theatre, for two weeks, beginning Monday, August 30th

a tabloid version of "Zaza" which is not only her greatest success, but also one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by an actress in the annals of the American stage. Mrs. Carter brings with her a specially selected company and perfect equipment. Harry and Eva Puck will present their novel offering "Sunshine and Showers" in which they introduce a number of songs, all written by Harry Puck, who is probably the youngest composer in this country and certainly one of the best liked. Willie Solar who comes direct from London where he starred successfully at the leading vaudeville theatres, is an exceedingly clever and popular eccentric dancer. Miss Eva Shirley, the youngest prima donna in vaudeville, has a glorious soprano voice which has profited by the best tuition. Her clearness of tone and wide range together with the judgment she has displayed in the selection of her repertoire, make her a delight. J. C. Nugent will present another of his clever sketches entitled "The Regular." It is described as "a unique side-light on New York night life," and affords him and his clever associate Miss Jule York abundant opportunity for the display of their versatile ability. Han Ping Chien in his "Pekin Mysteries" and Rex's Comedy Circus will also be included in the bill. Next week will positively be the last week of Thomas Egan, famous Irish tenor, who will be heard in an entirely new repertoire of Hiberian melodies.

Archibald War Talk and Pictures

In response to many inquiries by those interested in the James J. F. Archibald war talk and motion pictures, this attraction will return to San Francisco and will be offered at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon and night, August 29. There is no gainsaying that this series of pictures and the talk prepared from first hand observation by the famous correspondent, is a wonderful attraction, the best proof being the crowds in attendance at their former presentation here. Mr. Archibald was in the midst of some of the most exciting combats in Europe. He secured priceless motion pictures, and the colored views are also remarkably fine. His talk is unbiased, and his description of the four months' campaigning on the firing lines of Eastern and Western battle fronts offers real thrills. The matinee will be given at 25 and 50 cents, and the evening performance at 25, 50 and 75 cents.

"Potash and Perlmutter" Next

If there is anybody who doesn't know "Potash and Perlmutter," he will have an opportunity to remedy the omission when the famous partners resume business at the Columbia next Monday night, continuing the same for two weeks "Abe" and "Mawruss" are the fellows whom Montague Glass of the Saturday Evening Post made so famous. Several million people have come to know the boys well, but it took A. H. Woods to put them into business for themselves and since then they have been working overtime. Matinees are to be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Any Night" at Pantages

Another of Holbrook Blinn's thrillers, "Any Night," that gripping story of the underworld, will be one of the big features on the new eight-act show which opens at Pantages on Sunday. When "Any Night" was produced here last season with Holbrook Blinn and his Princess players in the cast, it was thought that police interference would close the performance, but those in authority claimed that the piece taught a strong moral. Milton Stallard is the producer of "Any Night," and J. Anthony Smythe will play the leading role. Klein's scenic spectacular production "The Sinking of the Lusitania," and the "Fight Between the Emden and the Sidney" is a big feature of the new bill. Josie Flynn and her merry minstrels girls introduce graceful dances and songs. Julietta Dika, the famous Parisian beauty, warbles French songs. Silber and North, "The Bashful Man and the Maid," are a comedy hit, as are Rice and Francis in "My Winter Girl." Ruo and Norman, "The Roman Gladiators," and Reubens, the lightning artist, are other acts.

Miss Anglin to Repeat "Iphigenia"

The Greeke Theatre, Berkeley, announces that Margaret Anglin has accepted an invitation to repeat her performance of the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides, on Saturday evening, September 4. This arrangement is brought about at the request of many people who were unable to procure seats for Miss Anglin's previous performance of the Euripidean tragedy. Miss An-

glin and the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University have been flooded with these requests. The trilogy originally scheduled will conclude with the performance of the "Electra" this Saturday evening. The repeat performance of the "Iphigenia" will be precisely the same as that given two weeks ago. Dr. Walter Damrosch will again conduct his orchestra of sixty instrumentalists. The picturesque and artistic pageant effects, and the marvelous Greek chorus will again be under the direction of Livingston Platt. The ensembles will employ upwards of two hundred soldiers, attendants and supernumeraries. Miss Anglin will of course be seen in the title character. The seat sale is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland, The Students' Co-operative Store, Tupper & Reed's, Glessner, Morse & Geray's, The Sign of the Bear and Sadler's, Berkeley.

Final Week of Clansman

With the matinee and evening performance this Sunday "The Birth of a Nation; or, The Clansman" enters upon the second and what must be the final week of its return engagement at the Cort. The great D. W. Griffith film could remain indefinitely, but it must give way to the all-star production of "The New Henrietta," which comes on Monday, September 6. "The Birth of a Nation" will be seen for the final times on Sunday, September 5.

Crane and All-Stars Coming

When five stars of the dramatic reputation of William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham and Mabel Taliaferro may be seen in the same performance for the customary high-class theatre price, the bargain spirit of the times is certainly touching high spots, and the reminiscent playgoer will have to change his tune about the good old days. These stars are to appear in the delicious comedy "The Henrietta," which was the pride and glory of Crane and the late Stuart Robson for so many years. The modernization has been done by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. This red letter booking is announced for the Cort beginning Monday, September 6.

After the Quarrel

I do not care, dear, for the sting
Of angry eyes that turn from me;
I shall not yield in anything
Nor try to solve the mystery.

Unless 'twere fault to love too well,
To let love its own self defile,
I'm guiltless; may your own heart tell
You so, and give me back your smile!

Nature's Play

Crude are the forms that nature shapes
And calls the race of men!
She moulds a lody like an ape's,
Makes eyes that squint, a mouth that gapes,
Gives sight and speech—and then
Bestows a miser's ounce of brain,
A stingy mite of heart,
And fills the whole chock full of pain—
Brings some defeat, lets some attain,
And from the earliest start
So regulates each strong desire
That when the strife is o'er,
We shrivel in ambition's fire—
Go down to death in mighty ire
Because life held no more.

Eligible for the Army

The Summer Girl, because she always appeals to arms.

The Summer Man, because of his experience in short engagements.

The Cook, because she's accustomed to face a hot fire.

The Restaurateur, because he knows so well how to charge.

The Bon Vivant, because he is always ready to eat a half shell raw.

The Promoter, because he understands placing mines.

The Thick-skinned, because he is not easily wounded.

The Average Woman, because she is apt at surprises.

The Man About Town, because he is difficult to surprise.

The Unreasonable Wife, because she is in the habit of going up in the air, and scouting her husband's approaches.

The Maid, because she is tender to a man of war.

Miss Passay, because she sticks to her colors and is ready to dye if necessary.

Some wise fellow has discovered that a wife is much like a newspaper; so many men cannot afford to take one of their own, but run after their neighbor's.

Hokus—There was something in his face that reminded me very strongly of you.
Pokus—Thasso? What was it?
Hokus—The rankest cigar I ever smelled.

The loan ehibition is far and away
Ahead of all else in our city today;
And few can resist the temptation to stop
And see for themselves—at the pawnbroker's shop.

IN RESPONSE

TO THE MULTITUDES WHO WERE UNABLE TO PROCURE TICKETS TO SEE MISS ANGLIN IN EURIPIDES'

"IPHIGENIA in AULIS"

SHE HAS ACCEPTED THE INVITATION OF THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC COMMITTEE TO REPEAT THE PERFORMANCE IN THE

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Saturday Evening, September 4

GENERAL ADMISSION $1.00 RESERVED SEATS $1.50, $2.00, $2.50

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HARRY and EVA PUCK in "Sunshine and Showers;" WILLIE SOLAR, Late Star of the Palace Theatre, London; MISS EVA SHIRLEY, the Youngest Prima Donna in Vaudeville; J. C. NUGENT in his New Oddity "The Regular;" HAN PING CHIEN Presenting "Pekin Mysteries;" REX'S COMEDY CIRCUS. Last Week Ireland's Famous Tenor THOMAS EGAN, New Ballads.

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Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
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Nights—25c, 50c, 75c. Daily Matinees—25c, 50c
Commencing Sunday, September 6—The Great Five Star Aggregation in "THE NEW HENRIETTA"

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Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

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And Their Own Company of Players in
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"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI"
A Stupendous Production of the Hilarious Hit
PRICES—Nights: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c
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"THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA"
And the Fight Between the Emden and the Sydney
JOSIE FLYNN and HER MERRY MINSTREL GIRLS
Milton Stallard Presents
J. ANTHONY SMYTHE
In Holbrook Blinn's Underworld Playlet
"ANY NIGHT"
JULIETTA DIKA
Famous French Beauty in
Character Songs of the Parisian Music Halls
EIGHT BIG PANTAGES FEATURES

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 29, AT 2:30

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Will Appear With the
EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA
80 Musicians
MAX BENDIX, Conductor
The Program Will Include
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.....Paderewski
Symphony No. 4 .....Tschaikowsky
Prices—75c, $1, $1.50, $2 and $2.50
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Important changes in the foreign exchange situation, unfavorable war news, more war orders and threats of strikes in the plants that are to fill such orders confused traders and made the stock market unusually erratic even for these days. Small speculators dabbled in low-priced stocks while big professional operators sold Steel common and high-priced rails short on general principles. Some German stamped Japanese bonds were sold and other signs of liquidation from that quarter were not lacking. United States Steel common was active but it shot its bolt early in the week. The bears have sold it because it does not pay dividends and European investors will not hold it long. It is easy to borrow Steel common and interest accrues on short sales which is not eaten up by dividends, so the bears like to sell it under these conditions. They believe that the short side of the market is the best for a long pull because they feel sure that Congress in session in Washington will depress the stock market no matter how favorable other conditions may be. Professional traders regard Congress as the greatest bear factor in existencee and the bears have high hopes of the damage a new Congress with so many green members eager to get their names in the papers will inflict on the stock market when they cut loose on the "money trust of Wall Street" which was their mainstay on the hustings in the election campaign last fall. The price of barbed wire has gone up and the horny-handed farmer must be protected in some way even if barbed wire is on the free list. Those who are buying the various steel shares take comfort in the fact that the tariff can make no difference while this war lasts and that the steel products that are strongest are those which are on the free list or have very slight protection. Buyers are paying high premiums for merchant bars and pig iron is also higher. The blast furnaces and mills are now running close to practical capacity and some mills have reached their productive limit. Textile mills are in almost as good shape and increased dividends are expected on all sides. American Woolen has been strong of late and sharp advances took place in American Linseed, Central Leather, Pittsburgh Coal, International Agriculture preferred, Cuba-American Sugar, United States Rubber, Tennessee Copper and Mexican Petroleum and other specialties that have been hanging back. The rise in American Linseed has been deferred, though the tip was given with confidence. Tennessee Copper is booming on account of the demand for sulphuric acid. The British Government is in the market for 20,000 tons of this acid, which is used in conjunction with nitric acid and nitrates in making gun-cotton and smokeless powders. Some domestic explosives factories are short on acids and may be forced to shut down. Rails were lower as a rule, with pronounced weakness in Reading and New Haven.

Wheat—The influence of wet weather, light receipts and export purchases failed to hold the market, and with the promise of more favorable conditions ahead, it is thought that lower prices are temporarily possible. The increased receipts and cancellation of contracts is a new, although a not unexpected situation, in wheat. It certainly could not have been premised that with a near-billion crop there would be a period of generous distribution as soon as the farmer could find the time to arrange for its sale to the station elevators. He is getting more money now than last year, and is alive to the fact that Britain is at the present time well provided for, and that other nations are not in a position to add to their accumulations. No one is better cognizant of the price conditions which such a situation could quickly bring about, and which would influence him to willingly accept present valuations rather than risk the possibility of lower prices later on. A movement of wheat which will tax the equipment of every railroad running through grain territory can hardly be prevented. The proportion of renters is quite large and the grain from leased farms is promptly marketed always, making a heavy run to primary centers regardless of price and conditions. And even though the foreigner required additional stocks, he would be economical in his purchases so long as there was promise of abundance here. The speculators who have bought in hopes of a revival of export business or a serious injury to crops in the Northwest are undoubtedly not encouraged to hold under the present outlook for a dry harvest and a bumper crop, which accounts for the reports of reselling from time to time, and it is impossible to compute the amount of such transactions at this time. The shorts in September must be pretty well covered, the receipts are steadily increasing and congestion in the cash month is not so clearly evident.

Corn—The surroundings in this market are temporarily bullish owing to the light stocks and the inability of the farmer to neglect his work at home and market his corn. As soon as the oat harvest is completed, which will be soon over, there is little question but that the receipts will enlarge rapidly. There has not been any time since the season of corn planting when any heavy movement was possible as is usual in June, and with prices at these levels, increased receipts are almost assured, especially as the new crop is making rapid improvement daily and the pessimism concerning the wet weather damage is disappearing under normal conditions of temperature and precipitation. There must necessarily be a considerable volume of old corn in first hands, and if this theory is correct, the September shorts will have no difficulty in filling their contracts. At the same time any influences which would advance the price of wheat would be reflected to the corn market, and act as a check against any radical decline. Beyond this, there is always a fear of frost around the middle and closing days of August which restrains many from taking the short side of the market until the apparent danger has passed. Taking everything into consideration, we should feel no hesitancy in recommending this as a good trading market.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to mark time, with trade confined to room traders. There was a little strength in the market early in the week due to the severe storms in Texas, but after the more urgent shorts had covered, the market turned weak again on selling against purchases of actual cotton. The storm in Texas has put an end to the drouth stories from that section, but it has caused some damage to open cotton. There is very little new cotton coming to market, but next month the receipts of new cotton will become a factor and will likely increase hedging sales, which, coming on a narrow market, will likely give us a somewhat lower level. While we are not bearish on cotton at this level, there is nothing in sight to bull it on.

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Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons havaing claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John S. Hogan, Attorney-at-Law, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 14th, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
68 Post St., Foxcroft Bldg., San Francisco. 8-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.—No. 19,478; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

MARIE DUMARAIS.
Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.—No. 19,459; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

ARTHUR DIETLE,
Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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CALIFORNIA STATE

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Frothing Hale

Drooling venom through a tedious diatribe on the Kaiser page of the Hearst papers Mr. William Bayard Hale thus: "It is the most serious criticism upon Mr. Wilson that he has never shown a disposition to surround himself with high class men." In this criticism we heartily concur. And concurring we have in mind as the type of man to whom Mr. Wilson's confidence and esteem have always been easily accessible the Hon. William Bayard Hale. This gentleman whom we now find in splenetic humor writing like a peeved and vicious school boy was formerly special representative of the Wilson Administration in Mexico. It was on his recommendation that the President abolished the embargo on arms for the benefit of the pompous and insulting Carranza. Mr. Hale became a laughingstock in the City of Mexico where he spent most of his time studying conditions. His point of vantage was a window in the American Club. Here he sipped lemonade and received the correspondents in whom he was accustomed to confide, but always with this injunction: "Don't say I told you, but say that a little bird whispered it to you." In order that we may appreciate the importance of Mr. Hale's views on the President's attitude in the war Mr. Hearst tells us that the gentleman is a graduate of Harvard and the Episcopal Theological Seminary and that he edited more than one American magazine. This information leaves us cold. The American magazine is what's chiefly the matter with American politics and American government. The American magazine at once reflects and breathes American culture of the sophomoric variety. The American magazine as conducted by Hearst and Hale, Brisben Walker and Walter Hines Page is responsible for the exaltation of rhetoric above common sense. If we have too many exiguous personalities conspicuous in the public life of this country today it is because we have paid too high tribute to the academic journalists of magazinedom. However, let us concede the prestige of Dr. Hale; but let us also take Mr. Hearst to task for failing to mention that Dr. Hale is so important a person that the New York World found that he was "close up" to the pro-German propagandists, and that when interviewed on the subject he declined to talk. Perhaps the gentleman has been irritated by our Secret Service agents.

Subsidized Oratory

The manufacture of public sentiment is one of the big industries of this country, and nowhere are there better facilities for the pursut of it than on the Chautauqua circuit. Naturally these facilities have not been neglected by wise propagandists. It was on the Chautauqua circuit that the Prohibition wave got its impetus. The subsidized orators of the Prohibition propaganda have made good use of the mechanism of Chautauqua. But singularly enough the trustees of the Chautauqua Institute were not aware that any of their hired lecturers were drawing money from two sources. Only the other day they learned that some of their lecturers were on the Laird of Skibo's staff. That subsidized orators were manufacturing sentiment against the overwhelmingly important matter of military and naval expansion with a view to influencing Congress, was startling news to the Chautauquans. They regard subsidized oratory as pernicious, and there is to be an investigation at a meeting of the International Lyceum Association. According to the Chicago Tribune hundreds of subsidized orators are on the regular Chautauqua circuit. While we do not regard subsidized oratory as necessarily more pernicious than unpaid oratory we believe it would be well to make public the names of lecturers who are under hire to manufacture public opinion. Sincere faddists and fanatics inspired only with enthusiasm are doing so much damage in this crank-ridden country that it would certainly be to the public interest to label the charlatans and mountebanks whose impassioned oratory is paid for by the hour.

What's to Be Done?

Maybe it is a sign of wholesome public sentiment that so many people are perturbed by the prospect our muddled municipal politics now disclose. At any rate it is a sign that all of us are not wallowing gratefully in the muck we have fallen into. The truth is we have been seized with a spasm of disgust. And we know not where to look for relief. Apparently the situation is hopeless. The difficulty that confronts us is one of choice with no agreeable alternative. A situation this unparalleled in the history of municipal politics. One of the two leading candidates for the office of chief magistrate of the city is a former mayor who made his administration a national scandal; the other is now the mayor of the city, as shameless and pestiferous a demagogue as ever brought repentance and remorse to a disillusioned people. In the midst of his campaign we find this job-chaser capitalizing his defiance of the courts of justice and evading the just penalty of his wrongdoing by taking refuge behind the statute that protects a man accused of crime from self-incrimination. In other words this man sworn to uphold the law virtually confesses that were he to tell the truth he might prove that he has violated his oath. In ancient Rome before the days of the Caesars it was the prototype of this sort of patriot on whom vengeance was wreaked in the streets with a club. But Mayor Rolph is not even hung in effigy. On the contrary there is talk of electing him again on the theory that otherwise we might fare worse. Was ever civilized community placed in an uglier or more humiliating position? The question of the hour is, What are we going to do about it?

Paying the Penalty

It is of tremendous importance that somebody should point the way of deliverance. We are well aware that our readers are in no mood to hear from him who has little more to say than "I told you so." However, as history is philosophy teaching by example it may be worth while to take a quick glance at the immediate past. Let us consider what is pertinent to the present in the happenings of the days when San Francisco had a superfetation of virtue; of the days when our Augean stables were undergoing purification at the hands of the darling civic patriots rounded up by that most self-sacrificing of men, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. Toward the close of that personally conducted enterprise when righteous ends were sought by hook or by crook we observed that the whiriligig of time would bring in its revenges; that the whole State and especially this community would pay a heavy penalty for having sanctioned the prostitution of the institutions of government. Now it is well to consider that we are paying the penalty under the direction and supervision of the civic patriots who persuaded us in those days that we should accept the principle that the end justifies the means. If you look around you will see that those civic patriots who worked so zealously for the regeneration of city and State are now being compensated for their labors in public office. Nearly all of them from Johnson to Langdon, from Dwyer to Matt Sullivan are fattening at the public crib. They gave us direct government, they taught the mob to have contempt for the courts, and now they are trying to persuade us that we should be grateful for everything they did to us. We find that they are still upholding the principle that the end justifies the means. This is the principle upon which Matt Sul-

livan's puppet, the Hon. Jim Rolph, violated his oath of office. It is the principle by which the meanest tyrants, the most detestable demagogues of history palliated their worst crimes. An abhorrent principle in all instances, it is especially detestable when disingenuously invoked as in this case. The end about which Mayor Rolph is solicitous is not the public end; it is his own private end. He is defying the courts not in the interest of the community, but in the interest of his political machine. Not satisfied with congesting traffic in Geary street to extend the payroll and increase his supporters at public expense he is defying the courts to keep his army of taxeaters intact and win the applause of all the bureaucracy now flourishing under our beautiful civil service system. As we have observed, it is of tremendous importance that somebody should point the way of deliverance, but the task far be it from us to undertake. We would only suggest that while it may be well at times to bear the ills we have than fly to evils we know not of it is well to consider that our current ills are in the nature of an inheritance, and that the longer we bear them the more likely they are to become chronic.

Matt and Jim

Whatever be the enormity the Fates are about to thrust on San Francisco, if we have any high purpose reaching beyond the day and the hour we must distinguish between the superficial and the ingrained, and we must assert our intolerance of existing evils. If formerly it was important that we should get rid of Abe Ruef it is more important now for us to get rid of Matt Ignatius Sullivan. Abe was only a local irritation, Matt is a contagious disease. He is federal, State and municipal. He is getting a hold on us like that of the old man of the sea. Abe was a frank and candid artist. Matt is a subtle Pharisee who has exploited a vein of respectability with considerable success. He is the typical reformer with a cheverel conscience who masks the methods of the political boss behind an ostentatious zeal for civic patriotism. Stung by Judge Dooling's criticism last week he pointed to himself as a volunteer working pro bono publico. Was there ever a more impudent pose of distinterested public service? Playing the pettifogger to make political capital for his puppet, and pretending to be laboring gratuitously for the good of the city! Considering all the public service Matt is rendering, perhaps we owe him a monument. At any rate the police department ought to be grateful to the Sullivan firm, for one member is chairman of the police commission. Perhaps as the Mayor's confidential adviser Matt has lost many clients and considerable practice. Perhaps also the firm has lost money through its gubernatorial connections. though it is of record that Matt himself gained a chief justiceship. But with all due deference to the volunteer let us not be blind to the naked haggard truth that Matt is Rolph's mentor, and that the two are not to be separated at the polls. Yet what must give us all pause is the fact that the defeat of Rolph might mean the election of Schmitz. But the alternative is not of our making. Rolph made it by insisting on running. He said he regarded it as his duty to run, but unless he is deaf he must be aware of the fact that it would have been more in line with his duty to withdraw. With Rolph out of the race there would have been no danger of Schmitz.

Serious Drama

Classic dramas have been attracting thousands of people to the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. The revival of the classic drama has proved a profitable investment. Thousands of people have traveled miles and endured something of hardship to be entertained by the dramas of ancient poets. Yet we are told by theatre managers that people do not like serious drama. A few months ago a manager in New York announced that he would offer no more serious plays to the inconsiderate public that hankers only after the fleshpots of musical farce and operetta. It was serious enough drama that Margaret Anglin presented to her audiences in Berkeley. She went back to the ancients not for the satirical comedies that had their origin in the rude gambols of the sylvan deities who accompanied Bacchus and who burlesqued the most sacred subjects, but she revived for us solemn tragedies wherein the Grecian tragedians employed the most terrifying events of their mythological history. And her audiences were thrilled and edified. Now it is not a reflection on the intellectuality of a public to accuse it of lacking interest in the serious drama. But the accusation is not true. The fact is that the most successful and enduring of all drama is serious drama. Whatever is frivolous in the theatre is ephemeral. If serious dramas fail it is because they never should have been written. When the public does not like a serious play it is not because it is serious but because it is poor drama. And our managers regard the serious drama as hazardous because it requires a certain ability to distinguish in the reading a good serious drama from a bad one. This ability is extremely rare in this country, and as a consequence the contemporary theatre has not done much to attract people who might be expected to enjoy a serious drama. If there is less risk in dealing in musical farce it is because every manager knows just what elements a musical farce must possess in order to gratify taste for that sort of thing. Yet even musical farces do not satisfy the public, and so not a few people are getting some enjoyment out of the serious drama of the movies.

The Cosmopolitan Ideal

Once more there is talk of a federation of Europe. Some of our academic idealists are telling us that a Confederation of Europe will be the logical outcome of this war. The academic idealists who have prevision of this logical outcome are the same who perceived just before the progress of civilization was halted in Belgium that Europe could never more afford the luxury of a war. And so as prophets, notwithstanding their optimism, their reputation is no better than was Jonah's when he was enjoying the shade of the gourd that grew up in a night. However, we might be inclined to give ear to our academic oracles were it not for a slight knowledge of history. This knowledge tends to induce the depressing reflection that the hope which is inspiriting to twentieth century idealists is a hope that fed the dreams of enlightened monarchs in the seventeenth century and was the commonplace of philosophers in the eighteenth. Indeed the ideal was old even before it inspired enthusiasm in Henry IV and Sully, for it had its roots in the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire. In the days of Leibnitz and Kant, who enthused over it, it was much discussed. This ideal was the working conception of the coalition against France. The Czar Alexander preached the cosmopolitan ideal of a European Confederation, and Jacobins and anointed Kings were all of them making propaganda for the unity of mankind long before Napoleon died at St. Helena. Many years before the modern Socialist propaganda was heard of the idea of solidarity was an obsession with the Czar Alexander, and it was a formula of the Declaration that constituted the Holy Alliance when the three contracting monarchs decided "to remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity," to regard "each other as fellow-countrymen" and to govern their nations as "branches of One Family." Alexander in pursuance of his ideal conferred a Constitution on Poland. and the alliance which he proposed to Pitt was to be the nucleus of a Confederation of Europe. They were first to overthrow Napoleon and then reconstitute Europe, taking care to avoid any set-back to humanity. Governments were everywhere to be "founded on the sacred rights of humanity," and of course God was not to be consulted at all. Alexander's was the typical academic mind devoted to abstract principles and pregnant with beautiful theories. It is somewhat difficult to enthuse over a scheme that has had most excellent patronage and failed because of some inherent defect; especially when the history of its trial is a record of failure that should serve as a warning against the folly of repetition.

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CCXLV—CHARLES B. TURRILL

By Edward F. O'Day

"The passion for collecting was born in me. All my life, from childhood, I have been a collector. I have collected everything but money."

Charles B. Turrill smiles as he say it, smiles in such a genial, kindly fashion that you know at once he does not worry because his collecting mania has not extended to money. He is a genial, kindly man, of comfortable portliness, with white hair, a white mustache, a clear skin and a clear, smiling, kindly blue eye. You look at Charles B. Turrill and say:

"This seems to be a happy man."

You converse with him, get to know him a little, and then you say:

"This is indeed a happy man if ever there was one."

Formerly a railroad man and today a commercial photographer by business, Charles B. Turrill is a collector by vocation. And all his collecting is dictated and guided by his consuming love for this, his native State.

Turrill's home in Sanchez street is a library and a museum. The walls are lined with books, almost exclusively books on California. His is one of the best collections of Californiana. Bureau drawers, chests, trunks and boxes are filled with his collections of California photographs, California papers and pamphlets, California picture postal cards. At the present time he is engaged in collecting catalogues, pamphlets, guide books, folders—every scrap of paper of whatever sort—printed by the exhibitors of our World's Fair. And as he collects, he indexes, catalogues, cross-references and files according to an elaborate yet simple system of his own.

"I am a collector by inheritance," says Turrill. "My grandmother collected almanacs for thirty years before she came to California. I still have that collection of hers, extending from 1824 to 1854. My great-uncle Joel Turrill was a collector too. He collected shells in the Marquesas and all sorts of curios in the Hawaiian Islands. He had one of those priceless feather capes, a gift from King Kamehameha. My uncle had been American consul in the Sandwich Islands, and helped to prevent England from getting possession of them.

"As a small boy, living on the American river, I collected fossil insects, shells and pebbles Then I went East with my mother to visit my great-uncle at Oswego. I spent hours investigating his cabinets, and so the dominant trait of my character was focussed at the age of ten.

"With my grandparents and my mother I left New York for home in 1865. The steamer was the Golden Rule, of the Nicaragua Transportation Company. She carried a million and a half in gold to pay off soldiers on the Pacific Coast. This money was in charge of two Government agents. There is no doubt that a plot had been hatched for the stealing of this money, and that our troubles were caused by this plot. We had no sooner started than we ran into a Jersey ferryboat. Our paddle wheel was damaged and we lay all night in the stream. It is pretty certain that the gold was stolen that night. Just out of Greytown the Golden Rule was run ashore on El Roncador reef, forty miles out of our course. Two boats were sent off for help, but it was two weeks before we were taken off. Before leaving the ship I tore off a splinter of the broken mast for my collection. I still carry a piece of it as a watch charm. On Roncador I collected shells and coral. There were other collectors aboard. One of the crew had 'collected' my mother's silver. The pockets of all the crew bulged with gold. They had looted the passengers' trunks. Finally two American cruisers, the Huntsville and the State of Georgia, came out and took us to Aspinwall. The Golden Rule broke up just as we were leaving. The Government agents had searched her in the meanwhile, but there was no trace of the million and a half. The captain disappeared as soon as we reached Aspinwall. Years afterwards he was upset in a sleigh in New York and broke his neck.

"I spent my first school vacation at Suisun collecting specimens of aragonite, or 'Suisun marble' as it was called. At Dutch Flat I made a collection of petrified wood. These collections are now in the Lick School.

"When I was sixteen I joined the Academy of Sciences. I spent all my spare time there and at the Odd Fellows Library in the Stevenson Block. When I could get away from San Francisco I collected insects and plants.

"In 1876 I published a little book called 'California Notes,' dealing with the geology, the flowers, plants, trees and other natural attractions of the State. Many years later I discovered that John Hittell in his History had included me among the descriptive writers of California, on the strength of that little book. Had I learned it earlier I might have become a writer.

"In all my collections California has been the central idea. Anything Californian has an interest and a value in my eyes. I save a few things, and the first thing I know I have a collection started. Take my picture postals, for instance. The post card is one of the most ephemeral of things. It is here today, gone tomorrow. I have some extremely rare ones in my collection of about twenty thousand. Among these are a great many of the Missions and of the San Francisco disaster. I have five hundred of the World's Fair, and have scarcely started that part of my collection.

"Why do I collect so many things? For one reason, because I cannot help it. It's my nature. And besides, I have been impressed since boyhood with the importance of keeping out of a rut. A man who goes persistently along one line becomes narrow. And after all there is unity in my collecting, since all of it has to do with California."

There isn't a collector of note in California who does not know Turrill. Writers on California subjects are constantly appealing to him for help, and out of the treasury of his collections he is usually able to render them the assistance they need. He helped Gertrude Atherton when she was preparing "Romantic California" for the press. He helped Jere Lynch when Lynch was writing "A Senator of the Fifties." He solved some knotty problems for Mrs. Sancheb when she was writing her book on the place names of California. He assisted Father Englehardt, the historian of the Missions, and Father Riordan, the historian of St. Ignatius church and college. Aleck Robertson enlisted his aid for the new edition of Stoddard's "In the Footprints of the Padres." Paul Elder's book on the Missions owes a good deal to Turrill, and so does Miss Purdy's book on San Francisco. Judge John F. Davis appealed to him, not in vain, when he was writing his little book on California. Zoeth Eldridge has acknowledged his debt to Turrill in the foreword of his monumental History of California recently published.

Charles B. Turrill has put his mark upon a great deal of literary, historical and research work, you see. He is an encyclopedia of knowledge relating to California, and when his fine memory is at fault he always knows just what book to go to for the information which is desired. A great deal of his knowledge was acquired at first hand, for he has known most of the prominent men of California very intimately. And so he is able to give that smack of personality to anecdote which makes its chiefest charm.

His own charm is very great, and is felt in a brief conversation. His talk ranges over a broad field, for it is not confined, like his collections, to California. Nevertheless he is perhaps most interesting when this State is his theme. I have never met anyone who knew so many fascinating, little-known things about this State. I think that Charles B. Turrill should start another collection—he should collect his California reminiscences and discoveries. I am sure a publisher would jump at them.

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Perspective Impressions

If as a public official the Hon. James Rolph is afraid that he might incriminate himself by telling the truth the grand jury ought to take the tip and get busy.

The Texas mob that cremated two negroes last Sunday was probably composed of gentlemen of as high social standing as those that lynched Frank in Georgia. According to the Rev. A. C. Henderson of Atlanta the Georgia mob was composed "of the first citizens of the State."

Says the Bulletin: "The non-partisan law does not establish government by mob, though it might be a good law if it did." As evidenced, we suppose, by the success of the non-partisan mob law in Georgia.

By the way, what has become of William Jennings Bryan?

If Colonel House of Texas is the man on whose advice President Wilson has been acting ever since he took office then we should rejoice over the news that they have fallen out.

Having made a fortune out of automobiles Henry Ford is now regarded as qualified to discuss any subject under the sun.

Our registrar reports that there has been a great influx of voters from Los Angeles. If the new comers are typical of the community they have deserted we shall have no reason to be pleased at their coming.

Have you noticed that the more Colonel Roosevelt talks, the less attention he receives?

Many a man who can't run his little retail business is trying to run an automobile.

And he risks other people's lives with less concern than he shows in risking his own money.

The Bulletin holds that to enjoy public respect the courts should decide cases not according to law but according to popular prejudice. Not excepting libel cases, we presume?

The ankle watch is announced as a new fashion. The ankle watch is nothing of the kind. The ankle watch is on duty at every safety station from eight bells till sundown.

On The National Conscience

By A. Clutton-Brock

It is a saying as old as the time of Cleon, and older, that a nation cannot have, and ought not to have a conscience like an individual; that if it behaves to other nations as men of conscience behave to each other it does so only out of self-interest. The first duty of a nation, we are told, is to itself; and that is where it differs from individuals, whose first duty is not to themselves.

Now if we judge this doctrine by its results it may be said that we are still accepting self-interest as the last test; if the Germans have set the world against them by their conduct, it is not because they put national self-interest above everything, but because they have been clumsy in pursuit of it. It was not really to their interest to force war or to violate neutrality as they have done; and sooner or later they will pay, not for their lack of conscience but for their stupidity.

This argument, that enlightened self-interest is the same thing as virtue, can be, and often has been, applied to individuals as well as to nations. And the answer to it is the same in both cases. It is that self-interest does not give enlightenment and that conscience does. The man, and the nation, that always acts from enlightened self-interest and simulates all the symptoms of virtue by doing so, is a mere figment of the philosophers. Such a man, such a nation, does not exist and never has existed. Experience has proved that in the past, as it is proving it at the present moment; and, apart from experience, there are plain reasons why it should be so. For, if it is contrary to self-interest to outrage the common conscience of mankind, that common conscience must exist before self-interest can be aware of it. It is a fact that self-interest has to take account of and not one which it has produced. And for that reason self-interest does not understand it so well as it understands itself. Once assume that it is the business of self-interest to obey the common conscience of mankind, and you will see that self-interest is less capable of obeying it than that conscience is capable of obeying itself. For the more virtuous a man is the more instinctive is his obedience; and the more he is controlled by self-interest the more artificial his obedience becomes. And this is more true of nations even than of individuals. For the individual, however selfish, is subject to a pressure of public opinion so constant that his obedience to the common conscience may become habitual. But a nation, especially if powerful, is not subject to the same constant pressure and does not acquire the same habit. It may win successes by its want of scruple and may be admired for them by other nations, both because our ideas about national morality are still confused and because its successes prove that its citizens have fine personal qualities. So we in England admired the Germans for their successes in 1870, which did prove the bravery and discipline and self-sacrifice of individual Germans; and we, and perhaps the Germans themselves, were not fully aware of the character of the national policy that lay behind those successes. But with them grew in Germany, and not in Germany alone, the doctrine that a nation can only be patriotic if it has no national conscience, that the individual has a duty to his country beyond which there is no duty to mankind. This doctrine has been preached everywhere, but it has been nationally accepted only by the Germans with their peculiar docility, and only they have thought it right to surrender their individual consciences to their Government. Elsewhere, if a Government has behaved unscrupulously, it has been bitterly criticized by its own citizens, and, whatever its own theories may have been, it has had to pay some attention to the moral scruples of the people. But in Germany the doctrine, preached even by intellectuals, is that the moral duty of Germans is only to Germany, and that Germany herself is non-moral. And this doctrine has been applauded in other countries, by people who were not intellectuals, as the expresion of a clear, unsentimental patriotism.

Well, it might be that, if the result were enlightened self-interest in the German Government. But what is the result? The Germans are powerful, but because of their personal virtues, not because of their national doctrine. And now that they put their national virtues at the service of their national doctrine whither is it leading them? They still have their power, but they are wasting it in a war which they themselves have provoked and against an alliance which nothing but their own want of scruple could have made. And behind this alliance is the sympathy of all the civilized world. Even the Germans cannot believe that it is the wisdom of their Government which has aroused this alliance against them, and what they do believe, no doubt, is that we are all leagued together in a treacherous conspiracy.

But a policy of self-interest must be judged by its results; and if the result of the German policy is a treacherous conspiracy of all the other nations against Germany, there must be something wrong with that policy. The national aim was to be supreme through fear; yet they have not been able to intimidate Belgium, and she is fighting against them as fearlessly as if she were fighting against Holland. Even if they win in this war, they will have set themselves the hardest of all possible tasks—and a task, too, that will never end. For the world will not rest under their supremacy any more than it would rest under the supremacy of Napoleon; since Germany, like Napoleon, has outraged the conscience of the world, and it is her doctrine of national self-interest that has led her into that supreme stupidity.

That is the lesson of this war; and it is one

Every Man and Woman may Grow Old Gracefully

To grow old gracefully is the hope of everyone—to keep from "slowing up" too early—to be able to resist the first signs of age. The eyes are first to attract attention to advancing years—it may be said that one is as old as their eyes. A new and wonderful glass has been invented called "Caltex" which does away with the handicap of two pairs of glasses and enables one to see both far and near as well aas in youth—it can truthfully be said, puts a person back in the "young class."

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore

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that we must never forget, whether we win or lose. It may have seemed to us, in our want of faith, that the German self-interest was enlightened in 1870. But her very success in that war only made her ultimate stupidity the more complete. She has resolved to be a Power governed by enlightened self-interest, and a power not of this world has deprived her of enlightenment. It is with nations as with men—they can will to be good but not to be clever; and if they will be clever at all costs they will be stupid just when and where they most need cleverness. And this is being proved, if it needs proving, by Germany at the present moment.

Let us be thankful that Germany is proving it and not we ourselves, but do not, therefore, let us be self-righteous. The false doctrine has been preached often enongh in England, and sometimes acted upon. But we have not surrendered our consciences up to it or made our Government free of moral criticism. There are, as the Germans would say, many unpatriotic sentimentalists among us, many who would have England as good as a good man; and it is just because their doctrine is now prevailing among us that we go to war as a unanimous nation. For if we were thinking of national self-interest we, with our habit of doubting and criticizing the Government, should all be asking whether it might not profit us better to remain neutral, whether we might not be supreme in Europe when both sides had fought themselves to exhaustion. But that is a question which we have not suffered ourselves to ask, whatever the answer to it might be. Nor must we ask ourselves any question like it in the course of the war. For us now all these ambitions of national supremacy have disappeared; we are fighting against the very notion of national supremacy, against the idea that the peoples of Europe are like snakes in a bottle, each struggling blindly to be above the rest. Germany is now our enemy because she, with all the weapons that civilization has given to her, is fighting for that barbaric notion, because with all her detailed intelligence she is subject to one dark and obsolete superstition that oppresses her with a general stupidity. It is against that stupidity that we make war; and from first to last we must remember that.

Our victory would profit the world nothing, in the long run it would profit us nothing, if it meant only that Europe was to exchange the fear of one supremacy for the fear of another. Then, in a few years, we and our Allies should be quarreling over the spoils like dogs over a bone, and as the half-savage nations of the Balkans quarreled. Then the world would see that we were banded together only through fear of Germany, and not for the hope of the world. There are many people who in time of war become impatient of ideas, as if while we were fighting we had no leisure to think. But when we are fighting is the very time when we must never cease to remember what we are fighting for. War for every civilized nation is only a means to an end, and if we do not always bear that in mind the end itself will change without our knowing it. Our Allies at present are more hotly engaged than we are. Compared with the French and the Belgians, we are almost non-combatants, for all their energy of mind and body is, as it were, thrown upon their frontiers, and they can think of nothing but their wrestle of life and death. Therefore, while we give them all the material help we can, we have also the spiritual duty of non-combatants, to keep our minds calm and clear and our national conscience as steadfast as if we were at peace. It is not our merit that imposes this high duty upon us, but our good fortune; and therefore, if we failed in it, we should be unfaithful just where faith is most required of us. We, of all the league of civilization, have now the most power to be disinterested. For the moment the conscience of the world is in our keeping, and it is the greatest treasure that our fleet has to guard. And while our sailors are watching for us at sea and our soldiers are joining, or training themselves to join, our Allies, there remains the great body of the nation, in whom the national conscience must preserve itself high and pure, so that, when the war is over, it may be the conscience of the world.

Across Galata Bridge

From those prodigal fountains of rumor, the Isles of Greece, there came this week the news that a British submarine had blown up Galata Bridge. Our first inclination was to hope that this news was nothing better than "coffee-house babble." For Galata Bridge is among the world's priceless possessions. It would hurt us less to learn that the Bridge of Sighs had dropped with all its burden of sentiment into its canal, than to think that the motley crowds dawdle no longer across the causeway that links Stamboul to Galata. The experts will tell us that the political effect of this exploit is worth the moral and intellectual damage to our imagination, and they will add that the severing of this link must do much to disorganize the enemy in his capital. We cannot dispute this reasoning, and yet there is something shocking to the aesthetic sense in the overthrow of this venerable highway, where all the centuries jostled in a contemporary crowd, by an engine so elusive, so ultra-modern as a submarine. If an aeroplane had dropped a bomb on the Sphinx, the outrage would hardly have been more offensive. But a moment's reflection consoled us. For the bridge which is said to have been broken is not the bridge we used to know. Those timbers which used to span the Golden Horn, riding its fathomless depths on swaying boats of wood, went the way of all that older world to which the new broom of the Young Turks was ruthlessly applied. They dealt with wooden bridges as they dealt with the ancient privileges of Christian Churches. Theirs is an age of blood and iron, and an iron bridge on metal pontoons had long ago replaced the antique structure. It used to stand, with that air of makeshift which is the note of everything Turkish, bidding us remember that the men who built it are nomads still. It swung as the cannon rumbled across it, and swayed to the trot of cavalry patrols. One looked on it as the temporary convenience of a military camp. On such a bridge, one mused, did Xerxes cross into Europe. It was the property of an invasion, and one felt that every Sultan who had rolled across it to the Serai, every Minister who had driven over it to his brief hour of office at the Sublime Porte, had said to himself, "It will last my time." It is not the habit of the Turk to build for ever. He has camped at Vienna; he has spread his tent on the Acropolis. The wooden bridge of Galata was part of his long bivouac at Stamboul. The day would come when he would carry his "bag and baggage" across it, and when the last ferry-boat was ready to cast off from it for Scutari and the Asiatic shore, he would cut its cable and fire its timbers, and transfer his gypsy empire to another camping ground. With that unassuming nomad tradition the Young Turk had broken. He had built his bridge of iron. He had dreamed of permanence. It is an ominous torpedo that has destroyed his work.

It matters little if this upstart bridge is gone. There will always be a bridge at Galata, and over that deep chasm of waters no mason will ever fling an arch. While Constantinople is still the imperial city, the crowds will cross it, as varied, as impassive, as unchanging as ever. Round London docks or on the emigrant wharves of New York, you might perhaps count as many races and hear as many tongues. But in our cosmopolis the strangers go disguised. The common drab uniform of the industrial age obliterates their singularities, and shows you only the average physique within the machine-made clothes. But on Galata Bridge every man wears the garments of his tribe, and slouches with the dull tread of his native plain, or steps proudly with his highlander's spring. You may note, side by side, the mountaineer from Western Epirus in his white linen kilt, or the Armenian porter from the furthest Ottoman East, with his big limbs, his hooked nose, and on his back the human pack-saddle that helps him to carry a coffer or a barrel. A Cretan in his blue suit and baggy trousers, with the pouch that dangles between his knees, vies in the pride of his carriage with an Arab in his burnous. There are holy men in their white turbans, and hadjis with the sacred green. Here comes a Bulgar from his Macedonian village, plying his trade in vegetables or milk. A Dervish in his tall cap of felt strolls past the Greek priest with the black robe and unshorn locks. Soldiers saunter by, hand in hand, like little children, gazing wide-eyed at European ladies in Parisian fashions, and saluting the dashing young officer who is trying the paces of his Arab horse. Negroes and Jews, Turks and Greeks, Lazes and Kurds and Circassians, they move in their endless unconscious ballet of creation, till you fancy that down below you are the waters of the Flood, and that Galata Bridge is some gigantic Noah's Ark, that carries on its timbers its specimens of every race. The same crowd has held this bridge for centuries, and only the European strangers among it have changed. The German officers have replaced the Varangian Guard. But these Armenian porters were here when an image-breaking Armenian emperor sat on the Byzantine throne. Cretans came in this selfsame dress when Venice was driven from their island. Even the Young Turks, with their military conspiracies, are the descendants of the Janissaries, who would fling down their kettles, to announce that they would no longer take the Sultan's food. Just such a crowd Admiral Duckworth's sailors must have seen (without a periscope) when they forced the Dardanelles, and watched the people of the city fortifying its hills against their three-deckers. The hadjis and the dervishes were absent when Dandolo's galley came this way; but he, too, must have seen the same polygot crowd of Greeks, Albanians and Slavs.

The musing spectator feels instinctively that this coming of the submarine to the Golden Horn is somehow the beginning of the end. What the Venetian galley and the English three-decker did not consummate, what the Russian armies and the Bulgarian guns failed to complete at San Stefano and Chataldja, is fated to befall today. What flag will fly over the imperial city, there is no prophet who can say! Will it be the Russian cross, or some international ensign? Or, if a contrary fate is conceivable, will the crescent still survive, a trophy in the grip of the German eagle? In any event, the old-world ease of Turkish life is at an end. An Allied victory may change the

name or the flag, but a Germany victory would make all Turkey a province of the industrial West. The Armenian porter will discard his village homespun, and learn to carry his burden in motor lorries. The old Jew who chaffers in the bazaar of today will see his son proprietor of a "store," with lifts and cashiers and price-lists. A "tube" will whirl you underground from Seraglio Point to the Walls of Theodosius. The countryman who comes to town today in his cloak spun by his daughter from his own sheep's wool will buy a ready-made suit as he passes through Smyrna or Beyrout, and feel that the ugly degradation has made a civilized man of him. The factory chimney will rise beside the minaret, and the turbulent medieval guild will evolve gradually into the trade union. Even before the Balkan wars you might see that evolution in progress at Salonica, where a Jewish proletariat made fertile soil for Socialist propaganda and an orthodox Marxist newspaper proclaimed the class war as a substitute for racial feuds.

The transformation, indeed, would be rather more rapid if Turkey were destined, while preserving a nominal independence, to undergo a systematic economic penetration by her German ally, than if she were to come under Russian rulers. The Russians would make their changes at the top, but they would not revolutionize the even tenor of Turkish daily life. They might, indeed, make an end of Stamboul, but it would be to restore Byzantium. The old chants would be heard again in St. Sofia, and the monks would dispute once more the divinity of the Holy Name. The death of the picturesque, nomad Turkey would come more surely from the Young Turks themselves under German inspiration, than from a Slav conqueror. His monks and pilgrims would make no incongruous picture as they journeyed singing at Easter over Galata Bridge, to make their devotions in a re-consecrated Saint Sofia. His soldiers would bring fresh life to the Babel of tongues beside the toll-house at the piers. There would be Tartars and Georgians, Roumanians and Armenians among them, who would be at home in the place which was their capital, when the Black Sea was still a Turkish lake, and the Slavs lay prone beneath the conquering East. Their triumph would be in some sense a domestic change. The Germans, like the Romans, are interlopers on this scene. The Russians are as much the children of this longitude as the Greeks and Turks themselves. They, too, would feel the genius of the place. They would bring a fatalism that is as deep and native as the resignation of Islam itself. If they come to Stamboul in the wake of the English submarine and the Australian battalions, they will come not as the allies, but as the disciples of the West. They will build the bridge again on its cordon of boats over the fathomless depths, and the bridge will not resent the change. It dreads the hurrying step of Western men who keep step, and tramp to the conquering motto of efficiency. But the Russian will not tread too roughly on the heels of the departing Turk. The rule of that bridge is the Turkish driver's cry, "Yavash, yavash!" In one language or another it will still hear that call, and the crowd will saunter "slowly, slowly."

Woman's Way

By S. L. Bensusan

The doctor had called in the large closed motor lent by the Squire, and Mrs. Lay had walked down the garden path with the district nurse, quite unconscious of the onlookers, and had stepped into the car as requested. Then the chauffeur had turned and headed straight for the county asylum a dozen miles away. Mrs. Lay, a young and pretty wife of some eight months' standing, had seen her husband go off to the recruiting office without perceptible emotion; she had accompanied him to the station when he went to the training camp, and bade him good-bye tranquilly enough. But as soon as he had left the country on active service, she had ceased to speak, and took to walking up and down the little garden throughout the night. Special constables challenged and persuaded her, the real policeman sent his wife up to comfort and advise her, several people did what they could, all to no end. Mrs. Lay remained silent and sleepless; the doctor found that she was starving herself too, and now in the early hours of a February morning, while the sun was shining brightly, young lambs were frisking in the meadows, birds were singing, and all the women in the little East Coast village seemed to have received an intimation of what was to happen, the girl wife was driven swiftly away.

"That's a sad thing to my thinking," said Mrs. Mace, a stout lady with arms bare to the elbows, and a rather high complexion. "Whatever made her take on so? I don't think I'd ha' worritted myself outer me wits f'r no Charley Lay."

"I didn't fret when my Bob went," said a still stouter speaker, who wore a large print overall, and had blue eyes and white teeth, and looked altogether like a doll that had been fed on Mr. Wells' Food of the Gods. "'Good luck, Bob,' I sez when I see him off, 'kill as many o' they Germans as you can, an' don't let none o' 'em kill you,' I sez, 'do; I'll never trust ye outer me sight agen, sure as your name's Partridge.' Lord," she continued blandly, "you should ha' heard him an' 'is mates laugh. Cheered 'em up like."

"They can 'ave mine, an' welcome," remarked Mrs. Soper, who is short and thin, and suggests the adjective acidulated, "as soon as they want to keep 'im. I know 'e ain't in mischief while he's out furrin, and 'e didn't bring home no pound come Saturday night. 'E'd rather set in the 'Green Man' till 'e felt proper quarrelsome, an' then come an' snap me an' th' children if everythink wasn't jest so. 'E allus said Saturday night upset 'im. I 'adn't no fault to find with him at any other times, but come Saturdays an' Bank 'Olidays he'd ha' tried th' patience of a saint. I hope he'll get some Bank 'Olidays among them Germans. They'll know it."

"I didn't want my George to go," said Mrs. Mace firmly, "an' I kep' 'im back as long as I could. But soon as 'e began to read what them Germans was doin', he sez he must git along, an' I couldn't stop 'im. 'You ain't no soldier, George,' I sez. 'But I'll be one middlin' soon,' 'e sez. An' I didn't 'ardly like to stop 'im arter that."

"I wish the army'd take my Matt," remarked Mrs. Dynes, whose husband is a poacher when he isn't loafing, and a loafer when he isn't poaching. "He'd be far better there than where he is now," a tactful allusion to the fact that Mr. Dynes was at the moment expiating in the country jail his inability to pay a fine. "Lord, what a rum thing it is," continued Mrs. Dynes, who is a clean cheerful woman, quite unlike what a poacher's wife might be expected to be, "there's poor Maude Lay gone off her head because her man ain't comin' back yet awhile, and I'm most off my head because they'll let mine out agen come Monday mornin'."

"I count Charley made too much of her," suggested Mrs. Partridge, "he were much older, and was allus waitin' on 'er. Then she 'adn't a mother of 'er own, only a stepmother, so she never hadn't had a home rightly speakin' till she married. She was allus nervous when his boat was out and that come on rough; you couldn't get her away from the waterside. An' he'd set at home with her like a child with a new toy. My Bob sez he never went near the 'Green Man' arter he married, an' he sang a good song, too. The lads was proper vexed."

"Some women has luck," said Mrs. Dynes grimly. "First week I married Matt he give me a black eye, time he was in liquor, an' said it was for luck, an' time I was laid aside with me first he was fined ten shillin' costs. They did give 'im a week to pay, but we all went wery short, f'r there was snow on th' ground, an' coal was terrible high. But there, I'd rather put up with it all than go outer me mind. I 'spect we've got a something to be grateful for if we did but know it," and with this wise reflection to console her, Mrs. Dynes left the group and moved briskly down the road.

"That's a piece for ye," interposed old Miss Pewter, whose brother keeps the general store. She is said to have a violent aversion from the male sex, and to possess certain strong views on the question of suffrage. "Upon my word, why women ever tie themselves up gets over me. There's poor Maude Lay might have lived well an' healthy, an' never known no trouble if she'd kep' th' men in their proper place. There's poor Ada Dynes puttin' up wi' one o' th' worst bits o' livin' rubbish in th' country. I never had but one man ast me to marry him, an' I no more to do but boxed 'is ears. Well, I must go get me brother his breakfast." And she left the conclave.

"Arter all," said Mrs. Matthews, hitherto a silent onlooker, "we all got to put up wi' something. If that ain't one thing it's another. But there, I'd rather be in Maude Lay's place than in Ada Dynes' today. Nobody on't knock Maude about, an' she'll get good food an' coverin'."

"It's a rum 'un," remarked Mrs. Partridge, her doll-like expression contrasting oddly with her serious tone.

"What's that?" said Mrs. Mace, and Mrs. Mattews bent her head towards the speaker.

"My Bob went to Matt Dynes an' ast him to enlist, too. They was at school together, and Bob can't forget it. He most persuaded Matt, so that he went home an' told his wife he was goin'. Well, when Bob called, she was on her knees to him cryin' an' beggin' him not to go, f'r he was all she loved in this world. Matt were quite sober that day, an' he tried to persuade her, never swore nor nothin' Bob said, towd her she'd draw seventeen an' six a week, that they'd feed him well an' look arter him, but she wouldn't hear on't. She swore on th' Book she'd drown herself an' th' babies too if so be he left her."

"Women are rum things," remarked Mrs. Matthews.

"I don't understand 'em, though I'm one of 'em meself, rightly speakin'," admitted Mrs. Mace.

As though by common consent, the little group broke up.

The Spectator

Why Dooling was Smashed

Though Willis Polk's name is not to be printed on the official ballot the little architect is assured of many votes. The assurance came from his friend The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, whom he met at Lotta's Fountain the other day.

"Willis," said the clockwinder, "you're my choice for Mayor. I'm going to write your name in, and I'm advising all my friends to do the same."

"You're advising them," said Polk, "but will they do it?"

"Well, I don't know. The Bible tells us that all men are liars, and I think it's because of politics. However, you can depend on me. I never forget a friend. I'm like Hearst."

Polk took a squint at the clockwinder to see if his tongue was in his cheek, and there it was.

"Doesn't Hearst ever forget a friend?" Polk asked.

"Not if he ever gets a chance to smash one. And if one of his own isn't in sight he goes back a generation."

"What do you mean?"

"When Bill was a young fellow, just after taking charge of the Examiner he didn't have many friends, but there was a lot of old-timers who used to be friends of old George Hearst. Bill took them on one at a time. There was only one that escaped."

"Who was the lucky one?"

"Maurice T. Dooling, the man who is now a federal judge. But he had it coming to him, and he got it the other day. You see when George Hearst was a candidate for the United States Senate Dooling was an Assemblyman, and though he was then very young he was known from one end of the State to the other as a man of unimpeachable character. And let me tell you there was very much need of his kind in any candidate's camp in those wicked days. Well, he was for George Hearst. Not only that he seconded the nomination of George Hearst. It was his maiden speech, and it was a rattling one, the best one of the whole session. And everybody knew that it cost nobody anything. So you see Maurice had it coming from Bill. It was long overdue."

A Letter to Dr. Aked

The London weekly paper "John Bull" which is edited by Horatio Bottomley, runs every week a number of "candid communications" or open letters to "celebrities, notorieties and, occasionally, nonentities." The last number of "John Bull" which I have seen—the issue of August 14—contains the following "candid communication" addressed to our own Dr. Aked:

Rev. Sir—Several years ago you were a Nonconformist Conscience somewhere Birmingham way; then, having a fine scent for a "call," you sold out to Rockefeller Chuch in New York, and after that landed in another sphere of religion away in San Francisco. I cannot say where you hang out your sign now, but if I did not hear of your being converted into an American and having a trip to Yarrup and landing somewhere for a preach or two in this country a little while ago, you can put me right. That wasn't what I figured to talk about, anyway; it was about that statement issued jointly by you and the Herr Rev. Walter Rauschenbush, supporting the German contention that until the United States prohibits the exportation of arms and ammunition it cannot properly be regarded as a neutral country. There is naturally a certain squint in a man who once was an Englishman, naturalized himself as an American, and now argues as if he is in search of an Iron Cross or a higher salary in a Kaiserian tabernacle; but when you pretend with friend Rauschenbush that "it is a poor neutrality that does not work both ways," hasn't it ever struck you that it does? The Germhuns are equally at liberty with the British to buy armaments and ammunition in America, if they are able to pay for 'em in spot cash—not in paper. Also they are equally at liberty to transport 'em to Germhuny, if they can get 'em there while we are asleep or not looking. So far as I can figure, America is willing to sell any sort of goods to any sort of human animal, and would as soon sell to a beastly biped like the Germhun as anybody else; all you and the Rev. Rauschenbush have to do is to start a Germhun agency, order the goods, pay for 'em in gold, jewelry, or precious stones, find a ship to effect delivery—and there you are! What do you want to worry about prohibition for, if you are so keen on a neutrality that works both ways? Prohibition would only work the neutrality one way, my dear von Aked. Just you climb into the ear of friend Rauschenbush and ask him whether the Germhuns would consider it a breach of neutrality in the United States supplying arms and ammunition to them if they were in command of the seas. Anyway, if Unk Sam cares to prohibit the export of arms and ammunitions at the bidding of the von Bernstorffs and the von Hearsts and the von Akeds and the von Rauschenbushes, there's nothing to stop him. I think we are getting from Unk, at the present time, about one per cent, and if the worst comes to the worst, we'll try to get along without. We shall not be lily-livered enough to make a fuss on the subject either. Meanwhile, Germhuny is hereby invited to buy all the arms and munitions she can buy on your side of the pond and bring out her Heligoland fleet to escort them over. —John Bull.

The Los Angeles Brand

All through the East the report has spread that our Exposition is carrying so great a load of debt that it cannot be kept going. Indeed the impression is widespread that it may peter out any day, and as a consequence many people who had intended to visit the Exposition have thought it wise to stay at home. Where did this false report originate? We shall never know for a certainty, but there is reason for suspecting that it was invented in a model, exemplary city of the West where all the virtues scream in unison and the vices are velvet shod. The report was first heard in Los Angeles where, as I related some weeks ago, a visitor from this city who was mistaken for an Eastern tourist was advised by a hotel clerk not to journey to San Francisco as the Exposition was on its last legs and was no longer the kind of place a respectable man would care to take his wife or daughter to. The man from San Francisco was so indignant that he punched the hotel clerk's face.

The Revival of Racing

Apparently the gentlemen of the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association have made a big success of their enterprise. From the going up of the barrier on the first day of the revival of racing on the Exposition track they have had the confidence of the public. They have shown that it is possible to make the sport popular without making it at all objectionable. It is generally realized that the association is dominated by men who have the best interests of the sport at heart. These men, I hear, are giving every detail of the meeting their close attention. Almost any day you can see Charles Clark, Captain W. H. McKittrick, J. Cheever Cowdin, George Wingfield and J. C. Nealon at the track. These are among the leading spirits of the association, and it is probably due to them that the association now has an executive committee upon which has been put the full responsibility of seeing that the management of the races is without flaw. The members of this committee are William F. Humphrey, Captain McKittrick, R. M. Tobin, John Rossiter and J. Cheever Cowdin. Captain McKittrick, by the way, who was formerly of the army, is one of the most enthusiastic members of the association. No man has given more time to the business in hand than Captain McKittrick.

An Honorary Member

At a meeting of the Board of Stewards this week Governor Hiram Johnson was elected to honorary membership in the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association. Presumably this means that the Governor has assured himself that racing is in good hands. During the last session of the Legislature the Governor was urged to give his consent to certain modifications of the law that put the Emeryville track out of business, but he refused to do so. The Governor, however, is a lover of clean sport, and as such he is a loyal member of the Olympic Club. He has attended the races at the Exposition track, and has observed how they are conducted. From all reports he was pleased to find no objectionable features.

Wingfield of Nevada

By reason of the success of the season at the Exposition track the men who have revived the sport will probably feel justified in having a meeting every year. There is talk of the pur-

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chase of Tanforan and horse breeders feel greatly encouraged. As a result some fine horses may be imported for breeding purposes. To George Wingfield, the Nevada banker and miner, is attributed the intention of purchasing one of the greatest stallions in England. It was due to the influence of George Wingfield that racing was revived in Nevada, and now he is taking a lively interest in the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association of which he is an active and energetic member. It is interesting to reflect that George Wingfield is living up to the tradition of the Comstock days. In those days the Bonanza Kings who made their fortunes in the Sagebrush State found that San Francisco was a good city to invest in and to spend much of their time in. Now though Wingfield is a loyal Nevadan he likes San Francisco, and he is a bank president here as well as in Nevada. If he reminds one of the Bonanza Kings he differs from most of them in this, that his wealth has neither reduced his temperature nor inflamed him with ambition. His predecessors could think of nothing higher than a seat in the United States senate. George Wingfield refused one.

The Tribune Contest

An interesting contest is on across the bay for control of Oakland's big daily paper, the Tribune. Some time ago it was reported that Alfred Holman and F. B. Loomis had obtained an option on the whole paper, but this is not so. Their option was for the purchase of a one-half interest, the half belonging to the estate of W. E. Dargie, but of late there has been considerable manoeuvring with a view to depriving Mrs. Dargie, the widow, of control. At the time of Dargie's death there were 3,855 shares of Tribune stock outstanding. Of that number 3,851 were in the estate, and each of the other four was held by one of the directors—John F. Connors, J. Clem Arnold, E. A. Forester and E. Doig. Presumably Mrs. Dargie was in control of the paper, but it has turned out that John Connors was not satisfied with the prevailing state of affairs. He was a very active director and better than a raw hand at manipulating things in his own interest. Hence the litigation in which the paper is now involved. Connors is the cunning strategist who has been manoeuvring the forces against the widow.

Some Fine Strategy

Several expedients have been resorted to in the hope of weakening Mrs. Dargie's position. For instance, for the purpose of strengthening the Connors' forces for the next election of directors a share of stock has been made to rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of the fire of 1906. This share was owned by George W. Baker, now deceased, who was formerly a dummy director. On the stock-book stub of the missing certificate appear these words in the handwriting of George W. Baker: "Destroyed by San Francisco fire, April, 1906." About that time George W. Baker resigned from the directorate. Were the Baker stock to be counted there would be a total of 3,856 shores outstanding and Mrs. Dargie would find her position somewhat weakened. What appears to be another strategic move to put her at a disadvantage was made the other day when a suit was brought in the name of the heirs of the estate of Thomas Dargie, brother of William Dargie, to have the former declared the owner of a half interest in the Tribune and to enjoin the executors from distributing to Mrs. Dargie the shares of stock which she has petitioned for. This suit is not taken seriously, for Tom Dargie died before his brother, and his estate was probated four years ago and though it was inventoried to the satisfaction of the heirs there is no Tribune item in the inventory. However, though the suit is not taken seriously it may serve to prolong John Connors on his job, which is no small desideratum, for John is drawing down $7,800 a year. The books show that when Dargie was alive Connors enjoyed the modest income of $2,600 a year. The cost of running the Tribune has greatly increased in the few years since Dargie's death. The officers of the company drew $22,240 a year and of that sum $12,000 went into Dargie's pocket. Now with Dargie in his grave the total is $33,400, and the highest salaried officer is Connors with $7,800. Perhaps it is no wonder that the widow has grown impatient.

Col. Emerson in Trouble

Word comes over the cable that Colonel Edwin Emerson is in trouble with the Swiss Government. The little republic, it seems, has made objection to the tone of Emerson's writings and has thrown him into jail for violating neutrality. It may be true, and then again it may be a bit of personally conducted press agency on the part of the colonel. It is not very easy to use the cable for self-advertisement, but if it can be done Colonel Emerson is the man to do it. For the colonel is a pastmaster of the art of the limelight. Not being in the first rank of writing men the colonel realizes the importance of investing his work with adventitious interest; hence some of his most interesting exploits in various parts of the world. The colonel is well known in this city. He worked here for quite a while, and it was here that he married Maisie Griswold, one of the cleverest and most popular girls in that old Bohemian set which made its headquarters at Coppa.'s. Those who knew Colonel Emerson in San Francisco smiled when they found that he had gotten into trouble again. From Colonel Emerson's viewpoint the world war would be a failure unless it yielded Colonel Emerson a certain amount of sensational publicity.

A Soldier of Fortune

I suppose Colonel Emerson may be described as a soldier of fortune. Most soldiers of fortune, not excluding a number of those celebrated in Richard Harding Davis' book, are the creatures of rather skilful press agents; and as they are usually their own press agents they may be described quite accurately as self-made men. When Colonel Emerson came to San Francisco he had, besides the handle to his name, a good-natured, volatile disposition, a more or less interesting irresponsibility (according as you happened to be his acquaintance or his creditor), and the doubtful kudos of a certain amount of literary work. Among other books was a History of the United States in the Nineteenth Century, a piece of hackwork which is still to be found occasionally in the trays in front of second-hand book stores. Colonel Emerson had been in Cuba, and it was understod that he had received his commission from Gomez or some other Cuban commander. When Arno Dosch who distinguished himself at the beginning of the present war by getting arrested with Irvin Cobb and Will Irwin, came to San Francisco from Portland with a comfortable bank roll and started an illustrated weekly paper called "East and West," Colonel Emerson was one of the first to write for the new periodical. A lot of money failed to keep "East and West" going, so Dosch retired and Emerson converted it into the "New San Francisco Magazine." He paid contributors with shares of stock in this venture, and no doubt some of the writers who received this stock still keep it as a curiosity. It never had any value, and to do Emerson justice, he never pretended that it had any value.

His Marriage Here

When Colonel Emerson married Maisie Griswold, her many friends breathed a fervent prayer that he would settle down and make some sort of comfortable pact with the wolf at the door. Maisie Griswold was dearly liked, and her friends did not care to see her wedded to irresponsibility. She was depicted, together with others of the Coppa set, in Gellett Burgess' novel "The Heart Line." The newlyweds had some hard months here, for the colonel was the quarry of bill collectors and process servers. He finally escaped his creditors by a ruse which would have done credit to one of Charles Lever's impecunious heroes, and steamed through the Golden Gate for Mexico, his wife accompanying him. He reached Mexico when the press propaganda which preceded the fall of Porfirio Diaz was at its height, and of course he plunged into the midst of things. Stories of Colonel Emerson riding in a private car and other tales indicating considerable prosperity reached this city, but were probably exaggerations. From the City of Mexico Colonel Emerson went to New York, and his name was occasionally seen at the head of an article or story in one of the magazines. I suppose he went to Europe as soon as the war broke out, or as soon thereafter as he could negotiate steamship tickets for himself and wife. If he is really in trouble in Switzerland I hope nothing worse happens to him than a few months' diet of crackers and Swiss cheese. The colonel has known as meagre a diet before, and so has his wife, though I have never heard of her complaining.

The Judge's Precedent

Judge Coffey threatened the other day to send Tim Reardon, president of the Board of Public Works, to jail for contempt unless that official saw to it that a squeaky door in the court room ceased to squeak. Judge Coffey had a precedent for this action. When the "New" City Hall, the one destroyed in the fire, was under course of construction Judge Wallace issued a similar threat. The ears of Judge Wallace were disturbed by workmen who were engaged in setting girders in place just above the court room. Judge Wallace stood it is long as he could, and then declared that he would cite the City Hall Commissioners for contempt unless the work was suspended during court hours. And the work was stopped

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Machine-Made Marbles

I have spent an hour in the Manufacturers' Building at the Fair, examining the marble statuary in the Italian section, and I have learned a great deal about the artistic taste (if I may use that adjective) of hoi polloi. The smiling, suave, flattering salesmen of this exhibit are doing a land office business. They have sold thousands of dollars worth of their marble wares. One reason for their success is that they know how to play upon the vanity of the vulgus. These Italians make a retail drygoods merchant from Akron, Ohio, think that his taste in art is perfect; and that accomplished, the sale is easy. Another reason for their success is that American hoi polloi have a weakness for statues of pretty girls entitled "Meditation," "Inspiration," "Reverie" or what not. If they cannot afford to buy them in marble they will buy them from a pedler's basket in plaster. As many as twenty or thirty copies of some of these marble statues have been sold, if we may believe the cards attached to them. One of the favorites is a bust of Joan of Arc. It might just as well be labeled St. Cecilia or Juliet or Dora Copperfield. Another great favorite is a small group of three children entitled "Innocence." Women go into raptures over it, their first words being "Aren't they cute?" or "The darlings!" One of the many purchasers of this sixty-dollar marble is William Jennings Bryan. It is just the sort of thing I should expect a Chautauqua lecturer to buy. There are two life-sized marble statues of Washington and Lincoln. Copies of these have been bought by Dr. Mayo of Rochester, and by Stanford University. I can excuse the great surgeon for shopping for statues as he might shop for neckties—he has no doubt been too busy saving lives to cultivate a sound taste in art. But is it not intolerable that a university should buy its statues from a factory? For be it known that these are machine-made marbles. They are turned out by a mechanical process, like nails or tin cans. If Stanford wants statues of Washington and Lincoln why does it not commission a Californian sculptor to make them? Are we to suppose that the taste of the vulgus is the taste of Stanford University?

Charles Ruggles on Broadway

I do not know just how long ago it was that I predicted a Broadway success for little Charlie Ruggles of the Alcazar. It was quite a good ways back. There is one very nice thing about the actors and actresses of the Alcazar for whom I made such a prediction: they have never belied my prophecy. So I am not surprised to read in the New York Times of the success which Charlie Ruggles has just achieved. This is the way the dramatic critic of the Times begins an article devoted to Charlie:

"One of the reasons why the premiere of "Rolling Stones" at the Harris last Tuesday evening proved to be a pleasant occasion was the marked personal success achieved by Charles Ruggles, a young actor comparatively new to the New York stage. The role of the timorous crook-in-spite-of-himself in Edgar Selwyn's new play served to introduce him as an adroit farceur, winning in manner, and possessed, it would seem, of a nice sense of nonsense. His advent is scarcely a momentous theatrical event, but his betters do not throng our stage in such droves that there is any doubt about his welcome to Broadway."

An Ed Price Story

Those who knew E. D. Price when he was manager of the Alcazar do not have to be told about his ready wit. There are lots of good stories told of Ed Price. Here is one in which his interlocutor got the better of him. Charles Burnham has just become the manager of the Gaiety Theatre in New York. E. D. Price is manager of a new play "Just Outside the Door" which is playing at the Gaiety. Price walked into the office of the theatre, and found Burnham there. Raising his voice to a shout, Mr. Price said:

"Glad to see you, Mr. Burnham. I have often heard my father speak about you."

To which, in a still louder voice, Mr. Burnham replied:

"Pleased to meet you, sir. Is this the Ed Price I used to read about in the elder Wallack's memoirs?"

"Poetry" and "The Lantern"

I was honored this week by the visit to my humble workshop of Miss Harriet Monroe of Chicago, the editor of that interesting little monthly "Poetry." Miss Monroe has conducted this periodical in such fashion as to draw the attention of all poetry-lovers. She informed me that "Poetry" introduced Rabindranath Tagore to American readers; also that Nicholas Vachell Lindsay published in "Poetry" the poem which first brought him to the attention of the country, "General Booth Enters Heaven." And she told me of something else that interested me in another way. She told me that "Poetry" is supported by a board of guarantors in the same manner that our Symphony Orchestra is supported. These guarantors are one hundred in number and they subscribe fifty dollars a year. So "Poetry" has an assured fund of five thousand dollars a year to keep it going. And yet "Poetry," Miss Monroe told me, finds it very difficult to increase the number of its subscribers. I could not help thinking of The Lantern when Miss Monroe told me this. The Lantern, it is superfluous to point out, is backed by no board of guarantors. It depends entirely upon its subscribers and advertisers. It is only six months old. Nevertheless it is growing steadily. New subscribers are coming in all the time. The advertisements bulk a little larger every month. Decidedly the editors of The Lantern ought to be encouraged by the comparison with "Poetry." The latest number of The Lantern, the September issue, is on the news stands. It is a very interesting number. There is a rather mocking essay on Idealists illustrated with incidents from the career of Heinrich Heine who thought himself an Idealist but wasn't. There is a play in one act called "The Sophisticated Father" which is worthy the attention of Holbrook Blinn. These two contributions are from the pen of Theodore Bonnet. Edward F. O'Day contributes an essay on Francis Thompson. It is called "The Children's Laureate" and deals exclusively with that side of Thompson's poetry suggested by the title. By special request Ernest Dowson's lovely "Cynara" is published in this issue.

A Book and a Suggestion

Eugen Neuhaus has made another praiseworthy contribution to the literature of the Exposition. In his first book, "The Art of the Exposition," he discussed its architecture and sculpture in an entertaining and instructivie manner. His second book, "The Galleries of the Exposition," is a critical review of the paintings, statuary and the graphic arts in the Palace of Fine Arts. In this work Mr. Neuhaus illuminates many dark corners, shedding light on the aims of the exhibition and its purposes, and thus making clear matters about which there has been much questioning. But Mr. Neuhaus writes mainly as an art critic and as such he will be found interesting by persons desirous of improving their knowledge of the divers schools of art and of the technical and other merits and demerits of painters whose works are in the exhibition. There is only one criticism I have to make, and it is this,—there is too little discursiveness in the book. Mr. Neuhaus is a very entertaining discursive writer, but in "The Galleries of the Exposition" he is too much of the correct and conscientious instructor. As a wanderer through the galleries he might advantageously have followed the advice of Sir Thomas Browne to his son who had been traveling in Hungary. The advice was that in writing about the trip he should not bother about facts and details. He was not to say too much about the way in which ores of Hungary were converted into metal, but he should give a full description of the tomb of discolored alabaster in the barber shop at Pesth. On the very first page Mr. Neuhaus mentions casually a Tiepolo, telling us of its composition, its "bigness of style," etc., but not a word of Tiepolo. What a fine opportunity missed. That old master Tiepolo of whom the average man never heard was one of the greatest ceiling painters in the world. A great artist, though he did dangle the legs of his gods and goddesses obtrusively down from the cornice. I have read somewhere that his painting in the Museo Civico is the most audacious painting produced in Italy. In this painting one sees Venetian ladies and gentlemen on the shores of Lido watching the galleys come in. There is an Exquisite handing a lady across a ditch which takes one's breath away by its unimpeachable naughtiness.

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The figures stand as the purest pieces of pictorial devilry ever put on canvas. It occurs to me that a book on the painters of the Exposition would be far more interesting than a book on their pictures.

"The Lure of San Francisco"

How did Sir Francis Drake happen to discover the Gulf of the Farallones? Why do we call the Mission of San Francisco de Asis "Mission Dolores?" Why is the corner of Sixteenth and Church of more historic interest than the corner of Sixteenth and Dolores? Who planted the yellow mustard on our hills? And who planted the blue lupin in the Presidio? What is the story of Luis Arguello and Rafaela Sal? What is the dormidera? How did Corte Madera, "the place of hewn wood," get its name? What was the site of the first house built in Yerba Buena? Who held the first Fourth of July celebration in Yerba Buena? And in what year? How many times was the Jenny Lind Theatre burned down? In what part of the city was Sidneyville? How did Colonel Jack Hays win the election for sheriff? Why was Alcatraz Island so named? What was the Spanish name for Telegraph Hill? In what section of the city was Cantil Blanco? Why is it no more? What was it hereabouts that the Indians called Yulupa or the Sunset Strait? Reader, I am examining you as to your proficiency in the history of your city. Some old-timers can answer all the questions I have asked, but most of the younger folk cannot. They will find the answers in "The Lure of San Francisco," a book just published by Paul Elder. It consists of a series of descriptions and historical notes on San Francisco cast in conversational form and held together by a love story. The book was written by Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Gray. It is illustrated from charcoal drawings by Audley B. Wells. It will be a worth-while book if it induces San Franciscans to familiarize themselves with their history.

Two Volumes on the Exposition

Paul Elder and Company announce for publication in September "The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition," with an introduction by Louis Christian Mullgardt, F. A. I. A. member of the Architectural Commission of the Exposition. This volume will present a comprehensive, pictorial survey of the most beautiful and interesting features of the Exposition, as it will be illustrated with ninety-six carefully selected views picturing both the perspectives and groupings of the buildings and avenues, and the exquisite architectural details. These will be reproduced in rich duo-tone prints mounted in the pages of the volume. The second volume, also to be published by Paul Elder and Company, will be "The Sculpture and Mural Paintings of the Exposition," with an introduction by A. Stirling Calder, acting chief of sculpture of the Exposition. This will be published as a companion volume, and will also be illustrated with mounted duo-tone prints reproducing ninety-six choice selections of the sculpture and mural paintings. Many of these are to be in detail, and others will be given in their settings, affording delightful glimpses of the architecture and landscape gardening of the Exposition. This volume will be ready in October.

FRITZ KREISLER

Who will appear in recitals at Cort Theatre Sunday afternoons, October 3 and 10

ADMIRES LITERARY GEM

Lack of Logic of Prohibitionist Entertains Reader of Tract

(From St. Paul, Minn., Dispatch, August 9, 1915)
To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The other day a well-meaning friend handed me an anti-liquor tract entitled "The Two Crowns." As a lack-logic prohibition skit it is a gem. Its theme is the marriage of Adolphus Busch, wherein he presents his wife with a golden crown said to cost $100,000. Among the presents were those from ex-Presidents Taft and Roosevelt.

The rest of the tract is a shriek. What has the brewer's wife done, more than poorer women, to deserve a crown? gasps the writer. Answer: For one thing she has shown superior judgment to theirs by picking out a better "provider."

H quotes a prison warden to the effect that from 75 to 80 per cent enter the pen on account of the saloon. Not one per cent do! If these officeholders would judge their inmates with minds open to sociological truths instead of with an eye to their own political standing, they would find that defective parentage, bad rearing and miserable home environment are the factors which forced the delinquents behind prison bars. Not only has the saloon never put a person in the pen, but it has never sent one to the insane asylum, as the writer asserts. The above factors, plus domestic, affectional and financial troubles, sent them there. Truly many will miss the saloon should it be abolished; it is the ever handy scapegoat.

Alcoholics "responsible for nearly all of poverty," wails the writer. Nonsense! Turkey, the only anti-liquor land in Europe, has been alcohol-free for over a millennium and is the most poverty-stricken, ignorant and degenerate nation in the world.

The tenor of the whole scurrilous screed is to show that the brewer and distiller are at fault for the crime and vice of the country, instead of criminals and vicious themselves. Simple decency should prompt the perception that Brewer Busch is no more to blame for the misery entailed by the excessive intake of alcoholic drinks than is any wholesale grocer in this town for the hell of dyspepsia entailed by the injudicious or excessive consumption of his groceries.

However, his palsied reason and atrophied sense of justice will not allow the prohibitionist to see that the dyspeptic and debauchee are to blame, and not the vendors of the misused wares.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Redding Settling Down

That gayest of boulevardiers, that most confirmed of clubmen, that Bohemian of Bohemians, that friend of artists and devotee of all the arts —to whom could I refer but to Joe Redding?— shows signs of settling down. It would seem that Joe has sown his wild oats of art for art's sake and is about to apply himself seriously to law for money's sake. For I am in receipt of an engraved card which informs me that Joseph D. Redding has opened a law office. I infer that that jealous mistress will begrudge him more than an hour or so a day at his favorite club; that she will scold him every time he opens a play book or a volume of poems instead of a law book; that she will frown when he spends his time in telling stories instead of writing briefs. Verily, the law's gain will be Bohemia's loss. The owl will drop a tear when the youngest of her older sons buckles down to the unaccustomed grind.

A Promising Outlook

The card which I have received states that the name of the new law firm will be Redding, Boalt and Pier; and that the associates of Joe are Gilbert D. Boalt and Earl H. Pier. I know these young men. They are very capable lawyers. Pier was a deputy in the office of United States Attorney John L. McNab, and showed great ability in handling cases in the federal courts. I make no doubt that the new firm will handle a great deal of business. Redding has a host of acquaintances, and the young men have a great deal of energy; these things make for prosperity. I shall not be surprised to learn that one of the first clients to give the new firm a retainer is Charles Templeton Crocker.

They Are to Collaborate

Why do I think so? Because Joe Redding and Templeton Crocker have been extremely chummy of late. And their close association is founded on community of artistic interest. Redding and Crocker are going to write the Bohemian Grove Play for 1917. Crocker will write the book, and Redding will compose the music. This will be Joe's first ambitious attempt as a composer of music. He has written music before, but on a small scale (no pun). The last time he assisted in the preparation of a grove play he figured as the dramatist while Henry Hadley did the music. That grove play, you recall, was "The Atonement of Pan." Prior to that Redding had written the libretto for Victor Herbert's opera of "Natoma." But this time Redding will give an entirely new proof of his versatility. And Templeton Crocker who has appeared in two Bohemian Club theatrical productions — the Christmas jinks and the latest grove play—will make his debut as a dramatic writer. Obviously it is likely enough that Redding will become Crocker's lawyer as well as his collaborator.

Thaw's Last Visit

At this writing Harry Thaw is expected in San Francisco almost any day. I venture to say that if a "Thaw Day" were given at the Fair almost as many people would turn out as on "Roosevelt Day." Incidentally, I cannot help thinking of Thaw's last visit to this city. It was before his marriage, but the fair Evelyn was with him. During his visit here he met Tom McCaleb and took a great fancy to him. When he asked Tom to go to New York as his guest, Tom accepted the invitation. It was McCaleb who introduced Thaw to Truxtun Beale, and it will be recalled that both Beale and McCaleb were at dinner with Thaw at Martin's and accompanied him to the roof garden the night Stanford White was killed.

Mrs. Ryer and Mrs. Widener

In Newport this season the names of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer of San Francisco and Mrs. George Widener of Philadelphia are being coupled. The reason is that both have made conquest of the well nigh impregnable fortress of exclusiveness this summer. But there is this difference: it took Mrs. Widener four seasons to triumph, while Mrs. Ryer has done it in one. Mrs. Ryer is four times as energetic as Mrs. Widener, therefore; and this is not surprising, for she comes from San Francisco which is at the very least four times as energetic as Mrs. Widener's sleepy Philadelphia.

The Bridegroom Was "Broke"

In Chicago they are telling a story about Howard Spaulding and his bride Catherine Barker, the thirty-million-dollar heiress. They stopped for a day or two at the Blackstone, following the wedding. One day while they were in the dining room, a young lady approached their table. She was selling tickets for a benefit for the "Eastland" survivors, and she asked young Spaulding to take some. The husband of the thirty-million-dollar heiress went through his pockets, only to discover that they were empty.

"My dear," he said to his bride, "I really haven't any money. Won't you give me some for this young lady?"

The thirty-million-dollar heiress produced the exact cost of the tickets, gave it to the young lady, and stored the tickets away in her bag.

To Tait's Ranch

John Tait entertained a party of sixteen friends at his beautiful "Whoop-ee Ranch" in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Ben Lomond from Thursday till Sunday last. The party left San Francisco by automobile Thursday morning, stopping for lunch at Paul Masson's home near Saratoga. On Friday Mr. Tait arranged a clam bake on the ocean beach near Aptos followed by a visit to the Big Trees at Felton. On Saturday the party, headed by Mr. Tait and Major Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., enjoyed a brisk walk along the cool sylvan trails to the home of the well known Professor Brooks, Mr. Tait's nearest neighbor. Mr. Tait's guests on this delightful week-end party consisted principally of members of the Family Club. The list: Major Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., Louis Sloss, Clarence R. Ward, W. A. Stringer, Dan Hanlon, Will K. Nelson, Edward F. O'Day, W. L. Hughson, Alex J. Young, W. A. Landry, J. Harry Blohme, Samuel N. Rucker, Ellis H. Parrish, Frederick K. Burnham, W. E. Travis, Tiv Kreling.

Baroness de Meyer at Fairmont

Baroness Olga de Meyer, goddaughter of the late King Edward and the most skilful swordswoman in the world, has taken apartments at the Fairmont. She is accompanied by her husband Baron Adolph de Meyer who has the reputation of being one of the most original and most artistic amateur photographers in America. The Baroness does not contemplate giving any exhibition of her skill as a fencer while she is in San Francisco; in fact she was quite reticent as to her plans, saying that she and her husband had arrived to see the Exposition and beyond that had made no definite plans for their stay.

Japanese Millionaire a Visitor

Soichiro Asano, multimillionaire shipping magnate of Japan who, within a few years, worked his way from a coal sweeper on the streets of Yokohama to the head of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the largest of the Japanese steamship lines, has been at the Fairmont for the past week, prior to returning home on the palatial S. S. Shinyo Maru. Asano has been in America for several weeks making arrangements for the increased business which will naturally come to the Japanese lines through the withdrawal of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. from the Trans-Pacific trade. He says that his company is planning to seize the opportunity which the withdrawal of the American company has given it and to make every effort to take care of this increased business by buying new ships and securing additional facilities. Mr. Asano is accompanied by Mrs. Asano and while they were in the East they placed their two daughters in a school there. Although Mr. Asano does not speak English fluent-

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ly himself, he is a firm believer in having his children educated in America, his oldest son having recently graduated from Yale.

Taft at Yale Dinner

Ex-President Taft who now occupies a chair at Yale University, was the guest of honor of the Yale Alumni Association at an elaborate dinner at the Fairmont on Wednesday last. Judge Taft was in fine spirits and high good humor and spoke with his accustomed energy and directness on the leading topics of the day. This is the second large affair which the Yale men have held this summer, the first being the great banquet given to Professor Hadley at the Palace.

Weaver Party Arrives

J. H. Weaver, captain of industry, golf enthusiast and well known club man of Philadelphia, arrived in San Francisco Wednesday and has taken apartments at the Palace for an indefinite stay. With him are Mrs. Weaver and Miss Weaver, A. J. Rapp, J. F. Maclin and Dr. Adams, also of Philadelphia. They are making a leisurely tour of the Pacific Coast in their private car, having come out by way of Grand Canyon and San Diego and are planning to return by way of the Canadian Rockies. This is the first time that Weaver has been in California, his vacations having been spent in previous years on the other side of the Atlantic. All the men of the party are enthusiastic golfers and their first question after having become settled at the Palace was as to the golf clubs of this city.

Railroad Officials at Palace

The Palace has for years been recognized as headquarters for the railroad and transportation men who come to San Francisco. Among the recent arrivals are: J. W. Daly, passenger traffic manager of the Michigan Central, with headquarters at Chicago, who is accompanied by his wife and family; and W. B. Jerome, general western passenger agent for the Lake Shore and Michigan Central.

Carnival Night at Tavern

Carnival Night at Techau Tavern, every Wednesday, is all that the name implies. Governed by that atmosphere of refinement and respectability for which the Tavern is noted, these evenings of good-humored jollity are a delight to all who attend and are especially attractive to visitors who wish to enjoy San Francisco's cafe life at its best. Every guest receives a bag of fun-making souvenirs which add much to the real carnival spirit of these occasions. Every evening in the week patrons of this cafe may enjoy the now celebrated Candy and Cigarette dances which are a feature of the Tavern. Without competition of any kind, the management presents art souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's delicious candies and the gentlemen are remembered with large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes Miss Van Derhoff leads, each evening, an expert corps of toe dancers in classic dances arranged, with an entire change of program each week, by V. Vestoff who was the leading male dancer with the Pavlowa Russian Ballet. Miss Van Derhoff was the star dancer of the Ruth St. Denis Company.

Letters

Books for Children

Edna A. Brown is one of the foremost purveyors of juvenile literature. Her stories are wholesome, her characters natural, the incidents probable and her style above reproach. She is one of the few who does not depend upon the impudent brattishness of hoydens and hoodlums for "spice," and her young readers have always the satisfaction of associationg with heroes and heroines whom they would not be ashamed to know in real life. "Arnold's Little Brother" is a story of a boy's school without any of the familiar characters, the athletic wonder, the impossibly pious prig, the school bully or the bad, bad villain. This is Miss Brown's fourth story.

The series of "Children of Other Lands" is different from anything else of its kind. Instead of being a "series" with a new volume appearing at a stated interval after the last, by some one who has crammed for the occasion or drawn on imagination for plausible facts, the books come only now and then, when the publishers have found someone who has lived the child-life and is capable of describing it in vital and attractive style. The latest addition, the sixth story, "When I Was a Boy in Belgium," is by Robert Jonckheere who has but recently arrived in America, an exile from his war-torn country, and the final chapters give a graphic picture of the refugees fleeing from the destruction of their homes but knowing not what is before them. Mr. Jonckheere is truly amazed at the American idea of liberty as applied in the education of children, and well may he wonder what it is to lead to.

"The Red House Children's Year" is the fourth volume of a series for little folks about the age of ten or twelve. There were eight little fatherless children whose mother had a hard struggle to support them in a tiny red house in a small village. An ideal step-father was introduced, and the family flitted away to comparative affluence and very substantial comfort in a nearby town, where they were as simple and friendly as before and made friends in every station of life. In this volume, Chan, the musical member of the octette, has a trip to Europe; Amaryllis, the eldest daughter, is emerging into young ladyhood; and the others have their full share of good times and novelty. For those who have not yet made the acquaintance of the "Red House Children" it will be sufficient to say that the books belong in the same class with the widely-advertised Little Peppers, but the Firth octette are more human and less priggishly pious than the Peppers. Amanda M. Douglas is the well known author.

"The Sleepy-Time Story Book" is designed for the very littlest children, or, more properly, those in charge of them. Instead of excitable stories of adventure which are more apt to produce a state of wakefulness at bed time, these simple little tales are built on the principle of suggestionizing the child into restfulness and slumber. If children have been permitted to acquire the habit of demanding stories as soporifics, perhaps there is nothing better for the uninventive adult than this. Ruth O. Dyer is the author. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are the publishers of all these books.

In Boston

Hubbicus—Why do you put on those blue glasses when you shine my boots?

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Gossip of the Theatre

Shakespeare at Pinehurst

"The Taming of the Shrew" is to be presented this Saturday at 8:15 p. m. and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in the beautiful amphitheatre amidst the trees at Pinehurst Station, Redwood Canyon. Never has this fanciful play had so worthy a setting. The stage is surrounded by trees and a sloping bank forms a most delightful background. This amphitheatre has just been created and forms an addition to the attractions of Redwood Canyon on the Oakland, Antioch and Eastern Railway. The comedy will afford an ideal afternoon's entertainment. The audience seated beneath the trees will watch a delightfully amusing entertainment given by the well known Garnet Holme Players. The Oakland, Antioch and Eastern Railway will afford every facility for those who wish to be present at this delightful performance. Mr. Joseph Macauley who has played "Rip Van Winkle" and "Bottom" will appear as Petruchio. Miss Helen Hill, formerly of the Alcazar stock company, will be Katharina.

Kreisler's Recitals

Last December, three thousand persons sat spellbound in Carnegie Hall, the occasion being the first American recital of Fritz Kreisler since his return from the European war. Wounded by a Cossack's lance at Lemberg, Kreisler had been given a military medal and discharged from further duty. "What effect will the wound have on his playing?" was uppermost in every mind. Kreisler limped onto the stage and there was an intense stillness until he had finished his first Concerto. The New York critics declared that never before had he shown more lofty musicianship or nobler style. Kreisler will be heard in recitals at the Cort Sunday afternoons, October 3 and 10, under the direction of Frank W. Healy. Mail orders, if sent to Frank W. Healy, care of Sherman, Clay and Co. will be filled in the order of their receipt, and as near the desired location as possible.

Mme. Melba to Open Here

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces that his season will open on September 19 with a superb program of song to be rendered by that glorious artist Mme. Nellie Melba, the greatest lyric soprano of her generation. Melba stands in a class by herself; no other artist before the public has a voice even comparable with hers for sheer beauty, and her artistry is absolutely impeccable. Since Patti, Melba has unquestionably held sway as the greatest "queen of song." This season Mme. Melba will devote her time entirely to concert work, with the exception of three special appearances with the new Chicago Opera Company. With Mme. Melba will come a young baritone, Robert Parker, late of the Quinlan Opera Company, and Frank St. Leger, a European accompanist of renown. Two concerts will be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoons, September 19 and 26. The prices of seats will range from $2.50 down to $1.00 and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s. Special attention will be given to out of town orders. In Oakland Mme. Melba will have the distinction of being the first great artist to sing in the new Auditorium Opera House, a really beautiful theatre with perfect acoustics. It is a portion of Oakland's new Civic Auditorium. The date of this event is Thursday night, September 23. Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Oakland store and at the Auditorium box office. For this event address Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, Oakland.

Kreisler Special Concert

Prof. William Dallam Armes, chairman of the Faculty Committee on Music and Drama, announces that on Friday night, October 8, for the first time, a great musical star will appear at the Greek Theatre. The artist will be Fritz Kreisler, and he will be supported by a big symphony orchestra by arrangement with Will L. Greenbaum. On this occasion the master-violinist will play a Concerto by Mozart, the Mendelssohn Concerto and groups of solo numbers. Reserved seats will be $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, and mail orders should be addressed to Prof. Armes at the University of California.

Belasco's "Girl" at Alcazar

As a tribute to the thousands of Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West who will be in San Francisco next week, the Alcazar management has decided to offer Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan, and their brilliant company of players, in an elaborate revival of David Belasco's famous story of the days of '49, "The Girl of the Golden West." It would be foolish to extol this play or to praise the Alcazar production, for both are a matter of history in this city, the city of Belasco's birth. The production will be on a handsome and spectacular scale, many special players being engaged. Scenically it will be a wonder and minute detail will be given to the celebrated card scene and the wonderful storm scene in the second act. There will be a special matinee on Monday, September 6 (Labor Day), and matinees on Thursday, September 9 (Admission Day), and on Saturday and Sunday. The run of "The Girl of the Golden West" is positively limited to one week.

Damrosch Conducts at Fair

The weekly concerts of the Exposition Orchestra in Festival Hall are drawing the attention of thousands of music lovers, and that to be given this Sunday afternoon promises to be among the most attractive offered. Walter Damrosch is to be the conductor, the Music Department of the Exposition having been able to secure his valuable and greatly sought services on account of his having had charge of the musical settings of Margaret Anglin's productions at the Greek Theatre recently. He has heard the Exposition Orchestra several times, expressed his appreciation of that organization of eighty musicians and concluded that he would like to present a Wagner program. Consequently the conductor of the famous New York Symphony Or-

RALPH DUNBAR'S SALON SINGERS

Next week at the Orpheum

chestra will wave his baton over selections from "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Gotterdammerung" and "Die Walkure." Pierre Henrette, concert-master of the orchestra, will play the violin solo in "Dreams," a study from "Tristan and Isolde," and Mrs. Merle Alcock will be the vocalist of the afternoon. This dramatic contralto who has made thirty-two appearances with the New York Symphony Orchestra and who also sang with great success in Miss Anglin's Greek Theatre productions, will be heard in Adriane's Aria from Wagner's "Rienzi." The concert will begin at half past two. Seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

The Autumn Festival

The Music Department of the Exposition announces an "Autumn Music Festival" to be held in Festival Hall from September 30 to October 3. The Exposition Chorus of 400 voices, under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Apollo Club of Boston, with the Exposition Orchestra of 80, Max Bendix, conductor, will present Mendelssohn's 'Elijah" Wednesday evening, September 29, and Verdi's "Requiem" Sunday afternoon, October 3, and there will be a public rehearsal of the last work Friday evening, October 1, at 7:30. The soloists engaged for the festival include Mme. Emmy Destinn, soprano from the Metropolitan, Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, the Boston soprano, Mme. Florence Mulford, contralto from the Metropolitan, George Hamlin, tenor from the Chicago Grand Opera, Evan Williams, the famous Welsh tenor, Frederic Martin, America's greatest oratorio basso, Earl Cartwright, the New York baritone, and Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist. Kreisler will play Thursday evening, September 30, and there will be an "Artist's Concert" Saturday afternoon, October 2, at 2:30.

"The New Henrietta" at Cort

Here come five of the brightest stars in the theatrical blue book, William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Laura Hope Crews and Mabel Taliaferro to the Cort on Monday evening, September 6, and the play, "The New Henrietta," is an old friend that has been weighed and not found wanting. Joseph Brooks has fathered more important revivals than any of the legitimate managers. He organized the all-star tour of "The Rivals" with Jefferson, Florence, Crane, the Holland brothers, Nat Goodwin, Robert Tabor, Julia Marlowe and Mrs. John Drew. Last season he revived "Trilby" with an all-star cast, and now comes our old friend "The Henrietta," under his guiding direction. "The New Henrietta" has been revised by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes to suit the present generation. Tonight and tomorrow's matinee will make the final presentations at the Cort of "The Birth of a Nation; or, The Clansman," the film masterpiece.

Last Week of Mrs. Carter

Next week will be Mrs. Leslie Carter's last at the Orpheum. She will continue to present her tabloid version of "Zaza" which is proving a great success. In conjunction, a great new show will be presented which includes several of the most famous acts in vaudeville. Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers, an excellent quintette who had the distinction of sharing headline honors with William Jennings Bryan on the Chautauqua circuit, will present a delightful program of popular numbers. Billie Burke is famous as an originator and producer. His latest success is entitled "Tango Shoes," and is a novelty in which the element of curiosity and mystery play an important part. To go into further details would be to lessen the enjoyment of one of the most diverting acts in vaudeville. Charles E. Evans, the favorite comedian of Evans and Hoey "Parlor Match fame," will be a welcome feature of the coming bill. He will be assisted by Helena Phillips, recently prominent in the support of David Warfield. The two will present a laughable farce entitled "A Forgotten Combination." Shirli Rives and Ben Harrison will appear in a new "Bench Act." Miss Rives is an accomplished vocalist and comedienne and also a very beautiful woman, and Ben Harrison is a clever, versatile and original comedian. The others who will take part in this program are Harry and Eva Puck; Eva Shirley and Willie Solar.

Tableaux at Pantages

When the Germans shelled Louvain some of the world's greatest masterpieces were destroyed. Mlle. Henrietta de Serris whose fifteen living models appear as the feature attraction at Pantages on Sunday, happened to be in Louvain three years ago and made copies of the beautiful paintings and marbles. All the details of Mlle. De Serris' tableaux vivants are posed with a care for detail, and her living pictures have been the headline feature in big vaudeville theatres all over the world. Sunny Kildulf and Arthur May in their ludicrous bucolic skit "The Limb of the Law" is the big laughing hit of the new

MME. MELBA

At Cort Theatre two Sunday afternoons, September 19 and 26, and in Oakland Thursday evening, September 23

MABEL TALIAFERRO

Of the Great Five-Star Aggregation in "The New Henrietta" at the Cort

show. This act which was seen here last season will be remembered for the eccentric "Reuben Glide" danced by May Weber's fourteen juveniles. "Melodyphiends" are another big feature of the program. The youngsters have a repertoire of the newest popular selections. Other good acts will be Dancing Davey, the eccentric German; the Alexandre brothers, ball bouncing experts; the University four, singers; and Welch and Carbasse in a delightful sketch "The Wedding Night."

Last of "Potash and Perlmutter"

Montague Glass' stories of "Potash and Perlmutter" in the Saturday Evening Post had a very strong hold on the public, but they have a great competitor for honors in the stage version which is just now being offered at the Columbia. The return engagement of two weeks will be a record breaker, the advance sale for the second and last week already indicating the presence of capacity audiences throughout the coming week. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. "Abe" and "Mawruss" are played by Jules Jordan and Lew Welch. They are character actors of great ability and in the cast of this comedy are surrounded by able players, notably Lottie Kendall and Marie Howe. The three acts of "Potash and Perlmutter" furnish endless fun.

Margaret Anglin at Columbia

Margaret Anglin will be the next attraction at the Columbia opening a limited engagement on the night of Monday, September 13, with the comedy of New York life "Beverly's Balance." Since the announcement of this booking there has been a continuous inquiry at the box office, and there is every indication that the capacity of the theatre will be tested. The comedy will be presented here in exactly the same manner as during its three months' run in New York and recently during an extended stay in Chicago. San Francisco is one of the six cities included in Miss Anglin's limited transcontinental tour. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

Another Anglin Performance

For the first time, probably, in the history of the drama, the public was urged last Saturday night to remain away from a playhouse. The Greek Theatre, capable of seating 10,000, was completely sold out twenty-four hours before Margaret Anglin appeared in the third of her marvelous presentations of Attic tragedy in English. Not even standing room would be available to the thousands more who would have come had they not been warned of the futility of their quest. More than 30,000 have witnessed these three productions, and from present indications it would seem that 30,000 more desire to attend. The demand for reservations so far exceeded the supply that an extra performance was inevitable, and "Iphigenia in Aulis," the Euripides tragedy of youthful martyrdom, was selected for the farewell performance which Miss Anglin was urgently requested by the Music and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, to present. At considerable trouble Miss Anglin rearranged her plans which originally contemplated but the three performances. The repeat production of "Iphigenia in Aulis" on Saturday evening, September 4, will positively be the last. Choice fell to "Iphigenia in Aulis" for several reasons, not the least of which was the overwhelming number of requests made on the Music and Dramatic Committee and on Miss Anglin that it be given one more production before the season of Greek drama in English was brought to a close. In "Iphigenia" there is opportunity for superb pageantry, disclosing Miss Anglin's Greek chorus in the marvelous costumery designed by Livingston Platt, archeologist-artist, and staged by Gustav Von Seyffertitz, probably the greatest stage director in America.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Strong support, backed by purchases for investment, was given to the stock market last week and it showed remarkable firmness. On Saturday some professional operators took the short side and raided Steel common with considerable success, thus paving the way for a general decline. The bears were helped by the general unwillingness of speculators long of stocks to take chances over Sunday at such a critical time. Anything might happen in forty-six hours between Saturday's close and Monday's opening. Never since the first week of war did so many imminent possibilities present themselves for the consideration of operators in the stock market. Diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany were strained, the British Government formally declared cotton contraband of war, the exposure of German activities in this country might lead to almost anything, racial animosities were at fever heat in New York City, the Allies were making progress at last in their attack on the Dardanelles, Italy severed diplomatic relations with Turkey and Rome dispatches said that a bargain had been struck which would bring Greece, Bulgaria and Rumania into the war on the side of the Allies. Experienced operators who have been doing little of late saw the chance to depress prices when so many small speculators were nervous about what might happen over Sunday. There was no panic, but prices sagged on Saturday in a fashion that sickened formerly enthusiastic bulls. Holders of Steel common suddenly began to realize that the current price of the stock was high with dividends cut off, something they have refused to consider for several weeks. For two weeks Wall Street has felt sure that German investors have been selling American securities in New York through Amsterdam banks and the appearance of some of the bonds and stock certificates delivered proves that they have come from Germany. Timid ones call to mind the heavy sales in London and New York for German account during the three weeks that preceded the outbreak of war last summer and they attach sinister significance to the recent renewal of sales of American securities by Germany. The German Government is not in a position to end the war, but can cause it to spread until it includes most of the neutral countries. Even in South America uneasiness is felt and it is reported that Chile is buying heavy coast defense guns, some of which are now supposed to be on an English ship going through the Panama Canal.

Wheat—The end of the week finds prices ruling somewhat below the level of last week. The main influences have been the increase in the primary movement, which has gradually approached the figures of last year, and this week slightly exceeds them. In conjunction with this, the curtailment of demand has lent a weak tone to values; the decline in foreign exchange making export sales uncertain. Added to this is the idea that the foreign demand will converge on Canadian wheat and later on Australian wheat, each of which countries has a much larger crop than last year. This gives rise to skepticism as to the disposition of our exportable surplus. Argentine and Indian shipments are estimated as light, and foreign crop conditions are more or less favorable. The weather in the winter wheat belt has interfered with the movement of wheat, while crop conditions in the Northwest are reported as quite favorable. A free primary movement with an absence of any especial demand should effect a lowering in prices.

Corn—Prices show some appreciation influenced by the light stock, the cool, wet weather that has prevailed, the moderate movement from the country and the fair demand. There has been a disposition among a portion of the trade to anticipate a decline in values and this tendency leads constantly to a congested condition. The correcting of the latter situation gives the market a firm appearance. At the same time there is a fairly good demand through commission houses by people who consider that the backwardness of the crop may have significance later in the season. Argentine continues to sell some corn in this country, but this factor has had little influence on values so far. With the advent of favorable weather, prices would develop an easier tone.

Cotton—Cotton suddenly developed strength last week and prices scored an advance of almost one cent per pound. The market was oversold early in the week on the action of the Allies in making cotton contraband, but later in the week it was reported that a strong bull pool was buying cotton for German account. Shorts became frightened and bid against themselves for cotton, and as there was very little cotton on the market, prices advanced rapidly. There were also some bad crop reports from Texas which said that the storm early last week had destroyed considerable cotton that was open and on the whole, there had been very little improvement since the drouth was broken. Reports from the eastern belt were rather unfavorable and a number of local statisticians were out with extremely low condition reports. The market was strong and advancing when the Government crop report came out, showing a condition of 69.2 and indicating a yield below twelve million bales. A good many of the local bulls took this as a signal to take profits, and the market weakened, losing about 35 points from the top. No doubt the conditions are quite bullish and in ordinary years would warrant very high prices, but with conditions abroad as they are and no immediate prospect for any improvement and with the new crop on the verge of coming to market, we believe the weight of the actual cotton will have its effect temporarily at least, and think that a little later on in the season, prices will be at a level where an investment will be warranted.

The Younger Generation

He had learned to play at tennis,
He had won full many a match;
On the ball ground he was famous—
He could pitch and bat and catch.
He could box and throw the hammer,
And at wrestling he was good;
He was thoroughly athletic—
But his father chopped the wood.

She was well informed on ethics,
She could formulate a plan
Which would show us all our duty
To our struggling fellow-man.
She could write on household topics
In a manner hard to beat;
She embroidered fancy pillows—
But her mother cooked the meat.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 21, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-21-5

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Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons havaing claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John S. Hogan, Attorney-at-Law, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 14th, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
68 Post St., Foxcroft Bldg., San Francisco. 8-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.—No. 19,478; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

MARIE DUMARAIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.—No. 19,459; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

ARTHUR DIETLE,
Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
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TOWN TALK

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The Plutocrat "Leg"

The word leg as employed in the metaphorical and vulgar sense, that is to say, to express the idea of a means of getting on in life, has not yet received the recognition of dictionary makers. But it will in time, for the tribe of leg-pullers is recruiting in very respectable territory, and the "man on the leg" is as familiar a figure in these days as was the heiress-hunter in the most propitious times. There is a leg behind every reform movement, behind every propaganda. This is due to the fact that our plutocrats have come to realize that wealth is not an end but an instrument of life. Grown weary of the drudgery of hoarding up riches, they find diversion and relaxation in financing schemes by which they are made to appear in the service of mankind. In their old age they have a large store of good intentions, and though in some instances they do good on the whole the evil they do is more to be deplored than the methods by which they attained success in business. Each of these plutocrats has a leg, a large bulging leg to which the blood-suckers of reform are attached like mussels to a water-front pile. The college don absorbed in phonetic spelling, the university chancellor intent on spiking his country's guns, the prohibition pulpiteer and all the noisy, small-fry propagandists who torment us with their ideals and their burning questions are feeding fat their fanaticisms on the leg of an erstwhile buccaneer or robber baron of Wall Street. If we were asked to give a compendious answer to the question, What's wrong with the country? we should say, "Too many legs need amputation."

Now for Sterilization

Even a lady's leg is not immune as may be perceived from what has happened to the wealthy Mrs. E. H. Harriman. What a curious bit of irony is this—the looting of the Harriman estate by the Eugenic propaganda! One of two practical men was E. H. Harriman. The great financier must have turned over in his grave since the publication of the news that his philanthropic widow is financing an enterprise for the development in this country of "a practically perfect manhood and womanhood." We are told that behind this enterprise is "the greatest host of scientists ever joined in a great undertaking." This wonderful scientific body has been four years studying the question, "What is the matter with the human race?" In four years the question has been solved. It appears that too many unfit persons are participating in the business of propagating the species. Obviously sterilization is the way to improvement and perfection. And the remedy is not hard to take, for as the scientific gents on the Harriman leg tell us, a discovery of "vast importance" has been made. The discovery is a process of sterilization by which one may lose the power of procreation and nothing else. In other words there is to be no abatement of the sexual passion, no diminution of the incentive to love and be loved. Thus we see that the benevolent Mrs. Harriman has mothered an enterprise that has given to the sons of Adam a greater boon than all the brutish advice of Emma Goldman, the High Priestess of free love and proponent of pigstye morality. Owing to the discovery of "vast importance" the scientific experts are of the opinion that their process of sterilization will be "generally adopted," and they estimate that presently they will be sterilizing four hundred thousand persons a year. This we believe to be a conservative estimate. The expedient of sterilization will attract multitudinous applicants, for it will mean to many persons not only a certain immunity but a certain license that has not been hitherto regarded as consistent with public interest. In time physicians now regarded as disreputable specialists will find it to their advantage to familiarize themselves with the Harriman process of sterilization, and thus will the Harriman fortune serve to improve the race by converting the blacklegs of a profession into honest practitioners.

A Mad World

It has been said that we are living in an age of mere dissipation and frivolity. How untrue this is our so-called scientific sociologists show us by their feverish activities. Our Eugenists of the sterilization propaganda are a characteristic outgrowth of the times. Never in the history of the world has the volume of serious intellectual and moral effort after "a better order" been one-tenth as great as it is now. Never has there been so much thought concentrated on the theoretical problems of life. If the fruits of this thought have been slow to appear, this is due to no lack of industry in our thinkers, but rather to the complexity and magnitude of their tasks. We surmise that it is due also to a want of what has been called "wholesome and well-bottomed contemplations." This is an age of quick changes in thought, in manners and even in science and the temper of our time is averse to reflection. Even in science conclusions are reached and acted upon long before theory has been borne out by experiment. Consider the havoc wrought by the X-ray before scientists saw the need of caution. As a result of our educational facilities we have half-baked statesmen and half-baked doctors of divinity, and in the swirling currents of politics, science and religion we can keep our head above water only by swimming with the stream. In other days the lights of science—the few men who by their genius and fixity of purpose had the power to change the course of human thought, were men of pretty wide sympathies, quite able to understand that there were important questions outside the limit of their own little specialty. Where do we find scientists of great breadth of mind these days? Assuredly they are not among the Eugenists recommending either the lethal chamber or sterilization as means of reducing the supply of the unfit. It might be well for these cocksure little biologists, botanists and pathologists who are spending the Harriman fortune to reflect that it is the least harmful of the world's unfit who are to be found in our prisons and insane asylums. This is a mad world, and there are divers degrees of madness ranging from the colossal lunacy of the European chancelleries to the dangerous stupidity of the American college faculty.

Humorous Peace Proposals

The naive and unsophisticated Mr. Hearst tells us that "a careful consideration of the tentative peace proposals of Germany shows that they are meant to be particularly attractive to France," and that it does not matter to Germany what England thinks about those proposals. From this it might be inferred that Mr. Hearst's longest leased wire to Berlin has been crossed. But that is not our inference. We believe that on a quite casual consideration of the German peace proposals Mr. Hearst was able to perceive that they were designed to be attractive not in France but in this country. There is a certain humor in those proposals that could not possibly be taken seriously anywhere outside of this country, but to assume that Mr. Hearst is insensible of it is to impute to him the dulness of the average yokel to whom his papers appeal. We allude of course to the humor of Germany's profound concern for the Jews. So deep is Germany's solicitude for people of the Jewish race that she will not sheath the sword until her enemies agree that in all lands Jews shall be permitted to live as human

beings. Anybody familiar with the history of the Jew in Germany, anybody whose lungs crow like Chanticleer at drollery will enjoy the delicious swat which Germany has taken at Russia by a thin-lipped, almost Mephistophelean, affectation of solicitude for a persecuted race. The Allies may presume to be fighting for civilization, but Germany it appears is fighting for the Jews. Is not that a delicious retort The more we ponder those tentative peace proposals the keener becomes our appreciation of German wit. Germany has not only beaten the Allies to a pulp, she has set them an example in self-restraint; and even in the midst of war her rollicking humor obeying no law but its own exuberance gives brightness and transparency even to its official documents. Consider her tender solicitude for the Poles. She insists that they must be given a nation. What about the Belgians? Ah,—another flash of humor, for there is no mention of the Belgians; and thus is it implied that Germany has compassion for the deserving but not for a people who are suffering the penalty of their own treachery. Doubtless the wits of Berlin will relish the humor of Mr. Hearst's comments on their tentative peace proposals even though they be disappointed at his failure to endorse their demand for an indemnity. Surely he must realize that they deserve to be reimbursed for all that it has cost them to wage war for the Jews.

Premature Agitation

Peace talk at this time is as premature as it was a year ago. The Allies will not consider peace proposals of any kind until they have made the stupendous effort for which they have been preparing ever since they began to realize how well prepared Germany was. Naturally the Germans are for peace. Peace for them at this time would mean triumph. They have beaten their enemies to a standstill and worse. An individual who after landing first punch on an adversary's chin, blacked the man's eyes and well nigh exhausted himself administering uppercuts without scoring a knockout would naturally be in a mood to call it a draw if it were apparent that the trounced person was about to get his second wind. So it is with Germany. The Germans have won all the glory and all the territory worth having, and the Allies have been faring as the North fared in the first year of our Civil War when Stonewall Jackson after smashing all the armies that Lincoln could send against him threatened an invasion and the capture of Washington. Lincoln was in no mood to talk peace in those dark days, but Jeff Davis was. At this time the Allies, as they have declared, would regard it as an unfriendly act were any neutral Government to enter upon the task of having a halt called. Grant's sentiment —"We will fight it out on this line if it takes all winter," is the sentiment of the Allies today, and they are not to be interfered with. It is their belief that the agitation for peace in this country is inspired by Berlin. It will be time enough to talk peace after the Allies have had their inning. By that time, whatever be the result, all the combatants will be in a mood to talk peace. Meanwhile much may depend on the Balkans, but at this writing there is a large British army somewhere, and it is not in France. The probability is that it will be heard from in the neighborhood of the Dardanelles.

Blind Hatred in War

Giving rein to the vice of little souls English writers are finding something typical of twentieth century Germany in every great German that contributed to the glory of his country. In the general onslaught even Goethe has not escaped depreciation. We are told that the example of "the colossal egoist" has produced "the megalomania characteristic of smaller men in modern Germany." And once more we are reminded that for the last ten years of his life Goethe never visited his mother." It is true that Goethe was a great egoist. A man of cyclopædic mind, he was great in everything, and he had genius enough to apprehend and appreciate his own ego; which in itself was no small achievement. Napoleon also was a great egotist, and Victor Hugo, and men of smaller calibre—Byron, for instance, and Shelley. Men of towering genius like Napoleon and Goethe have so much business on hand that they seem at times to be lacking in filial affection. But neither Napoleon nor Goethe neglected his mother. Napoleon's mother was not the kind of woman to permit herself to be neglected, and as to "Frau Aja" we know from some of her letters that she never suffered from the "coldness" of her son. What wit and cheerful good sense there is in those letters! "People imagine," she says in one of them, "that I contributed to your genius, and so they all come to take a look at me. Well, I don't put my light under a bushel, but on a candlestick," and with something of her son's shrewd wisdom she continues: "To your earliest formation in the womb, when all that you were to be was already stored up in germ, I contributed nothing. How could I? One atom less of brain, and you would have become just an ordinary person, for it's no good knocking at an empty door. Educate as one may, all the model academies of Europe can't give you that. Therefore your loving mother gives God the glory, as is meet, right and her bounden duty." Nevertheless, as we know, she took pride in being Goethe's mother, for whenever she heard anybody recite Mephisto's "Song of the Flea" she exclaimed, "I bore that man." It is not to be gainsaid that Goethe was an example to his countrymen. He was an example that Englishmen who have given way to hatred might well imitate, an example of what one's attitude should be toward one's enemies. Goethe refused to hate the French, for he appreciated the service Frenchmen had rendered to mankind, and replying to the common charge that he had not hated the French during their invasion, he wrote, "National animosity is a peculiar thing. In the lowest grades of civilization it is always strongest and most violent. But there is a point where it vanishes, and we stand above nationality, feeling the happiness or misery of any neighboring people just as though it were our own." Thus spake "the colossal egoist."

Misspent Hatred

With all their boasted "sweetness and light" the literary men of England have not been able in the midst of war to hold themselves in restraint. Even the austere Rudyard Kipling has lost his temper much to the damage of his art. He has written a story in which he depicts an Englishwoman, Mary Phagan, gloating over a wounded German airman as he lay dying in her garden. This story, says William Marion Reedy, exemplifies the Kipling theory that "mankind is divided into two classes—human beings and Germans." It also exemplifies the theory that there are two Kiplings—a good and a bad Kipling. But all great artists serve to exemplify the theory of the universal imperfection of humanity. Wagner, Titian, Beethoven, Michelangelo—all had great defects of character and of art. Even Shakespeare did bad work at times. You will find claptrap in a Shakespearean tragedy, and wise critics tell us there is blatancy even in the Choral Symphony. If Homer nodded at times, why expect Kipling to be more than human? But how inept to waste a good plot and entirely miss one's purpose! It would be better art, and it would be more rational from the Kipling standpoint, had he made his airman an Englishman and transferred his scene to Germany, for, since the Germans are Huns according to Kipling, the gloating lady would be more credible.

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Varied Types

CCXLVI—JOHN J. BARRETT

By Edward F. O'Day

In the latter part of the year 1893 the great Stephen M. White returned to California from the national capital. He had just taken his seat in the Senate of the United States, and his return to his constituency was made the occasion for banquets, luncheons, receptions and the other social festivities that are usual in such circumstances. Senator White was an alumnus of Santa Clara College, so it is not to be wondered at that one of the invitations which gratified him most was that extended to him by the Jesuit fathers and the student body of that fine old institution. The day of that reception was a great day for Steve White, and a great day for Santa Clara. All the ambitious young men of Steve White's Alma Mater idolized him. His splendid eloquence was their unending delight; his oratorical manner was their model for imitation. On his arrival at the college he was tendered such a noisy ovation as it is possible only for hero-worshiping boys to give. The speech of formal welcome was made by a slender, good looking young man named John J. Barrett. It was a speech which those who heard it still remember vividly. It was not the awkward, stumbling speech of an overawed youngster, but the speech of one to the speaking manner born. None appreciated that more fully than Senator Stephen M. White. When the applause which followed the peroration had subsided, Steve White turned to Father Penasco, the president of Santa Clara, and said:

"Father, in that young man Santa Clara College will give the country one of its foremost orators."

Father Penasco—God's peace to his gentle soul!—was a gentleman of prudence and much wisdom; so I take leave to doubt whether he heard that high praise entirely without misgiving. The foremost orator is not always the best of men. To stand in the forefront of oratorical distinction is to be pelted with the plaudits of the multitude; and those plaudits are more to be dreaded than brickbats. To be a foremost orator a man must, almost invariably, forfeit the credit of solider qualities. Your foremost orator is suspected of insincerity, of superficiality. Rhetoric gives a sudden stir to the pulses of a crowd; but the effect is transitory. Study the career of a William J. Bryan or a Bourke Cockran, and see what the reputation of being a foremost orator has done for men who once gave unusual promise. Yes, I fancy that Father Penasco was not too delighted by the compliment which Steve White paid to John J. Barrett.

John J. Barrett made the principal speech at the banquet tendered by the citizens of San Francisco to Archbishop Edward J. Hanna Tuesday evening. It was a speech which electrified the hundreds of men in that Palace Hotel banquet hall. It held them in a spell of silence broken only by irrepressible outbursts of applause. Not a man stirred from his seat during that speech—a remarkable tribute, if you happen to know the ways of banqueters.

The man who made that speech ought to be one of our foremost orators. In the less dangerous sense of the words, he is. But it is the good fortune of John J. Barrett that he has so directed his course through life as to avoid the pitfalls which go with that distinction. You will see what I mean when I point out that during the past several years John J. Barrett has only made three important public addresses. When a beloved priest of Stockton died, John J. Barrett went to his old home town and spoke at the memorial services. It was a funeral panegyric of such exceptional brilliance that it was read throughout California by men who had never known the saintly father it celebrated. Last St. Patrick's Day John J. Barrett was the orator of the day at Festival Hall on the World's Fair grounds. That speech of his has become known to Irishmen all over the world, for it was published in full in the Dublin Freeman's Journal. And finally, Barrett spoke at the dinner to Archbishop Hanna. I make the prediction that he will not be heard again in public for many a long month to come.

John J. Barrett has achieved a fine fame at the bar. He is today one of the most respected, one of the most sought-after, one of the most successful attorneys in San Francisco. His eloquence has swayed many a jury; but what is more important in the long run, his legal erudition has convinced many a judge. It may be said with some justice that he is too busy to make speeches. You will note however that the men who have a facility in public speaking are not often too occupied with other affairs to bestow their time upon oratorical exercise. So it is not merely because he is a busy lawyer that John J. Barrett refrains so religiously from speech-making; it is primarily because he is a wise man. He fears the reputation which eloquence wins. He knows that to be classed as a great orator is to be handicapped for higher endeavor. He knows that too much oratory has ruined innumerable professional careers. The result is that his brilliant career has been punctuated by the speeches which he refused to make

A vain man could not follow this self-denying course. The acclaim of an audience is very sweet. Public applause is manna to the soul. And the appetite grows by that it feeds on. A very human weakness betrays the eloquent speaker into sacrificing achievement on the altar of words. Perhaps another Santa Clara story may show how Barrett learned to beware this failing, to root out the inclination toward it from his orator's soul.

In his student days Barrett was an actor of no mean gifts. The highest pinnacle of his career as an amateur histrion was attained when he played the title role in "Macbeth." The college rang with his success in the interpretation of that difficult role. The performance had been given in the college theatre. Flushed by success the directors of college theatricals resolved to repeat it in a San Jose theatre. I have heard Will Humphrey, a college-mate of Barrett's, tell the story.

"In the most literal sense," says Humphrey, "it is true that before the first act was over the audience put on his hat and went out."

That experience must have helped Barrett to estimate the worth of the applause which is the reward alike of the orator and the actor. Perhaps it taught him that eloquence should be regarded as a stepping-stone, not as an end in itself. He spared no pains to perfect himself in oratory. In the classical course at Santa Clara he pored over Cicero and Demosthenes, in the original Latin and Greek of course. The speeches of Burke and Fox and Pitt, of Curran and Grattan and O'Connell, of Webster and Clay and Wendell Phillips, the sermons of Bossuet and Lacordaire were his constant study. He took singing lessons so that he might learn the proper methods of voice production. He studied gesticulation, emphasis and modulation. He learned to play upon his voice as upon a musical instrument. I say this advisedly, for Barrett has not the mouth of an orator but of a singer.

Endowed by nature with the gifts which such a training enriches to the limits of technique, Barrett must have found the temptation to an oratorical career peculiarly strong. His own mind must have told him something of what Steve White said to Father Penasco. He might easily have gone forth from college to become a "boy orator." But he was not confining himself to the study of oratory. That study was, in a manner of speaking, his recreation after more serious pursuits. Barrett was cultivating a fine mind by application to mental and moral philosophy, to science and to literature. Later there was the arduous study of law to save him from plunging into speech-making.

And so, when John J. Barrett electrified his hearers at the banquet Tuesday night, it was not merely as a deft stringer of glittering words that he electrified them. The splendid facility was apparent, the charm of the great orator captured every heart, the emotions were swayed this way and that by the inflections of his beautiful voice. But it was the profound thought behind the words which drove the words home. Here was an orator with something to say, an eloquent man with a message to deliver, a thinker uttering sound thoughts with all the burning sincerity of conviction wedded to his gift of vocal passion. That speech did not float off on the air. No hearer regarded it as so many minutes of pleasing sound. It struck home to the mind and clove there with the tenacity that belongs to ideas, not phrases.

Let me emphasize the point that this man will not be heard again for a long time. That, to me, is the wonderful part of it. There are so few who curb themselves in the matters wherein they are acknowledged to excel. It is refreshing to proclaim one of them. And it is far from strange that that one should be a brilliant orator who thinks. It is because John J. Barrett thinks so much that he thinks so little of mere eloquence.

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Perspective Impressions

It may be said with some degree of plausibility that the Russians are of a "retiring" disposition, and that the Germans are quite "promising."

Somehow or other we cannot wax enthusiastic over a dentists' convention.

If we could only elect them all at the primary, and get it over with!

Germany is suffering from a shortage of golf balls, and German golfers are now convinced that General Sherman was right.

At a jewelers' convention in New York the wrist watch was a topic of serious discussion. But come to think of it, were you ever impressed by the mentality of a jewelry salesman?

The war has cut off the supply of dyestuffs, and the cost of dyeing has increased. Here is an opportunity for jocose remarks, but most heroically we refrain.

Have you noticed that it's a long, long way to Trieste?

How does Mother feel about it when Daughter has her picture in the paper with a one-piece bathing suit on?

Industrial Commissioner Walsh has some startling figures indicating that there is much that is wrong and much to be remedied, but the workers of the country are not to be helped by claptrap.

For instance: "There will not be even the hollowest shell of democracy in industry as long as one man has arbitrary power of discharge over another."

Chairman Walsh told the workers on Labor Day that their salvation must come from themselves. Which is probably true, but to work out their salvation the workers must have better advisers than those of the Walsh brand.

The outcome of President Wilson's negotiations with Germany ought to be of deep personal interest to one William J. Bryan who resigned a job ostensibly because he thought the President was about to plunge us into war.

If the war news and the news of international affairs disseminated by the International News Service appear to be somewhat colored you will not be astonished unless you do not know that that service is one of the Hearst enterprises.

Presumably when Germany concluded that it was advisable to respect the rights of Americans on the high seas Mr. Bryan, who thought it the duty of Americans to refrain from enjoying those rights, was well pleased.

Newspaper headline: "Thaw visits Fair three times." Interesting but insufficient. What else did the young hero visit, and why? We are all taking a breathless interest in the great man's every movement.

The Czar having decided to take command of his armies it is to be inferred that the munitions of war are now in hand and that the prospect is improving.

To the credit of Kaiser Wilhelm be it said, he is a real War Lord ready at all times to be in the midst of the fray.

Waking Up

The President, Now in Favor of "Preparedness," Calls on the Army and Naval Secretaries for Information—Plan for a Naval Reserve

By ROBERT McTAVISH

There has been much criticism of the Administration at Washington for doing nothing toward strengthening the army and navy. The criticism has at length struck home. The President and his Cabinet have taken official cognizance of the rampancy of the spirit of militancy. At the same time the fact has been borne in on them that our national defense establishment is hardly worth speaking about, and now they appear to think it advisable to bestir themselves. There is now under way a plan for the creation of a trained naval reserve that is expected in time to expand into a body of at least 50,000 men. This plan is part of the program of the Administration to prepare the Government for the time when it may be called upon to wage a war. It provides for the organization of various elements which are considered a natural reserve from which the army could draw in time of emergency to supplement the regular forces.

The plan provides that the proposed reserve shall be made up of retired officers and enlisted men of the navy, of the men identified with the coast guard and the lighthouse services of the Federal Government, the harbor police in the various cities and those identified with the various State naval training schools.

It also contemplates voluntary enlistment by civilians, and provides measures whereby merchant vessels, private yachts and power boats may be impressed into service in time of need with the naval militia.

This particular reserve, at least for the present, will be distinct and separate from the State militia organizations. It will embrace such enlistments as occur under the authority of the provision in the last naval bill creating a reserve made up of enlisted men who are compensated in proportion to their terms in active service.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, discussing the plan, says: "What is particularly desired is not merely numbers, but individuals who will be capable of doing the highly specialized service which exists in modern navies. For instance, in war times the navy would need the services of possibly 1,000 additional radio operators; it would require local pilots for inside waters, helmsmen, gunners, gasoline motor experts, signal men, etc., besides, of course, first class seamen.

"The Department has had many letters asking whether an opportunity could be given to individuals to take courses of training in these specialties, and if the general plan is approved it is hoped that next summer courses of instruction can be started, using reserve or other available ships, and giving to those who desire three or four weeks of training so that they could become of some definite use if called upon. Any amateur radio operator, any yachtsman or motor boat enthusiast, in fact any citizen with intelligence and application could learn how to fit into some place where he might be needed.

"Possibly some form of certificate could be given at the close of instruction showing exactly what service the individual is capable of performing, the holder to be under no further obligation than to keep the Navy Department informed of his address."

That the President himself is now taking an interest in the subject of national defense is evident from two letters recently made public, one addressed to Secretary Daniels and the other to Secretary Garrison. In both Mr. Wilson urges the collection of authoritative information to serve him in making recommendations to Congress. Here is the letter to Mr. Garrison:

My Dear Mr. Secretary: I have been giving scarcely less thought than you yourself have to the question of adequate preparation for national defense, and I am anxious, as you know, to incorporate in my next message to Congress a program regarding the development and equipment of our citizens which, while in every way consistent with our traditions and our national policy, will be of such a character as to commend itself to every patriotic and practical mind.

I know that you have been much in conference with your professional associates in the Department and that you have yourself come to some definite conclusions on the exceedingly important matters. I shall be away from Washington for a few days, but I would be very much obliged if you would be kind enough to prepare for me a program with estimates of what you and the best informed soldiers in your counsels think this country ought to undertake to do.

I should like to discuss this program with you at as early a time as it can be made ready. Whether we can reasonably propose the whole of it to the Congress immediately or not we can determine when we have studied it. The important thing now is to know and know fully what we need. Congress will certainly welcome such advice and follow it to the limit of its opportunity. Cordially and faithfully yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

To Hon. Lindley M. Garrison,
Secretary of War.

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In The Trenches

By Ralph Pulitzer

On the anniversary of the last day of the world's peace, the 365th day of the war, I stood in the darkness of a very advanced front trench.

The trench was nearly empty of men. But at the loophole nearest to me stood the rigid figure of a soldier. His legs were invisible in the darkness. His body showed up vaguely. His face was brilliantly silhouetted by the thin blade of light through the rifle slit. He stood silent, motionless; his eyes intently focussed out into the sunlight. I looked through the next slit through a spider's web of barbed wire between stunted black posts across 200 yards of green grass and wild flowers, at another tangle of posts and barbed wire with a narrow furrow of white, chalky soil running along just behind it—the German trenches.

Not a living thing was in sight in the sunny loneliness. There was silence except for the crack, crack, crack of striking bullets from inaudible German rifles. I look back at the face of the Guetteur—the watcher. His eyes fixed on the narrow white line were puckered with intentness, but his lips were parted in an easy good-humored smile brightening a face young ,clean-cut, alert, calm, and very patient.

Early that morning a young staff officer had shown me the great plain of Champagne stretching away to the low hills on the horizon. Across the green fields of the panorama over the swelling hills, disappearing into the dark woods, reappearing at the other end, I saw two tiny lines of white like the aimless tracing of a child's slate pencil on a slate. They ran on across the landscape, now drawn boldly forward, now swerving with indecision, now zig-zagging with perplexity. Sometimes the child's pencil had slipped and made short little lines at right angles. Sometimes the pencil had made three or four short starts parallel with each other before it finally got under way. Sometimes it had made a regular little maze of lines. But always the two white scratchings on the slate were drawn on and on till, wavering but always close abreast, the trenches of the two armies disappeared into the far distance.

Through powerful glasses the officer showed me little puffs of smoke floating up from the sunny, silent, peaceful landscape. They were from the exploding shells. To the right I saw high clouds of smoke rising lazily into the air out of some woods. It was a house in the German lines fired by French shells. And though the little puffs of smoke were only here and there on the landscape, everywhere I could see through the glasses microscopic figures of peasants working busily in their fields.

Many were soldiers helping out, but very many were old men, boys and women. Again the scene seemed symbolical. Behind the soldier watching in the bombproof were the innumerable tiny, plodding figures, undaunted by the abrupt little puffs of smoke, doing their patient share towards bringing in the harvest.

We got into two elephant grey army motors with Remington carbines slung on the dashboard and military chauffeurs and tore along a road in easy range of the Germany artillery, but for some reason never shelled. Finally after a few hours' run we stopped about a kilometre from a little village which must remain nameless.

Leaving our motors we walked a little farther along a road and then climbed down into a trench. This was about six feet deep and three feet wide, and the bottom and sides were of white chalky soil. It pursued a serpentine course, but there was method in its meandering, for a straight vista of trench leading towards the enemy would be a splendid hunting ground for bullets. We had not gone far when I heard a sound like a boy cracking a toy whip. "A bullet striking near us," explained the officer ahead of me. The guns, too, were going off, but none of them very near us.

Before entering the village I stood in the road looking through my field glasses at a German captive war balloon to my left. "Come along, come along!" shouted one of the officers. "If you stand there you'll start the Germans shelling. You're in plain sight of them there!" Needless to say, I came along. We walked through the shattered village, which the Germans shelled religiously every day, until we came to the remains of the church.

Climbing in over the ruins we saw that there was one corner where, miraculously enough, a few yards of floor and a few yards of roof had both escaped being shelled to pieces. An altar had been set up there with about ten chairs crowded in front of it. There Mass was still said every Sunday for the benefit of the sixteen inhabitants who persisted in staying in the village. These must, indeed, be solemn little services, for the Germans are far from being Sabbatarians when it comes to shelling a church. Going on we stopped in front of what was a house for one story and a skeleton from there up.

Following instructions I climbed up a long ladder, which led to two rafters—sole survivors of the second floor. A few planks had been stretched between these, and from them another ladder ran up to a small patch of attic floor, which, marvelously intact, nestled round three sides of a brick chimney under a fragment of roof.

Look as closely as one could, it was impossible to detect the slightest movement, and yet it was from this innocent-looking little line that the bullets were imitating toy whips. I wedged myself up into the chimney to get a view of another side, and then climbed own. We now left the village and walked into the open advanced trenches. The most remarkable thing was their utter desolation.

At regular intervals we passed the watches, some standing in covering trenches gazing through the slits, some lying out beyond the open trenches behind steel shields, some using periscopes, all depending on the location of the trench. Looking into such a periscope one would swear one was looking straight out through the loophole. There is not the slightest sign that one is looking at a reflection in a mirror. We walked, bent over, through an extremely long tunnel in a very advanced position, which some of the officers themselves had never been in, and then started back through the open trenches. Finally we got back to the village. I had asked how the sixteen inhabitants made a living. An officer had replied, "By selling eggs and milk to the troops." Or I had asked how they produced milk. He had replied, "Very certainly out of a cow."

As an answer to my polite scepticism I was now taken to see the cow. We walked down a little street where I was told the Germans were now directing most of their shells. They were fortunately napping while we walked through. Suddenly we turned into a gateway, and there in the middle of this wreck of a village was a barnyard with chickens clucking, a horse tied to a wall, and three cows standing placidly chewing their cud.

On a stool by one of the cows, making its milk hiss down into the tin pail, sat an aged woman. There she sat, with shells sailing to and fro over her head, with the "departs" booming and the "arrives" bursting. We left the old lady surrounded by what she evidently considered all the comforts of home, and a few steps further were introduced to the Mayor of ——. He was a smiling, bland old man, who greeted us most genially. Apparently he had not a care in the world, as he stood continuously making conversation.

On our way back through the communicating trenches we saw an attempt by the German guns to bring down a French airman who was flying above us.

Every time they went off their report was so violent that I could not help jumping. The airman was sailing round overhead and the German gunners were letting drive at him with what looked to us to be pretty bad shots. I could see the aeroplane wheeling in the air, hear the distant report of the "departs," wait an appreciable time, and then see the bursts of white flame high up in the sky, followed by little puffs of smoke.

"That's a wretched shot," said I as one shell burst over our heads far behind the aeroplane. "Yes, a bad shot for the aeroplane, but a good shot for us," replied one of my companions. I was standing with my head away back looking straight overhead. "Come, move on, move on, or you'll catch some of that on your face!" warned the officer who was my special mentor. I obediently moved on, and, sure enough, a couple of seconds later he picked up a piping fresh shrapnel ball which had just fallen into our trench out of the sky.

In the meantime the airman had corrected his guns, so that they were hitting at whatever they were shooting at, and he sailed away to the rear, while his battery became really enthusiastic and went off with a series of tearing crashes which kept me jumping all the way to the end of the communication trench. There I climbed out, with my ears full of the seventy-fives' violent reports, the distant explosion of their shells, the distant reports of the enemy's guns, the flack, flack of the rifle bullets, and the occasional sharp whistling of one overhead.

The Truth About Double Vision Glasses

There is no question that many could never wear the old style cemented or fused bifocals with comfort. Oftentimes they blurred the vision and the cement bifocals were unsightly. These disadvantages have been entirely eliminated in the new double vision glasses called "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals for they are ground from a single piece of perfect ophthalmic glass and have the appearance of regular glasses. They serve the purpose of two pairs of glasses, as reading and distance corrections are combined in one lens. Remember the name, "Caltex."

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore

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Life

By Gogol

A poor son of the Desert dreamed a dream.

The great Mediterranean sea, calm and still, stretched itself far away into the distance, reflecting along its borders, the burning shores of Africa studded with slender palm trees, the bare Syrian deserts, and the populous indented strand of Europe. There where the tranquil sea curves cornerwise lay Ancient Egypt with pyramid beyond pyramid, with granite hewn obelisks casting their grey eyes around, and with countless flights of stairs mounting upwards. She lay in majesty, nourished by the mighty Nile, and adorned with mystic symbols and sacred beasts; and she slumbered on motionless as though entranced, like a mummy untouched by decay.

Mirth-loving Greece had strewn her free colonies on every side; islands hidden in their leafy groves thronged the Mediterranean sea. The branches of the cinnamon, of the vine, and of the fig tree running over with honey quivered in the sunlight; while colonnades, white and pure as a maiden's bosom, rose in the luxuriant twilight of the woods; and the marble itself, wakened to passionate longing by the wondrous chisel, timidly delighting in its own lovely nakedness, seemed to breathe forth life. There, wreathed with vine leaves, and holding thyrsi and goblets in their hands, the dancers suddenly stood still in the midst of their tumultuous round. Priestesses with unbound locks, young and graceful, strained their dark eyes filled with yearning; and there was a sound of the reed-made flute, of cymbals, of many musical instruments all decked with ivy.

Westward stood iron Rome, thrusting forth her forest of spears and brandishing defiantly her glittering swords. She scanned the earth with covetous eyes, and stretched forth her sinewy forefinger; yet she remained quiescent, and her lion limbs did not stir.

The sky overhead was sultry and lowering. The great Mediterranean sea was at rest, as if awaiting the Day of Judgment, and from Egypt, where slender palm trees, crowding her deep ravines, wave to and fro, and where obelisks keep watch, a voice was heard. "Listen ye Nations, I alone have fathomed and understood the secret of life and the secret of man. All is dust. Art is ignoble, pleasures are paltry, glory and triumphs are yet more despicable. Death holds sway over the world and over man. Death swallows up all; everything lives but to die. The day of resurrection is far, far distant; and shall the dead live ever? Away with pleasure and desire. Build your pyramid up higher, poor mortal, in order that by some means you may retard the hour of your doom."

And from the lucent land of the Greeks, bright as heaven, bright as dawn, bright as youth, was heard not a voice but as it were the breathing of a flute. "Life is created for life, expand your life. Learn to know it. Take your pleasure, proud have to the service of life, and behold how full of wonder and exuberance is Nature. How all creation breathes in harmony. Everything is in life. Learn to know it. Take your pleasure, proud and godlike regent of the world. Crown your resplendent brow with oak and laurel; and guiding your team with skill, speed on your chariot in the brilliant arena. Away with greed and envy, cast them out of your free and haughy spirit. The chisel, the brush, and the flute are the rulers of the world, and their law is beauty. Let your fragrant locks and the fair locks of your timorous companion be garlanded with ivy and vine leaf. Life if created for life and for pleasure, learn to be deserving of it."

Then Rome, clad in her iron mail, shaking her glittering forest of spears, made answer. "I alone have penetrated the secret of man's life. Ease is degrading to a man, and makes him paltry in his own eyes. Art and pleasures are of no value to the soul. True pleasures consist in lofty desires. The life of nations and of man is contemptible without high triumphs. Seek after glory, oh! man. Seek to be borne along with the serried shields of mailed legions, amid shouts of unimagined joy and the deafening clangor of arms. Hark! the nations of the world are gathering at your feet, wielding high their spears, and joined in one universal shout. Do you not hear how your name dies away in fear on the lips of the races who dwell at the ends of the earth? All that your eyes encompass resounds with your name. Strive ever onward; the soaring spirit knows no confines. Set yourself henceforward fiercely and strongly to conquer the world, and heaven shall be yours at last." But of a sudden Rome became still, and her eagle eyes fixed on the East, and thither Greece turned her beauteous orbs humid with pleasure; eastward also Egypt bent her dull and lifeless gaze.

The land is a stony land, the people a despised people, a small village clings to a barren hillside shaded here and there by a withered fig tree. Behind a low fence stands an ass; in a manger a child is lying, and above him bends his pure and tender mother looking down with tear-dimmed eyes; on high a star shines in the heavens, while the whole world is filled with wonderful light.

Immemorial Egypt, adorned with hieroglyphics, abases her pyramids in contemplation. Beautiful Greece looks on bewildered and uneasy. Rome glances down on her iron spears, great Asia with her shepherd people strains to hear. Ararat, the ancestral, bows his head.

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 9

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland

"Father of Religious Liberty in America"

HISTORY proves, to their eternal honor, that the Catholics were the first in America to advocate the Freedom of all sects to worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble and none adored Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the hereditary rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies and when he proudly affixed his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Liberty. Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superiors. His hospitality was nothing short of royal and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley brews. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous brews have grown in popular favor, until 7500 people are constantly required to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sales of all other beers by millions of bottles.

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The Spectator

Our Versatile Mayor

"What do you think of Jim's chances?"

Such was the question addressed by the Mayor's secretary, Mr. Rainey, to that exalted functionary, the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"They look pretty good to me," said the clockwinder, "now that my friend P. H. McCarthy is only sawing wood. I've got to admit that Jim is a great two-fisted jobchaser. I don't know him intimately, but I judge from the stuff that he hands out that there's nothing from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter that he'll shy at while on the road to the goal of his ambition."

As the clockwinder uttered himself the official P. P. I. E. smile vanished from Mr. Rainey's classic countenance. "I don't catch your meaning," he said.

The clockwinder apologized for his inability to express himself clearly. "What I mean to say," he continued, "is that in his eagerness to serve the dear people the Mayor wouldn't hesitate at robbing a henroost."

"Do you mean—"

"I'm speaking with all due deference. Don't misunderstand me. I'm a Mason, but I'm not sore at the Mayor for hiding his badge or ducking a Masonic funeral. I'm English descent, but I don't care if the Germans did torpedo one of his ships. The fact is I'm neutral. I was out at his meeting last Saturday night, and I enjoyed his speech, especially when he pointed with pride to the Exposition as his pet achievement and personally conducted enterprise. I applauded heartily when he preened himself on our fine Fire Department and neglected to explain why he put up the job on Chief Murphy and then fell down on his friend Dr. Jones and tried to make a goat of him. I—"

"He's a fine talker," Rainey exclaimed.

"Oh, he's a corker," said the clockwinder. "As I was about to say he neglected to mention among his great achievements, the opera house, but it was just as well he did."

"Yes, just as well," Rainey observed.

"And he didn't explain why it was that after saying that he'd rather go to jail than stop the cars he decided to stay on the job and plead the statute that has been worn threadbare, as George Knight says, by burglars and petty larceny thieves. He didn't explain, but he said he didn't understand technicalities. That was good stuff for the plain people. I heard one of them next to me remark that the Mayor was such a good simple-hearted man."

Secretary Rainey laughed heartily. "You've got to admit," he said, "that the Mayor is a clever politician."

"Indeed he is," said the clockwinder. "He'll go further I think than any politician that ever played the game from the bottom of the deck."

Schmitz or Rolph

Secretary Rainey assured the clockwinder that he held his opinions on matters political in high esteem, and then he asked him what he thought about Schmitz's chances.

"As a politician, " said the clockwinder, "Schmitz was all right in his day, but for ways that are dark and tricks that are not vain Rolph has it on him. I hear people saying that Rolph is pretty hard to swallow but that it would be terrible to elect Schmitz and so they are going to vote for Jim. That isn't the way I figure it. I'm willing to admit that it's pretty nearly a tossup, but frankly, Rolph is more to the bad with me than Schmitz. Schmitz came from organized labor, he was a poor fiddler, of whom nobody expected much, and he had evil associates from the start. Rolph on the contrary was a man of high standing in business and fraternal circles. He was a pillar of a church, he belonged to clubs, he was in short a representative of the ultra respectable element of the community. Now—"

Mr. Rainey was showing signs of impatience.

"Just a moment," said the clockwinder. "I wish to be frank with you. Which of them had the greater fall in your opinion?"

"I can't see that Mr. Rolph had any fall at all."

The clockwinder paused for a moment. "Well," he observed, "perhaps you're right. He's still on the job, and anyway he's the idol of the carmen on the municipal railway. But you'll have to admit that people are saying that they are going to vote for him to save the city from Schmitz. And you'll have to admit that it's a question with many people as to which is the tougher bird to swallow. At best the respectable Mr. Rolph, mayor of the Exposition city, has jockeyed himself into this rather unpleasant position. If I were in Rolph's place I should feel that I had taken a fall."

The Better Man

There was a long pause during which Mr. Rainey was in a deep brown study. Presently he remarked that Schmitz was convicted of a felony.

"No," said the clockwinder, "he wasn't. Now between ourselves (it won't go any further) let's get right about this. Rolph ought to beat Schmitz of course—he's a better politician, but it will be more satisfaction to him to win without lying about Schmitz. The other night Gallagher, who is evidently a pace-maker for Jim, said that the Supreme Court set aside the verdict on account of a technicality—because the indictment didn't allege that Schmitz was Mayor. Now that's a lie that was started by the Graft Prosecution, and it has been going ever since. There were seven grounds on which that verdict was set aside, and one of them was the insufficiency of the evidence. The fact is that Schmitz was given a crooked deal to get him out of his office. I suppose you've forgotten that Schmitz was acquitted."

Rainey admitted that he had.

"I thought so. So many people have. But if you'll look the matter up, and it's not hard, you'll find that on the very charge on which they convicted him he was tried a second time and acquitted, you'll find moreover that the jury was instructed to acquit him by my friend Judge Lawlor. He was acquitted because of the insufficiency of the evidence. Now I'm not defending him or trying to exculpate him. He may be all that they said he was. I'm sure he was in bad enough, but he was never quite as tough as the gang that prosecuted him, and I think that if we had a card index of the qualities of the two men we'd find that Schmitz is infinitely superior to your Mission Jim."

"But you're going to vote—?"

"Perhaps I'll vote for neither."

A Letter of Inquiry

Here is an important letter of inquiry on a sheet of Republican County Central Committee stationery dated August 31st, 1915:

"Gentlemen:

"Kindly let me know what your advertising rates are. Also I would like to have a statement from you to the effect as to whether or not your paper will editorially or otherwise be in favor of the re-election of Mr. James Rolph Jr. for Mayor. It is our desire to re-elect Mr. Rolph by a large majority at the primary, and if your paper will oppose him editorially I would like to know so that in setting aside the amount to be used for advertising I will know how to handle the matter.

Yours very truly,
H. M. OWENS,
Chairman, Campaign Committee.

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of the World's Fair. This plan was reproduced in the Chronicle a few days ago, and was accompanied by a stirring plea written by Mr. De Young and addressed to the citizens of San Francisco. There were three men connected with the Fair who admired the plan just as much, if not more than you and I admired it, but they were quite surprised to find that Mr. De Young had taken the credit for it. One of them is telling the story, and chuckling at his own expense as he tells it. It is a good little story, and it illustrates that in more senses than one a plan may go a long way. Some months ago a draughtsman in the employ of the World's Fair, having nothing more pressing to occupy himself with, conceived the idea of preparing a plan showing how the main features of the Fair could be saved to posterity. This daughtsman was receiving only one hundred dollars a month, but he was a bright young man, and he prepared a really beautiful plan with a good deal of feasibility about it. When it was completed he took it to Director of Works Harris D. H. Connick. Connick looked it over, remarked that it was not half bad as plans went and stuck it into a pigeon hole in his desk. Then he forgot all about it until one day recently when Reuben B. Hale, Vice-President of the Exposition, paid him a business visit. Hale explained that there was a popular demand for the formation of a plan to save part of the Fair, and asked Connick to put some of his assistants to work on the project. Whereupon Connick remembered that plan in the pigeon hole. Taking it out and dusting it, the Director of Works handed it to the Vice-President with the remark that he had foreseen such an agitation as that which was now beginning and had had a plan prepared. Hale was delighted. He ran his eye over the plan and was more delighted still. When he left Connick the plan was in his pocket and a smile was on his face. At the next meeting of the Board of Directors the subject of a plan to save some of the Fair came up for discussion. Vice-President Hale remarked that he had anticipated such a discussion, and here was a plan he had had prepared! The plan excited general admiration among the Fair directors. It pleased none more than Vice-President De Young. On the following day it was reproduced in the Chronicle as the De Young plan for saving the best features of the Fair! All of which I submit in proof of the assertion that, in more senses than one, a plan may go a long way. Is it any wonder that one of the three Fair officials should chuckle at himself as he tells the story? And seriously, it is a fortunate thing that much-handled plan found its way to Mr. De Young. He has the means of carrying it through, and the energy to keep at his task till success crowns his efforts. He proved that in the Midwinter Fair days, and has proven it more than once since then.

An Interesting Contrast

Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh of Philadelphia arrived in this city last week to take part in the exercises of Pennsylvania Day at the Exposition. The Governor of the Keystone State came with considerable pomp and circumstance. There were no less than one hundred and twenty-five in his official party, which is eighty-five more than the Governor of the State of New York brought with him across the continent. And the Governor of Pennsylvania was followed a day or so later by the Second Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard. It may be inferred that the junket of the Pennsylvanians cost their State a very pretty penny. This large party was received with the elaborate ceremonial so dear to our World's Fair officials. It was welcomed with the blare of music and the sheen of silk hats. There were processions, escorts and all that sort of thing. A day or two after Governor Brumbaugh, Major General George W. Goethals arrived in San Francisco. He had no official party at all. There was no band to meet him, no delegation of high hats. He carried his own baggage off the boat, and went quietly to his hotel like the most unimporant of tourists. When he went to the Cort for the opening performance of "The New Henrietta" he sat in the back of the box and very few in the big audience caught a glimpse of him, even after William H. Crane had called public attention to his presence. Is it not an interesting contrast? The man of pomp was so little known before he arrived that nine out of ten San Franciscans could not even call his name. The modest man's name is a household word throughout the nation.

The Confessions of Gene

I endeavored once to interest myself in a novel by Gene Stratton-Porter. I failed. The wishy-washy sentimentality of "The Harvester" was too much for me. My failure left me with my curiosity concerning this writer's popularity unsatisfied. But now I have "gotten a line on" Gene. For I have been reading her confessions. These are contained in a circular announcing her latest book "Michael O'Halloran." This circular, by the way, says that the first two editions of the new novel consist of two hundred thousand copies. That may be true. Gene is a best seller. I suppose she is almost as widely read as Harold Bell Wright. But to get back to Gene's confessions. One page of the circular is devoted to autobiographical notes. Gene gives a list of all her books, and tells us what she thinks about them in her heart of hearts. Gene is exceedingly frank, and has no false modesty. Gene also knows her public. The sort of people who read Gene's novels will "stand for" Gene's egotistical statements.

Some Samples

Thus, Gene writes of one of her novels: "The editor of 'Outing' came from New York to see me and asked for an outdoor story for men; one with dependable nature settings, and exact truth to life. I gave him both. I still have his telegram saying that he sat up all night to read the manuscript and it was 'exactly what he wanted.'" Of another story she says: "This comes fairly close to my idea of a good book. The book can, and does, present a hundred pictures that will draw any reader in closer touch with nature and the Almighty, my primal object in each line I write." And of "The Harvester," the book of Gene's which I strove to read but could not, Gene says: "I wrote it primarily to state that to my personal knowledge, clean, loving men still exist in this world, and that no man is forced to endure the grind of city life if he wills otherwise. I wrote the book as I thought it should be written, to prove my points and establish my contentions. I think I did."

Our Debt to Wister

Just what Gene thinks about her latest novel is not revealed in this circular. But we are given a hint of the plot. This latest, it seems, is the story "of how Mickey cared for his little ward, Peaches, and finally cured her of her crippled back." It is, I suppose, a story of the same namby-pamby sort as "The Harvester." Owen Wister paid his disrespects to American novelists of the Stratton-Porter kind in his recent essay on "Quack Novels and Democracy." He took Harold Bell Wright as his horrible example. I am sorry he could not have seen the circular announcing Mrs. Stratton-Porter's latest before he drew that just indictment. That article of Wister's should be read by every consumer of fiction in this country. If the principles laid down there were more generally held a Gene Stratton-Porter could not puff her own books without running the risk of being laughed at. At present, sad to say, there must be many thousands of people who take her seriously.

Thet Family Farm Play

The Family Farm is in no sense a competitor of the Bohemian Grove. The Family is a little club—"a little, foolish club" Ned Hamilton, its first Father, has called it—and its country playground near Portola in San Mateo county is not to be compared with the great domain on the Russian river in Sonoma county where the Bohemians hold their annual revel. The Bohemians call their rural estate a "grove;" the children of the Family call theirs a "farm." The difference indicated by these words runs throughout the acreage, the cultivation and the accommodations of the two places. There is luxury of the first class-hotel order in Bohemian Grove; there is rugged simplicity on the Family Farm. The difference, however, is most strikingly exemplified in the outdoor plays given by the two clubs. Bohemia spends thousands every year on its grove play. Large casts (frequently including stars of the professional stage), costly costumes, the most advanced electrical devices and an cr-

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chestra of symphony size are at the disposal of the writer who devotes a year or more to the preparation of his grove drama. The result is invariably a distinctive contribution to the annals of al fresco entertainment. The Family, on the other hand, restricts itself to a modest expenditure of two or three hundred dollars; the farm play is of about an hour's duration; the amateur orchestra of which the club is justly proud is not enlarged for the occasion; and the players are chosen from the ranks of the club for their personal adaptability to the parts they are to play rather than for their histrionic experience. So the Family Farm plays are modest little efforts, but they are sincere and speak to the heart. Their literary value may be understood from this that George Sterling and Waldemar Young are among the writers. And what is said of the plays themselves applies equally to the music.

"The Spirit of Youth"

This year the Family Farm play was written by Martin V. Merle, with music by Cass Downing, leader of the Family orchestra. It was given last Sunday night before the full membership of the club and a number of distinguished guests. The author of "The Light Eternal" is not a poet in the sense in which George Sterling is a poet; but his farm play called "The Spirit of Youth" proved to be pure poetry of the woods. In the opinion of some of the best judges in the club "The Spirit of Youth" is the best farm play which the Family has witnessed. Merle dramatized the trees. He made lyrics of the moonlight. He was inspired to people the beautiful little rustic stage amid the redwoods with figures that embodied the ancient mysteries of forest lore. His hero is the Redwood, a youth among the old denizens of the forest. His theme is the everlasting antagonism between youth and age, and his moral seems to be (if it is not quite superfluous to deduce a moral from his fine drama) that Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, "crabbed age and youth" can and may live together. The prey of the hatred of the Chaparral, personified as a dwarf, and of the spleen of the Oak, shown as a gnarled and bearded old man, the Redwood whose only crime is youth, is driven forth from a northern forest. Befriended by a satyr and wafted by the kindly South Wind, the Redwood makes his way to a wood in a kindlier clime, that very wood where the Family Farm is located. Here he is received by the Spirit of the Wild Grape and other benign spirits. He appeals for welcome and habitation to the Stork, the guardian of the wood, "a spirit bird—men call him nature's messenger," and his prayer is answered with the admonition, "Keep young, O Youth, keep young, keep young." And so the Redwood finds his home in this wood "where incense rises from the dew, where youth and age together meet as in a blessed Family." Aside from the beauty of the lines, the dramatic strength of the incidents and the high quality of the music written by Cass Downing, as well as the success of the actors who were trained by Frank L. Mathieu, "The Spirit of Youth" had a special appeal to the members of the club. It embodied as never before the serious aspirations of this laughter-loving organization. It read a new dramatic meaning into the Flight of the Stork, the club's annual ceremony. It gave a finer and more significant setting to the club's motto, "Keep young." And it raised amid the beautiful redwoods a vision of beauty which will never fade from before the eyes of those who were privileged to witness it.

A Wasted Joke

Phil Clay is fond of sausages. The little sausages that are dispensed by the boy in white who presides over the buffet lunch in the St. Francis bar are the kind of sausages to which the man of the music firm is particularly partial. He went into the St. Francis bar the other day, only to find that the sausages had all been consumed before his arrival. Phil was dreadfully disappointed. But he thought of a joke and brightened up. He went down Powell street to a new candy store which looks like a butcher shop (you know the place I mean) and bought a bag of candy sausages. Returning to the St. Francis bar he slipped them into the empty sausage tureen when the boy in white was not looking. And then Andrew G. McCarthy, also of the music firm, came along. In fact, he had an engagement with Phil Clay.

"Have you tried those sausages?" asked wily Phil. "I never knew them more delicious."

Andy helped himself to a candy sausage, dabbed some mustard on it and ate it. Phil watched him, ready to laugh uproariously. Andy said "Delicious!" and helped himself to a second and a third. Phil Clay is still trying to find out whether Andy's palate is defective or whether Andy swallowed the joke and the candy sausages at one and the same time.

The English of a Japanese

The following is submitted as a specimen of English as it is written in the business houses of Japan. The business manager informs me that the letter is important as well as amusing, and that he intends to take advantage of the opportunity to increase the circulation of Town Talk in the Orient.

Tokyo, Aug. 15, 1915.

Dear Sirs,

A continuance of present disturbance in Europe tells itself how progress of science is being experienced, and it is considerably felt necessary to touch latest news regarding to.

In view of this fact it is, we trust, very attractive way to secure many subscriptions in holding special exhibition of your journals for displaying purpose to the public, and we have decided to do so at an early date of October next. If you have some interest with this plan please send specimen copies and other booklets of all your journals to the undermentioned, marking on your package as "specimen."

When sending please quote us both regular and trade prices of your journals with the rates of foreign postage to Japan respectively.

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A Sensitive Naval Man

Rear Admiral William F. Fullam who has been detached from duty as superintendent of the Naval Academy and assigned to the command of the reserve fleet on the Pacific Coast is the man who recommended the dismissal of seven midshipmen on account of the scandal of the stolen examination papers. The evidence elicited by Academy investigators left no room for doubt that the seven must have known that the questions distributed among other midshipmen were from the official list. But the Daniels board of inquiry, the Secretary being susceptible to political pull, reduced the number of dismissals to two. Thus was Admiral Fullam overruled and a reflection cast on his administration. The supposition is that the Admiral asked to be relieved, for when he was under examination during the inquiry he said that he would rather go to sea in a collier than stay at Annapolis if he were not sustained. Admiral Fullam is a fine type of naval officer, a type that would soon become rare were the honor and discipline of the Academy to be adjusted to the standards of a Josephus Daniels. It was Admiral Fullam who, as commander of the Marietta landed marines in 1907 at Trujillo and Ceiba to protect Americans, and who served notice on Honduran revolutionists that he would permit no atrocities. Obviously too virile and masculine a person to deserve the admiration of the Administration.

They Look Like Winners

The municipal campaign is a lively one, and the picking of winners is not an easy thing. Nevertheless, I hazard the opinion that William H. McCarthy is going to be elected by a handsome vote. I make this prediction after canvassing the situation, and I make it notwithstanding that he is engaged in a campaign against two very active opponents. Supervisor McCarthy is a candidate for the important office of assessor. He has fitted himself for the exacting demands of this position by his brilliant services on the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors. McCarthy has been unremitting in his labors for the city, and deserves promotion. He has a great host of friends who are working hard for him. Yes, I take it that he will be elected to the office. I hope so. Another candidate I pick as the likely recipient of the same honor is

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T. I. Fitzpatrick, a candidate for the police bench. There is no more popular lawyer in this city than Tim Fitzpatrick. His career has been honorable and distinguished. That San Francisco will take advantage of the opportunity to secure a man of his calibre for the police bench —an opportunity too rarely presented—seems to me to go without saying. The election of such a man means the elevation of the police magistracy.

Valuable Book Coming Out

"Storied Walls of the Exposition" is the title of a book on the symbolism to be found in the architectural decorations and sculpture at the Exposition, by Miss Katherine D. Burke of this city. The book will be off the press early next week. In about 100 pages Miss Burke has taken up the different decorative motifs that are to be found in the work of the architects and the sculptors, showing where they can be found and whence they have been derived; also, their meaning and the romance of their history. The book will be well illustrated, a feature of the illustration being cuts of the most easily distinguishable and most frequently used decorative symbols. The book is an amplification of the lectures and talks that Miss Burke has been giving to her pupils and to her art classes. It will be on sale in San Francisco.

Two Little Tales

By Feodor Sologub

(Translated from the Russian by John Cournos)

THE UNBORN

No one knows what will be.

But there is a place, where the future peers through the sky-blue vapors of desire. In this place the unborn yet enjoy their peace. Here everything is serene, soothing and feliticous. Sorrow is absent, and instead of air there is an atmosphere of pure joyousness, in which the unborn breathe freely.

And no one need leave this land, until he so desires.

There were four souls which in the same instant desired to be born upon our earth.

In the sky-blue vapors of desire there appeared before them our four elements.

One of the Unborn said:

"I love the earth, the soft, the warm, the hard earth."

The second said:

"I love the water, the eternally falling, clear, refreshing water."

The third said:

"I love the fire, the merry, bright, purifying fire."

The fourth said:

"I love the air, striving in breadth and height, the light air of life."

So it came to pass.

The first became a miner. One day the shaft fell, and the earth buried him.

The second shed tears, like water, and in the end drowned himself.

The third lost his wife in a burning house.

The fourth was hanged.

Pure innocent elements. . . . . The folly of those who desire. . . . .

Oh, sweet place of non-existence, why should the Will lead us away from Thee!

THE LAMP AND THE MATCH

A lamp stood on the table.

Someone had just removed its chimney. The lamp, seeing a match, said to it:

"Thou, little one, hadst better not remain so close to me, it is dangerous; I will soon be alight. I am lit every evening. No one can work evenings without me."

"Every evening!" exclaimed the match. "To be lit every evening! That is terrible."

"Why terrible?" asked the lamp.

"Because one can love only once," said the match, which then burst into a flame—and died.

Husband—For goodness' sake, what did you get a dress like that for, Maria?

Wife—I wanted to look a little chic.

Husband—Well, you don't. You look a full-grown hen!

Mrs. Emberg—Do you think this scandal will have any effect on Mrs. Gabble?

Mrs. Watkins—Yes; it will have a telling effect.

He—Will you be mine?

She—No!

He—May I be yours?

She—Yes!

FLOWER OF YOUTH

By Katharine Tynan

Lest Heaven be for the greybeards hoary;
God, Who made boys for His delight,
Goes in earth's hour of grief and glory
And calls the boys in from the night;
When they come trooping from the war
Our skies have many a new gold star.

Heaven's thronged with gay and careless faces,
New-waked from dreams of dreadful things.
They walk by green and pleasant places,
And by the crystal water-springs
Forget the nightmare field of slain
And the fierce thirst and the strong pain.

Forget! God smiles to see them merry,
For His own Son was once a boy;
They never shall be old and weary,
But of their youth will have great joy,
And in the playing-fields of Heaven
Shall run and leap, new-washed, new-shriven.

Now Heaven's by golden boys invaded,
'Scaped from the winter and the storm.
Stainless and simple as He made it,
God keeps the boy's heart out of harm.
The old wise Saints look down and smile,
They are so young and without guile.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,
The widowed girls, could look inside
The country that hath them in keeping
Who went to the great war and died,
They would rise and put their mourning off,
Praise God, and say: "He has enough."

"Staylate's a queer chap."

"In what way?"

"When he's wound up he never goes until he's run down!"

Because a fellow is a stick it doesn't follow that he is a spoke in the hub of the universe.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Belmont Is Coming

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont is coming to San Francisco for the big suffrage convention which begins next week. This fact is important not only because Mrs. Belmont is an important suffrage worker but also because Mrs. Belmont is prominent socially. There may be suffrage workers who are strong-minded enough to withstand the lure of society, but they are not taken into account by the publicity department of the coming convention. The writers of that department lay stress upon Mrs. Belmont's social prestige. They point out that she is coming in "her own special car." And they go on to speak of the "Call" she has issued to the women of the nation in these terms:

"It is highly significant that, though one of the wealthiest and most influential women in this country has issued this 'Call,' women of all ranks are answering it."

Of just what it is "highly significant" we are not told by the publicity department. To show that perfect equality will prevail in the convention, the publicity department draws a picture of "school teachers and professional women of Montana and Nevada hobnobbing with the society women of New York and Baltimore." There is also mention of certain "distinguished women" who "have been beguiled into consenting to attend." I do not know just what power Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont wields among the suffrage workers, but it strikes me she might exercise some of it for the purpose of eradicating snobbishness.

From Newport to Washington

I have said that Mrs. Belmont is "prominent socially," but I am not sure that her social prestige is all that the suffrage press-agents affirm. When Mrs. Belmont was the wife of the senior W. K. Vanderbilt she was very "prominent socially." She was more of a power in Newport than the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. She was really the headliner among the smart hostesses of Newport. But when she became the wife of "Ollie" Belmont her social prestige waned. She ceased to cut the wide swath that she had cut before. It is not for me to know the reason why. Maybe it was because she was surfeited with the dissipations by which smart society drives monotony away. Or maybe she cultivated a taste for intellectual diversion and found more congenial companionship among people who concern themselves with the problems of life. At any rate she became a suffragette. For awhile she seemed to prefer Washington to Newport, and rumor had it that she was going to establish a salon at the capital and make things hum there. But she didn't. She hardly created a ripple on the surface of things. However, Mrs. Belmont is a very interesting woman, and a very energetic one, too, and she has done a lot for the suffrage cause. For she has money, and she puts up for propaganda. She has so closely identified herself with the cause that society folk speak of her as a suffragette, and suffrage workers speak of her as a society leader. Above all things she is the mother of a Duchess.

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Will Lily Wed the Duke?

When Mrs. Lily Martin was in San Francisco the attention paid to her by Duke Heinrich Borwin of Mecklenburg-Schwerin did not excite such a lot of comment. Of course there was considerable chatter among the tabbies of the Francisca Club, but the rest of us refused to be unduly excited over the prospect of a duke marrying the widow of the lamented Peter Martin. After all, only a few people are interested in dukes simply because they are dukes. The majority of people expect more than a title to interest them, and this duke seemed to be rather a colorless individual. But New York is different. New York where the duke has continued his attentions to the tall Lily, is absorbed in the possibility of a marriage. New York thinks that Lily Oelrichs Martin would like to be a duchess. And New York has been looking into the history of this ducal youngster. It seems that in 1911 he married the Comtesse de Gasquet, an American girl. She had been Miss Pratt of Kingston, N. Y. The comtesse was a widow and a good deal older than Duke Heinrich when he fell in love with her. The marriage was not recognized at Berlin and was declared null because of inequality of birth. So if Lily married him it would be a morganatic marriage.

A Notre Dame Dance

The sweet sisters of the College of Notre Dame of this city are soon to celebrate the golden jubilee of their well known educational institution in Dolores street. There are to be many features to this jubilee celebration, both religious and secular, and it will engage the interest of some of the most prominent women of the city who think with gratitude of the happy years they spent under the guidance of the beloved nuns. In anticipation of the coming celebration, a number of the past pupils of Notre Dame have completed plans for a dance and card party which will be given on Tuesday evening, the twenty-first of September. They are taking this pleasant way of bringing Notre Dame pupils together so that they may be acquainted with the plans for the jubilee. The announcement of this dance and card party has called forth the liveliest enthusiasm on the part of past pupils, and there is no doubt that it will be a brilliant success. It will be given at Assembly Hall, 1268 Sutter street. Tickets are one dollar, and may be obtained from Mrs. Eustace Cullinan, 3433 Twenty-first street, Mrs. George R. Puckett, 1560 Jackson street, Mrs. K. M. Lawlor, 920 Guerrero street, or Miss Mary Lennon, 946 Eddy street. The committee of reception consists of: Mesdames K. Lawlor, Eustace Cullinan, G. R. Puckett, Thomas M. O'Connor, T. J. Crowley, William A. Kelly, M. Trumtour, Guy Sutherlin, George Mayerle, J. Flinn, J. Reardon and Lambert; also the Misses May Lawlor, May O'Neill, Loretta Feeley, Josephine Feeley, Frances Campodonico, Loretta McCarthy, Agnes Keating, Mary Noon, Gladys Regan, Gertrude Lennon, Josephine Malloy and Josephine Collum. These ladies will have the assistance of Eustace Cullinan, Thomas W. Hickey, Thomas M. O'Connor, Leo Lennon, Dr. L. X. Ryan, George Mayerle, Luke Flynn, Ashton Flinn, William A. Kelly and others.

Jack Statter in the Trenches

The friends of Jack Statter in this city will be interested to learn that Jack is with the British Expeditionary Force in France. The news comes in a letter from the trenches written by Jack to his friend Roy Carruthers. It will be remembered that for a time while rather down on his luck, Jack Statter acted as Carruthers' assistant at the Cliff House. It was rather an anomalous position, for the girls who had danced with Jack at the tea and supper dances downtown insisted on monopolizing his time whenever they happened to dine or sup at the Cliff House. From this it may be inferred that Jack was a splendid dancer. He was, indeed, one of the best dancers in town. He was also one of the first young men about town to wear a wrist watch, but as he brought the fashion to San Francisco when he came here nobody objected. And now Jack Statter is probably wearing a wrist watch to sterner purpose. Most of the British officers wear them in the trenches, and Jack is a first lieutenant in the First Somerset Light Infantry, serving "somewhere in France." "I have just come out for a rest from seven days in the trenches," Jack writes to Roy Carruthers, "where we really had quite a quiet time—only a few 'little Willies' or eighteen pound shells over, and of course the rotten snipers busy all the time when you show your head over the parapet. It is rather exciting at nrght, out putting up barbed wire, as then things are whisking around one's head. . . . As I censor my own letters of course I cannot tell you much news." The letter ends with the prayer: "Excuse paper and pencil, but it's the best I've got." Friends of Jack Statter will agree that that is a characteristic touch.

Dr. Stewart Honored

Dr. H. J. Stewart has been awarded the di-

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A LAGGARD IN LOVE

By Jane Barlow

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Gossip of the Theatre

"The New Henrietta"

This is the right sort of show to give a World's Fair audience. The Cort was crowded Monday night, and I judge that a large portion of the audience consisted of visitors who are here to see the Exposition. Most of them made no effor to stifle the loud laughter with which they are wont to announce that a joke has pleased them. I do not know when I have heard so much loud laughter in a theatre. They are not blase, these visitors, and when they are happy they believe in letting you know that fact. They were exceedingly happy all through this performance. They laughed most at William H. Crane, which was proper, since "Billy" is the principal star of this five-star aggregation. But they laughed almost as much at Thomas W. Ross who played the assinine Bertie. And how they laughed at Maclyn Arbuckle, especially when he "sprang" that good old line of his, "Nobody loves a fat man!" They didn't laugh at Laura Hope Crews, but they enjoyed her immensely. And it was easy to see that they thought Mabel Taliaferro the cutest little darling of an actress in the world. Decidedly, the visitors will go home and talk of "The New Henrietta" as much as they will talk of the Tower of Jewels.

—E. F. O'Day.

California Beauties at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces that next week the California Beauties will appear in a dancing fantasy featuring Mlle. Una, premiere danseuse who will be assisted by a corps de ballet of beautiful and graceful girls. Their program will include the following dances: oriental; classical solo from "Ballet Coppelia;" colonial gavotte; Pierette dance; and "Dance of the Hours" from "Giacondo." All the dances are originated and directed by Senora Matildita. Charles Howard who shares the headline honors, will with the assistance of Kernan Cripps and Margaret Taylor present an act which is new to vaudeville this season and is entitled "A Happy Combination." It is a singing and dancing melange and introduces Howard in the role of a comic inebriate. Cripps who acts as his foil has a fine baritone voice, and Miss Taylor is a very pretty girl who dances exceptionally well. Nina Payne and Joe Niemeyer offer an up-to-the-minute novelty which is composed of unusually good dancing and some specially written songs. Miss Payne will be remembered as the successful star of one of the most spectacular dancing pantomimes ever produced in vaudeville, "La Sonambule," and Mr. Niemeyer's most recent engagements have been with "Miss Nobody from Starland" and with Henry Woodruff in "A Prince for Tonight." Violinsky who scored a great hit on the occasion of his last visit here, is an eccentric genius on the violin and piano. Charles Evans and Helena Phillips in "A Forgotten Combination;" Shirli Rives and Ben Harrison in their delightful "Bench Act;" Billie Burke's "Tango Shoes" and Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers will conclude their engagements with this splendid bill.

Margaret Anglin at Columbia

After a season of unparalleled success in the classic Greek drama in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, Margaret Anglin will begin her regular season on Monday evening at the Columbia in her New York and Chicago comedy success "Beverly's Balance." Miss Anglin's engagement here will be her only appearance in the Kester play hereabouts as her bookings demand her at a number of Eastern theatres within the next two months. It is interesting to note that San Francisco is the third metropolitan city in which Miss Anglin will be seen in Paul Kester's latest, and from all accounts, most successful play. As a rule the Pacific Coast patrons of the theatre see a play a year or so after it has been given in New York. There has been a widespread demand for reservations. It is a far cry from the classic Greek drama to modern comedy, but Miss Anglin is equal to the demand on her versatility. The company includes Mrs. Charles G. Craig, Donald Cameron, Alfred Lunt, Howard Lindsey, Ralph Kemmet and Saxone Morland. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given. There will be no performances on Sunday nights, and Miss Anglin does not play in Oakland.

Kreisler at Greek Theatre

The Fritz Kreisler concert which will be given with a symphony orchestra to play the accompaniment in the Greek Theatre of the University of California in Berkeley, on Friday night, October 8, bids fair to attract as big an audience

MADAME NELLIE MELBA

Who sings at Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoons, September 19th and 26th, and at Oakland Auditorium Opera House on Thursday night, September 23rd

as the Margaret Anglin performances. This will be the first time that a great musical star has appeared in the Greek Theatre at an evening concert. Although wounded in the European war, and still limping from the effects, Kreisler is said to be playing better than ever, and his program for this occasion is one that will show him at his best. Two more beautiful concertos than the Mozart in A major and the Mendelssohn do not exist, and this will be the only performance of these compositions by Kreisler on the coast. Between the two works with the orchestra Kreisler will play a group of his own compositions and transcriptions. Mail orders should be sent to William Dallam Armes, chairman of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the Universit in Berkeley, or to Will L. Greenbaum in care of Sherman, Clay and Company.

Recitals of Fritz Kreisler

Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist who will be heard in recitals at the Cort under the direction of Frank W. Healy Sunday afternoons, October 3 and 10, at 3 o'clock, believes like Franz Liszt that the artist in the matter of programs should be neither the master nor the servant of the public. Kreisler believes that by stooping a little the artist will gradually conquer his public for the higher things in art. Other great violinists play classical music and play it drily, like a professor. Kreisler plays classical music like a poet—with deep feeling. When Kreisler plays a concerto at his recitals, the audience never notices the absence of an orchestra. Kreisler has changed his programs which have been announced in the press, and sent by his manager for the recitals in San Francisco, and has sent to Mr. Healy two programs filled to the brim and overflowing with good things. Many of the numbers are new to San Francisco, and many others will be played by Kreisler for the first time in this city. The intellectual, the emotional, and the sensational will be found in these programs.

Second Week of Five Stars

The famous "five-star aggregation" consisting of William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Laura Hope Crews and Mabel Taliaferro, has completely won San Francisco through the medium of "The New Henrietta." The organization opened to a capacity house last Monday at the Cort, and has kept up the pace ever since. "The New Henrietta" performance has scored the most emphatic success that has been recorded here in a long time. It seems remarkable that a play that was in the heyday of its success twenty years ago should create such an impression now. But Bronson Howard's comedy drama, as revamped by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, is just as clean and wholesome as it was a score of years ago. "The New Henrietta" begins the second week of its engagement at the Cort on Monday night, September 13. Performances are given on Sunday nights.

"Today" at the Alcazar

Once again have Belasco and Mayer been successful in securing a big New York success, to follow David Belasco's idyl of the days of '49. This time it is George Broadhurst's and Abraham Schomer's "Today," which has just been released for stock and which never before has been played at popular prices. It will be offered at the Alcazar on next Monday night, with an ideal cast and a thorough and magnificent produuction. People are beginning to wonder how Belasco and Mayer secure so many recent New York successes, but the answer is easy: they pay the highest royalties. "Today" is described as a somewhat startling exposition of a phase of New York life the existence of which has never been denied. It is not a "white slave" drama nor is it a "red light" play. Mr. Lytell and Miss Vaughan will be admirably cast in the leading roles, and will have the excellent support of the full strength of the capable Lytell-Vaughan players.

Melba's Splendid Programs

The greatest lyric soprano of the present generation, Madama Melba, will give two delightful programs of songs at the Cort under the management of Will L. Greenbaum, assisted by Robert Parker, baritone, and Frank St. Leger, pianist and accompanist. There is but little to tell the world about Melba and her career, as her name and achievements are known wherever music exists, and will live as long as the history of music. Her first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, September 19. The complete program will be as follows: Piano solo "Eugen Onegin," Tschaikowsky-Pabst, Mr. St. Leger; prologue "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, Mr. Parker; mad scene from "Hamlet," Thomas, Mme. Melba; "Love Me or Not," old English song, "Rolling Down to Rio," Edward German, Mr. Parker; "Depuis le Jour" (Louise), Charpentier, Mme. Melba; Nocturne in D flat, Chopin, Mr. St. Leger; prayer from "La Tosca," Puccini, "Addio" from "La Boheme," Puccini, Mme. Melba; song "The Two Grenadiers, Schuman, Mr. Parker; waltz song "Se Saran Rose," Arditi, Mme. Melba. At the second concert, one week later (Sunday afternoon, September 26) Mme. Melba will sing the aria "Ah Fors e Lui" from "La Traviata," the Prayer from "Otello" by Verdi, and some charming groups of songs. Mr. Parker's numbers will include two works by Richard Strauss, two by Schubert, and the beautiful "Don Juan" Serenade by Tschaikowsky. The box offices for both concerts will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders may be addressed now to Will L. Greenbaum in care of Sherman, Clay and Company. On Thursday night, September 23 Melba will give the opening concert in the new Opera House of the Oakland Auditorium building. On this occasion she will repeat the program of her first San Francisco concert as above. Seats will be ready Monday, September 20, at Sherman, Clay and Company's Oakland store and at the ticket office of the Auditorium.

This Sunday's Symphony

The usual weekly symphony concert of the Exposition Orchestra will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half past two, when Max Bendix will conduct a program of singular interest. The selections for Sunday have a strong appeal. They include Beethoven's Sixth Symphony in F major, op. 68, known as the "Pastoral," Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," after the Eclogue of Stephane Mallarme, and "A Night on Mont Chauve," the supernatural work of Moussorgsky. The soloist of the afternoon will be Mme. Matja Niessen-Stone, distinguished both on the concert and the operatic stage, who has sung with great success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in the principal musical centers of Europe and America. Her numbers will be the aria "Che fare," from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," and Bemberg's arieso "La Mert de Jeanne d'Arc." There is a large demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street, and everything points to another large audience.

Autumn Music Festival

An event replete with interest and one that bids fair to attract visitors from all parts of the State will be the "Autumn Music Festival," to be held in Festival Hall from September 29 to October 3. The Music Department of the Exposition has long been making elaborate preparations for this brief season, and many artists of the highest rank have been especially engaged and will come from the East to participate. The Exposition Chorus of 400 voices, under the leadership of Emil Mellenhauer, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Apollo Club of Boston, with the Exposition Orchestra of 80, Max Bendix, conductor, will present Mendelssohn's Oratorio "Elijah" on Wednesday evening, September 29, at 8:30, and Verdi's celebrated "Requiem" on Sunday afternoon, October 3, at 2:30, and there will be a public rehearsal of the last work on Friday evening, October 1, at 7:30. For the production of the "Requiem" the orchestra will be augmented to 100 musicians. The soloists engaged for the festival include Mme. Emmy Destinn, soprano from the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, lyric soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford, contralto from the Metropolitan; George Hamlin, tenor from the Chicago Grand Opera; Evan Williams, the famous Welsh tenor; Frederic Martin, America's greatest oratorio basso; Earl Cartwright, the distinguished concert baritone; and Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist. Kreisler will play in conjunction with the Exposition Orchestra on Thursday evening, September 30, at 8:30, his numbers being the Concerto in C major, by Vivaldi, and Beethoven's

THOMAS W. ROSS

Of the Great Five-Star Aggregation in "The New Henrietta" at the Cort

NINA PAYNE

Who will appear at the Orpheum next week in some late novelty dancing

Concerto in D major, op. 61. Saturday afternoon, October 2, at 2:30, there will be an "Artists' Concert," participated in by Mrs. Williams, Mme. Mulford, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, the Exposition Chorus, the Exposition Orchestra, the Boston Band of 65 musicians and Wallace A. Sabin, who will preside at the organ. The soloists of "Elijah" will be Mrs. Williams, Mme. Mulford, Evan Williams and Earl Cartwright and the principals in the "Requiem" will be Mme. Destinn, Mme. Mulford, George Hamlin and Frederic Martin. The subscription sale for the season of four concerts is now progressing at 343 Powell street and will close Monday evening, September 20. All purchasers will be admitted free to the "Requiem" rehearsal. Mail orders will receive prompt attention if accompanied by check or money order payable to the P.-P. I. E.

Karl Emmy at Pantages

Karl Emmy and his pets, a dozen little white terriers, is one of a brace of strong attractions on the new eight-act bill at Pantages next Sunday. The act is styled "the classiest animal production in vaudeville," and Emmy has a vein of delightful humor. Emmy's dogs have been headlined on all of the big vaudeville circuits. Harry Cleveland, a droll comedian, is starring in a farce called "The Land of Tomorrow" which introduces pretty dancing maids. A dramatic act based on the war will be presented by Laura Winston and company. "The Boy and the Regiment" deals with the cowardice of a young recruit under fire. Charley Inness and Maude Ryan have a "smart act smartly dressed." Lalla Selbini, by reason of her sylph-like form, is styled "Venus on Wheels." Mason and Sullivan in a comedy "Breaking the Bank," and Carney and Ashley, two nimble-fingered piano players, with a Chaplin "movie," will round out the show.

The Silk Mitten

"Dear one," said he to the college girl,
"Come be my own sweet bride."
"Homo, hominis, homini, hominem,"
The erudite maid replied.
"Excuse me, I don't quite understand,"
Once more the lover began.
But she only said, as she turned away,
"I was just declining man."

The Reason

"It seems so strange and funny,"
A lady spake to him;
"Your wife is always sunny
And you so gruff and grim."

"Not strange in my condition,
You will perceive," said he;
"Her sunny disposition
Just makes it hot for me."

"I've been to see an old flame," said the young man returning from Naples, where he had viewed Vesuvius.

Love maketh a light heart, nor does it seem to add to the weight of the pocketbook.

Seeing ourselves as others see us isn't half as amusing as seeing others as they see themselves.

Clerk—But, sir, isn't eight dollars a week pretty low for this job?

Employer—Low for it? Why, I started on that very job, back in the seventies, at four dollars a week, and today I own the business.

Clerk—Ah, yes; but your employer didn't use cash registers. Mine does.

Volunteer Poets' Corner

Town Talk is frequently in receipt of volunteer contributions from singers who crave the pleasure of seeing their effusions in cold type. Conscious of the divine afflatus and bursting with song, they send their efforts to this office with more or less artless pleas for publication. It has often saddened the editor to think of the disappointment which ensues when these love-children of the brain are refused admittance. So space is to be found for them from time to time. No verses will be published here without the name of the author. The very least that may be asked of the volunteer singers is that they display the courage of their poetry.

THE MODERN BRIDEGROOM'S SYLVAN SERENADE

(With apologies to all poets and back-to-the-farm advocates)

"Get up, young woman, come, get up!
Don't waste the morning hours:
The cutworm 's at his gardening;
The mildew 's on the flowers;
Each peanut vine 's by gophers mined;
The ground 's hard 's a brick;
Get up and cook our breakfast, and
Then come help me. Quick!"

Laura Anna Cotton,
3383 Clay street.

Continuous Performance

When she's arrayed with fine precision,
I find each day my wife's a vision,
And when she's disarrayed at night,
I find her still a perfect sight.

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PRICES—Entire Lower Floor and First Three Rows of Balcony, $2.00; Remainder of Balcony, $1.50; Entire Gallery, $1.00; Box and Loge Seats, $2.50.

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80 Musicians
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Mezzo-Contralto
From the Metropolitan Opera Co., N. Y.
Prices 50c, 75c and $1; box seats, $1.50, at 343 Powell Street. Phone Sutter 6646.

FESTIVAL HALL
Important Announcement
AUTUMN MUSIC FESTIVAL

Wed., Sept. 29, at 8:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH;" Thurs., Sept. 30, at 8:30, KREISLER Concert; Fri., Oct. 1, at 7:30, Public Rehearsal of Verdi's "REQUIEM;" Sat., Oct. 2, at 2:30, ARTISTS' Concert; Sun., Oct. 3, at 2:30, Verdi's "REQUIEM."

Emmy Destinn, Grace Behner Williams, Florence Mulferd, George Hamlin, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, Earl Cartwright and Fritz Kreisler, Soloists; Exposition Chorus of 400, Exposition Orchestra of 80 and Boston Band of 65.

Prices for 4 Concerts: Box Seats, $6.50; Orchestra, $5; rest of house, $3.50. Seats selling at 343 Powell street, where applications by mail or in person are accepted. Make checks and money orders payable to P.-P. I. E.

Season Ticket Holders admitted Free to rehearsal Verdi's Requiem. Seats for single concerts, $2, $1.50, $1 and 75c, ready Sept. 23.

Will L. Greenbaum announces Mme.
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Direction CHAS. A. ELLIS, Boston
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CORT THEATRE
Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Cort. Mail orders to WILL L. GREENBAUM, care Sherman, Clay & Co.
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KREISLER PLAYS WITH ORCHESTRA IN GREEK THEATRE ON FRIDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 8TH. MAIL ORDERS NOW. $2, $1.50, $1.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
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A Smart Act Smartly Dressed
LALLA SELBINI
"Venus On Wheels"
SULLIVAN & MASON
"Breaking the Bank"
CARNEY & ASHLEY
Two Men and a Piano

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Had it not been for the two day holiday, it looks as though we might have had a good market in railroads. Nine out of ten people you meet in Wall Street tell you not to bull them, for they can't go up. Notwithstanding this, they do go up. That does not mean all the railroads, for there are poor properties there just as there are poor industrial properties. A student of earnings sees an efficiency in operation which has not been observed in this class of corporations. With the resumption of normal business in the steel trade, we are getting record-breaking business from the trunk lines and the bituminous properties. When the business of the country really gets normal, we look for net earnings in railroads that have not been seen for many a day. The whole world turns to this market as the one liquid, and where money can be invested to produce good income. Our favorites, Norfolk & Western and Chesapeake & Ohio, made good today. We believe both these properties on their earnings are booked for much higher prices. The street is bearish on railroad stocks; brokers are carrying fewer than ever in their history. They have gone into the hands of the investor. If any buying movement starts, they will advance more easily than any stocks dealt in on the Exchange, and we expect to see this buying movement come.

Wheat—Prices are considerably under the level of last week, influenced by the excellent conditions in the spring wheat country, although there have been several sporadic rallies based on reports of frost. It is generally assumed, however, that the damage resulting from frost is of little consequence. The decline in prices has also been influenced by the lack of a foreign demand anywhere proportionate to the supply and also by foreign advices indicating that Great Britain's needs are not of an immediate character and will be supplied by present reserves and later by Canada. The primary movement is running under that of last week and the clearances are probably slightly above recent weeks, with the Argentine and India shipping very little. Crop advices as relating to France, indicate considerably less than last year, and as relating to the Argentine and India indicate unfavorable growing conditions. The course of prices seems to hinge on supply and demand conditions, and as the latter appears inadequate, prices should sustain a further decline.

Corn—Prices are but little changed and have been both higher and lower meanwhile. The market has, in a measure, sympathized with the action of wheat, but comparatively has shown a firm tone as the result of the backward crop conditions and the more or less cold, wet weather. Optimism still prevails, however, in some quarters as to the outcome of the crop. The movement from the country is a great deal less than in recent weeks, while the demand is moderate. Lack of stocks is said to inhibit local sales, but there does not appear to be an insistent or comprehensive demand. There is a fair demand through commission houses, but congestion appears to be mainly responsible for any snap that the market develops. With a period of good weather, prices should relax.

Cotton—Bullish sentiment dominated the cotton market last week although prices did not get much above the highest prices made after the bureau report. There was plenty of buying orders in the market for commission houses and this change in sentiment was probably brought about by the encouraging remarks made by one of the Federal Reserve Board, who has taken the initiative in looking out for Southern interests in the present crisis. The trade appeared to realize that there would be tangible help from the Government calculated to prevent abnormal depression of values. With the Government aid it was felt that growers would not be forced to market their crop at any price but would be able to dictate terms of sale. The Liverpool market was strong and higher all week and this helped to scare the shorts as there was plenty of rumors that not only Great Britain was a big buyer of cotton but Germany also had been heavy buyers of the futures. The bulls furnished the cotton on the advance as the more successful ones had from 4 to 5 dollars per bale profit in their transactions and they did not care to see their profits slip especially in view of the uncertainties arising from the foreign political situation. There were several scares during the week by storm warnings along the coast and it was feared that should these storms extend into the interior a good deal of damage to open cotton might result. However, the storms did not materialize although reports of too much rain in Texas caused some uneasiness. The big Galveston storm did very little damage and a lot of good to cotton, which had begun to deteriorate owing to the lack of moisture. New cotton is not at all urgent and unless the new crop is taken better care of, it will result in a good deal of hedging sales in the pit against actual cotton, which will not help the constructive side of the market; and we believe will result in lower prices temporarily at least. This crop will be marketed around this level as farmers show a disposition to want to sell and on the other hand the spinner is still buying from hand to mouth. Stocks of old cotton on hand are large and when the present movement begins to come in volume, there will be some recession in price. We advise taking profits on cotton at this level with the idea of reinstating long cotton on a break brought about by the above conditions.

"Our kitchen is a riot of color."

"Eh?"

"The Irish greenhorn is fighting the black cook, and the butler, who is an Orangeman, is red hot!"

Folks who boast of their family tree ought not to complain if their blowing brings down some shady branches and stirs the fallen leaves.

When a man is known as an angel it's because his riches have wings.

Advice to editors—Take a Fall out of the Autumn poets.

Dyer—I suppose the people who make the best dancers are those who are light on their feet.

Ryer—And in the head.

"Do you think Eve was truly made from one of Adam's ribs?"

"Not unlikely—woman's always been a bone of contention."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 21, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-21-5

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Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons havaing claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John S. Hogan, Attorney-at-Law, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 14th, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
68 Post St., Foxcroft Bldg., San Francisco. 8-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.—No. 19,478; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

MARIE DUMARAIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.—No. 19,459; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

ARTHUR DIETLE,
Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Inconsistent One

Somebody has been resurrecting old speeches to prove that President Wilson is not steadfast in his convictions. From these speeches we learn that the distinguished statesman who has carried regulation to the point of strangulation was once upon a time for giving business all the freedom that is consistent with the Ten Commandments. As late as 1908 when Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton he was very much opposed to paternalism in government. He said it was all wrong to subject business to regulation by commission. It was his firm conviction in those days that the Interstate Commerce Commission had too much power and that as a result of the exercise of that power great damage would be inflicted not only on the railroads but on the whole country. Time has vindicated the soundness of his views. The railroads have been impoverished, and we have had many lean years. But curiously enough meanwhile Mr. Wilson's views underwent a great change. His case illustrates how a conscience enlightened and a heart erratic makes of a well-meaning man a bundle of marvelous incongruities and inconsistencies. But we know that inconsistency with past views or conduct may be a mark of moral strength. We do not believe that in President Wilson's case it is a mark of enlightened conscience or of constantly increasing wisdom. For it is clear enough that the views which he has acted upon as a statesman have not been so strikingly justified as to disprove the theories and principles of the college professor. In all probability history will sympathize rather with Wilson the academic philosopher than with Wilson the political idealist. And we should not be surprised to learn that it is dawning on the perceptions of the gentleman in the White House himself that he erred when he said it was "all bosh" that he preached in Princeton.

His Dogged Persistence

If President Wilson had been as tenacious of his academic views as he is of his Executive hobbies there would be little fault to find with him. Unfortunately for the President he is steadfast chiefly in stubbornness. As a statesman his persistence in error is prodigious. Back in 1908 when as president of Princeton he was warning the country against the passion for regulation and predicting that our methods of regulation would "sooner or later be completely discredited by experience," he said that the governmental control which we "were undertaking so extensively with so light a heart" was quite as bad as government ownership. Now we find that he is heartily in favor of government ownership. The news comes from a reliable source in Washington that at the next session of Congress the Administration will renew its request for legislation authorizing the establishment of Government owned steamship lines. This is an Administration hobby about which there has been no end of speculation in shipping and financial circles. What the President's reasons are for insisting on putting his pet socialistic measure through nobody knows, nobody except that artful financier Secretary McAdoo. It was thought that after the storm of criticism it provoked in the last session of Congress the President would see fit to drop it, but now it is suspected that the disastrous seamen's law was signed by the President in furtherance of a general scheme to discourage the men who have invested their money in American shipping and who are ready to increase their investments many fold provided the right kind of legislation is enacted. The persistence of the President is all the more astonishing in view of the monthly deficit of $15,000,000 and the need either of another war tax or a bond issue to replenish a treasury depleted to the verge of bankruptcy. A little more of this sort of thing and the whole country will be forced to conclude that there may be worse ventures than swapping horses in midstream.

Another Bond Issue Proposed

A fertile mind, the mind of one of our proven and approved public servants, drips sapience as from Solomon thus: "Let us enlarge our municipal railway system by purchasing the United Railroads' system and all the other street railroads in town. Then there would be no more trouble." Among our potent, grave and reverend city fathers the author of this priceless suggestion is a salient figure. For Mr. Alexander Vogelsang is a gentleman of size, broad across the shoulders and of athletic mould, just the sort of man to take big hurdles and lightly leap to impressive conclusions. Any suggestion emanating from him is deserving of serious consideration, and this one may cause taxpayers to increase their blood pressure by premature excitement. For there are many citizens who will see at once the advisability of the wholesale purchase proposed. Obviously the suggestion will meet with the hearty approval of organized labor, for the city pays high wages and hours are short on cars owned by our taxpayers. Mayor Rolph will at once perceive the wisdom of the suggestion, and doubtless he will whisper his approval in the channels by which he keeps in touch with his constituency. For Mayor Rolph is for putting more voters to work. Never was there a mayor more liberal with the money that flows into the public treasury from the pockets of the taxpayers. But there will be some opposition to the scheme from the silurian element that pays the piper. It will be necessary to overrule their objection to another bond issue. At any rate they will advocate postponing the matter until the public is permitted to know to what extent the principle of municipal ownership has been vindicated along the car lines now operated by the city. It will not suffice to tell them at the close of the Exposition that profits from abnormal traffic were large. They may desire to study the experiment a little longer, and maybe it will appear when the bills for renewals begin pouring in that the hopes of enthusiasts have been as far from realized as in the case of the incinerator plant. You never can tell offhand whether a public business venture has been a success or a failure.

Judicial Usurpation

The Constitution of the United States seems to be improving in reputation of late. Between friends of the Christian Soldier type it may still be little more than "a scrap of paper," but men generally are no longer impatient of the dead hand of the Founders. Perhaps this is due to a revulsion of feeling with respect to legislative bodies, so many of them have been packed with the battlebobs of politics. At any rate the people appear to be becoming reconciled to the old Constitution, and there is very little heard these days of the "usurpers of the bench" who annul laws made by Congress. But there is still some discussion of "judicial usurpation." The charge that John Marshall deliberately exercised a power that he knew he did not possess has been going the rounds for several years. It has been said that this power of the courts was expressly refused by the constitutional convention. Mr. Madison's journal has been quoted to that effect, and the citation has been widely disseminated by those vociferous demagogues desirous of weakening confidence in our system of government who tell us that never in any country but this have judges presumed to annul legislative acts. An exhaustive study of the subject was recently made by Judge W. C. Burke of the Court of Appeals of Maryland to whom we are indebted for much light. He finds that there is absolutely nothing in Mr. Madison's journal or in any other

record of the constitutional convention supporting the assertion that the power to pass upon the constitutionality of an act of Congress was denied. The only proposition remotely touching the subject was embodied in a plan to establish a council of revision "with authority to examine every act of the national legislature before it should operate, and every act of a particular legislature before a negative thereon should be final." The records show that the Convention was not unaware of the importance of curbing legislative authority, and if we may safely assume anything we may assume that it was taken for granted that the courts would exercise under the Constitution the power of determining whether acts of the legislature challenged in due process of law were consistent with the "law of the land." This was a power recognized and applied under our colonial government as indispensable to the security of the citizen in his constitutional rights, notably in Trevett v. Weedon, decided in 1786 in Rhode Island, the Legislature of which had presumed to set aside the right of trial by jury. In 1766 the Supreme Court of Virginia decided that the act of Parliament imposing duties in America did not bind, affect or concern the inhabitants of Virginia "inasmuch as they conceived the act to be unconstitutional." The principle and doctrine were long recognized in this country. And as a matter of fact from the days of Republican Rome down to the English revolution in 1688 both in England and Continental Europe the courts possessed and exercised the power to set aside unconstitutional laws, whether the constitution was written or unwritten.

Welcome Aphra Behn

In the loom of life the patterns are always returning, some of them at intervals of centuries. And society is never so progressive as when baldly reactionary. Like the earth society revolves on an invisible axis. While the prophetic soul of the wide world is dreaming of things to come, out of the dark background and abysm of time reappear old manners, old customs, old tastes, and they are called new and characteristic of the day. Hence it was truly said by an ancient voluptuary, "There is no new thing under the sun." When Walter Scott's grandmother was in the eighties she looked back with a sigh on the days of her youth when the charming books of Aphra Behn were easily to be had. The genial Sir Walter to please his grandmother went in quest of the works of her darling author, and found some of them. The old lady was delighted. She read, and she was shocked. Horrors! Aphra Behn had become intolerably indelicate. The fact is Aphra Behn had been dead more than a hundred years. Times had changed since the days of Grandmother Scott's maidenhood. English society was approaching Early Victorianism, and the old lady was becoming a prude without knowing it. She marveled that she had ever found delight in the works of the George Sand of the Restoration. Not for several generations has it been thought worth while to revive Aphra Behn. She has been regarded as too risque; nay, her plays, novels and poems were pronounced scandalous on account of their grossness. But the whirligig of time is bringing the manners of the Restoration back to us. The Eugenists are dulling our sensibilities. Our universities have broadened us. They have brought sex problems to the fireside. Miss Sorority discusses Sterilization, Prostitution and White Slavery with her mama who belongs to half a dozen clubs. And all the while we are told the female of the species is reforming things, articulating the disjointed times, as it were. One thing we may be sure of, and it is this,—the female of the species has made all things pure even to the impure. She has popularized Brieux, and she is making the rolled sock fashionable. She may preach against indecency, but she assumes that our hides are tough and that our minds are preoccupied with the ideals. And so it has come to pass that we are in a receptive mood once more for Aphra Behn to whom has been given the honor of a collected edition in six volumes. Aphra Behn was the first woman writer to live by her pen in England. She was a woman of wit and talent, and in the days of Dryden with whom she was on intimate terms her works were the bestsellers of England. She lived a short time in India where she became acquainted with the slave Oronoko, afterwards the hero of one of her novels. This novel was the first book to bring home to England a sense of the horrors of slavery. Fielding in his Man of the World says that the best way for a man to improve his intellect and commend himself to the ladies is to take a course in Mrs. Behn's novels. Men were taking his advice even as late as the days of the starched and solemn decorum of the third George's reign, but the plays were too gross to be discussed even behind a fan. A little later it became a byword of criticism that Mrs. Behn was too immoral and loose to be read. But now the times are believed to be propitious for a revival. The editor of the collected works says, "There is happily every indication that—long neglected and traduced—she will speedily vindicate for herself her rightful claim to a high and honorable place in our glorious literature."

Perspective Impressions

Why doesn't Andy Furuseth discuss the Seaman's Bill instead of discussing R. P. Schwerin?

How would the pacifists have handled that little affair at Oak and Buchanan streets?

Would they have called upon David Starr Jordan to make a speech at the bandit, thus boring him to death?

Or would they have reduced him to a condition of helplessness by singing at him in chorus, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Policeman?"

Admiral Josephus has ordered pajamas out of the navy. This of course is in line with the abolition of "night caps."

What it means to be neutral according to the hyphenate conception one may conjecture from the fact that pro-German propagandists agree that the Hearst newspapers embody the essential principle of neutrality.

The Examiner gives us the names of the correspondents of the International News Service. But the Examiner doesn't tells us who inspires the anti-American policy of this Hearst enterprise or what the job is worth in these days of million-dollar transactions.

Mission Jim didn't help out in the fight between the police and the bank robber but his chauffeur got into the searchlight.

Apparently there is no reason why a submarine captain should not suspect every ship in sight of deliberate purpose to run him down. Isn't the question of guilt or innocence largely a question of state of mind?

Judge Mogan holds that it is not cruelty for a man to read poetry to his wife. The judge may be right, but it seems to us that the rule he lays down admits of exceptions. Must a wife submit to the infliction if her husband is the writer of the poetry as well as the reader of it?

Besides, is Judge Mogan an authority on poetry? He has confessed that a lawyer fooled him into thinking that Erysipelas was a Greek poet.

Pull on your thumb and kill pain, says a Connecticut medico. Clear vindication for the baby who insists on sucking his pollex.

The Examiner has proved that the Russians are guilty of atrocities by printing a picture of the Russians in the act of removing church bells from Warsaw beyond the reach of the Germans.

Isn't there some way for the Examiner to prove that the bandit's downfall was due to the lotteries?

At times the office used to seek the man. But under Direct Government the kind of man whom the office used to seek is never bothered. It's now a case of the man frankly chasing the job and guaranteeing his own fitness.

"I have yet to meet a really bad man," says Henry Ford. What about the man who buys a Ford and then tries to make it look like some other brand?

The first battle fought by the Russian troops under the Czar's personal command was a Russian victory. Maybe it was a frame-up.

The Grand Duke has retreated so far to the rear that we no longer hear of him.

"Some newspapers," says the Examiner, "still have sufficient dyes to color the news." Some papers don't need dyes; they just suppress the news; as for instance the Examiner which had nothing on Tuesday of what Samuel Gompers had to say about the attempts of foreign governments to bribe labor leaders.

Varied Types

CCXLVII—CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"I broke in accidentally."

That was Charles E. Van Loan's answer to my request for information as to how he became a short story writer. Let us see just how much of an accident it was.

"When I went from Denver to New York to become a special writer on Hearst's American," Van Loan went on to explain, "I carried five letters of introduction to Bob Davis, the editor of Munsey's. One of them was written by Mrs. Bonfils, known to the reading public as Annie Laurie. All of them were from personal friends of Mr. Davis. These letters shared the fate of nearly all letters of introduction. I received them with gratitude, stowed them away carefully in my pocket book—and failed to present them. Those letters never had any circulation. In this they differed from two short stories which I took with me to New York. My two yarns found their way to the editors of all the big magazines that publish fiction. And they found their way back to me. This happened so often that in the end they were worn out and had to be typed all over again.

"One night I was detailed to report a prize-fight in Philadelphia. I arrived too late to make my way to the press box, so I found myself an aisle seat in the body of the house. Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien were fighting. It was an exciting fight. The man sitting next to me was a confirmed fight fan, and none of the excitement was lost on him. He went through all the motions of the two boxers. At the end of the second round Ketchel knocked O'Brien over the ropes. My excited neighbor duplicated the blow on me, and I went sprawling into the aisle. When I picked myself up I gently suggested to him that one fight a night was enough for me, and he apologized. Then we got talking, and I told him who I was.

"'Written any fiction?' he asked.

"I admitted that I had.

"'Send it to Munsey's,' he suggested.

"I told him that the editor of Munsey's had already had an opportunity to publish it, and that I could prove it from my collection of rejection slips.

"'Send it to me at Munsey's,' he said.

"I inquired his name.

"'Bob Davis,' was the answer."

That is what Charlie Van Loan calls breaking in accidentally. Of course accident played its part in the incident. Accident or what looks like accident plays its queer part in so many of the important happenings of life! But how much would that accidental blow from Fight Fan Bob Davis have helped Van Loan with Editor Bob Davis unless Van Loan's stories possessed merit? Not very much, you will agree.

"I broke in accidentally."

That was Van Loan's answer to my request for information as to how he became a newspaperman.

"I was cashier in the office of Standard Oil in Los Angeles," Van Loan explained. "One day, having nothing better to do, I sat down and wrote a letter to Tad of the San Francisco Bulletin concerning some of the four-round fighters of Los Angeles. The letter was published in the Bulletin. A day or two later I received a letter from Hyland Baggerly, the sporting editor of the Bulletin, asking me to act as his Los Angeles sporting correspondent and offering to pay me twenty cents an inch for everything I wrote. I was delighted, and accepted the offer."

Again you will observe that the accident was not so much of an accident after all. Here, as in the other case, initiative had preceded the accident and ability had clinched the possibilities the accident offered. You are right if you infer from Van Loan's treatment of these two incidents that the well known short story writer is the possessor of a nice stock of modesty. Nobody who knows Charlie Van Loan has ever accused him of having the 'big head." He is entirely unspoiled of prosperity; success has not destroyed his balance.

I was on the Bulletin when the sporting page was being enriched by Van Loan's inimitable letters from Los Angeles. They were written under the pen name of "Van," and "Van" has remained Van Loan's nickname unto this day. They were utterly different from all other sporting correspondence. In the Bulletin office they were read with delight by men who had no particular interest in boxing, from the managing editor down. For they were written by a man with a viewpoint, a juicily humorous, a genially human viewpoint. There was a smile in every line, a chuckle in every paragraph. The writer had a knack of extracting the quintessence of fun. The ridiculous never escaped his keen eye, but was never presented in any but a kindly light. In addition to all this the writer was a positive artist in slang. Even that slangmaster Tad doffed his bonnet to "Van." I venture to say that more picturesque, fresh, original slang came up to San Francisco in the Los Angeles mail in those days than arrived here from all other sources put together. I need not tell you how popular those articles were with Bulletin subscribers.

Soon after Van Loan began writing for the Bulletin he became sporting editor of the Los Angeles Herald. That did not interfere with his San Francisco correspondence; it merely enlarged its scope. But there came a time when the "Van" letters stopped. On inquiry we found that Van Loan had become the sporting editor of the newly started Los Angeles Examiner. He was recognized almost immediately as one of the most brilliant writers in the Hearst service, and when the terrible Bennington disaster occurred at San Diego he was sent to "cover" it for the Hearst papers. I suppose Van Loan tabulates that as another accident. Certainly it was more convenient to send a man from Los Angeles than from New York, Chicago or even San Francisco. But the articles Van Loan wrote owed their heart-rending pathos to no accident. And it is not an accident that newspapermen the country over mention those articles when local room discussion turns on that favorite topic of reporters, "the best news stories I ever read."

From the Los Angeles Examiner Van Loan went to the Denver Post. As a special writer on the Post he reported the Democratic national convention in Denver, the latest convention to nominate Bryan. It was owing to the brilliance of that and other work that he returned to the Hearst service as a special writer for the New York American. His newspaper work in the metropolis is bracketed nowadays with that of Irvin Cobb and other star reporters, since emancipated from the thralldom of yellow copy paper and the midnight typewriter.

Following his "accidental breaking into" the short story field by way of Munsey's, Van Loan continued his newspaper work for some time, but went on writing short stories. It was at this time that he ceased collecting rejection slips. He also ceased enclosing return postage with his manuscripts. He had arrived. One day the editor of the Popular Magazine made him an offer that rather staggered him. He was in receipt of the high salary enjoyed by a star reporter in New York, but the offer from the Popular for a series of short stories made that salary look very small in comparison. Then and there Van Loan secured an interlocutory decree of divorce from reportorial work. Since he joined the galaxy of Saturday Evening Post stars the decree has been made permanent.

I do not have to tell you about Van Loan's work as a short story writer. You know his baseball stories, and his boxing stories, and his stories of moving picture players. He was the first to see the fiction possibilities of the movie world. I suppose that is in some sort an accident too, for Van Loan lives in Los Angeles, in and around which city the great studios are located. His movie characters are nearly all drawn from life. Jimmy Montague, the director who appears in all these stories is Hobart Bosworth. And the inimitable Buck Parvin is a cowpuncher named Artemus Ward Acord whom Bosworth lured from the range to the Selig studio. If Van Loan is a favorite writer of yours, you are able to name the story of his which pleases you most. In my case it is "Can a Duck Swim?" a baseball story of irresistible drollery founded on an incident which occurred in San Francisco. Irvin Cobb told me once that he regarded "Can a Duck Swim?" as equal to the best of Frank Stockton's stories.

"Can a man learn to write a short story?" I asked Van Loan when he was in town the other day.

"I think he can," was the answer. "Short story writing is a trade. The worker must know how to use his tools. If he's a good craftsman he can learn to write anything, from a short story to an essay. The best school to learn in is the newspaper office. The copy desk is a wonderful teacher. The copy desk takes all the fine-writing foolishness out of a cub. But of course in the long run everything depends on the man himself."

For the benefit of the general reader let me explain that the copy desk is that stern tribunal of the newspaper office where the operation popularly described as "blue penciling" is performed.

"There are men in San Francisco," continued

(Continued on Page 12.)

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Shaw on Murray and Grey

A Review by the Great English Satirist of the Oxford Don's Book "The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey"

When this book was announced, my first impulse was to congratulate Sir Edward Grey on the distinction of his advocate. Professor Gilbert Murray has won a position in literature by his translations of Euripides, and in modern thought by his essays, which cannot be compromised even by his Oxford professorship. Lucky Sir Edward Grey!

And yet I am not so sure of it. If I were Sir Edward Grey, I think I should have preferred Serjeant Buzfuz. It is not always wise to indulge in the luxury of a Judicial Committee barrister when the case is to tried at the Old Bailey. Buzfuz would have piled on the greatness of Sir Edward Grey's cause, and then piled on the greatness of Sir Edward Grey until he was as big as his Cause. He would not have been stopped by the need for stretching his client a bit. And he might have got his verdict.

Professor Murray is not free to stretch eminent persons in this manner. He is under the tyranny of his intellect and his conscience. His intellect perceived a discrepancy between the Cause and the Man. To conceal that discrepancy it was necessary either to deal with the Man in terms of the Cause: that is, to magnify the Man until he was as big as the Cause, like Buzfuz, or to deal with the Cause in terms of the Man: that is, to reduce it to the dimensions of a trivial embarrassment calling for the exercise of a little gentlemanly feeling and thoroughly amiable intentions.

My regard for Professor Murray, like that of Mr. Tupman for Mr. Pickwick, must not seduce me into ignoring the obvious question as to which of these two courses involves the more flagrant intellectual misdemeanor. But I deliver no verdict: neither course is defensible, though Professor Murray's is, as might have been expected, the more chivalrous. Let me, however, explain to him why he took it, apart from his good nature. To falsify Sir Edward Grey by making him up as Bismarck would have coarsely violated the veracity of his dramatic instinct. The modern Euripides could not have done it: his hand would have refused the task in spite of him, had he attempted it. On the other hand, to dwarf that monstrous triviality, European diplomacy, must have been the constant impulse of the Euripidean irony within him. Grey was never ruffian enough to be a bully. Murray was never fool enough to be a Jingo. Was it not natural that he should say to Grey, "Let us help one another out of this wretched mess." To be a really energetic Imperialist you must have illusions about the Empire and you must know Greece as a piffling little kingdom with pro-German leanings in its high places, never as Hellas. Professor Murray has no illusions about the Empire (he was born in Australia) and Hellas is the mother-land of his soul, something to him that Holloway can never be. And Sir Edward Grey, though considerably stupider, perhaps, has much the same feeling towards the Empire. It is to him a worry and not a citadel. He has intellect without cupidity and his idealism utterly refuses to flow in the channels which serve for totally unintellectual energies like those of, say, the late Joseph Chamberlain.

I approach the actual contents of the book with reluctance. I ask myself will Murray ever forgive me if I turn on my own share of the Euripidean irony, and, so to speak, seethe the kid in its mother's milk. I have marked passage after passage that seems to be the work of the sub-conscious translator of The Trojan Women rather than of the champion of the Foreign Office. The italics might have been underscored here and there by Mephistopheles. The record of the Twelve Days before the war spares Grey nothing.

Just think of it. Here was England, with continents for colonies, with her mighty fleet, her stirring tradition, her unbeaten record, her millions of men spoiling for a fight, her thousands of millions of money gaping for 4½ per cent, towering, in spite of all Germany's laurels, as the most formidable single-handed Power on this earth. Her sword was in Sir Edward Grey's hand, her purse in his pocket, her men at his back. There was no need to shout: England's whisper was the thunder of Europe. In 1911, Mr. Lloyd George had shaken his mailed fist just once at the threat of war, and the sky cleared obsequiously in a moment.

Hear now the voice of the Lion, as it was raised during that twelve days when the fate of Europe was in the balance that England held. "England can play the part of mediator better if she is not committed." "If Russia takes the view which any Power interested in Serbia will naturally take, England will be helpless, owing to the time limit and the terms of the ultimatum." "The only chance of peace is for Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain to keep together and join in asking Austria and Russia not to cross the frontier until we have time to try and arrange matters." "Grey proposes conference" and "presses that Serbian reply should be treated as a basis of discussion" (that is, that the conference should talk about pretexts and side issues). "We might ask Germany to suggest the lines on which she would consent to work with us." "If Germany will suggest any method to which she does not object—since mine is inacceptable—France, Italy and Great Britain are ready to follow her." "Great Britain cannot promise to intervene, but will not necessarily stand aside." "British ambassador presses German Government for an answer to Grey's appeal to them to suggest some method by which the Four Powers could use their mediating influence." "If Germany will get any reasonable proposal put forward." "The observation of the neutrality of Belgium may be, if not a decisive, an important factor in determining our action." And during all these ifs and ans, and appeals to Germany and everyone else to suggest something the allies were positively shouting to Sir Edward to say straight out whether he was going to fight or not: in other words, what England would stand and what she would not. And he could not even bring himself to say positively that he would fight if Belgian neutrality were violated!

I had to refer Professor Murray's comment to my secretary to make sure that I was not dreaming it. "Whether Grey's policy was right or wrong, it was from the beginning quite definite." Those are the very words: "quite definite." But the explanation is clear enough. On the ninth of this month Professor Murray, delivering his presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, confessed to the possession of telepathic powers. It might have been by the exercise of these powers that he divined, from the utterances quoted above, that Sir Edward Grey had warned Europe definitely that we were unalterably resolved to defend Antwerp as if it were Portsmouth, and the Pas de Calais as if it were Kent; that as surely as Germany struck at France, we should strike at Germany, Belgium or no Belgium; that our navy was ready, our expeditionary force ready, our honor pledged, our interest clear; that Mr. Lloyd George's threat of 1911 still held good; and that Germany and Austria must choose between the peace of Europe with the friendship of England and a European war with England in it against them to her last man and last farthing.

Alas! the Prussian war party does not consist of telepathists. They read nothing but what was on the surface: the evasions of an embarrassed diplomatist, bound to peace at any price by a Pacifist parliamentary majority and an India and Ireland on the brink of revolt. The minister who would not even commit himself unequivocally to stand by Belgium—virtually to defend Dover—was clearly not going to fight. Their chance had come at last to wipe out the humiliation of 1911 and to smash the Franco-Russian peril. And when the lion suddenly threw off his sheepskin and sprang on them, they very naturally gave Sir Edward Grey credit for a masterly feint of which the great Frederick himself might have been proud.

Those who believe "it was bound to come" must congratulate themselves on the way

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in which Sir Edward's earnest desire for peace drowned Europe in blood. His popularity with our war party shews how thoroughly they appreciate his exploits as L'Etourdi. To them he largely owes his reputation as, above all, a man of character. The truth is, Sir Edward Grey has quite a busy intellect; but, for purposes so high-handed and exacting, and occasionally so bluntly menacing, as those of our diplomacy, he has something much worse than no character at all: he has the wrong character for the job. The proof of his intellect is to be found in the remarkable dispatch (No. 101, p. 55, in the White Paper) quoted by Professor Murray on page 24. "If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she can be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, etc., etc." Here the fatal "If," the helpless "some arrangement," shew how unable Sir Edward is to drive nations to carry out his intellectual conclusion. But the intellectual conclusion is sound. What was needed to save the situation was not merely England's threat, but England's guarantee. Sir Edward saw that at last as an intellectual proposition—had, in fact, as he says, seen it for years past, but had been unable either to utter the threat (except when Mr. Lloyd George helped him out) or give the guarantee.

After swallowing the twelve days and the war, Professor Murray has a comparatively easy time over Morocco and Persia. He has no difficulty in shewing that our engagement to maintain the integrity and independence of Morocco was impossible, and that if Europe was to have any rights of way or rights of trade in Persia, some Western Power must take her by the scruff of the neck and reorganize and police her. But who deniges of it, Betsy? We were quite right to tear up the Algeciras scrap of paper; but was it quite playing the game after that to take so high a tone when Germany did the same thing under pressure of a far more tremendous peril? Why not have said frankly, "We care no more for the 1839 treaty than we did for the Act of Algeciras; but we will not have you in Flanders or on the Scheldt; and if you take a step in that direction off go our guns: we have arranged it all with Belgium?"

As to Persia, there is no denying that it was necessary to take her by the scruff of the neck; but there was a very thorny question as to who was to do it. There was England; there was Russia; and there was Mr. Shuster, calling himself the Persian nation. Professor Murray explains that Mr. Shuster was an arbitrary gent, and that the Russians drifted to and fro between mere easygoing slummocking and fits of savage fury in which they sawed the Persians in two and marched between the pieces. After Denshawai Sir Edward could hardly say much about the sawing; but still the issue was a fairly clear one between Democracy and Autocracy; and it was emphasized, as Professor Murray points out, by the American's outspoken abhorrence of Russian political institutions and his indifference to the sacred etiquette of paying calls. Sir Edward, as an English country gentleman and a baronet, naturally came down on the side of the Russian autocracy against the American Nationalist and Republican. No doubt there was very little choice in the matter: the Russians had the bigger stake in Persia, and had the advantage of being on the frontier; and Sir Edward may have been simply facing inexorable facts when he concluded that if he did not like the Russian view of Mr. Shuster he would have to lump it. But what annoyed the Democrats was their suspicion that Sir Edward really did like the Russian view because it was the autocratic and antinationalist: in short, the country house view. Professor Murray shews, I think successfully, that Sir Edward simply took the course dictated by circumstances. He always does. But Sir Edward forgets that England is a circumstance, and should do some of the dictation. And that is the whole case against Grey: the case that Murray, with the friendliest intentions, has proved up to the hilt.

There is a fine passage on page 9 of Professor Murray's book in which he confesses he was wrong instead of Sir Edward Grey. The conclusion leaves me incredulous, though it is very handsome of him to have written it. He adds, "I also felt, with some impatience, that though, as an outsider, I could not tell exactly what the Government ought to do, they surely could produce good relations between Great Britain and Germany if only they had the determination and will." Here, to the great danger of my own character, I have the advantage of Professor Murray. I wish I could truthfully shield myself in his modesty. But I am in the insufferable position of having known exactly what the Government should have done, of having told them exactly what to do, and of having proved right at every point. It is almost too much for human nature to bear. But the fact must be faced. Only, too much must not be built on it. I protest I am not a great diplomatist. Like other Socialists, I have been too much preoccupied with the atrocities of peace and the problems they raise to pay due attention to the atrocities of war. But I have not been unconscious of the European question; and I have made a few shots at solutions from time to time. None of these have been received with the smallest approval; but at least I may be permitted to point out that they have all come out right. I steadily ridiculed the anti-armament agitation, and urged that our armaments should be doubled, trebled, quadrupled, as they might have been without costing the country one farthing that we were not wasting in the most mischievous manner. I said that the only policy which would secure the peace of Europe was the policy of using a powerful armament to guarantee France against Germany. and Germany against Russia, aiming finally at a great Peace Insurance League of the whole northwest of Europe with the United States of American in defence of western democratic civilization against the menace of the East, and possible crusades from primitive black Christians in Africa. I did not say all this after the mischief was done and the war in progress, nor in the twelve days during which the lives of millions of men were muddled away by the diplomatists. I said it to the British public whilst there was still time. I said it to the German ambassador whilst there was still time (his reply, in effect, was that Sir Edward Grey was the greatest statesman, the nicest man, and the truest friend to Germany that ever lived). I can now indulge in the mean luxury of saying "I told you so." Sir Edward, who finally came round to my opinion, apparently thought so, but did not tell us so until it was too late. When the war broke out I said some more things which were frantically contradicted, and which have all turned out to be precisely true. I set an example of sharp criticism of the Government and the War Office which was denounced as treasonable, and which now proves to be the only way of saving our army from annihilation, the Government having meanwhile collapsed and vanished, as every ordinarily self-possessed person foresaw that it must.

One fact seems established by this beyond a doubt: to wit, that I am the gravest public danger that confronts England, because I have the strange power of turning the nation passionately away from the truth by the simple act of uttering it. The necessity for contradicting me—for charging heroically in the opposite direction to that pointed out by me—is part of the delirium of the war fever. Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, is spoken well of by all men. But he too is the victim of a mysterious fate. He is, as Professor Murray repeatedly testifies, the most truthful of men. Yet he never opens his mouth without deceiving us. He is the most loyal of simple souls; yet he is accused of betraying every country and every diplomatist who trusted him. He is the kindest of men; and yet he has implicated us in the tortures of Denshawai and brought upon us the slaughters of Armageddon. Clearly there are two men in England who must be sent into permanent retirement. Depend on it, there is something fundamentally wrong with them. It is a pity; for they are stuffed with the rarest virtues, though I say it who should not. One of them is Sir Edward Grey; and the other is G. B. S.

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The Danger of a Rupture

How Hearst's International News Service Is Cultivating Anti-American Sentiment at Home

By ROBERT McTAVISH

If, as Count von Bernstorff says, Germany wants no war with this country then this country will have no war with Germany. But every day we appear to be getting a step nearer to the ultimate crisis. Count von Bernstorff professes to be doing all in his power to prevent a rupture in the diplomatic relations between the two countries. But all the while it seems to be getting more and more difficult to avoid a rupture. Two weeks ago it was thought that the President had scored a great victory. We were told that Berlin had decided to modify its methods of war on the high seas in accordance with the American demand that American lives be spared. Shortly thereafter the Arabic was torpedoed, American lives were lost, and we were told that the captain of the German submarine had conceived that the captain of the Arabic intended to attack him. Once more a crisis appeared in the offing, and we were in the midst of another controversy. In view of Germany's attitude the suspicion has arisen that when Berlin acceded to the President's demand respecting submarine practices there was a "joker" up the Kaiser's sleeve. At any rate it appears there was still room for a question to be arbitrated—the question as to the state of mind of a submarine captain at the moment at which he orders the launching of a torpedo.

So it is suspected in some circles that the announcement of Berlin's concession was made with a view to making proposals for arbitration plausible. For arbitration is a policy to which this country is committed. And the great desideratum of the propagandists who are working in the interest of Berlin is to put the President in a hole by making it appear that he is giving Germany the worst of it. The manifest purpose at present is to prepare American sentiment for whatever crisis may ensue. Hence the timely interviews that are appearing in the Hearst papers, interviews that come through the International News Service, which is a Hearst enterprise.

Last Monday we heard from Hannis Taylor, former Minister to Spain, who is almost as serviceable as J. F. J. Archibald. "As soon as diplomatic relations are severed," he says, "German submarines will sink every belligerent ship, and Great Britain as mistress of the seas will hold our commerce absolutely in her power." A subtle suggestion this, when read in connection with the anti-American International News Service interview with a friend of Count von Bernstorff. "The count has told me," says the friend, "that his chief aim is to prevent a rupture, and that his home Government stands firmly behind him in his efforts to maintain peace"; also, according to the unknown, unnamed friend, "the count has frequently stated that England's agents in this country are doing all they can to embroil the United States in the present conflict." A polite way, this, of suggesting that the President is in the hands of England's agent; for after all as we have come to know, whatever dissatisfies Germany is inspired by England.

Of course the German Ambassador will disclaim ever having uttered such statement for public consumption. He disclaimed the other day an interview with a friend in the Evening Sun by which he was represented as saying that if diplomatic relations were severed German submarines would sink American vessels. But now we find the same statement emanating from Hannis Taylor through the Hearst service. Of course if diplomatic relations were severed German submarines would be very likely to sink American vessels, but why so much talk about the matter at present if not for the purpose of a threat to influence public sentiment against the President? And if the Teutons are eager to avoid the severance of diplomatic relations why the activities of Ambassador Dumba and Captain Franz von Papen, the German military attache? According to Hannis Taylor, by the way, the recall of Dumba should not have been suggested because, after all, there is "a conflict of views" between this country and Austria on the munitions' question. From this it is reasonable to infer that Hearst's great authority on international law is of the opinion that as the President's views regarding our rights and duties as neutrals are not in accordance with the views of one of the combatants therefore that combatant should have the privilege of keeping a representative in this country who is not above corrupting men for the purpose of injuring the country. Mr. Dumba confessed that he employed an American citizen traveling under an American passport as a bearer of his (Dumba's) official despatches, and that in those despatches he proposed to instigate strikes in American manufacturing plants. Yet Hannis Taylor, whom the neutral Mr. Hearst touts as an authority on international law, can see no wrong in what Dumba did, and apparently our great Native Son acquiesces in Taylor's views.

In Tuesday's Examiner I find an International News despatch about a meeting of the German-American Alliance at which it was resolved that "we true American citizens assembled to observe the one hundred and first American anniversary of the victory over the British at Baltimore do solemnly declare our abhorrence of the unpatriotic and British scheme—" the scheme to borrow money in this country to buy American goods. The resolution was preceded by a speech by Dr. C. J. Hexamer, the loyal American who observed some time ago that the dollar sign should be emblazoned on the American flag, the same man I believe who also observed that in a war with Germany, hyphenated Americans would take up arms for their adopted country provided they could be convinced that Germany was the aggressor. So important does Hearst regard this International News Service despatch that he boxed it to make it conspicuous. So we see the munition question has not been settled.

Our State Department has said that we have the right to sell munitions to whomsoever is able to buy. Not only that: our Government has pointed out that that in selling munitions to the Allies we are pursuing a national policy the abandonment of which might prove disastrous to this country. This is a fact so obvious that nobody, not even a pro-German propagandist, would attempt to argue to the contrary. But yet he does not abandon his position. What virtually he does do is to insist that notwithstanding an American policy and an American principle, notwithstanding the possible fatal consequences to this country of the innovation which he proposes we should nevertheless accede to his wishes for the benefit of Germany. And yet even Berlin itself does not openly give him its support. Apparently on the munitions' question there is a conflict of opinion not only between this country and Austria, but between Berlin and Vienna as well. However the anti-American propagandist in his towering impudence pretends to be outraged at our failure to take his view of the matter.

In the circumstances while one is glad to learn that Ambassador von Bernstorff is doing all in his power to prevent a rupture between this country and Germany one cannot but feel that it is too bad that something cannot be done to abate the agitations that are embittering the relations of American citizens.

TO INSPIRATION

By Ernest F. Allnutt

I built a pillared house for thy delight;
  In lonely hours I reared the willing walls;
I made the frieze of Longing and bedight
  With Hope the quoins and carven capitals:
Yea, I made many chambers, raised thee stairs
Lit all with Love and carpeted with Cares;
The doors and windows were with Beauty decked,
'Twas all for thee that I turned architect.

A throne for thee, my fancy fashioned there,
  With tears I gemmed it, draping it with dreams,
So mean it was to hold a form so fair,
  So bare a niche for saint so white. It seems
E'en yet mine eyes must see thee, crowned and queen,
Look from thy purpled seat with wistful mien
On my poor pomp so little worthy thee—
Yet stoop to grace my tribute loyalty.

But idly spent my labor, vainly wrought
  Were all these arching vaults my spirit planned;
These empty rooms were tapestried for naught,
  No music wakes within at thy command.
I dreamed thy spirit would with mine commune
To bid its discord merge in perfect tune:
But, at my side, thou wouldst not deign to dwell.
Nor wouldst my soul's unrest in pity quell.

Now, like some wounded thing, my being cries
  Through ruined halls and wind-wide corridors,
Or, as a phantom, flits in fearful guise
  From room to room, o'er mould'ring sunken floors.
Threadbare the curtains are, a pall of dust
Clings close to faded alcoves. Wreathed with rust
Are plaque and lamp from crumbling ceilings hung;
The casements gape, the rotting doors are sprung.

And down lone terraces, distraught, I tread
  The cold, dank, shattered pavement, starred with stones
That fell from crazy gables overhead:
  Things once I cherished changed to naked bones.
By weed-locked gates and creaking posterns worn
With night-borne sighs, my spirit, sleepless, torn,
Haunts the dense avenues with dread despairs,
Or dews with blight of tears the choked parterres.

Poems About San Francisco

CCX—A PORTAL OF THE PAST

By Mary Ogden Vaughan

(The following pretty tribute to the best beloved relic of the fire has been published by the author Mrs. F. W. Vaughan on a cardboard folder, with a striking photograph of the "portal." This folder is to be found in the bookshops, and should appeal to tourists. The "portal," it need hardly be explained, formed the entrance to the residence of the late A. N. Towne, for many years vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific. This residence was one of the famous mansions of Nob Hill, and was at the corner of California and Taylor streets. Only the portal survived the fire, and through the kindness of Mrs. A. N. Towne it was placed by the margin of one of the lakes in Golden Gate Park.)

Set amid verdure by the quiet lake
Whose murmuring marge mirrors thy marble pale;
Shielded and sheltered in thy safe retreat,
Peace by thy portion, Portal of the Past!
Like martyred saints of medieval times,
By fiery baptism thou hast won to rest.
No more thy columns echo to the tread
Of friend and guest, welcomed within a home
That crowned the city in the days that were;
But at thy foot, when twilight hour is near,
The mother quail leads out her tender brood,
And furry four-foot folk that shun the day—
Shy wildlings of the wood—come unafraid
And gaze upon thy beauty. Like to them
Stand we before thee inarticulate—
Muted by memories—and drinking in
A vision past all picturing of pen,
Or e'en of brush and color.

The Spectator

The Invisible Bar'l

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock met Charley Sweigert on Market street the other day, and stopped him to ask a question.

"Charley," he said, "I'm inflamed with curiosity. Give it to me under my vest."

"Give you what?" Sweigert asked.

"The low down. Who's putting up?"

"Putting up what?"

"The stuff."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Now, Charley, behave," said the clockwinder. "You can tell me, and it won't go any further. Somebody has broached a bar'l in your fight, and the whole town is guessing what it's all about. I've been told it's Roodie. What does he want the District Attorney's office again for? I've heard he's after the Fair directors because they made him come through on his subscription. But say, Charley, the town won't stand for another graft prosecution just to please Roodie."

"Nothing in it," said Sweigert in a surly tone, and he turned on his heel, but the clockwinder held him for a minute with a few spellbinding observations.

"Let me give you a tip, Charley. Tell your financial banker to go slow. Printing and bill-posting cost money, and somebody has figured out that about thirty thousand dollars has been put into your fight. They're making a scandal out of it."

At this moment Mr. Sweigert remembered that he had to keep an engagement.

The Boss Bobs Up

The clockwinder received a visit from former Chief Justice Matt Sullivan last Monday. Cordial was the greeting the distinguished jurist received.

"Welcome to the tower," said the clockwinder. "I'm glad to see you, Chief. How's Mission Jim? Does he feel strong enough to wear his Masonic badge yet, or have you advised him to keep it under cover?"

The Chief Justice smiled. "I saw you at his meeting Saturday night, and I wanted to know what you thought of it."

"Big meeting," said the clockwinder. "All the boys on the payroll were there. If you'd have called the roll you wouldn't have found one absent."

"Did you like the speeches?"

"Yes, they were all right, but say, Chief, if I were you I'd advise Jim to soft pedal that stuff about the Mission tunnel."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Tut, tut, Chief, lot's wrong with it. There's a lot of kicking about the assessment district. Some wise guys have been going over the map and wondering why certain men's property was excluded. Who made that district, Matt?"

"I don't know a thing about it," said the former Chief Justice.

"Oh," said the clockwinder with a shrewd smile, "if you feel that way about it let's talk about the weather."

And they did.

Rudolph's Candidate

No visit the clockwinder has received of late in his eyrie high above tidewater gratified him quite as much as that of the stormy petrel of politics, Rudolph Spreckels.

"Why, Mr. Spreckels," exclaimed the keeper of the key, "this is indeed an honor. Let me wipe off that chair before you dignify it. There! Well, well! I suppose you can ride down to the Ferry in a municipal car without hurting your conscience, now that Mayor Rolph has shown that injunctions don't injunct."

Mr. Spreckels allowed a frown to darken his handsome countenance, and the clockwinder in dismay clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Forgive me for mentioning the Mayor in your hearing," he hastened to say. "I forgot that you were only on letter-writing terms with him. But tell me, did you put Willis Polk into the mayoralty campaign?"

"Mr. Polk is my architect, but not my candidate," answered Rudolph coldly.

"Yes, yes, of course," said the clockwinder. "My mistake. I saw Willis leave a banquet the other night as soon as the Mayor arose to speak, and the action put you in my mind. Whom are you supporting? Andy Gallagher, perhaps?"

"Mr. Gallagher is the friend of the working-

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[illegible] I regret [illegible] slightly," answered Rudolph. "We agree on many things, but I have resolved to throw my strength to another candidate."

"Not Eugene?" cried the clockwinder.

"Certainly not!" thundered Rudolph. "I refer to Mr. Valentine."

The clockwinder breathed heavily, and fanned himself with a blotter.

"A fellow feeling makes Tooley street wondrous kind," he murmured.

"I beg your pardon?" said Rudolph.

"I was talking to myself, a habit I have when I am interested," answered the clockwinder. "Tell me why you are for the tailor. He's not the Willis Polk of your clothes, is he?"

"I know him but slightly," answered Rudolph. "But he believes in the ideals of Service. He has the Vision. The Uplift is his dream. He told me so himself. He informs me that forty thousand people have promised to vote for him. He is making a house to house canvass. He says he has lost forty-five pounds already by devotion to the dear people. A man like that is after my own heart. I have determined to throw my strength to him, and I should like you to give him a vote."

Rudolph arose to leave. The clockwinder bowed him to the door.

"Mr. Spreckels," he said, "I regret that I can only be with you and the tailor on the fourteenth of February."

"Why the fourteenth of February?" asked Rudolph, pulling on his gloves.

"Because that is your feast day," replied the clockwinder, and as the puzzled idealist withdrew, the monitor of the clock muttered something about "comic valentines" and started for the spiral stair.

What Hertz Would Play for Harry

Theodore Bendix conducted a concert in the dining room of the Inside Inn a few nights ago. Among the diners were Alfred Hertz, the new leader of our symphony orchestra, and Harry K. Thaw. At the conclusion of the concert Bendix went to Hertz' table and asked him how he had enjoyed the music.

"Considering who one of your listeners was," replied Hertz, looking toward the table where Thaw sat, "I think you might have selected a more appropriate program."

"What would you have played?" asked Bendix.

"I'd have started with the 'Danse Macabre,'" said Hertz. "Then I'd have played the prison scene from 'Il Trovatore,' followed by the mad scene from 'Lucia,' and I'd have ended with the 'Ode to Freedom' from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

War Correspondent Archibald

If J. F. J. Archibald is not well pleased with himself these days it is not because he has a sense of shame. In all probability he regards himself as a hero, and is devising ways and means of capitalizing the publicity he has received. For such is J. F. J. Archibald the war correspondent. Archibald began his career in Cuba as a representative of a San Francisco evening paper. He was not a newspaper man, he never had any experience in journalism prior to becoming a war correspondent. But he was eager for mild adventure, and though not a writer he possessed the faculty of invention. In his first campaign nothing seemed quite so important to him as himself. So he wrote chiefly of J. F. J. Archibald. According to him Archibald was the first American to land on Cuban soil. To beat everybody to shore he jumped out of a row-boat. The first thrilling incident of the war described by Archibald was the capture by a solitary American of a company of Spanish soldiers in an old church. The soldiers threw down their arms when the American entered. The American was J. F. J. Archibald. Archibald has been going to wars ever since, and though he never witnessed a battle, never got beyond the primary school of war correspondence, he has made a living as a war correspondent for American newspapers and American magazines. In this war he has served chiefly as a by-product of the pro-German propaganda. When he came to this city a few months ago he carried a letter from Ambassador von Bernstorff to the German consul. This information he gave to a friend.

Lessons in Municipal Ownership

The residents of two widely separated sections of the city have recently had the benefit of a lesson in municipal ownership. The residents of Visitacion Valley are supplied with water from an old system of wells which is owned by the city. When Spring Valley was allowed to raise its rates fifteen per cent with the understanding that it would make certain extensions the folks who live in Visitacion Valley had their rates raised by the city, but they were told that the cost of needed extensions they would have to stand themselves. The other day the Supervisors were asked to extend the Union street car line farther into the Presidio for the convenience of the army, but the good city fathers decided that it would not be well to extend the line unless they could be sure that the extension would pay. Before the days of municipal ownership street railroads were extended into sparsely settled districts that were known to be unable to pay the cost of operations. It was thus that the city was made to grow.

Honoring Joaquin Miller

Consulting the Exposition calendar of events for November, I find the following dates:

November 9—Angora Goat and Mohair Day.

November 10—Joaquin Miller Day.

November 11—Special exhibit of car lots of fat cattle, swine and sheep.

It is a splendid thing to honor the great dead poet, but why in the world did they sandwich his [illegible]?

The Six Best Novels

What are the six best novels written in the English language? The New York Times has addressed the question to a number of novelists of more or less importance, and has received a remarkable diversity of replies. Some of the novelists include in their lists the names of novels I (who peruse a good many literary papers) have never heard of. A good many of them include novels like "Clarissa Harlow" which not one novel reader in five thousand has ever waded through. Some titles stand out from the ruck. Thus, in twenty-one lists, "Vanity Fair" is mentioned twelve times. The nearest approach to this is "Tom Jones" which receives recognition from ten novelists. "The Scarlet Letter" is mentioned seven times; "Robinson Crusoe" and "David Copperfield" six times only; "Tristram Shandy" and "Lorna Doone" are in four lists. There are scattering votes for this or that novel of Scott, and for other novels of Thackeray and Dickens; George Eliot is not entirely forgotten, neither is Jane Austen; and Mark Twain emerges here and there, as does Meredith. All sorts of living writers are included, from Hardy to Bennett and Wells, and from these to divers obscurities or nonentities, I am not sure which to call them. Take it all in all, it is a very disappointing symposium.

"Tom Jones" and Others

James Lane Allen is one of the most important of those invited to contribute a list. He has the courage the leave "Tom Jones" out of his list, explaining that he has never read the Fielding masterpiece. I say advisedly that he has the courage to leave "Tom Jones" out. In studying the lists I cannot help thinking that others put "Tom Jones" in because they were afraid to leave it out. Having been brought up to consider "Tom Jones" the greatest novel in the English language, they do not wish to disgrace their education. I do not think I am judging rashly. Take Edwin Lefevre for instance. His list begins with "Tom Jones" and ends with "Kim." I cannot admit offhand that a man who sincerely considers "Tom Jones" the best novel in English really feels that "Kim" is the sixth best. One name jars the other; the list lacks coherence. Much the same criticism applies to those who have included "Tristram Shandy." Strictly speaking, this is not a novel at all. But it looks good in a list. I wonder how many of those who mentioned "Robinson Crusoe" have actually read it. Most children read it in a simplified form, and grow up to think they know Defoe. Nobody mentions that noble fighting book "Charles O'Malley."

Kathleen Norris' List

Gertrude Atherton did not contribute to this symposium. The only San Franciscan who did was Kathleen Thompson Norris. I shall give her reply in extenso, because she is a San Franciscan and because her method of selection is fairly typical. She writes:

I should suppose the six best novels in English literature to be:

1. Adam Bede.
2. A Tale of Two Cities.
3. Vanity Fair.
4. The Cloister and the Hearth.
5. Tom Jones.
6. The Scarlet Letter.

Having said this briskly and decidedly, I perhaps may add in an ashamed undertone that I never read two of them, and think one of the others pretty poor stuff. In the very core of my heart there is quite a different list, beginning with "Bleak House" for one, and "Our Mutual Friend" for two, "Adam Bede" for a third, "Trilby" for a fourth, and Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" for a fifth. Perhaps "Trilby" is the only one of these that needs any defense, yet what other novel on any list could be called equally funny and sad, romantic, and original? "Diana" I love for its exquisite phrases, but all the others for the people in them. But when it comes to a sixth— If Jane Barlow had ever written a real novel, it would surely be that. If Sarah Orne Jewett's "Hilton's Holiday" were a novel, it would be that. As it is, Hewlett's "Queen's Quair," and Maxwell's "Mrs. Thomp-

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son," Benson's "By What Authority," and more than one Trollope and more than one Henry Kingsley fight for place. However, there must be an end to this "meandering," and so I go off at a tangent, and finally elect Miss Woolson's "Anne."

Mrs. Norris somewhat excites my curiosity. I confess to an utter unfamiliarity with "Hilton's Holiday," "Mrs. Thompson," "Anne" and "By What Authority." But I am glad to see her mention that fine story-writer Henry Kingsley. He has been too much overshadowed by his brother Charles. Who that has read "Geoffrey Hamlyn" and "The Hillyars and the Burtons" doesn't long to read them again?

Poniatowski and a Throne

A correspondent in Paris calls attention to the fact that the French press is interested and somewhat amused at suggestions recently appearing in American newspapers to provide the throne of future Poland with a suitable occupant. After alluding to the proposed names of Prince Erik of Denmark, the King of Saxony, Archduke Stephen, Grand Duke Nicholas and any bearer of the name Sobieski, one paper continues:

"But apart from amusing candidates, there are not wanting some which seem to be based on the legitimate claim of heredity. Thus, the last candidate mentioned is Prince Andre Poniatowski, who married Miss Elisabeth Sperry, born at Stockton, Cal. The Prince since the beginning of the war has been serving in the French army, as has been his son, Stanislas. The American press represents Prince Andre Poniatowski as a direct descendant of King Stanislas-Augustus, but this is not correct. King Stanislas left no child, and his nephew, the heroic Prince Joseph Poniatowski, also died childless. Prince Andre Poniatowski, a well known financier of Paris, belongs to a branch of the royal family which emigrated to Italy and, settling in Florence, obtained the title of Princes of Monte Rotondo. Prince Andre himself, while proud of his Polish origin, is a Parisian first, and a Florentine by birth. It should be added that Prince Andre, who is very popular in the Polish colony, is not troubling himself about the plans of the American press. If it wished to give Poland a King of Polish blood, there are plenty of candidates. The name of Prince Czartoryski may be mentioned, a direct descendant from the Jagellons, whose family is connected with many European royal families. But it should never be forgotten that Poland has always been a republic, with a king who was a sort of life president, and the first thing to do is to reconstitute the republic."

Sterling vs. London

George Sterling and Jack London are the closest of friends. The starriest of our poets is a frequent and most welcome visitor at the novelist's Glen Ellen ranch. How do you suppose these two literary lights spend most of the time when they are together? Discussing the evolution of the novel from "Pamela" to "The Scarlet Plague?" Canvassing the comparative merits of "The Mill on the Floss" and "Ruggles of Red Gap?" No, sir! Is it then poetry which engages their minds? Does Jack listen while George descants on the "Spoon River Anthology?" Or does George attend while Jack proves that "Dangerous Dan McGrew" is a better poem than "General Booth Enters Heaven?" Again, no, sir! These two sparklers in California's tower of literary jewels pass the day and night playing pedro! Pedro is a passion with George Sterling and Jack London. Both of them play a good game of pedro. George has a pedro technique of which he is almost as proud as he is of his metrical skill. And Jack who is one of the best-paid of American writers, would rather win a game of pedro than sell a new novel to the Cosmopolitan—almost. They play for twenty-five cents a game, and being well matched, not a great deal of money changes hands. But how they do talk about each other!

"When George loses two-bits," says London, "he goes and helps himself to a drink of my two-bit whiskey."

"When Jack loses a quarter," says Sterling, "he goes and tacks a couple of words to a manuscript."

A Prehistoric Limerick

The following ancient limerick is going the rounds as a specimen of the poetic genius of the Hon. Alexander Vogelsang:

A great old bird is the pelican,
His bill holds more than his bellican;
And he carries in his beak
Enough grub for a week,
But I don't see how the hellican.

Mr. E. O. McCormick of the Southern Pacific Company was asked by a friend what he thought of the Vogelsang gem. "When I first heard it read," said McCormick, "I thought it was good."

"When did you first hear it read?" asked the friend, who thought it was new.

"About twenty years ago up near Klamath Lake. I was present when it was discovered."

"Discovered? By whom was it discovered?"

"By an old archaeologist. It was in hieroglyphics cut in the face of a rock."

The Oakland Tribune Contest

The litigation involving the control of the Oakland Tribune is now in progress across the bay before Judge Ogden. Some interesting testimony was brought out the other day by Attorney Stanley Moore, representing Mrs. Dargie. John Conners, the managing editor of the Tribune and executor of the Dargie estate, was on the witness stand, and Moore was questioning him about a share of stock in the possession of Alfred Holman. This is the share which was once the property of George W. Baker, now deceased, and which, according to Baker's signed statement in the stock book was destroyed in the fire of 1906. If this share is to be counted Mrs. Dargie might have some difficulty in getting control of the paper. From Conners Moore elicited the information that as executor he ordered this share of stock written up as outstanding. On hearing this testimony Judge Ogden expressed astonishment, and he remarked that if that share of stock had been voted before its character had been legally determined it would be a very serious matter. Moore also brought out the information that Mr. Holman's claim to the stock was based on a transaction between Mr. Holman and Ray Baker, the son of George W. Baker. Conners admitted that he introduced Holman to Baker and that Holman paid Baker two hundred dollars for his interest in the stock. As a result of this testimony Moore, it is said, will bring suit to oust Conners from the executorship of the Dargie estate.

Olympic Club Election

The annual election of officers and directors of the Olympic Club took place last Tuesday when the members again gave expression to their warm appreciation of the administration of William F. Humphrey and his associates. There was no opposition to the regular ticket headed by Mr. Humphrey. Very few changes have been made in the Board of Managers of the club since the retirement of the men who were in control at the time of the fire. It was under the present administration that the club was rehabilitated and put on a sound financial basis. It has been flourishing ever since, and is today one of the most prosperous clubs in the United States. Following are the officers and directors re-elected last Tuesday: President, William F. Humphrey; vice-president, Ludwig Hoeffler; secretary, Frank J. Foran; directors, Thomas G. Alton, Dr. Edward G. McConnell, Frank Drum, Samuel N. Rucker, John Hanify, T. I. Fitzpatrick.

Hunted Fortune in China

I wonder how many of my readers knew Arthur Israels when he was an obscure clerk in a local importing firm? The career of Arthur Israels during the past fifteen years goes to show that all the romance of success has not been relegated to the story books. Fifteen years ago Arthur Israels had accumulated enough money to pay for passage to the Orient and leave him a surplus of ten dollars. He landed in Shanghai almost penniless, but rich in the determination to make his way. After a little while he engaged in the business of selling life insurance to the Chinese. Despite an affliction of the eyes which the Chinese regard with superstitious misgivings, he prospered. Today he is at the head of the Shanghai Life Insurance Company, and is rated as a millionaire. I am reminded of all this because Arthur Israels returned to his old home town to see the Fair. He is now on a visit to the East with one of his old pals, Nat Berger.

A Volcano Story

I notice that Aetna and Vesuvius are showing signs of restlessness, and that is enough to remind me of a story Captain W. G. Leale of the good ship Caroline told at a Transportation Club luncheon the other day. Sir Edward Carson, the leader of the Orangemen, and John Redmond, the leader of the Home Rulers, were debating the subject which so exercised public opinion in Great Britain before the great war broke out. Sir Edward quoted the sentiments of a prominent opponent of Home Rule, characterizing the man from whom he quoted as "a live volcano of wisdom." John Redmond poked fun at this alleged authority.

"The distinguished gentleman," he said, "has referred to his authority as a live volcano of

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wisdom. I tell you, on the other hand, that the man he quotes is an extinct volcano."

And there came from the audience, in a rich brogue:

"Oh, the crater!"

The McCarthy Meeting

Friends of Supervisor William H. McCarthy, candidate for assessor, were invited to attend a meeting for the discussion of plans for his campaign, at Native Sons Hall on Monday evening. The response to this invitation surprised McCarthy's most sanguine champions. The hall was filled to the doors, and the enthusiasm was remarkable. Samuel N. Rucker presided, and among the speakers (all of them intimate friends of McCarthy) were Supervisor Tom Jennings, William F. Humphrey, John Tait, Thomas W. Hickey, Sam Berger, Dr. Charles Jones, John S. Dunnigan, Colonel Herbert Choynski and others. When McCarthy appeared on the stage he was greeted with a genuine ovation which lasted for several minutes. His presentation of the issues of the campaign was a masterly one, and was listened to with close attention. McCarthy, in addition to other fine qualities, possesses the gift of eloquence, so it is a real pleasure to hear him. In the old days of the convention when general interest in politics had not been lessened by a multiplicity of elections it was possible to hold many large meetings such as this, but I doubt whether any other candidate just now before the public could duplicate the gathering in Native Sons Hall. The signs are extremely favorable to McCarthy, and some of his champions are bending every effort to elect him at the primary.

"Van" Was "Cleaned"

The visit of Charles E. Van Loan, the short story writer, to this city during the past few days reminds me of a story of Rowardennan. When Jim Jeffries was training at Rowardennan for his fight with Jack Johnson the camp was in despair because Bob Armstrong, the big black trainer of dozens of champions, had a pair of magic dice that had taken all the loose and some of the tight money of such camp followers as Jim Corbett, Walter C. Kelly, Joe Choynski, Clarence Kolb and Bob Vernon. Then word came down to the little mountain retreat that Charlie Van Loan was coming by stage to the Jeffries camp. Armstrong was called into council. It was explained to him that "Van" was a wonderful hand at dice, and that the prestige of the camp would suffer if Bob did not conquer him.

"Let him come, Mister Jim," said Bob softly, "baby needs a new pair of shoes."

Late that afternoon the familiar "Yea, bo!" heralded the arrival of Van Loan.

"I've got a bank roll!" were Van's first words. "Are there any gamblers on the ranch?"

"Bob's got it all," sighed Corbett.

"Come behind the barn," said Armstrong. "No breezes there to chill the dice. Let's be private."

They were gone three hours. Finally Armstrong came slowly around to Jeff's cottage.

"Well?" came the chorus from Corbett, Choynski, Kelly, Kolb, Vernon, Jeff and company. "Did you take him?"

"Take him?" said Armstrong with a grin. "Gentlemen, I left that Mister Van Loan with nothing but the perspiration in the palm of his hand!"

Concerning The Lantern

The editors of The Lantern request me to say, in response to many inquiries, that it is still possible to obtain all the back numbers of this six-months old periodical. It seems that a great many subscribers wish their subscriptions to begin with the first number, but express doubt in their letters as to whether it is possible to have this wish gratified. For the benefit of others who have the same thing in mind: Yes, all the back numbers are available still. But I doubt whether they will be available long. It was necessary to print three editions of the first issue containing Theodore Bonnet's masterly essay "The Vice of Total Abstinence," otherwise that number would now be an extreme rarity. And the remaining copies of some of the other issues are few in number. So those who wish the back numbers had better write for them before it is too late. Here are the contents of the sixth number of The Lantern:

1—Heinrich Heine, Idealist, by Theodore Bonnet.
2—Cynara, a poem, by Ernest Dowson.
3—The Children's Laureate, by Edward F. O'Day.
4—The Sophisticated Father, a play in one act, by Theodore Bonnet.
5—Meditations of Diogenes Lantern.

Letters

"The Pentecost of Calamity"

In "The Pentecost of Calamity" Owen Wister, best known to us as a novelist, has set forth, in about one hundred and fifty brief pages, his impressions and opinions of the European war, not forgetting scathing denunciation of the United States in the emergency. Just what Mr. Wister expects, short of active participation, it is difficult to get at. Heaven knows our peace propagandists have not been silent: almost since the first rifle-shot was fired the country has been besieged with demands for food and toys and Red Cross and national relief funds. Our professional philanthropists have simply forgotten the poor at their own gates in the more spectacular work of providing for "war babies," and for a round year society has been knitting nightcaps and mufflers for the army. Mr. Wister was in Germany before hostilities were begun, and found much to admire until he bethought himself that Germany had sold her soul to Prussia in 1870 and then he lashed himself into a white heat of rage at the awful effects of Prussianization. Prussia is the disease of Europe and amputation, cauterization, or any other drastic method of exterminating Prussia is to be welcomed. May be, but for all that, one cannot help contrasting his picture of the contented people with our own. "Everything was well planned and everything worked. I thought of America, where so many things look beautiful on paper and so few things work because nobody keeps the rules. I thought of our college elective system, by which every boy was free to study what best fitted him for his career, and nearly every boy did study what he could most easily pass examinations in. . . . . A single little sharp discord vibrated through all this German harmony one day, when I learned that in the empire more children committed suicide than in any other country." Now it is just possible that as a part of the German thoroughness, statistics of suicide may be more carefully kept than in any other country, but even at that, the reports that reach us of the suicides of German children are almost always, if not invariably, accompanied by the explanation that the youth has failed to pass an examination, and has dreaded the consequence of his idleness and inattention. Russian children, in large numbers, likewise commit suicide, and the cause is generally to be found in their unrestricted reading of depressing novels and pessimistic philosophy. And how about Young America who resorts to pistol or poison because some unusually stern parent places a ban on cosmetics, or forbids unlimited indulgence in "the movies," or street roaming after dark? Europe, under a war-cloud, is hardly worse off than California, terrorized by the I. W. W. and their allies, and as to the matter of German text-books exalting Germany at the expense of the rest of the world, Americans in England have found some curious geographical and historical information disseminated. As a good American citizen, Owen Wister is, of course, neutral, but his neutrality has a strong anti-German bias. When the last word is said on the subject of "humanity" and our duty to the weak, the fact remains that some one has to keep out of the fight and when the belligerents,—nations or individuals, have ceased to batter each other, be in a position to bind up the wounds and restore order. The European war has the aspect of a family row and it is the proverbial fate of the outsider who interferes, to have the combatants forget their animosity towards each other and turn upon the intruder. "The Pentecost of Calamity" is well written, as is to be expected of the author and interesting as a setting forth of his private view, but it will do nothing towards the settlement of the trouble. From the Macmillan Company. —S. C.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 8.)

Van Loan, "who would surely succeed if they worked as hard on fiction as they do on their newspaper assignments. The trouble is that they are hitched to the weekly salary check. Nine-tenths of the popular magazine writers are former newspapermen, mostly New York reporters.

"It is always hard at the start, and it is particularly hard if you don't know any of the editors. There is no need of denying that the personal element counts a great deal. On most of the fiction magazines there are four men who pass on manuscripts. A story may be rejected by the first reader. It may be passed by the first reader, only to be eliminated by the second. Or the third may disagree with the O. K. of the first two, and may reject it before it finally reaches the editor-in-chief. That editor-in-chief may vote "no" after the three readers have voted "yes." Obviously it is quite an ordeal for the beginner to run this gauntlet. His chances are greatly improved if one of these four judges is his friend. Bob Davis of Munsey's and Gilman Hall of Everybody's make a point of writing personal letters to beginners who show promise but don't quite measure up to requirements. This is very helpful, but all editors don't see their way clear to doing it. The great thing to remember is that the yarn's the thing. The popular demand is for good stories, not for fine writing."

I asked Van Loan if he ever intended to write a novel.

"There are five-eighths horses and there are two-milers," he answered. "I know my limitations."

However, one of those "accidents" may cause him to relearn his limitations. Meanwhile he is receiving for all the stories he writes a great deal more, I assure you, than the twenty-cents-an-inch which delighted him so when he was a cashier for Standard Oil. I haven't said anything about his personal qualities. I shall indicate what sort of man he is when I mention that I could name several writers, popular idols at present, who owed their first introduction to an editor to his unsolicited, big-hearted activity. Knowing the ability of these men he did not see fit to leave their breaking-in entirely to accident.

Often a man sets sail on the sea of matrimony in a transport, and later complains of the confinement of a prison ship.

Those who have morbid curiosity are always getting in the way and keeping us from seeing.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Letter from Maude Fay

Miss Maude Fay, the Californian prima donna who has been in Germany ever since the war started, is unreservedly, enthusiastically pro-German in her sympathies. Out of gratitude to Germany where she has won her operatic fame, Miss Fay has placed her magnificent voice at the disposal of the Fatherland for concerts in aid of the soldiers. And she is giving Germany her pen too. Gertrude Atherton is one of Miss Fay's dearest friends. The novelist has just communicated to the New York Times a most interesting extract from a letter written by the singer. It runs as follows:

Shall not begin with reasons and phrases why I have not answered your letter long ere this, for they would be many and boring. This has been such an eventful year—events that give one food for thoughts that never seemed to be there before. I am very happy I remained over here —many times was undecided—but I feel that I have lived through real things and with real people—for it is just the realness of these wonderful Germans that is pushing and leading them on to the victory they are willing to make sacrifices for—and which they deserve. Do hope this Warsaw victory will bring about peace with Russia at least.

Hear you are not for Germany; is it true? Know you would be if you were here and could see and know conditions of all sides as they really are. Eastern America seems to have turned into an English colony—and can't they realize how England is laughing at them and always has? More than ever I call myself a Californian. California is certainly the most European place in the United States, and has individuality and courage of her opinions. The people there have something daringly elemental in them, and how I love it!—for they, too, are real. Have letters from people I never knew or met from there—since war broke out.

Expect to cross over in December. Hope by that time the world will have become a bit sane. Doesn't it seem like a vast place now? Had a letter from (an English friend) the other day—took seven weeks via Rotterdam. England seems like antipodes now. Long letter from Marie Hay other day. Is at present with Leila von Meister in Hamburg—may come here to me. She stuck it out in Italy until hopelessness took complete hold of those poor betrayed Italians. Her letter is most interesting—don't dare inclose it to you, as America's English postman would hardly let it through—he'll not like this one either. I do wax violent, I know. . . . Munich is a real German city now. I think not more than 500 Americans have lingered on. No foreigners at all. I miss them very much. We are giving Parsifal and the Mozart Festspiel—and can you believe it—not a seat to be had even now. I feel I have sung a bellyband onto each soldier at the front—for it has been one charity concert after another. My coffers are empty, but I feel I've put a good load into my experience box—and enriched my ideals and belief in humanity. For this I must eternally thank these good Germans. . . . This terrible war has shown me the real German, and for this I am happy to have remained.

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Mrs. Atherton Dissents

Mrs. Atherton does not agree with her friend Miss Fay about Germany. She is sorry the singer cannot learn all sides of the great controversy, and thinks that she will revise her opinions when all the facts are before her. Mrs. Atherton says that in answering Miss Fay's letter, "I asked her if it was really posssible she believed that propaganda lie that the British Ambassador opened all German letters." Mrs. Atherton says she has received letters much more pro-German than Miss Fay's, from the writer Marie Hay (Baroness Herbert von Hindenberg), and that they were not tampered with. While deploring Miss Fay's views, Mrs. Atherton admits that if she were in Miss Fay's place she would probably feel the same way. Enthusiasm, Mrs. Atherton thinks, has carried Miss Fay away, despite the fact that Miss Fay's brain "is nearly as good as her voice which is beautiful." She also remembers that Miss Fay "has had a procession of young German noblemen (all officers, of course) in love with her." So Mrs. Atherton points out that Miss Fay "would be a natural phenomenon if she were anti-German in her sympathies."

Is "the Comet" Captured?

Is Maurice McLoughlin, the "California Comet," the pride of all Californian lovers of clean sport, in the pleasant web of a romance? The question is being asked in New York. Just before the semi-finals were played at the West Side Tennis Club on Labor Day, there was an interesting scene in the club house. A pretty little girl in blue—I have no more definite description to offer—addressed McLoughlin as "Maurie" and marked an imaginary cross upon his shoulders, "for luck," as she said. McLoughlin blushed, the girl's mother didn't know just what to say, and onlookers felt that they had been given the first peep at a romance.

Mrs. Belmont on Woman's Wrongs

When a woman gets up in public to plead for woman's rights, she usually devotes a good deal of time to woman's wrongs. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the millionaire pleader for a suffrage amendment to the federal constitution, appears to be no exception to this rule. In her talk at the opening of the convention on the Fair grounds Tuesday Mrs. Belmont had a good deal to say about woman's wrongs.

"For twenty centuries," she said to her feminine hearers, "you have been led to believe your work was to patch up the evils germinated by man's so-called civilization."

That, in the opinion of the advanced woman, is one of woman's wrongs. In my humble opinion it is one of woman's glories. At the same time I should not phrase the matter in Mrs. Belmont's language. I should not refer to "man's so-called civilization." I think that woman has collaborated with man in the progress of civilization, and that she should be proud of all she has accomplished, even without the ballot.

"The western woman with the power of her ballot," said Mrs. Belmont, "will give to her enslaved sister justice and freedom."

I do not think that I should call Mrs. Belmont an "enslaved sister." I do not think that the women of the States which have not granted the vote to women are in a condition of slavery. If I had to speak of slavery, I might speak of the slavery of the ballot box. In this State men and women drag a chain of politics from one election to another. We are the thralls of general elections, municipal elections, bond elections, recall elections and what not. If I were a woman I should hesitate a little about assuming the collar of politics. But Mrs. Belmont would call me old-fashioned.

"It is time for us women," said Mrs. Belmont, "to have a civilization of our own."

Let me utter a pious prayer that that time may never come. Let us have no more sex antagonism than exists already, my dear Mrs. Belmont. You go on to plead for a "new code of honor," for a "different standard of morals," for "a condition of things that may help to prevent vice." Will you scorn me, Mrs. Belmont, for expressing my belief that the old code of honor is adequate, that the old standard of morals is an efficient standard, that we have all the equipment we need for the war on vice? Will you laugh at me for saying that the boy (who is father to the man, you remember) may learn a splendid code of honor, a fine standard of morals and a horror of vice at his mother's knee, even if his mother cannot vote? One question more, in the kindliest and friendliest spirit, Mrs. Belmont: How many of the ladies in this convention go to the nursery night and morning to hear their little boys say their prayers?

Past Pupils to Dance

One of the smart affairs next week will be the dance to be given Tuesday night by the past pupils of the College of Notre Dame. It will take place at Assembly Hall in Sutter street near Van Ness avenue, and will bring together many of our prominent ladies who call the convent opposite Mission Dolores their alma mater. This party is being given by a committee of past pupils to chystallize interest in the approaching jubilee of the nuns of Notre Dame which will be an important celebration in Roman Catholic circles. There will be card tables for those who do not care to dance. The affair is in charge of Mesdames K. Lawlor, Thomas M. O'Connor, Eustace Cullinan, T. J. Crowley, William A. Kelly and other matrons; also the Misses May Lawlor, May O'Neil, Mary and Gertrude Lennon, Gladys Regan and others. I am told by some of these ladies that their plans for the jubilee are proceedingly splendidly, and cer-

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tainly they are to be felicitated on their happy idea of a dancing party to keep enthusiasm at the proper pitch.

A Visitor from New York

One of our former belles of note who deserted us when she married, has returned to see the Exposition. I refer to Mrs. T. E. Tomlinson of New York. Mrs. Tomlinson is staying at Burlingame with her mother Mrs. Charles Keeney and her younger sister Mrs. Willard Chamberlain. She will remain here for a month, and a great deal of entertaining has already been planned in her honor, for it is needless to say that she has a host of friends here. Before the conclusion of her stay it is probable that she will be joined here by her husband. Mr. Tomlinson was unable to accompany his wife to San Fraincisco owing to pressing business affairs.

Opera and Drama Society

Under the leadership of several of San Francisco's most prominent society and club women, an organization has been formed for the purpose of assisting those who have good voices and talent to obtain a thorough education in the art of singing from the very beginning of tone formation to the final preparation for the concert or operatic stage. From among the society's numerous patronesses the following board has been selected: Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. D. C. Heger, Mrs. George McGowan and Mrs. George Q. Chase. M. Eugene d'Avigneau will be the society's president and managing director while Miss Rudolphine Radil, soprano soloist of St. Mary's Cathedral, has been chosen secretary. With such sponsors, together with a working fund pledged to almost $10,000, the success of this new organization seems to be assured. Mr. d'Avigneau is remembered locally as the managing director of the Western Metropolitan Opera Company, and has had a large experience in matters musical and theatrical.

Scientists at the Palace

Edward Payson Mathewson, one of the foremost metallurgists of this country, is a guest at the Palace Hotel, with Mrs. and Miss Mathewson. He was until recently manager of the International Smelting and Refining Company, and in charge of the great work of erecting plants all over the West. Dr. David T. Day, a geologist who has been in charge of the Government geological exhibits at nearly every exposition since the Centennial in 1876, is also registered. He was president of the fuel section of the International Congress of Applied Chemistry, and is a member of the leading engineering clubs of the world. Van H. Manning, director of the Bureau of Mines, Washington, D. C., is at the Palace for the International Engineering Congress which opened Thursday. The Palace is the headquarters of this congress. He is accompanied by John M. Swift, also of Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Webster from Philadelphia have taken apartments. He is a well known civil engineer and author, and is in charge of the Bureau of Surveys, Department of Public Works, Philadelphia. B. B. Thayer, Mrs. Thayer and three daughters of New York have arrived. He is president of the Anaconda Mining Co., one of the great copper corporations of the Northwest, and the family are socially prominent in New York.

MADAME NELLIE MELBA

Who sings at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, and Sunday afternoon, September 26th, and in the new Oakland Municipal Opera House next Thursday night

Neuhaus Lecture on Nude in Art

Professor Eugen Neuhaus has thus far delivered to increasing audiences the first three lectures in his series on "The Galleries of the Exposition." The subject for next week is to be "The Nude in Art as Found in All the Sections of the Fine Arts Exhibit." This lecture will be given on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock and on Saturday forenoon at 10:30 o'clock in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue. The two books by Professor Neuhaus entitled "The Art of the Exposition" and "The Galleries of the Exposition" have received the largest measure of success. They have secured attention in the East and substantial orders are now coming in from eastern cities.

Paradiso

The beautiful Botticelli illustrations will be shown in Miss Harcourt's lecture on Dante in Art next Friday afternoon, September 24, in the Paul Elder Gallery. This is the last lecture in the series which Miss Harcourt is giving. The lectures were prepared by Miss Helen Zimmern of Florence, Italy.

The Ballet at Techau's

There is no more satisfying attraction in San Francisco than the dancing at Techau Tavern. Whether one desires to participate or merely to look on, there is an ample fund of entertainment. Every evening the Candy and Cigarette Dances are in full swing, with beautiful souvenirs, consisting of art souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's delectable candies for the ladies and large boxes of Pall Mall Cigarettes for the gentlemen. To these are now added costly souvenir bottles of Carolina White Perfume from the celebrated laboratories of V. Rigaud of Paris. The corps de ballet has never been so fascinating in its interpretation of classic dances as at present. V. Vestoff, formerly the leading male dancer with the Pavlowa Russian Ballet, arranges an entirely new repertoire for each week and the ballet, led by Miss Vanderhoff, late of the Ruth St. Denis Company, performs them with a grace and charm which cannot be excelled.

Grand Prize Statuary

Our wealthy folk who have big homes set in gardens are not overlooking the opportunity presented by the World's Fair to adorn their lawns and flower beds with suitable statuary. This is something which has been neglected hereabouts, but from now on we may expect to see appropriate marbles in leafy nooks of big private gardens and may thank the esthetic impulse derived from the Exposition for the improvement. There is nothing like a good marble statue to improve the appearance of a garden, and of equal importance is a fountain of artistic value or a marble bench invitingly placed. I have noticed lately that a good many such marbles have been sold to our wealthy people from the fine collection assembled in the Manufacturers Building by the well known firm of sculptors, Romanelli Brothers of Florence. This firm, one of the oldest in Europe, has been awarded the grand prize, and more than that need hardly be said of their treasures. Their collection includes many good classical pieces such as The Wrestlers, Apollo and Daphne, The Crouching Venus, Cupid and Psyche, all life size; as well as some handsome garden pieces and fountains which are original works by very distinguished artists. There are bronzes by Vannetti, and Carrara statues by Professor Romanelli who is the author of the very much admired Savior to be seen at the Italian Pavilion.

The Ankle-Watch

When Carrie wears the ankle-watch,
  Dame Fashion's new conceit,
A golden timepiece in a band
  Of leather trim and neat,
Clasped close about her shapely limb
  Encased in silken hose,
She'll make her dresses shorter yet
  To show it I suppose.

When Carrie wears the ankle-watch,
  (Which she is bound to do)
She'll find a lot of rubbernecks
  Along the avenue;
And every blessed beau, behold!
  That round her fondly tarries,
Will leave his watch at home so he
  Can learn the time from Carrie's.

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Gossip of the Theatre

From Euripides to Kester

It is one of the sacredest rules of the theatre to give the public what the public wants. How to follow the rule is a problem that but few are able to solve. Some gifted persons have presumed to ignore the rule, preferring to educate the public by teaching the public to enjoy what the public ought to enjoy. But the public is a stubborn ass, and will not be led or driven, as many a fine actor has learned to his sorrow. The public loves to be coddled, and rewards its coddlers. Ano so I think Margaret Anglin is pursuing a wise course. Margaret Anglin is an emotional actress with a taste for classic roles. Were it profitable she would devote her art exclusively to the higher realms of drama, and spend all her time edifying her audiences, but she is sensible of the capriciousness of the public, and so, after a season of ancient Greek drama at Berkeley, she has returned to twentieth century comedy, the kind that Paul Kester writes, at the Columbia. Euripides is a name to conjure with in Berkeley when the sun goes down, but the un-Attic salt of Paul Kester's wit is the essential ingredient of a Columbia rib-tickler. Margaret Anglin knows that there is a time for Euripides and a time for Paul Kester, and by reason of this knowledge she is wise in her generation. As George Cohan would say she knows that what the public wants it wants when it wants it. Now that "Beverly's Balance" is precisely what the public wants this week you will perceive if you go to the Columbia where the little comedy is convulsing large audiences. "Beverly's Balance" is good stuff. It brings into the theatre an ambrosial sunshine of gaiety and gladness. Somebody has tried to detect in it the elements of "a play with a purpose." I read in one of the dailies that it was a satire on divorce. My opinion is that the slightest taint of seriousness would make it intolerable. It is little more than a jolly parade of genial imbecility with a vein of chaff running through it, and here and there a touch of simple cynicism. Most of the characters are Gilbertian caricatures—the wife who thinks she wants a divorce in order to be free to marry a title; the complacent husband who loves her, but is so agreeable that to please her he employs a co-respondent under a big contract; the briefless lawyer, and the philosophical aunt who wears her ideals only on Sunday. The co-respondent is Beverly, a church choir singer, very respectable but in need of the money. So far as she is concerned the collusion is not at all genuine. She plays the co-respondent on the surface, but the newspapers having got hold of the story, assume that Beverly is a genuine co-respondent. The wife who was a party to all the arrangements is led to believe that Beverly is an adventuress with designs on the husband, and becomes jealous. Here is material for a world of delightful complications, and on it Paul Kester sheds his wit till it gleams and twinkles with comic lights. To be sure the laughter of the audience is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the comic spirit that provokes that sort of laughter is what the public wants. As Beverly Miss Anglin glows with a radiant heat of life and delight, and the members of her company, the same that appeared in Greek tragedy across the bay, play as though each had a special gift for farce.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Classy Show at Pantages

To declare one act better than another at Pantages this week would be unjust, as they are all good and entertaining. Lalla Selbini as "Venus on Wheels" opens the performance. She makes a wonderful hit as soon as she reveals her shapely and graceful form. Laura Winston and company present "The Boy and the Regiment." This dramatic episode would touch any heart, whether hard or soft. The father who has seen service and has medals for it forces his son to enter the army. The boy with a few months more to serve, has a quarrel with a sergeant, is dishonorably discharged, and returns home in disgrace. His father who thinks of nothing else but the king's army, demands that he leave home and wipe out his disgrace. Laura Winston who is the mother,—and it must be said, a good one, as every time she speaks you have tears in your eyes—convinces the father that her son is worth ten kings. Chas. Innes and Maude Ryan are good for the blues. Maude has more proficiency in funmaking than Charley has; she is the better laugh-maker. Karl Emmy and his pets are also good. Most animal acts are about the same and not very interesting, but Karl and his puppies are different. "The Land of Tomorrow," a musical play with classy girls and ragtime music, is also very enjoyable. Besides those mentioned are Sullivan and Mason in "Breaking the Bank," two fine singers and jokers, and the Three Pianophools.

—The Second Nighter.

OLGA STEEB

The California pianist who will play with the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon

Autumn Music Festival

With the "Autumn Music Festival" which will take place at Festival Hall from September 29 to October 3 the climax of a wonderful chain of epoch-making musical events will be reached. At no previous international exposition has there ever been such an abundance of rich musical feasts, including the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the appearances of Camille Saint-Saens, the wonderful recitals of Paderewski, the splendid bands, and last but not least, the Exposition Orchestra of eighty artists. For months the Music Department has been working on this Festival which, it is confidently expected, will rival those of Birmingham and Manchester in England and of Boston, Worcester and Toronto in America. A chorus of 400 carefully chosen voices has been rehearsing for weeks under Emil Mollenhauer, the distinguished conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. The Festival will open with Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on Wednesday evening, September 29, when the soloists will be Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams of Boston, soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford of the Metropolitan Opera, contralto; Evan Williams, America's greatest concert tenor; Earl Cartwright, the extraordinary baritone; and a boy soprano yet to be announced. All of these artists have won distinction in the parts they are to sing here. Thursday evening, September 30, Fritz Kreisler, king of violinists, will be heard in San Francisco for the first time since the European war. He will play two concertos with the orchestra. Saturday afternoon, October 2, the Artists' Concert will take place, and Sunday afternoon, October 3, the Festival will end with a production of Verdi's "Requiem," composed in memory of his friend Manzoni. The soloists for the "Requiem" will be Mme. Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan Opera, soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford; George Hamlin of the Chicago Grand Opera, tenor; and Frederic Martin, regarded as America's greatest basso profundo. For the "Requiem" the orchestra will be augmented to 100 men, certain portions calling for twelve trumpets, eight of which will be placed in the balcony. The "Requiem," regarded by many as Verdi's masterpiece, will be given for the first time in San Francisco and there will be a public rehearsal of the work on Friday evening at 7:30, when holders of season tickets will be admitted free, a charge of fifty cents being made for others. The production of the "Requiem," in a hall acoustically perfect, is easily the most important presentation of any choral event ever given on the Pacific Coast. The sale of season seats will conclude on Monday evening at 343 Powell street, where mail orders accompanied by check receive prompt attention. The sale for single concerts will begin Thursday morning, September 23. All checks and money orders must be made payable to the P.-P. I. E.

Symphony at Festival Hall

Another of the delightful symphony concerts which have made such an appeal to our music-lovers will be given by the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half past two. These concerts have been increasing in popularity week by weeek, and the one of Sunday bids fair to attract an unusually large audience. The soloist will be Olga Steeb, the California pianist whose playing has often charmed San Francisco musicians. Early in 1908 Paderewski said to the young pianist, "Go to Europe for observation and experience and you can teach us how to play." Following the master's advice Miss Steeb went first to London where she spent a season, hearing all of the great orchestral concerts and the leading vocal and instrumental soloists. After three months in Switzerland she went to Berlin where, in less than six weeks, she became the most discussed pianist in that city, her phenomenal memory and stupendous repertoire, displayed at private performances in the homes of critics, composers and pianists, having created a sensation. Since then her position has been secure and on Sunday she will play Liszt's Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 1, in E flat major. Conductor Max Bendix has chosen for his numbers Schubert's great sym-

phony in C major, No. 7, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Suite, op. 35, "Scheherazade." Seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

Melba This Sunday Afternoon

The Cort Theatre will be crowded Sunday afternoon when Melba steps before the curtain for the first of the two concerts which she will sing in this city. The great prima donna will be heard but twice here, Sunday and a week from Sunday, both of these important events taking place in the Cort and starting at 2:30 sharp. She will also sing in the new Opera House of the Oakland Auditorium next Thursday night, dedicating that edifice as a concert hall. Sunday's program and the program for Oakland are identical. Melba will render the mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet," the arias from "La Boheme" and "La Tosca," "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise," the Melba waltz song "Se Saran Rose," written for her by Arditi, and other works. She will be assisted by Robert Parker, baritone, who will sing the prologue to "Pagliacci," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," etc.; and by Frank St. Leger, solo pianist, who will play the Pabst arrangement of Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin," and Chopin numbers. An entire change of program will be the offering for the final concert on the 26th. Tickets for the San Francisco concerts are to be had at Sherman, Clay and Company's and the Cort, and for the Oakland concert at Sherman, Clay and Company's Oakland store and the Auditorium box office.

Emmy Destinn Coming

Mme. Emmy Destinn has just been engaged by Campaninni of Chicago to appear for a limited number of performances with his new all-star Chicago Grand Opera Company. The new Chicago company contains the names of all the famous stars of grand opera, and with Destinn's added to the roster it will be the most powerful organization since the memorable days of Maurice Grau. Destinn will first make her contemplated concert tour, opening in San Francisco under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. Her first appearance will be as soloist in Verdi's Requiem at the Exposition Autumn Music Festival. Then she will give recitals on October 10 and 17 at the Columbia Theatre, after which Mr. Greenbaum sends her for a tour of the Pacific Coast, his management extending as far east as Denver.

Kreisler's Berkeley Program

Perhaps the most wonderful program of violin music ever offered in this vicinity will be played by the great Kreisler in the Greek Theatre on the University Campus in Berkeley on the night of Friday, October 8. In this delightfully secluded open air theatre in the foothills of the Berkeley range, far removed from the noise of the city, and in the stillness of a calm autumn night, the music of Kreisler will seem inspired. Those who have heard the plaintive tones of the string instrument in the Greek Theatre can but dimly anticipate what wondrous sounds those of Kreisler will be. He will have the advantage of a fine symphony orchestra, conducted by Paul Steindorff, and will render the Mozart Concerto in A major, daintiest and sweetest of musical compositions; the Mendelssohn Concerto, filled to the brim with marvelous tunes, and the technically masterful Rondo Capriccioso of the noted Saint-Saens. Here are a trio of works, the like of which will probably never again be played in this vicinity on one program by so great a violinist as Fritz Kreisler, and undoubtedly the Greek Theatre will be packed by those who enjoy good music. To avoid disappointment mail orders in advance should be sent to William Dallam Armes, chairman of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University at Berkeley, or to Will L. Greenbaum, the manager of the concert, in care of Sherman, Clay and Company.

Second Week of "Beverly's Balance"

Margaret Anglin will be seen again next week in Paul Kester's comedy "Beverly's Balance" at the Columbia. Since Monday night the popular Columbia has been crowded and there is every indication that the same results will obtain during the remainder of the engagement. Miss Anglin's support includes Donald Cameron, Howard Lindsey, Saxone Morland and Mrs. Charles G. Craig. Miss Anglin is planning to present two new plays during her Columbia engagement, the details of which will be announced later.

Marx Brothers at Orpheum

The Orpheum for next week will be headed by the Four Marx Brothers who, with their company numbering fifteen in all, will be seen in their latest hodge podge of music and merriment "Home Again" which affords them abundant opportunity to display their brand of rollicking humor. Milton Marx is the "straight man," Leonard Marz does an Italian character and of the remaining brothers Arthur has an unusual role which for lack of a better name is styled "a nondescript." Among the incidental numbers may be mentioned a harp solo by Arthur Marx, open-face piano playing on keys and strings at the same time by Leonard Marx, and an interpretation of modern dances to the wildest music by Miss Billy De Rex and Ray Ross. Not so many years ago a child actress named Alice Lyndom Doll scored an emphatic hit in vaudeville and shortly after disappeared from public view. She now returns to the stage, a beautiful girl who has successfully cultivated her voice under the best masters. Miss Doll has associated herself with two very clever and attractive girls, Mary Campbell and Jane Shaw, the result being one of the most delightful musical acts ever submitted to an audience. The trio sing several popular selections and Miss Shaw renders a piano solo exceptionally well, and during it makes a complete change of costume. Ten minutes of the most strenuous acrobatic work is offered by Ralph Lohse and Nana Sterling. Miss Sterling won the first prize in a contest to determine the most perfect specimen of physical womanhood in America. Charles E. Evans and Helena Phillips will, in response to a very generally expressed desire, be retained for another week in their laughable farce "A Forgotten Combination." Nina Payne and Joe Niemeyer; Violinsky; and Charles Howard and Co. will contribute to this delightful bill. A specially attractive feature will be Henry Ohlmeyer and his Sextette with Annie Mottram Craig, a gifted dramatic soprano.

OHLMEYER AND HIS SEXTETTE

Next week at the Orpheum

Farce Comedy at Alcazar

Through their agents in New York, Belasco and Mayer have succeeded in securing from William A. Brady Frederick Ballard's great farce comedy success "Believe Me, Xantippe," said to be the funniest play that has been written in a long time. Ballard wrote it while a student at Harvard and submitted it to John Craig of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, where Craig was conducting a prize play contest. "Believe Me, Xantippe" was selected out of hundreds of others and when it was produced at the Castle Square it ran for eighteen weeks. All the big managers in New York went on to see the phenomenal success, but William A. Brady secured the rights. He brought the play into New York last year, with John Barrymore and Mary Young in the leading roles, and it was a "knock-out" in the metropolis from the start. Bert Lytell will have the John Baarrymore role, and Evelyn Vaughan will be seen to splendid advantage in the part originated by Mary Young. All the supporting Lytell-Vaughan players will be in the cast, and the production will disclose some interesting and effective stage pictures.

Third Week of "New Henrietta"

With the performance of Sunday night the great "five-star aggregation," William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Laura Hope Crews and Mabel Taliaferro, enters upon the third and what must be the final week of its engagement in "The New Henrietta" at the Cort. This engagement will go down in San Francisco's theatrical annals as one of its most notable in every way. While "The Henrietta" is a play of thrills and excitement, with comedy situations at every turn, the sugar of three romances sweetens the story. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes have done wonderfully in their task of modernizing Bronson Howard's classic, and Producer Joseph Brooks, in sending us the cast headed by Crane, deserves the thanks of theatregoing San Francisco. On Sunday night, September 26, William A. Brady's production of the dramatic success "Sinners" comes to the Cort. This play ran for 321 performances at The Playhouse, New York, last season.

The Kreisler Recitals

Seats for Fritz Kreisler's violin recitals at the Cort Sunday afternoons, October 3 and 10, at three o'clock, are on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort. Mail orders with checks made payable to Frank W. Healy are filled in the order of receipt as near a desired location as possible, and mailed to the purchaser when self-addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed with the mail order. For his recital at the Cort of October 3 Mr. Kriesler has prepared the following program: Sonata, A major, Haendel; Fugue, A major, Tartini; Concerto, A minor, A. Viotti; Introduction and Scherzo (for violin alone), Kreisler; Larghetto (first time here), Weber; Moment Musical, Schubert; Two Slavonic Dances (first time here), Dvorak-Kreisler; Valse (first time here), Godowsky; Viennese Popular Song (first time here), arranged by Kreisler; Spanish Serenade (first time here), Chaminade-Kreisler.

"On the Yukon" at Pantages

"On the Yukon," billed as "The Spoilers of Vaudeville," is a big feature on the new show at Pantages next week. A one-act play of force, bristling with dramatic situations, "On the Yukon" has proven the vaudeville sensation of the big time circuits during the past summer. Like Rex Beach's compelling tale, "On the Yukon" brings to a climax a fight between the two principal male characters which is said to be equal to the deadly combat in "The Spoilers." Hersch and Wenzberg, Chicago producers, are sponsors for "The Birthday Party" which comprises several clever juvenile performers in a pot-pourri of impersonations. David Warfield, Eva Tanguay, David Belasco, Harry Lauder and many others are shown in their familiar characters by the bright youngsters. Chester Williams and Lola Spencer have a sparkling little skit styled "Putting It Over," introducing graceful dancing and bright repartee. The Parisian trio are three men who furnish melodies, using piano accordions for their accompaniment. Winch and Poore who created favorable comment here last season, will return with their pretty idyl "No Trespassing." Hanlon, Dean and Hanlon are acrobats. R. C. Faulkner, a local cartoonist, will make his vaudeville debut with breezy chatter on men he has met and sketched.

Jill—If you could have only one wish what would it be?

Jack—It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be!

Jill—Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?

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"The Spoilers of Vaudeville"
"THE BIRTHDAY PARTY"
Ten Clever Juvenile Actors
SPENCER AND WILLIAMS
"Putting It Over"
PARISIAN TRIO
Rollicking Song Birds
HANLON, DEAN AND HANLON
Acrobatic Gymnasts
WINCH AND POORE
"No Trespassing"
R. C. FAULKNER
Chatterbox Cartoonist

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Important Announcement
AUTUMN MUSIC FESTIVAL
Wed., Sept. 29, at 8:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH;" Thurs., Sept. 30, at 8:30, KREISLER Concert; Fri., Oct. 1, at 7:30, Public Rehearsal of Verdi's "REQUIEM;" Sat., Oct. 2, at 2:30, ARTISTS' Concert; Sun., Oct. 3, at 2:30, Verdi's "REQUIEM."
Emmy Destinn, Grace Bonner Williams, Florence Mulford, George Hamlin, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, Earl Cartwright and Fritz Kreisler, Soloists; Exposition Chorus of 400 and Exposition Orchestra of 80.
Prices for 4 concerts—Box seats, $6.50; orchestra, $5; rest of house, $3.50. Season seats at 343 Powell St., where applications by mail or in person are accepted. Make checks payable to P.-P. I. E. Season ticket-holders admitted free to rehearsal Verdi's "Requiem." Seats for single concerts, $2, $1.50, $1 and 75c; ready September 23.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Foreign liquidation of American securities was heavy in the early part of the week and had more effect on Union Pacific 4's and other high-grade bonds than on stocks, though some of the latter felt the pressure for a time, but recovered before the end of the week. This liquidation effected its own cure by raising the rate for sterling exchange and decreasing the spread in prices between New York and London as expressed in the equivalents published from day to day. The more we buy from London the better will be our position to sell merchandise, commodities and war materials. It is unlikely that the large quantities of securities reported as being returned to this country are being offered for sale. It would be better to use them as collateral for loans. In the present state of the New York money market large loans could be carried on call at one-half or less of the cost of borrowing for fixed dates. It is folly to talk of doing business on a cash basis because that would restrict our sales and check our industrial prosperity. We paid cash a year ago because it was good business to stabilize the foreign exchange market thus heavily against us, just as it was good business for London to bolster up our credit in a panic by lending us $90,000,000 gold in October and November, 1907; but we cannot live all the time on an emergency basis and the sooner we assist London to stabilize the foreign exchange market, the better it will be for our own business interests. All trade reports were favorable. Commercial travelers will go on the road this month selling goods for delivery next spring and they will soon be able to report on the willingness of merchants to stock up. Shelves are bare of goods and consumption will be heavy as long as business remains as good as it is now and the farmers can sell their produce at remunerative prices. The steel trade is more prosperous than ever, with a record-breaking output of about 3,000,000 tons a month of billets and higher prices for all finished products, and steel is regarded as the barometer of trade.

Wheat—The week has witnessed a steady improvement in weather conditions over the entire country, accompanied by a gradually enlarging movement of new wheat to market. Thrashing operations in the Northwest have been on a large scale and the movement of spring wheat has been on a smaller scale and a strong inclination is noted on part of Western farmers to hold wheat in the stack for better prices. The market has been generally soft, although there was a period of firmness late in the week due to a halt in the declining premiums for cash wheat and a slight improvement in the foreign exchange situation which had been so demoralized as to remove entirely prospects for export business on any considerable scale. Some business of this character has been done, however, the wheat being sold for quick shipment. Flour business has been good and mills report a lively demand at current prices. With each succeeding estimate of the year's production of wheat, the figures become larger, prominent people now claiming that the country has raised over 1,000,000,000 bushels, the largest in history. Receipts thus far from the winter wheat States have been disappointing and the certainty that eventually the tremendous crop must be moved to market and sold, together with the rather indifferent demand now being encountered and the still chaotic state of the foreign exchange market, are factors which seem likely to cause still further recessions in price.

Corn—Early in the week frosts were reported from a large part of the corn belt and the known lateness of the growing crop caused much apprehension of damage and some firmness in prices. Later, however, clear skies and rising temperatures over the entire country with strong indications of good settled weather for some time to come, together with the discovery that little or no damage resulted from the low temperatures early this week, caused a quick change in sentiment, and an abrupt lowering in prices to the season's lowest levels. At this time, crop reports are generally extremely favorable and estimates of the year's production have reached the 3,000,000,000 mark. There seems only one large corn-producing State where actually poor crop conditions exist, and even in Iowa a steady improvement is taking place and prospects are for an average crop. The bearish factors in corn may be found outside the mere fact of corn production. All kinds of feed crops are large and the wet, cool summer has enabled farmers to plant much corn or wheat and oats stubble, to be used as silage. This fact, coupled with the prospective light demand for new crop corn, keeps sentiment very bearish, and at this writing there is nothing in the situation to cause a change in the trend of values.

Cotton—The trend of the cotton market continues higher, and the market scored a good advance last week. Sentiment was extremely bullish, due to bad crop reports from the larger cotton-producing States. Reports from Texas and Alabama indicate a crop of only 60 per cent of last year's total. Spot prices in the South followed the futures, and in some instances spot cotton sold higher than in New York. Foreigners were large buyers of the actual, and it is said Germany has bought considerable cotton which will be stored until after the war. The prospect of a large English loan in this country was also a help to the market, as it is believed the money derived from this loan will be used to purchase considerable cotton for the Allies. The movement of new cotton is beginning to make itself felt in the way of hedging sales, but the speculative demand is so keen that it readily absorbs this selling. We believe the advance has gone far enough for the time being, and that a good reaction is in order.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ANNIE L. MILEY, Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1915.
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco. State of California.—No. 19460; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Guardianship and Estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor).

ANNIE HAAF, the guardian of the estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor), having heretofore and on the 10th day of September, 1915, presented to this Court and filed with the Clerk thereof a verified petition to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property described in said petition, which said petition sets forth the condition of the estate of said minor and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of making said mortgage; which said petition is hereby specially referred to for further particulars, and,

It is further appearing to the above entitled Court, from said petition, that said permission to mortgage said property is sought for the reason of renewing the mortgage already subsisting on said real estate, and that it would be beneficial to and for the best interest of said estate that said guardian be permitted to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to said property.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED: that all persons interested in the estate of said minor are hereby required to be and appear before the above entitled Court and Department, at its Courtroom, Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 18th day of October, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property hereinafter more particularly described, should not be mortgaged for the amount of Four Hundred and Forty-four and 45-100 ($444.45) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; which said newspaper the Court hereby finds to be the one most likely to give notice to all of the interested parties of the time and place of the hearing of said petition.

The following is a particular description of the property hereinabove referred to: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

COMMENCING at a point on the Northerly line of Eddy Street, distant thereon two hundred and six (206) feet and three (3) inches Westerly from the point of intersection thereof with the Westerly line of Larkin Street; running thence Westerly and along said Northerly line of Eddy Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Southerly line of Willow Avenue; thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Willow Avenue sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said Northerly line of Eddy Street and the point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition Block No. 8.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: this 10th day of September, 1915.
Endorsed: Filed Sept. 10th, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.—No. 19,478; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

MARIE DUMARAIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.—No. 19,459; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

ARTHUR DIETLE,
Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVI. No. 1205 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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The Balkan Problem
James the Renunciator
Antitoxin in the War
The Towns of the Yser
Father Perrin in Disguise
Hearst as a Peace Propagandist
The Clockwinder Expounds Judge Crothers
Varied Types—Captain W. H. McKittrick

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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A Question of Fitness

From many of our readers we have received letters asking us to point the way for them out of a most perplexing political dilemma. All have asked the same question—which of two candidates they should vote for? Conscientiously we could not advise anybody to vote for either of the two candidates mentioned. But we do not mind telling our friends that we have been inspecting the whole field of aspirants, and that we know of no reason why in the present tragi-comic situation a gentleman by the name of Valentine should not receive the tribute of public preference. We know of nothing that may be urged in favor of Mr. Valentine except perhaps that morally speaking (or should we say chemically?) he is to say the least neutral in character. To be more precise we should say that compared with his rivals Mr. Valentine gives one the impression of innocuousness. We believe he is a tailor by profession whose moderate success in business justifies the presumption that through the years he has lived up to his professions respecting "perfect fits." Surely he could not make a worse fit in the Mayor's office than some of his predecessors.

Taft Refuted by Mrs. Atherton

So distinguished and talented a woman is Gertrude Atherton that it is much to the advantage of an opinion that she is known to hold it. As to the force of her arguments that is a secondary consideration with the audiences she addresses on "votes for women." So we need not scrutinize Mrs. Atherton's logic closely. But it is interesting to observe with what facility she refutes an argument. The other day she tackled former President Taft, and in the first round he was on his back, both shoulders in contact with the floor. "Mr. Taft," she says, "crystallized before the question of women's suffrage had grown to be a vital factor in national life." Furthermore: "He is ultra-conservative, and it is hard for him to adjust himself to new, changed conditions." From this argument it is to be inferred that whenever anything becomes "a vital factor in national life," whatever that may mean, it becomes the duty of everybody to welcome and embrace it—that is to say, every non-crystallized person who is able to see that the factor has become vital. Also, it is to be inferred that we should always be alert and prepared to trim our sails to the breezes of "new, changed conditions." Mrs. Atherton has made a study of the career of Alexander Hamilton whom she greatly admires. We wonder whether she is of the opinion that he could have avoided crystallization long enough to adjust himself to conditions that seemed to make votes for women imperative.

Antitoxin in the War

According to reports from Europe the inestimable value of tetanus antitoxin is daily demonstrated in the war. But there is no likelihood that these reports will abate zoophilist hostility to vivisection in the slightest degree. The discovery of antitoxin through vivisection has completely reversed the mortality from many dread diseases, and the whole world knows that the greatest triumphs of modern surgery have been made possible only through vivisection, but the zoophils are not to be reconciled thereto. It matters not to them that the greatest scourge known to man has been conquered as a result of experiments on only six hundred and six animals; or that by the sacrifice of twenty-five little monkeys and one hundred guinea pigs Dr. Flexner was enabled to produce the serum that is robbing meningitis of its terrors. It makes their blood boil to reflect that the nine lives of one cat were taken to make possible the discovery of the buried suture. All over the country they are as busy as bird dogs urging legislators to discourage vivisection and save harmless animals from the ruthless hand of the barbarous scientist.

Hearst as a Propagandist

The Bulletin is of the opinion that the Hon. William Randolph Hearst is doing more harm than good to the pro-German cause financed by our professional hyphenates. Evidently it has not occurred to the Bulletin that our unemotional chameleon of journalism is not at all concerned about the general effect of his poisonous gases. Mr. Hearst is never an impassioned enthusiast except when furthering his own private interests. Whenever he is pursuing the ignis fatuus of his political or social ambition there is a cause of infinite magnitude at stake, and he makes subservient to that cause all other interests, resentments and reconciliations. But when his papers are profitably vindicating their devotion to a cause not by reason of principle or of intellectual or heartfelt sympathy he has perfect control of his faculties; knows when to hold his tongue, when to temporize, when to throw away the scabbard, when to flop to the other side. Mr. Hearst is no wild-eyed pro-German propagandist. He may be injuring the cause, but he is in touch with the hyphenate sanhedrim whence come the poisonous gases, and it is not his fault if the effect of them is contrary to expectations. It is sufficient for him to know that the service he is rendering is the service desired.

A Premature Peace

The pro-German propaganda is now for peace in the interest of the white race. The white race will cease to dominate the world unless all the white nations maintain their strength and their vitality. Therefore, says the Examiner in a broadside editorial, let us have peace. This is a popular cry. We are all for peace. All the world is sorry that Austria sent an ultimatum to Serbia. The neutral nations are for peace at almost any price. The Hearst papers out of love for humanity and concern for the white race are for obtaining peace by intimidating the Congress of the United States, even at the risk of incurring the bitter enmity of England, France, Russia and Italy. "Write to your Representative in Congress today," says the Examiner, "write and tell him it is outrageous to supply the Allies with the sinews of war and that if he does not vote to withhold the sinews of war the blood of innocent children, dependent widows and stricken mothers will be upon his head." Unfortunately the proposition obediently set forth by the serviceable Mr. Hearst involves a question; for it is by no means self-evident. To withhold munitions and money does not necessarily mean to end the war. Nor is the conclusion inevitable that if the war should be ended now the result would be beneficial to mankind or to the white race. To end the war now would be to strengthen militarism throughout the world. Militarism would be strengthened because it would have proved a tremendous success. Peace now would mean a great triumph for the Central Empires. Thus far they are victorious though vastly inferior to their adversaries in wealth and population and certainly not their superiors in traditional race bravery. All the advantages and victories they have gained have been gained in virtue of a single quality—readiness for war. On paper the Allies are strong enough to recover all that they have lost. If nevertheless, in practice, through world-wide impatience they failed to do so the moral for every country that cares to keep its independence would be (since victory at the outset has been shown synonymous with final victory) to cultivate an instant readiness for war even beyond the standard of German preparedness. Europe would continue to be an armed camp, and this country would, at its peril, refrain from preparation on a gigantic scale. Further, as it has

been shown that militarism is efficient only under a bureaucratic despotism sentiment in favor of systems of political liberty would rapidly wane. These conclusions, unwelcome as they are, regarding the effect of any peace that might be concluded in the near future, seem to be irresistible. Doubtless we shall be told we have made it clear that we desire to see the Germans licked. This is not a logical conclusion. Our chief desire is to show that whatever the nature of his inspiration Mr. Hearst has been uttering nauseous cant. We have pointed out that a peace at this time would be far from a permanent peace; would be, indeed, but a truce, and that in all probability it would be productive of more bloodshed and misery in the long run than a fight to a finish. We would insist that to be consistent a Pacifist should be opposed to any project that would justify militarism. But we do not hold that the German bureaucratic despotism is so bad that the Germans should be licked in order to put an end to it. The more we see of Democratic freedom in England and this country and of desperate loyalty and self-sacrifice and the manifestations of love of country under a bureaucratic despotism the wobblier grow our convictions on matters pertaining to the science of government.

Alienating Public Sentiment

Washington, we are told, is becoming apprehensive of the issues likely to arise when Congress meets. The pro-German propagandists are known to be very busy along the lines suggested by Mr. Hearst. A great effort is to be made to coerce Congressmen. Meanwhile to make it easy for susceptible statesmen that they may seem to be justified in favoring an embargo on American products the American conscience is receiving much attention. Powerful appeals are addressed to it by missionaries concerned for the future of civilization and Christianity. Respecting the general sentiment as it may be crystallized in December when the Congress meets we are not so rash at this time to hazard a conjecture. Much depends we are inclined to think on unpremeditated developments. In some respects the pro-German propagandists are giving evidence of great efficiency, but in the effects on which they do not calculate —the effects of over-zealousness—they lose ground. It is hardly to be gainsaid that they have lost many friends by untoward enthusiasms; as for instance when they suspended business at a big meeting in Chicago to cheer the news that the Arabic had been torpedoed. Assuredly it does not win them friends among Americans when they make it evident that they are trying to dictate the American foreign policy; or when one of their leaders (Henry Weissmann) standing under the American flag, charges that the President has "violated his office of office," and says that he would prefer to live in Germany because Germany "can afford to be magnanimous in this war." Hardly is it to be supposed that Professor Ernst Troeltsch makes it easier for a Congressman to vote for an embargo when he puts forward the idea that after the war Germany will impose her religion on all Europe. Americans are becoming so sensitive that they are censuring the Germanized college professors of American universities who cabled the Kaiser a pledge the other day of their "unwavering fidelity" and an ardent wish for the triumphant return of his armies. Those college professors have lost sight of the fact that many American citizens of foreign birth are not hoping for the triumph of German arms. Or is it that the college professors do not care. This war has brought many boors to light. It is boorishness more than anything else that has provoked resentment of the activities of the pro-German propagandists. The boor may be described as a person who would "break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on." The feelings of other people are no concern of his. Now the Weismanns and the Hexamers of the pro-German propaganda appear to have no respect for the feelings of Americans. What right have Americans to assert a principle or a policy incompatible with the interests of Germany? This is a leading question implied by the conduct of boorish propagandists. It is no wonder that loyal Americans are growing impatient. If they had nothing more to resent than the activities of German spies the situation would be bad enough, but when they hear of German propagandists publicly harassing an American citizen in the streets of an American city for conducting negotiations with men who wish to get credit in order to purchase the products of American farms and factories they wonder to what extremes their hyphenated fellow citizens will go before a halt is called.

James the Renunciator

There has been much unkind and querulous criticism of Henry James for renouncing his citizenship and swearing allegiance to the British crown. What a curious mind is that which holds at once a love of the principles of our government and a prejudice against any American who sees fit to forswear allegiance to his country! This is a nation flatly committed to the practice of self-expatriation. The blood of expatriates is in the veins of most of us. We find no fault with our fathers for renouncing political allegiance to foreign potentates and princes. Why then should we get angry at an American who turns his back on Uncle Sam? To hold that there is anything of dishonor, anything discreditable in transferring one's allegiance from Washington to London is to imply that the blood of this country abounds in tainted corpuscles. It is to reflect on many characters that adorn American history. After all citizenship is largely a matter of taste and temperament. When a man renounces allegiance to the government under which he was born it is not to be argued that his soul is dead; nor does it imply that he is a "wretch concentred all in self," unworthy of minstrel raptures The warmest-hearted lover of his native land may have no love at all for its government. Or he may have an intense reverence for the Constitution and no enthusiasm for the ideas and ideals that fill the public mind. Many aliens have become citizens of this country to promote their material welfare. Some Americans have gone to foreign lands to free their souls from oppression. Repose of mind is to them as desirable as a bank account is to the man with the hoe. Is it all right to go money-chasing and all wrong to seek spiritual comfort? Is it conclusive of a mean nature that a man has become deeply attached to a country that he has lived in and prospered in for forty years? Henry James has lived that number of years in England, and he says that "because of long friendships, associations and interests" formed there he felt that he should vindicate his personal allegiance "in the present and future fortune" of the nation. We see nothing wrong in what Henry James has done. He has done precisely what Americans would expect of an alien in this country. However, it is not pleasant to be reminded by one so prominent in the literary world as Henry James that this country is still far from realizing the glorious prediction of Thomas Jefferson. According to Jefferson, in time this country would attract from all the ends of the earth the leading exponents of all the arts. Jefferson believed that in this republic would arise the modern Athens. There is no sign of it yet. We have the money to buy old masters, we have many multi-millionaires who endow universities, captains of industry with wives who shine in clubdom, but the atmosphere, the temperament, the tone, the taste—the things that appeal to the cultivated mind—these are nowhere to be found on this continent.

The Lantern

A Periodical of Lucid Intervals

Edited by Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

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Varied Types

CCXLVIII—CAPTAIN W. H. McKITTRICK

By Edward F. O'Day

"It was a much greater success than we anticipated. We thought we should have to dig down into our pockets to make up a deficit at the end of the meeting; but instead of that we made a little money."

Thus speaks Captain William Holmes McKittrick concerning the twenty-five days of running races given by the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association on the Exposition race track. Captain McKittrick is on the board of stewards of the association, so he knows whereof he speaks. Conversation with him on the subject of the races which came to an end last Saturday shows him to be genuinely pleased with the success of the venture which is expected to revive thoroughbred breeding and the racing of thoroughbreds in California. As far as I have been able to find out, Captain McKittrick shares this pleasure with all the members of the association, including Governor Johnson.

Captain McKittrick is deeply interested in horses. He is a retired officer of the regular army, so he knows the distressing situation in the matter of remounts which has been caused by the degeneration of racing and the neglect of thoroughbred breeding. He is himself a scientific breeder of polo ponies, with a stud at Bakersfield. During the racing meet which has just come to a close no member of the association entered more whole-heartedly into the spirit of the occasion, or shouldered more of the hard work of preparation than Captain McKittrick.

"The meeting was arranged hurriedly," continued Captain McKittrick, "and there were some few things which would have been handled more satisfactorily if we had a better organization. In this connection I wish to state emphatically that neither the association itself nor any member of the association has received one dollar from bookmakers or anyone else interested in gambling. Our revenues were derived only from the gate receipts, the sale of boxes and some few concessions. And no member put in a bill against the association for anything. Our services and our money were donated. There was gambling during the meeting, of course. But the attitude of the association may be judged from the fact that we hired twenty-seven Pinkertons to restrict it, and their instructions were, wherever they saw signs of gambling, to put the gamblers off the grounds.

"It was not the purpose of the association to make money. Our intention is to pay out whatever money we make in big purses, so that breeders of thoroughbreds may be encouraged. This breeding is a very costly thing, and the breeder should be so protected by law that he will feel justified in making the necessary outlays. We look forward to the protection of a State law. We hope to see the appointment of three State Racing Commissioners who will have all that relates to racing under their control. I sincerely think that we can make racing cleaner in this State than anywhere else in the country.

"If the Legislature permits the adoption of the pari-mutuel system of betting, the obnoxious features of betting will disappear. There will be no pool-selling, no pool rooms. The system is really necessary if racing is to be solidly established and the public protected. With pari-mutuels the association would devote a certain amount of the proceeds to charity, a certain amount to a fund for good roads, and the rest to purses for the stimulation of breeding, the only deduction being for the running expenses of the meeting. There has been no complaint about paris-mutuels where the system has been tried.

"I think we could put up larger purses here than they have anywhere in the East. Californians are deeply interested in racing, are good patrons of the sport. It may surprise you to learn that our daily attendance averaged more than the daily attendance at Ingleside, Tanforan or Emeryville. The number of women who attended was one of the pleasant features. On the closing day when women who had escorts were admitted free, more than four thousand women availed themselves of the opportunity.

"There were a number of racing enthusiasts who came to San Francisco for the meeting. They were mostly from the West. There were not many who came from farther away than Denver. The meeting was arranged on too short notice to attract Easterners. We hope to have another meeting in the spring. By advertising three or four months in advance we shall attract Easterners and eastern horses. That will be a good thing for California, for a great many horses will be sold here after the meeting, especially mares fit for the stud. I think that we can count too on a number of sportsmen from the Pacific Coast of South America.

"We seem already to be accomplishing our object, which is to revive the breeding of thoroughbreds in California. Quite a number of our members have already invested in thoroughbreds, and more are sending East to buy yearlings at the large sales in Kentucky and New York. The great J. B. Haggin sale takes place in Kentucky next month, and there will be members of our association there. And some are going to England to buy mares.

"The thoroughbred is almost a thing of the past in this State. Think of the great stud farms which no longer exist! Let us take some of the great old names at random. There was the McDonough farm at Menlo Park which had not less than forty brood mares, which were mated to the celebrated imported Ormonde for which horse the late William O'Brien McDonough paid $150,000 and an additional sum of not less than ten thousand for getting him here. There was the world-famous Haggin Rancho del Paso where many of the most celebrated studs of the world were housed and where a large number of the best horses produced in America were foaled and raised. Millions of dollars were expended by Messrs. Haggin and Tevis in this enterprise, their great aim being to have the largest and best stud or breeding farm in America, and that they succeeded is admitted by everybody; also the Haggin and Tevis farm at Bakersfield which easily had fifty mares. Captain John Hackett of Danville had about forty mares. Charley Kerr of Bakersfield had thirty. At Santa Anita 'Lucky' Baldwin had about fifty. Theodore Winters had a great farm in Contra Costa county; now the Winters farm in Nevada has only eight or ten. Burns and Waterhouse had about fifty mares. The great Stanford stud at Palo Alto had about fifty mares; they are all gone. J. B. Chase had twenty at Sonoma; there are none of them left. Reis and Colonel Harry I. Thornton of Contra Costa had about twenty-five; Reis has a few now, and is getting deeply interested once more. In Santa Clara county, Judson had about twenty, all gone. At Laurelwood Peter Donahue had fifteen, all gone. There are none left at San Simeon where Senator Hearst had about forty. Hill Brothers at San Diego had about twelve, all gone now. Owens Brothers at Fresno had about ten, and Blasingame at the same place has only about five left. At Modesto Colonel Dorsey had about twenty. Shippee of Stockton had twenty-five. Lopez of Pleasanton had some twenty Australian mares. At Sacramento Pritchard had twenty, Todhunter about the same number and Tom Fox twelve. Cebrian in Santa Barbara county had fifteen or twenty. In Santa Clara Boots still has about forty brood mares, but is not breeding more than twenty of them. A. B. Spreckels has a few at Napa; he used to have thirty-five. Judge McDaniel now has only three mares at Marysville. Rudolph Spreckels at Sobre Vista has only about eight. I have more than twenty at Bakersfield, but I have not been registering the colts. Frank Carolan has about twenty mares, but he doesn't register. Clark has about eight at San Mateo. At Monterey Molera has about fifteen, and at San Jose Joseph has about twelve. At Danville Van Gordan has ten brood mares.

"Where six or seven hundred colts were dropped every year there are not a hundred today. Perhaps the proportion is nearer one to ten. Where the annual sales used to average three-quarters of a million they are about $35,000 now. And the price has decreased from a thousand to $350 per colt.

"The great difference was reflected during the recent meeting in the number of selling races and in the distance. Five-eighths of a mile was the usual distance. A half-bred horse can do that distance, but only a thoroughbred can run a mile and make good time. We want longer races, and we shall have them because there are no bookmakers demanding action on their money six or seven times a day. It is the bookmaker who likes the short distance.

"We are going to help the Government by encouraging the breeding of thoroughbreds. The Government is having great trouble getting desirable mounts. There is too much draught stock in the cavalry; the horses are therefore big and clumsy. We shall help to remedy that condition.

"Take it all in all, we are optimistic about the future. We have met with more success than we counted on, and feel that public opinion is back of us in what we have done and what we propose to do."

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Perspective Impressions

How happy the Examiner would be if it controlled the Chief of Police!

Perhaps the opposition to conscription in England might be overcome by non-resistance to Zeppelin raids.

The world is full of books, but the one some of us are most interested in has not yet been written—the history of the war.

"Teutons checked by Slav counter," says the headline. Obviously, what the Teutons need is a counterjumper.

"A. B. C. diplomacy" for Mexico? Perhaps; but wouldn't "abracadabra diplomacy" describe the situation more accurately?

"Blessed are the peacemakers," says Mr. Hearst; which proves that by deputy as well as in his own propria persona his Satanic Majesty can quote Scripture to suit his purpose.

The Russians slip through as though they were well greased.

To refresh memory: Town Talk was attacking the lotteries while the Examiner was still publishing the weekly lottery lists.

It would not be amiss for Austria to send us an ambassador who is dumber than Dumba.

The latest picture of our Mayor shows him driving a fire engine. We look forward to more pictures of the same sort: Mayor Rolph sweeping a street, Mayor Rolph digging a sewer, Mayor Rolph running an elevator in the City Hall.

Among the pictures we do not expect to see are: Mayor Rolph laying the corner stone for the Municipal Opera House, Mayor Rolph obeying a court order, and Mayor Rolph wearing his Masonic badge.

Wonder if President Wilson has no regrets to express with reference to Administration policies in Mexico.

If Mexico has made him sensible of his fallibility perhaps he may not be so sure that he is right in other matters—as for instance government ownership of steamships.

"He approves of prizefighting and all that sort of thing," says the Examiner of a candidate whom it opposes. We do not know what is meant by "all that sort of thing," but as for prizefighting—well, Jess Willard approves of that, and Jess is quite a pet of the Examiner.

The other day it was reported in the despatches that Henry Ford was prepared to spend $9,000,000 for peace propaganda. Within twelve hours thereafter William J. Bryan arrived in Detroit and went straight to Mr. Ford's home. Which reminds us: "True as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun."

The Towns of the Yser

By Jean De Bosschere

If one could still climb the belfry of the Halles of Ypres, which the invaders have ruined, one would see all round the ruins of twenty villages and a hundred farms. From that high belfry one would see the towns of Passchendaele and Bixchoote and others that have become famous in the communiqueés from headquarters. To the south towards Messines, where many roads cross, stand the ruins of Wytschaete and its hospice. At the end of the great fights which took place round that commune certain batteries of Belgian artillery were authorized to inscribe the name of the Commune on their guns. Then the remains of the Belgian army took up their position on the Dixmude-Nieuport line, and the troops of Sir John French came up to entrench themselves before Wytschaete. If one lowered one's gaze, from the top of that tower of 230 feet, one could see nearer Ypres the villages of St. Eloi and Neuve Eglise, which the English recently retook from the Prussians. It is there that the British trenches begin, and looking away to the south one would see them stretching away towards Armentières, Neuve Chapelle, Coinchy. To the southeast the towers of Lille could be seen, to the west the North Sea. What shall we recover of all those poor communes whose white and red houses clustered around Ypres, Dixmude, Nieuport and Furnes? Shall we find anything more than heaps of shapeless stones?

Last year, before the invasion of my country, I made once more a journey to that rich green country which lies between Yser and the sea. Never did a country less suggest war. For two hundred years peace had brooded over those fresh meadows and those vast fields of flax, as blue as the robe of the Flemish Virgin. Moreover, in the middle of the nineteenth century the last remains of warlike construction disappeared. For between 1855 and 1860 the ancient fortifications of Nieuport and Ypres were demolished.

Since that time this fruitful land has breathed an ineffable quiet. Its pastures and its fields of flax spoke of the peaceful life and the agricultural energy of the population. Those who owned the pastures supplied a good part of Belgium with butter, and sent no small amount to England. As for the flax, it was woven into cloth in the looms which in the thirteenth century numbered 4,000 at Ypres. The town at that time had 200,000 inhabitants, and was already celebrated for its cloth making, as is indicated by the name of its great building, the Cloth Hall, which served the manufacturers as a market and a Bourse. That edifice, the most spacious that had been built in Belgium, was founded by Count Baldwin IX of Flanders in 1200, and finished about 1304. Its three facades, in early Gothic style, were commenced therefore about a hundred years after the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great in London. At Ypres the stones of the Cloth Hall remind one of that beautiful Church of St. John at the Tower of London. However, the style was frankly Gothic the three storys had beautiful arched windows and a corner turret at each end. The great building commanded an immense rectangular Grand' Place, paved with grey stone. These extensive squares are a feature common to all the towns of the Yser. They are perfect models of the Place Publique ;the square belongs to all the citizens, and on occasions of festivity or alarm can contain the whole population of the town. There the cattle markets are held: there hawkers pitch their tents. It is from the square that the celebrated processions start out: such as that of Furnes, which ever since the twelfth century has been known by the name of the Procession des Pénitents. This procession takes place on the last Sunday of July, and represents in the mediaeval setting of the streets scenes from the Passion and the Old Testament. The old procession at Ypres sets out from the Church of St. Martin, built opposite the Halles. This church was dedicated to St. Martin at the same time as the Abbey of Westminster: that is to say, in the eleventh century, but, like it, was reconstructed later on in the thirteenth century. The choir of the church, which the Germans have ruined, is a fine specimen of transition style. It has no ambulatory or chapels, and is decorated with the remarkable stalls of Veban Taillebart (1598) with a screen covered with alabaster statues of saints.

During the bombardment of Ypres a large number of the works of art which were the glory of the large and small communes of the Yser were saved. But, alas, many have been shattered or burnt. Those which were preserved have been exhibited at Havre, and may some day be seen in London. Everywhere there were rare and exquisite works. In the Church of St. Martin especially there was an excellent picture by Jan Thomas, a pupil of Rubens, representing an ecclesiastic kneeling before the Virgin. It was there also that stood the tomb of the celebrated Jansénius, Bishop of Ypres, founder of the sect named after him.

One looked down from the tower upon wide

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deserted streets leading into the Grand' Place. The extraordinary width of the streets is another characteristic of the towns of Nieuport, of Dixmude, of Ypres and of Furnes. These are the old wide roads of the flat country, where there was no need to economize the surface of the earth, and where the sun is seldom too fierce. At Naples and at Genoa the town is huddled between the rocky hills and the bay, and the houses are built along narrow goat-paths. In the same way, for example, at Dinant the streets run very narrow along the banks of the river under the shadow of the neighboring cliffs. At Ypres the broad highways stretch out freely. They are like the slow, wide, straight canals which cut up in every direction the meadows and the uniform fields of Western Flanders. The most famous is certainly the Rue au Beurre, and the Rue de Lille, which is called there "Belle-Gasthuis."

The guides are utterly mistaken when they tell us that half a day suffices for a visit to these delicious towns of the Yser, which now will never be completely restored from their ruins. In every one of them there are—or rather there were—a hundred magnificent houses, small or great, modest or imposing. I have seen them in the morning in the rosy mist which suffused the sleeping towns; I have seen them under the noonday sun when no living being showed itself outdoors; and I have seen them in the twilight, and then they were like those blue decorations which fill the background of the early Flemish paintings. I have seen the red-brick tower of the Church of St. Nicholas at Ypres, all bloody in the evening sun; and the old Tower of the Templars, and the Belfry at Nieuport bathed in the morning exhalations which have come in from the sea; and the Spanish Pavilion at Furnes, glittering in the sun with more brilliance than the Cordova leather which decorates the halls of the Hotel de Ville in the same commune. At Ypres one walked among miracles. At the very foot of the belfry was the Nieuwerk, a charming Renaissance structure, the first floor of which was supported by columns like the Doges' Palace at Venice. And nearer the Belfry was the Town Hall, a Gothic monument of the fourteenth century, destroyed by the Germans of the twentieth. There were old and modern pictures in it. The pictures for the most part have been saved—Rubens, Brueghels, Ostades.

And I remember that before I came down from the Belfry at Ypres I looked for a long time at all the square towers with slate roofs which, with their little clusters of houses, were sprinkled about in the distance, at cross roads or near bridges on the banks of the canals. And they pointed out to me the Tower of Roulers, to Dixmude how precious one day would become the memories I was storing up. At Dixmude, in spite of the approach of nightfall, I got them to open for me the remarkable Church of St. Nicholas that I might admire once more Jordaens' Adoration of the Magi, and the seventeenth-century baptismal font of marble covered with copper. Idling about the streets—it was a Sunday evening—the peasants and the townspeople reminded me of those of Brittany. But here the men were richer and the soil more fruitful. Was it for that reason that 20,000 Belgians watered it with their blood in the battle of October, 1914?

Next day at dawn a great black fishing boat took me to Nieuport along the canalized stream of the Yser. I cannot now recall that peaceful voyage without profound emotion when I think of the tragedy which has been enacted along the banks of that river, and the murderous roar which for months has proceeded under that pale the little town where the Germans placed their great guns in order to destroy more certainly all the wonders that were spread out below me in the old town, which from all its bells rang a canticle of peace.

As the reports from the front have already indicated, hills are rare between Nieuport and Dixmude and Ypres. The land is like a great green and blue cloth furrowed with yellow roads and silvery canals. From the canals there run innumerable little brooks, which sustain the life of the meadows where browsed thousands of white cows, spotted with brown and black. In summer the Flemish laborers, placid and healthy, steep the flax in the water of the ditches, and one sees them, armed with long wooden crooks, sprinkling with water the cloth which whitens in the sun on the grass of the fields. Long files of Canada poplars stand along the sides of the roads and the canals. The windows from the sea have bowed them towards the interior; their pear-shaped crowns stand out against a pale sky, where round clouds float upon the western breeze. Sometimes the sky darkens, and the cows and the cloth seem less white on the darkened grass. A red storm passes and shakes the thin poplars and lashes the waters of the canal.

From the fifteenth-century Belfry at Nieuport, from that at Furnes, which was so singularly finished in 1604, from the Tower at St. Nicholas at Dixmude: everywhere one looked out over the same tranquil and melancholy landscape. I did not know as I walked for four hours from Ypres sky which stretched all round me and melted into the distance into the sea, where at this moment thunder the ironclads of England and France.

I remember, as I write, that my tour in that corner of my country began at Furnes. And I know that it was against the background of the Grand' Place at Furnes that King Albert reviewed his decimated and exhausted troops after the retreat from Antwerp. Before the Chatellerie of 1612, where the councils of the Inquisition were held, before the Renaissance Corps de Garde, in front of the grave and splendid monuments of the past, those troops, ravaged by death, were ranged. The bugles sounded over the fields, the words of command rang out, the wind fluttered the flags. The English, French and Belgian soldiers were as overcome with emotion as the crowd gathered on this last fragment of the Fatherland.

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 10

Robert Morris—"Financier of the Revolution"

IT has been said the three very great men of our War for Independence were Washington, Franklin and Morris. In the history of mankind no man ever had a more arduous commission than did Morris in financing the armies of Washington. The credit of the nation was practically valueless and time after time it was the personal credit of Morris which brought forth the money. The financial means raised from his own private resources made the victory at Trenton possible. When Washington proposed the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army, it was from Morris, the patriot and private citizen, and not from the Treasury of the Confederated States from which the money came. Thus Washington's last great victory was made possible and the long and bloody struggle for National Independence brought to an end. Morris was the first to suggest our present system of national banks—the best banking system that any nation has ever known. He was the first American to send a ship forth flying the Stars and Stripes. Like Franklin, he signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He was very hospitable, and whenever Washington visited Philadelphia he was the guest of Morris. He was ever a moderate user of light wines and barley brews and opposed Prohibition Laws, which make the many suffer for the faults of the few. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley malt and Saazer hop brews which the wisdom of Morris knew make for real temperance. To-day at the home of BUDWEISER 7500 people are daily required to meet the natural public demand. BUDWEISER'S ever-increasing popularity comes from quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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The Balkan Problem

By Robert McTavish

The tangled Balkan problem has become a matter of supreme interest and importance. At this moment at which I am writing Bulgaria after a year of hesitation is face to face with a definite choice. Since the beginning of the present war Bulgaria has pursued a curious and unclear policy. She has remained nominally neutral, but has at the same time taken up an attitude which fills the Allies with the gravest misgivings. Bulgaria has lost a large part of the territorial conquests which she made in the course of the first Balkan War, but has been promised the re-cession of lost territory. Nevertheless she has been playing fast and loose with the Allies. Some weeks ago a band, about 2,000 men strong, attacked Serbia in the most vulnerable quarter. A deliberate attack was made upon the bridges of the vitally important railway which leads from Salonika to Nish. The Bulgarian Government explained that it was not responsible for that attack, that it was due to dissatisfied Turks who resented being governed by Serbians. The Serbian Government, on the other hand, has furnished official evidence from which it appears that the Bulgarian Government had cognizance of the hostile expedition before it was undertaken. However, it was no doubt a great shock to the Allies to learn that Bulgaria had promised Turkey a benevolent neutrality, for it has seemed that it was to her interest to get Macedonia.

The permanent interests of Bulgaria are simple, definite, and few. She has no dreams of a wide and scattered empire, as the Greeks have. If she should include every village of Bulgar race within her frontiers, she would be still a small Power compared with the legitimate hope which Serbia and Roumania entertain. Bulgaria's claim to Macedonia is as just a claim as any race in Europe can prefer to any territory not yet its own. But Bulgaria has another interest—her own effective independence. Of that she has always been jealous, and the gratitude which she sincerely felt for Russia's work of liberation in 1877, has never allowed her to become the instrument of Russian policy. All the politics of the Balkans have turned for half-a-century on the Austro-Russian rivalry. Serbia, geographically remote from Russia, has turned to her for protection against her dangerous neighbor, Austria. Bulgaria, with an exposed coast on the Black Sea, tended rather to lean on Austria, which is nowhere her neighbor.

The question which Bulgaria has now to answer, is whether she dare, by her action or even by her inaction, place the Balkans under an Austro-German hegemony. Across her territory runs the railway which the Central Powers must use for the military and economic subjugation of the East. Even if Germany should facilitate for her the acquisition of Macedonia, the fact remains that over Macedonia lies the road to Salonika, and on that eligible port the forward Austrian party has certainly not renounced its claims merely because the Greek flag flies over it.

The road to Salonika, by the way, is what all the controversy has been about. It caused the delay in negotiations with the Balkan States. The road to Salonika is of the utmost importance to Serbia, and it has been hard for the Allies to convince Serbia that her own preservation depends on an understanding with Bulgaria. The great route which leads from Austria-Hungary to Salonika and Constantinople runs right through the centre of Serbia. Thus, Nature has made Serbia against her will the guardian of two of the most important strategical points in Europe and in the world.

During two centuries Russia and Austria-Hungary have striven for the control of Constantinople and Salonika. Austria-Hungary has for many decades endeavored to control the precious high-road which leads to the two goals of Austro-German expansion policy. At, and after, the Congress of Berlin she strove unceasingly to make Serbia an Austrian vassal. With this end in view she brought about a war between Bulgaria and Serbia in 1885 and has endeavored ever since to force her little neighbor into subjection by a deliberate and unceasing policy of persecution. At the Congress of Berlin Austria had insisted that Serbia should not have an outlet to the sea so as to enable the Dual Monarchy to control Serbia's trade. Depending upon Austria for intercourse with the outer world Serbia was deliberately ill-used by her powerful neighbor. Austria interfered unceasingly in Serbia's domestic policy and kept the little kingdom continually in a state of unrest.

Whenever Serbia endeavored to follow an independent policy Austria penalized her either by bringing about revolts or by closing the Austrian frontier to Serbian trade. As 90 per cent of Serbia's foreign trade went across the Austro-Hungarian frontier, the Dual Monarchy could exercise the strongest pressure upon the unhappy country. When Serbia refused to equip her army with inferior guns made in Austria and purchased her artillery, notwithstanding Austria's threats, from France, and when the harassed country endeavored to conclude a customs agreement with her neighbor Bulgaria, notwithstanding Austria's veto, Austria closed the frontiers to Serbian trade and created widespread ruin in Serbia.

Austro-Hungary was responsible for the first Balkan War. She brought it about in the hope that it would end in a Serbian defeat and lead to Serbia's absorption in the Dual Monarchy. When the allies were victorious Austria brought about a second Balkan War by encouraging Bulgaria to attack her allies, feeling confident that Bulgaria would defeat Greece and Serbia and that Rumania and Turkey would remain neutral. When the second Balkan War ended in Bulgaria's defeat Austria wished to attack Serbia in order to control the important strategical lines which lead to Salonika and Constantinople. That has recently been revealed to the world by leading Italian statesmen. Owing to Italy's and Germany's refusal, the enterprise against Serbia had to be adjourned. The murder of the Archduke became a welcome pretext for an attack upon that country which, it was hoped, would enable the Austro-German Alliance to seize the route towards Salonika and Constantinople and make possible the creation of a great homogeneous State reaching not merely from Hamburg to Trieste, but to Baghdad and to the Persian Gulf.

During the present struggle Serbia is entirely dependent for intercourse with her friends and allies upon the Salonika railway. Via Salonika only can she receive the support and the military stores which she requires. It would be fatal for her to be cut off from that important harbor.

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Poems About San Francisco

CCXI—UNDER THE RAINBOW

By George Sterling

(George Sterling's latest poem was inspired by our glorious World's Fair. It was published in the September "Sunset.")

Behold we now that City of the Sun
  Whose fame the tale of western legend told—
Queen of that realm where chartless rivers run
  On fabled sands of gold?

They seem not of this earth, these shafts of stone
  Born of a wingèd vision and its grace—
Azures and ambers found in dream alone,
  And found for but a space.

For like to these the dome of Xanadu,
  A bubble lifting from enchanted light,
Shone on the wall of that immortal blue
  The poet saw by night.

Surely in cities of another star
  Such waters and empurpled marbles gleam;
Or these the imaginary towers are
  In vistas of a dream.

Not so. For here the hidden soul of man
  Gives to the day his word of the sublime;
Earth's is the given beauty, and the plan
  Of our own place and time.

Nor need we other worlds to show what Art
  Whispers of her perennial domain—
Whispers, till in her chosen builder's heart
  The vision lives again.

Humble, O man! thine ancient heritage:
  See now what temples and what halls thou hast!
In years to come shall be thy Golden Age,
  When this shall be the Past.

Hope draws her iris from untasted wells,
  And on her skies, in prophecy divine,
Serenely with the rainbow's arch foretells
  What domes shall yet be thine.

The Spectator

A Decision Expounded

The ferry clock was three minutes slow one day last week, and the imprecations of commuters could be heard on Goat Island. The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock has been apologizing ever since. "It was all my fault," he said, when asked by the Governor's secretary, Mr. McCabe, what had happened to the clock. Secretary McCabe told him that complaints had been pouring into the Governor's office for several days.

"It was this way," said the clockwinder. "Justice Lawlor was in the pendulum room trying to explain Judge Crothers' decision to me—the decision in the municipal railway case."

Secretary McCabe smiled. "Was the little justice able to make it clear to you?"

"No, he only made me dizzy. I don't think he understands it himself, but it's a cinch he'll vote to affirm the decision. By the bye, do you understand it?"

The bland secretary admitted that all he understood was that Judge Crothers had put himself beyond danger of a recall.

"Yes, I think he's perfectly safe," said the clockwinder. "He decided the case according to the law of vox populi, the law as laid down by his ancestor Dogberry. 'There are two kinds of injunctions,' said Crothers, 'the prohibitory and the mandatory. The prohibitory compels you to desist, the mandatory doesn't. In this case I find that the injunction was mandatory because if I should find it prohibitory I should have to send somebody to jail and stop the cars. It was mandatory because the Mayor was ordered to go ahead—' "

"But he wasn't," said McCabe, interrupting the clockwinder.

"Yes, he was," said the water front exegetist. "According to Judge Crothers it was a mandatory injunction which means that the Mayor was not ordered to desist, but to go ahead—to go ahead and stop the cars, I suppose. I think that's how Justice Lawlor understands it."

"But," said Mr. McCabe, "apparently the Mayor had nothing to do with it. The judge fined Cashin, the superintendent."

"Ah," said the clockwinder, "you don't understand. The Mayor in this instance is a higher-up and it's against the law to punish higher-ups."

Here the wheels in the clock began to creak, and the clockwinder proceeded to oil them, remarking at the same time that Judge Crothers ought to use a little lubricant on his decisions to make them go down easy.

The Clockwinder Sees the Joke

"You don't appear to have a high opinion of Judge Crothers' ability as a jurist," Secretary McCabe observed.

"You're in error," said the clockwinder. "I think that the decision in the contempt case gives him high rank among vox populi jurists. His decision implies that it's a damned hard job to get in contempt of the Superior Court, and I think that proves him a man of discernment. It's a wise judge who sees himself as others see him. There's only one fault I find with the decision, but to mention it is to be hypercritical."

"What fault do you find?"

"Well, I don't like to see my friend Cashin fined. I think the judge had an impediment in his logic, else he'd have got as far away from the Mayor as possible and fined a motor man or the fellow that starts the juice."

Secretary McCabe laughed as though he had heard a good joke.

The clockwinder looked as though he were astonished. "Well," he said, "I suppose it is a laughing matter. After all why not laugh? Especially why not laugh when we see the people taking it so complacently? Apparently they are satisfied. They wanted the recall, and they've got it and as a result they've got precisely the kind of court they deserve."

A Joke Expounded

To switch the conversation Secretary McCabe remarked that as the decision was a victory for his friend Rolph he had no fault to find with it.

The clockwinder smiled. "That's a good joke too," he said. "There are enongh good jokes in the whole thing to make good comic opera. But I don't know whether this particular joke is on the Mayor or the dear people. I'd ask Crothers, but I don't suppose he knows either. It was probably an unconscious joke on his part." Here the clockwinder laughed heartily. But Mr. McCabe who has not a very keen sense of humor did not even smile.

"What are you driving at?" he asked.

"The Mayor," the clockwinder went on to explain, "has been getting a lot of glory out of this case. We all thought he kept the cars going. He said he'd rather go to jail than stop the cars. But along comes Judge Crothers who spent a couple of weeks resolving in his massive brain the question whether an injunction injuncts, and he says Rolph didn't have anything to do with it. He says it was Cashin that did it or didn't do it—all depending on whether the injunction was prohibitory or mandatory. But the Mayor says 'Hurrah, it's a victory for me.' Now I think Jim is in contempt for calling Crothers a liar, for Crothers had already decided that it was a victory for Cashin."

"I'll have to admit," said Secretary McCabe, "that there is an element of humor in it."

"If the clock stops again," said the water front sage, "you'll know that I'm thinking about Crothers and the dear people and shaking the clock tower with laughter."

The Clockwinder's Ticket

The clockwinder created a commotion along the water front this week when he put his primary ticket in circulation. For be it known all the 'longshoremen take advice from the clockwinder as to how they should vote for they have confidence in his judgment. At the head of his ticket was Ralph McLeran for Sheriff. Now there are a lot of small-fry politicians who think that Tom Finn has the water front "sewed up," as

they express it. They were very indignant when they heard that McLeran was the clockwinder's choice. They demanded an explanation. "I'm for McLeran," said the clockwinder, "because he's an honest Supervisor and no four-flusher with Labor."

"Do you mean," he was asked, "that Finn is a four-flusher?"

"Well," said the clockwinder, "he was supposed to be at the helm in Sacramento, but I noticed that he did not put much over at the last session though he was very friendly with the Administration which, so far as I could see, had a very fine conservative streak on."

The clockwinder is strong for honest Supervisors, and that he explains is why he is for Billy McCarthy for Assessor and for the re-election of Alexander Vogelsang; also for the election of John Herget who made a good record when he was a member of the board some years ago. His choice for Police Judge is T. I. Fitzpatrick, "because," as he explains, "I know that he is not only a man of ability but that he has long been identified with clean amateur athletics. I've noticed all through my life that the man who is a stickler for purity in athletics and who gives his time to encouraging boys in developing a sound body for a sound mind is the kind of man you can depend on for the square deal in all the relations of life."

Father Perrin in Disguise

Father Arch Perrin, the well beloved rector of the fashionable Church of St. Mary the Virgin, is devoted to good drama and good music. That he will go a long way in quest of them this little story proves. Father Perrin is not a member of the Family Club, but he has many good friends who belong. From some of these he heard about "The Spirit of Youth," the little play written by Martin V. Merle and Cass Downing (Merle contributing the book and Downing the music) for this year's Flight of the Stork, the annual jinks given by the Family in its country place near Woodside. Father Perrin conceived a strong desire to witness the production of "The Spirit of Youth" which took place on Sunday evening, September 5. But there is a rule in the Family Club that only four San Franciscans who do not belong to the club may be invited to the annual jinks. The writer of the play has the privilege of inviting two local friends, and so has the composer of the music. Father Perrin was not acquainted with Merle or Downing, so it seemed that his desire to witness the performance would remain unsatisfied. But it only seemed so, for Father Perrin is a man of resource. There was an unusually large crowd at the Family jinks this year, and it was found on Saturday that additional waiters would be needed to serve the throng that would sit down to the open-air dinner on Sunday evening immediately before the play. The extra waiters arrived at the farm Sunday afternoon. One of them was a slight, blonde young man with a small straw-colored mustache. This was none other than Father Perrin in disguise. The mustache was assumed for the occasion, and the masquerade was completed when he put on a white coat.

"Among those I waited on at table," says Father Perrin, "was Harvey Bassett who was a chum of mine at college. When he failed to recognize me I knew I was safe. I waited on a number of others whom I know very well."

His waiting duties over Father Perrin witnessed the play in company with other waiters and a small army of chauffeurs.

"It was well worth the trouble," he declared. "I did not dream that little open-air theatre could be made so beautiful."

A Virile Clergyman

A clergyman of unusual force of personality is this Father Arch Perrin of the High Episcopal Church who wanted to see a play so badly that he donned a false mustache and a garcon's coat for the achievement of his purpose. You see him everywhere, with all sorts of people. He might be described as a clergyman-about-town, as we speak of a man-about-town, and there would be nothing offensive in the designation. The last time I met him he was in one of the big hotels, chatting with the genial assistant manager. Whom do you suppose he was there to meet? A convict, just released from prison. Father Perrin took an active interest in the fight to have Abe Ruef released on parole. It will be recalled that he wrote to the Prison Commissioners offering to make Ruef his secretary when the former boss emerged from San Quentin. He is very much of a man, Father Perrin, and one of the best proofs is that the fellows who went through the San Jose high school and Stanford University with him are still his warmest friends. He marries them, baptizes their children, and exerts upon them the influence of his qualities. Down at Stanford they still sing the songs he wrote while there. In controversy as in everything else he is the opposite of a mollycoddle. Readers of Town Talk may recall some of his articles—one in particular wherein he paid his vigorous disrespects to certain features of the local Y. M. C. A. Take him by and large, I am not a bit surprised that Father Perrin had no hesitation about disguising himself as a menial to accomplish a purpose he considered important.

The Tribune Case

Under the present management the Oakland Tribune is losing money. So it appears from testimony brought out before Judge Ogden in the suit by which Mrs. Will Dargie is trying to recover control of the paper. According to her attorney, Stanley Moore, the executors of the estate have been handling it somewhat loosely, to say the least, and he has adduced testimony showing that Alfred Holman and Francis Loomis who are each drawing $100 a week from the Tribune obtained an option on the paper without paying a cent; John Conners, an executor, admitted that this was so on the witness stand. He admitted also that in order that they might investigate as to values they were employed one as general manager and the other as editor of the Sunday paper at $100 a week. Thus has the cost of the paper been increased. It has been increased also by a raise of salary for Mr. Conners, and by paying Melvin Dargie $100 a week. Attorney Moore startled his opponents the other day by pronouncing the litigation designed to impair Mrs. Dargie's interest as blackmail. He said he had so informed Edgar Peixotto when the suits were threatened, and that Peixotto said he would have nothing to do with it. Attorney Cole, representing the other side, objected to the use of the word blackmail.

"Well," said Moore, "I repeat—blackmail."

Judge Ogden suggested as a solution of the whole problem that Mrs. Dargie should buy the other half of the Tribune. Moore said she stood willing to do so. Time was asked by the other side to consider the proposition, and court adjourned. When the parties again appeared Mrs. Dargie's opponents announced that they would not consent to the purchase.

Unaccustomed Frankness

> Things are dull in Los Angeles and have been dull for many months.
>
> The real truth is that business and development have halted to such an extent that the prices of innumerable pieces of desirable real estate have slumped below actual values.
>
> If Los Angeles were as comparatively prosperous at the present time as some of the perfervid or ill-advised boosters would have the world think, one might indeed say with a tourist visitor who wrote the editor of this department a few days ago: "If this is Los Angeles prosperity, I'd hate to be adrift here when things are dull."

Would you believe it? These words of amazing frankness are taken from a Los Angeles paper. They appeared in the Los Angeles Times of Sunday, September 12, in a column headed "Fact and Comment." What is coming over Los Angeles? Has she suddenly discovered that honesty is the best policy? Or were the words written by an editor who suffered from mental dyspepsia as the result of too much boosting? There is also reference in the "Fact and Comment" column to what a tourist in Los Angeles characterized as "boosting by perjury."

"Boosting by Perjury"

The Sacramento Bee gives an instance of this

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"boosting by perjury" as practiced by the enterprising men of the chemically pure city. The Bee quotes Arthur Bacon of Des Moines, Iowa, as stating in Lodi that he was told at Provo and Salt Lake, Utah, that the only feasible automobile route to San Francisco was by way of Owens Canyon and Los Angeles. This falsehood was attributed to Los Angeles agents stationed in Utah for the purpose of diverting motorists from the direct route to San Francisco, via Sacramento. Here is a very reprehensible practice. However, the employment of agents to direct travelers is not a bad thing in itself; and when trickery is resorted to for the purpose of damaging this city it would seem that San Francisco is badly in need of such agents. I think the California Development Board which is trying to enlarge and improve its work might consider the matter.

A Merchant Horrified

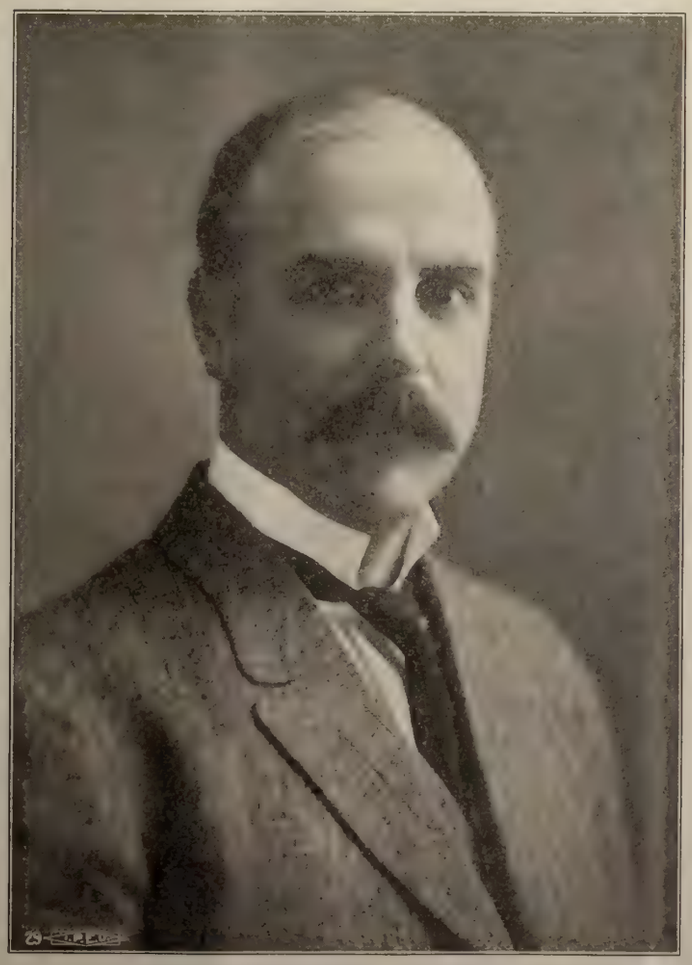
Shade of Herbert Spencer! Revisit the glimpses of the moon and give ear to our moral merchants who are horrified, as they should be, at the lotteries of San Francisco. I invoke the shade of crusty Herbert because the old gentleman had a horror not of lotteries but of merchants. You remember what he said about them in his essay "The Morals of Trade," which was written before trade had been purified by the Department Store or even before laws were enacted to prevent the mixing of starch with cocoa and the coloring of confectionery with chromate of lead which is almost as bad as conducting a lottery. The law has done much to improve the merchant's conscience since Spencer's day. It has not stopped bargain sales or the fictions by which trade is stimulated, but most of the merchant's deceptions are venial now, and for self-protection he refrains from many of the illicit practices whereby formerly he earned an evil reputation. It has come to pass that the merchant has a horror of the sins of others, especially those sins that hurt business by diverting money from legitimate trade. How refreshing then would it be to the shade of Herbert Spencer to listen, let us say, to Marshall Hale whose six-year-old son and heir said to him the other day, "Papa, let's look at the lottery list." "Now," says Mr. Hale, "suppose that when he becomes old enough to have an allowance he invests a quarter in a ticket and wins, says $2.50. What will be the result? He will think he has discovered a quick road to fortune and start upon a career of lottery buying." Fancy a son of Hale taking the wrong road to fortune! Enough, assuredly, to make pater shudder. How immoral to invest money unwisely! In the philosophy of a merchant whose profits are large, a quick road to fortune with no cinch at the end is the way to financial damnation. Mr. Hale is a stern, common-sense moralist. Doubtless he refused to advertise in the Examiner in the days when the ultra-moral journal was publishing the winning numbers with never a twinge of conscience.

"Cobby" Returns to Examiner

The Evening Call is to have a new managing editor, Edmond D. Coblentz who has occupied that position ever since the Call entered the evening field having been lured back to the Examiner. Coblentz, or "Cobby" as he is known to his friends, is one of the city's best newspapermen. He won his spurs as a reporter on the Examiner under City Editor Jack Barrett, distinguishing himself particularly as a waterfront reporter. His success in editorial positions was equally brilliant, and when he joined the Call forces under F. W. Kellogg, he was really missed by the Examiner. I have it on the best of authority—the authority of Kellogg himself—that his retirement from the managing editorship of the Call is deeply regretted. However, the Examiner is greatly in need of a man like Coblentz who knows San Francisco thoroughly and has a large circle of friends. The new managing editor of the Examiner, Justin McGrath, is a stranger here. Coblentz returns to the Examiner as McGrath's assistant, and will be a tower of strength in that position. The Examiner's hold on the mysterious sources of exclusive news—the sort of news which lies outside reportorial routine—was a good deal relaxed with the death of Watt Brown. Coblentz is in a position to correct that deficiency. Rumors of a disagreement between Coblentz and Kellogg have no basis in fact. I am quite sure that Coblentz would have been retained by the Call had that paper been in a position to better the generous offer with which the Examiner tempted him back.

Von Wiegand's Success

Every once in a while a big war story comes from Germany under the name of Karl von



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AT THE

PRIMARY

Wiegand. The latest is an interview with the commander of the Zeppelin fleet which bombarded London. Those who follow war news closely will remember that von Wiegand has had access to the German firing line both on the eastern and western fronts, also that he has interviewed the German Crown Prince and some of Germany's greatest generals. Von Wiegand's has been one of the big journalistic successes during this war. It is interesting on that account to know that Karl von Wiegand used to be a newspaperman in San Francsico. It is not so very long ago—not more than five years—that Karl von Wiegand was a reporter here. He worked on the Examiner, the Call, the Chronicle and the Associated Press, and did not distinguish himself. He was not regarded as in any way a brilliant or exceptional reporter. He was industrious, reliable and steady, but his city editors never entrusted big stories to him. About five years ago von Wiegand was suddenly gripped by ambition. He went abroad. Being a German, and having that valuable "von" in his name, he found no difficulty in obtaining a position with the Associated Press in Berlin. It was apparently the position that just suited him for he began to distinguish himself right away. His name was signed to cables and special correspondence long before the war started. But it has been since the war started that this San Francisco newspaperman has come notably to the front.

Jack Carrigan on the Philippines

Some time ago Professor Iyenaga declared that his country had no desire for the Philippines. This has moved John N. Carrigan to write a letter to the New York Sun. Jack Carrigan is well known here where he was born and raised. He is a brother of Andrew Carrigan of the hardware firm and of Clarence Carrigan who is a member of the American consular service, stationed in France. Some years ago Jack Carrigan bought a plantation at Davao on the island of Mindanao, and he has been managing it ever since, making visits to San Francisco at long intervals. His views on the Philippines are interesting and authoritative. He thinks that Professor Iyenaga should give fuller explanation of Japan's position, for he points out that "there are some 4,000 Japanese on the island of Mindanao alone, and two Japanese companies in this particular district engaged in the hemp business whose laborers are practically all Japanese." The pearl shell industry, he says, is largely in Japanese hands. "The Japanese even in this climate are better colonists than the natives." He explains: "The Japanese work with an intelligent eye to the future, while the natives work with perhaps an equally intelligent eye on next Sunday's cockfight and the pesos necessary for a proper enjoyment of the universal pastime." It would seem from all this that Japan is quietly exploiting the Philippines as she is exploiting the Hawaiian Islands. Carrigan says the islands do not pay at present, but could be made to. "This the American Government will realize some day if it steps out and another nation steps in with commercial prosperity in mind first and education second. And the stepping in will eventually occur as a necessary sequence to the stepping out, the Philippines, unlike Mexico, being unaffected by the Monroe Doctrine."

What Is a "Boche?"

The word is becoming a familiar one. Used at first by the French troops alone, it is now found in such English writers as Kipling as an uncomplimentary term for a German. One of the English papers tells of a young French girl, who has been imprisoned by the Germans for having applied the word to the Kaiser's troops. The girl whose name is Gabrielle Barthel, is accused of having handed to a French soldier who was a prisoner of the Germans, a slip of paper on which the following words were written: "Long live France! Do you know that the boches have been badly beaten at Arras?" The paper was found by a German officer, who ordered the girl's arrest, and she was brought before a German magistrate who was called upon to pass sentence. The magistrate was convinced that the word "boches" was intended as an insult to the Germans, but, being unable to understand the meaning of the word, he decided to send the case to a higher court. Meanwhile, it is said, the girl is in prison and all efforts of her friends to obtain her release have failed. The magistrate should have consulted a French dictionary of slang. In the "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte" or of Parisian slang, published in 1867, the word is said to mean "mauvais sujet," or rascal, in the slang language of the girls of the lower quarters of Paris, who, however, prefer a "boche" to an amiable, polite, reserved young man. The term is said to have been applied to the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war. In a slang dictionary of 1889 it is given as follows: "Boche (popular), a rake or a rip. Tete de Boche—a wooden head. Also a German. This expression is applied to a dull-witted person." In Jean Richepin's dictionary of 1896 the meaning is given simply as "a German."

Physician—Your husband must have absolute rest.

Mrs. Bilton—Just as I constantly tell him. But he won't listen to me, doctor.

Physician—That's a good beginning, madam. Good day!

"He and she have rather conflicting opinions on the subject of kissing."

"They ought to put their heads together on the matter."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned MINNIE CONLON, Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John S. Hogan, attorney-at-law, number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

MINNIE CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

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L. R. LONGFELLOW,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, 1915.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Her "Notable Success"

That is the phrase which New York chroniclers of social doings apply to Mrs. Fletcher Ryer's invasion of Newport. The Newport season is over, and the bavardes are now engaged in summing up its triumphs and its failures. First among its triumphs they place the San Francisco matron's penetration of the charmed circle. "In summing up the Newport season," says one of these, "it cannot be said that there were more than two notable successes—Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Mrs. George Widener." One of the smart affairs of the Newport season was the Horse Show. Concerning this we read: "Mrs. Fletcher Ryer came early and stayed late, and though I did not see everybody crowding into her box to greet her, she had enough callers to satisfy any reasonable neophyte." Of course Mrs. Ryer's daughter Doris shared in her success. I have seen Doris's picture in the Sunday supplement of the New York Times, which is regarded as no mean distinction. Decidedly, when Mrs. Ryer returns to San Francisco she will be in a position to lord it over most of our sets, for many have attempted the storming of Newport but very few have gotten in.

It Takes Money

The financial outlay required for a successful season of entertaining at Newport is enormous, particularly in the case of a newcomer who has her way to make. Let me quote a paragraph in a New York paper which illustrates:

"Since her return to her palatial West End home, one of St. Louis's leading matrons has had a crestfallen air that puzzled her friends. Now they have found an explanation for it in madame's disastrous Newport campaign, echoes of which have drifted homeward. She should have considered that her husband's wealth is a mere pittance in comparison with the amount necessory to make an impression at Newport."

So it is to be inferred that Mrs. Ryer has spent a great deal of money at Newport this season. No doubt she considers the money well spent, since it brought her Newport distinction. Still, I cannot help asking in the language of one of the popular cartoonists, Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?

Melba Seeks Quiet

Madame Melba has been the guest of the Will Crockers at New Place ever since her concert last Sunday. The Crockers are old friends of the great singer, and when they asked her to New Place she accepted with alacrity. The fact is, Madame Melba found no peace or quiet in San Francisco. She is the idol of all Australians, and it seemed as if every man and woman from the antipodal commonwealth living here was seeking to make her acquaintance. She was besieged with cards, notes and telephone messages until she grew weary of trying to dodge. So she went down to the seclusion of New Place with unusual eagerness.

Mrs. Atherton and the Six Best

Last week I had something to say about the New York Times' symposium on the subject of the six best novels in our language. The novelists who were asked to compile lists submitted all sorts of titles, but in the end "Vanity Fair" and "Tom Jones" emerged as the favorites. I mentioned that there was no expression of opinion from Gertrude Atherton. Since I wrote, a letter of Mrs. Atherton's has been published in the Times. She refuses to submit a list of the six best novels in English, and gives reasons in her characteristic forthright fashion. "I for one," she confesses, "find it impossible to re-read any of those famous novels I can call so glibly to mind, although between the ages of fifteen and twenty I read and re-read with acute delight all the works of the authors they represent. It is quite twelve years ago, I think, that I made up my mind to read Thackeray again and began with 'Henry Esmond.' I read five chapters. The story commenced all over again in each chapter. I gave it up. Later I went at Dickens, and found him as infernally prolix as four out of five Russians." Hawthorne's masterpiece stood in fourth place when the results of the Times symposium were tabulated. Mrs. Atherton is not impressed by that fact. "Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' is not a novel at all," she writes, "but a rather long story, admirably made, a fine bit of history, and as chill as the blighted New England heart. If written today it would rank with the best of Mary Wilkins's and Mrs. Deland's admirable stories, and with those of two or three other New England authors, and no higher." Mrs. Atherton will not be lured into classifying living authors. "There is no such thankless task," she says, "as to admire in print contemporary writers, for those not mentioned hate you ever after." The Russian novels lie outside the scope of the discussion, but Mrs. Atherton mentions one of them. "I read 'Anna Karenina' when I was about nineteen and was struck even then by its clumsy disdain of art."

The Rajah is Delighted

H. H. the Rajah and H. H. the Ranee of Pudukota, a fertile principality of South India, are greatly enjoying their visit at the St. Francis, "the center of the city's life and color," and apparently believe the animation and freedom from worry that signalize life around Union Square are typical of the American social system and very agreeable. The Rajah manifested an especial interest in the mural decorations by Herter in the cafe, requesting an explanation of their significance and the name of the artist and warmly voicing his admiration of the spirit that led to such a decoration in a commercial building. His Highness is delighted with San Francisco, the Exposition and everything Californian, and expects to find this State an ideal region in which to indulge his favorite fad of motoring.

A Reticent Chinese

Kai Fu Shah, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of China, who is stopping with his suite at the Hotel St. Francis possesses for diplomats and financiers an interest that is little appreciated by the public. This distinguished oriental statesman has been the central figure in the important negotiations leading to the expansion of American influence in China, included in which is the improvement of maritime communication between this port and the Far East. In spite of the far-reaching significance of the Chinese Minister's visit very little speculation has appeared concerning it in the local press; for the Minister, while a most urbane and approachable gentleman, has a gift of genial reticence on important subjects that recalls the sojourn of his famous predecessor, Wu Ting Fang, at the same hotel.

Perfume Dance at Tavern

V. Vestoff, formerly leading male dancer of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet, is arranging some delightful programs for the ballet at Techau Tavern. Each week sees an entire change of repertoire magnificently interpreted by that former star of the Ruth St. Denis Company and her corps of expert toe dancers. Besides the Candy and Cigarette Dances the management of the Tavern now provides the Perfume Dance, with dainty little bottles of Carolina White perfumery as souvenirs; this in addition to the boxes of Foster and Orear's candy and the Pall Mall cigarettes which have been presented to participants since these popular dances were originated. Visitors to the city as well as old patrons of the Tavern are delighted with Carnival Nights—Wednesdays of each week—when bags of fun-making souvenirs add to the enjoyment of the evening.

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Letters From the Front

If we are getting very little news of the progress of the war behind the scenes, at least we are not wholly deprived of scenes at the front or sentiments in the trenches. Of "letters home" there is no dearth. Here are some excerpts from a letter written by a subaltern in a Scots regiment:

"I advanced to a cemetery, and stayed there most of the day. It is a beastly thing to have to do, digging trenches among graves and pulling down crosses. . . . to make room.

"One feels that something is wrong when a man lies down behind a child's grave to shoot at a bearded German, who has probably got a family anxiously awaiting his return at home. . . . . It was a miserable day. . . . .

"There was a large crucifix at one end. The sight of the bullets chipping Christ's image about, and the knowledge of what He had done for us and the Germans, and what we were doing to His consecrated ground and each other, made one feel sick of the whole war (or sicker than before). . . . .

"The last I saw of that place was the shattered crucifix standing up against the dawn and the glare of a score of burning homesteads all around."

Here is the letter of a German soldier—since dead—quoted in the Berliner Tageblatt:

"Shall we once more allow German fathers to fight for home and fatherland without taking reasonable care to guarantee them a portion in the soil they have won in conflict and in blood? Or will the men and women in leading positions have the courage and moral sensitiveness to face and shoulder the responsibility of the German home and the German family? That is the question which will settle the future of the German kingdom after the war. Oh, mother, this anxiety weighs on me and many a comrade more heavily than the question whether I or the man to the right or left shall get home alive and sound. Believe me, the fight here at the front means less in personal courage than to fight in peace time for truth, right, moral freedom, and unity in spiritual things."

Here is the postcard of a German cavalry captain printed in a Berlin paper:

"It is a remarkable phenomenon that except at the outbreak of war hatred and contempt are not to be found at the front, but exclusively at home. We at the front do our duty and respect the enemy who does the same."

"I have on my table," says a minister, "letters from almost every camp in England, from Scotland, Egypt, and 'the front.' I search in vain for one bitter or angry word against Germany. The nearest approach. . . . . is the hope of one that 'he may soon. . . . . be sent across to strike a blow for the liberties of the nations.'"

A Benedictine monk of Farnborough Abbey, who is at the French front in his capacity of quartermaster-sergeant, writes as follows:

"Recently there has been incessant activity here. There are frequent alarms, for our aeroplanes again and again signal concentration of enemy's troops at this or that point. All this exacts a constant surveillance all along our line, and frequent moving of men to menaced points.

"At the beginning of May, one bright Sunday evening, the Boches opened a terrific bombardment of our line. It lasted for four hours, and we had to sustain it without moving an inch. Every sort of gun was turned on us, from the 77 to the huge 'marmite,' as we call it here. The most terrible of the projectiles is the famous 'minenwerfer,' which we have imitated, equalled, and now surpassed by our flying torpedoes. When one of these terrible machines falls, the ground trembles for the radius of a bilometre. Anything near is blown to fragments. At 8 p. m., when all was calm again, I went round to see the dead and dying, to say my De Profundis over the one, and offer my priestly ministrations to the other. What dreadful sights were to be seen! The first body I came across had the head blown clean away, the uniform being dyed purple with the blood.. A second had the right arm torn away, the breast in shreds, and the lower part of the body all mangled. A third had the skull split open. . . . . Over them all I said the De Profundis, and in some cases gave Absolution. At midnight, under the stars, I still prayed in the now silent trenches for all those heroes.

"I have already told you that the 'Oeuvre de N.-D. du Salut' presented me with a portable altar. My three priest companions having received the same present, we have organized a regular service of Masses for each Sunday in our regiment. There are two Masses for each battalion. None of us, I suppose, will ever forget these Masses said at a distance of only a few yards from the trenches. On Whit Sunday I had to celebrate twice, and the second Mass was said in a deep hole, well covered in, only ten yards from the line of trenches.

"The Boches launched their counter-attack on the 14th, in the evening. From then till the 17th the battle raged, ending finally in a victory for us. The cannonade began at 5 p. m. on the 14th. My regiment at once received orders to support the first line. We cross the ruins of the now famous Tr.-le-M. and enter the underground works leading to the first line. The noise is deafening, and as it grows dark the whole heavens are lighted up by the bursting of shells. After picking our way among the debris with which the trenches are encumbered (some of them are four or five yards deep), we reach at 2 a. m. a shallow trench giving access to those captured from the Germans. It affords but poor shelter from the shells which are falling thick and fast. Crowded together, almost on top of each other, we press ourselves against the protecting wall of the trench. In that position I passed what I hope is one of the most tragic nights of my life. I said my rosary, then, sitting on my heels, and resting my forehead against the walls of the trench, I fell asleep. A little later, a new advance, and we stream into a trench just taken. It is clear now, we are to make a bayonet charge. I recommend my soul to God and wait. Some Moroccan troops join us, and scatter themselves along our line. They suddenly leap on to the parapet of the trench and rush towards the enemy. Without waiting for orders, the whole line is up and away. Scarcely are we on the parapet when we see the pointed helmets of the enemy rising from the grass, and they are in full flight to their next line. We jump into the captured trenches for shelter from their machine-guns, and then as fast as we can we transfer all the defense works from south to north and prepare for a counter-attack.

"It would require the pen of a Loti or a Huysmans to describe the state of the trenches. I will say simply that the Germans' complicated defense was pulverized; there remained only a shapeless pit, twisting and turning, with deep holes here, heaps of sandbags there, and blocks of cement and trunks of trees scattered in every direction. We lie choked with dust, suffering a cruel thirst, under a hot sun, till 11:30 a. m. My sergeant-major and myself then find a deep hole by the place excavated for a shelter for our captain. There we lie down to rest. But I am summoned almost immediately to help a dying officer. Having remained with him till he died, I wander round the trenches and through the deeply dug communicating passages to look for the dying, and am then told that my Trappist friend fell during the bayonet charge. After a long search I find his body in a ruined trench, the head split open, the brains scattered over the ground. I recommend the soul of this son of St. Bernard to God, and then kneeling by the body I open the letter he had left me, telling me his last wishes. The little objects on his person I shall send to his parents."

Gossip of the Theatre

The Peerless Melba

Secure in her queenship of the realm of song, and as though in response to a challenge, Madame Melba opened her program Sunday afternoon with the most ambitious of her numbers—a Hamlet aria. At once she warmed us with the radiant splendor of her flawless voice, thrilled us with all the intricacies of her matchless art. It will always be a mystery to me why a singer whose lark-like, melting, heart-searching voice arouses the strongest emotions in one's nature is ever described as "cold." Is it, I wonder, because of the perfection of her technique? Perhaps. For technique seems a matter of scientific skilfulness. But what feeling there is in Melba's art! In her singing of the Ophelia aria and of the "Addio" from Boheme the mood of the song palpitates in the varying tones of her voice. She is one of the few great singers who have command of this power and for that reason is she so marvelous in concert. In "Vissi D'Arte" we saw poor Floria Tosca at bay, despairing, pleading in her simple faith in the hour of great extremity, but convinced the while of the futility of her petition. In "Depuis le Jour," the most beautiful love song ever composed for a woman, her voice palpitated with the intoxicated abandonment of poor unwedded Louise's epithalamium—if we may call it that. Melba's singing made us feel how completely in oblivion Louise was able to bury her sordid home trouble, how completely her life began with her love for Julien. Close your eyes and listen to the diva sing, "Je tremble delicieusement au souvenir charmant du premier jour d'amour!" Then call her cold if you can. She sang simple things too with classical simplicity. When she sings "Home Sweet Home a sybarite might long for the simple life. Hear her pronounce "My lowly thatched cottage" and if you have imagination you see one with innocent morning glories clambering all about it and mignonette and sweet William making its little garden fragrant. I for one hope Melba will forever sing florid songs of the "Se Seran Rose" type. In that she is the songstress triumphant, rolling off roulades, trills and staccati; and sounding like a wondrous bird in some enchanted garden.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

A Real Comedian

Let us acclaim Arthur Marx. He is the prime dispenser of fun at the Orpheum this week. Arthur Marx can extract fun from the most unlikely things. The harp is one of the most dignified of musical instruments, yet Arthur Marx uses it in such fashion as to make you split your sides. There doesn't seem to be much fun resident in a potted palm, but there is when Arthur Marx turns his attention to it. Arthur Marx is the sort of comedian who keeps you guessing as to what he will do next. And he never disappoints you. He is a good musician, playing the harp wonderfully well when he is not plucking laughs out of its strings; and he is an acrobatic dancer of no mean attainments. He is the funniest of the Marx Brothers, which is saying a great deal, for Julius Marx and Leonard Marx are also good comedians. Leonard does a stunt at the piano which is so good that the audience cannot get enough of it. And Julius is very successful as a character comedian. The Marx Brothers in a two-act skit "Home Again" are the bill-toppers this week. It is one of the best vaudeville acts we've been treated to in a long time. In the big cast there is a girl who dances like a whirlwind, and the singing is good too. Miss Sterling of Lohse and Sterling, athletes, is billed as a gold medal winner for perfection of physique. She has indeed a beautiful figure, and is a fine acrobat too. Alice Doll, Mary Campbell and Jane Shaw present a pleasing musical number; and Henry Ohlmeyer brings us a sextet of instrumentalists and singers. There are pleasing holdovers. But "Home Again" is the act you talk about after you leave the Orpheum this week.

—E. F. O'D.

EVAN WILLIAMS

Great concert tenor who will sing at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon

The Exposition Orchestra Concert

The last of the regular weekly concerts given by the Exposition Orchestra, prior to the "Autumn Music Festival," will take place at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon at half past two, when probably the most important program of the season will be offered. The soloist will be Evan Williams who is known as "the great Welsh tenor," but was born and educated in the United States. He is distinguished in concert and oratorio, and no native voice has been discovered to wrest the title, "greatest concert tenor" from Mr. Williams. He will also be heard at the Music Festival in "Elijah," Wednesday evening, September 29, and in the Artists' Concert, Saturday afternoon, October 2. His selections for this Sunday afternoon will be the aria "Lend Me Your Aid" from Gounod's "The Queen of Sheba," and four other songs. Conductor Max Bendix and the splendid orchestra will play the Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73, Bach's Suite No. 3 in D major, and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, by Richard Strauss. Seats are going with a rush at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

Kreisler at Greek Theatre

When the master-violinist Fritz Kreisler plays at the Greek Theatre on Friday night, October 8, the entire program will be accompanied by an orchestra of fifty picked musicians directed by Paul Steindorff, Choragus of the University of California. This will unquestionably be the most important and beautiful program of violin music ever heard here. The violin sounds particularly well in the marvelous open-air auditorium. Seats may now be ordered by mail. Address William Dallam Armes, University of California, Berkeley; or Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's, San Francisco.

Third Week of "Beverly's Balance"

Margaret Anglin and her excellent company at the Columbia are providing light, polite comedy in Paul Kester's play "Beverly's Balance." It will begin its third week Monday night, with the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. During the final week of Miss Anglin's Columbia engagement, she will present a new play called "The Divine Friend," the work of Charles Phillips, a San Francisco newspaperman. Mr. Phillips received his inspiration for the play through Miss Anglin's performance of "Electra" at the Greek Theatre two years ago. He delivered the finished manuscript to Miss Anglin in January last and it was immediately accepted. The play is now in rehearsal under the direction of Miss Anglin and the author.

Autumn Music Festival

The crowning musical event of the Exposition year will take place from September 29 to October 3, when the "Autumn Music Festival" will be held in Festival Hall. For many months the Music Department of the Exposition has been making preparations for this noteworthy affair, and music lovers are promised a succession of treats that will be remembered for many a year. For weeks past the Exposition Chorus, made up of 400 of the best voices to be found in the bay cities, has been rehearsing the different scores of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Verdi's "Requiem," and Emil Mellenhauer, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, who is directing the oratorios, says that the singers will please the most captious critics. The Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians will play at all of the concerts. "Elijah" will be given Wednesday evening at half past eight, the principals including Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, lyric soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford, a contralto who was last here with the Metropolitan Opera Company in that eventful April of 1906; Evan Williams, the famous concert tenor; Earl Cartwright, a baritone who has sung the part of "Elijah" at all the great music festivals of recent years; and a boy soprano. Thursday evening, at 8:30, Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, will make his only appearance in San Francisco this season with an orchestra, playing Beethoven's wonderful Concerto in D major, Op. 61, and the Concerto in C major by Antonio Vivaldi. The Exposition Orchestra, Max Bendix conducting, will also play

Beethoven's "Leonore, No. 3" Overture and "Tod und Verklarung" by Richard Strauss. Friday evening there will be a public rehearsal, with the chorus, an orchestra augmented to 100 musicians and all the soloists, of Verdi's "Requiem" for which an admission fee of fifty cents will be charged. Saturday afternoon, October 2, at 2:30, an Artists' Concert will be given, when the program will be particularly attractive and the participants will include Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Mme. Florence Mulford, Evan Williams, Earl Cartwright, Frederic Martin, the greatest American basso profundo since Myron W. Whitney, and the Exposition Chorus. The festival will be brought to a close on Sunday afternoon, October 3, at 2:30, with a splendid production of Verdi's "Requiem." The difficult soprano role in the "Requiem" will afford ample opportnuity for the glorious voice and consummate art of Mme. Emmy Destinn who will be heard for the first time in San Francisco at the festival. At the great performance of the "Requiem" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, last winter, Mme. Destinn achieved one of her greatest triumphs. The other soloists will be Mme. Mulford; George Hamlin, tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company; and Frederic Martin. Music lovers are coming from all parts of California to attend this festival, and there is a great demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street, where mail orders, accompanied by check made payable to the P. P. I. E., receive prompt attention.

The Melba Farewell

Mme. Nellie Melba will give her farewell concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and will no doubt again attract an enormous audience. At the request of many music lovers Mme. Melba has consented to sing Handel's "L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso" with flute obligato. Mons. Emilio Puyans has been specially engaged as assisting artist. The exquisite "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello," "Chanson Triste" by Duparc, "Mandoline" by Debussy, "Chant Venetien" and "Valse-Nymphs et Sylvains" by Bemberg will be among the diva's offerings. The splendid baritone Robert Parker will sing "The Tartarus Group" and "Nocturne" by Schubert, "Traum durch die Dammerung" and "Heimliche Aufforderung" by Richard Strauss and "The Serenade of Don Juan" by Tschaikowsky. Mr. St. Leger's piano numbers will consist of a Bach and two Brahms gems. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and the Cort.

"Sinners" at the Cort

There ought to be the heartiest kind of welcome for "Sinners," the new comedy drama which Sunday night, September 26, opens at the Cort, coming direct from a run of 321 consecutive performances at the Playhouse, New York, under the direction of William A. Brady. The play is among the novelties of the season. "Sinners" does not deal with crime or crooks. While its theme is an old one, the treatment is new and original, and its genuine worth commends it to every admirer of what is good and wholesome. Brady has provided a strong cast. Helen Mac Kellar of "Bought and Paid For" fame, the youngest leading woman on the American stage; Gertrude Dallas, last seen here as leading woman in "The Gamblers;" and Harry Humphreys, a well known San Franciscan who returns after an absence of several seasons in the East, where he won his theatrical spurs, are in the company. Others are Roselle Knott, Beatrice Noyes, William David, Walter Walker, George D. MacQuarrie and William Caryl.

"Polly of the Circus" at Alcazar

Permeated with the atmosphere of the circus, Margaret Mayo's delightful comedy "Polly of the Circus" will be the Alcazar's offering for next week, with Evelyn Vaughan in the title role and Bert Lytell as the young minister. This charming play with its pathos, comedy and thrills has never before been offered at popular prices in this city. This will be its first presentation in stock. The story of the little circus rider is too well known for repetition. During their recent season in Albany, the Lytell-Vaughan players made one of their greatest hits in this play. The full strength of the Alcazar players will be called upon for this production, and there will be a number of circus performers specially engaged for the scene under the "big top."

"Telephone Tangle" at Orpheum

"A Telephone Tangle" which heads the Or-

GERTRUDE DALLAS

Who will be seen in "Sinners" at the Cort Theatre

MADGE CALDWELL

In "A Telephone Tangle" next week at the Orpheum

pheum bill next week is one of the most amusing farces ever presented. Those favorite players Erwin and Jane Connelly will present Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Sweethearts" which is one of the best comedies ever written and enables Mr. and Mrs. Connelly to distinguish themselves. Wilson and Lenore are a versatile team who present an offering of song, dance, whistling and accordion playing. Devine and Williams will appear in a

FRITZ KREISLER

The great violinist who will play with the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall next Thursday evening

skit entitled "The Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer." Brown and McCormack excel in pantomimic and acrobatic dancing. Duret and Steele are popular entertainers. Next week will be the last of Alice Lyndon Doll with Mary Campbell and Jane Shaw in Moments Musical; and the Four Marx Brothers and their company in "Home Again."

Kreisler at the Cort

Fritz Kreisler will be heard in two wonderful recitals at the Cort October 3 and 10, under the direction of Frank W. Healy. For years Kreisler gave part of his time to hunting up and going over old, forgotten music. As a result he unearthed much that was very beautiful and well worth a place on a recital program. Many of these delightful numbers are included in the programs which he has prepared for his recitals in this city. Porpora, Chaminade, Pugnani and Dvorak will be represented. Seats are on sale and programs may be secured at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt and as near the desired location as possible, and if self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed, tickets will be immediately mailed, as directed.

"Haberdashery" at Pantages

"Haberdashery," one of the most unusual musical comedy productions that has been sent out this season, heads the new eight-act show at Pantages next week. There are eight stunning fashion models in the cast who display the advanced styles for 1916 to the accompaniment of a delightful plot. Harrington Reynolds and Lucille Palmer, both well known locally, are the principals of "Haberdashery." The Reverend Frank W. Gorman who created a furore when he resigned from his pulpit in Seattle to win fame on the stage, calls himself the "Singing Parson." He has been before the footlights but a few months and has attracted considerable attention. One of the newspapers in the north styled Gorman "The Chauncey Olcott of the Pulpit." Harry von Fossen, a droll blackface comedian, is the big laughing hit of the new show. Von Fossen has a jovial manner of telling stories, and his parodies on the war bristle with sarcasm. Dow and Dow, Hebrew funmakers, have a bundle of quips under the title of "Funny Things Aboard a Cruiser." A sketch of complications, "The Four Twins," will be presented by Auda Duo, Frank Bonner and company. The acrobatic features will be offered by the Bounding Pattersons, and the comedy Rondas trio.

Anna—What happened to your light of love?

Bella—he was lit up last night, and I turned him down just before father put him out.

Hetty—Miss Boaster told me a fishy story last night.

Netty—What was it?

Hetty—She said Count Greatcatch drops her a line every day!

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AUTUMN MUSIC FESTIVAL
AT FESTIVAL HALL, P. P. I. E.
Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH;" Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30, KREISLER CONCERT; Friday, Oct. 1, at 7:30, Public Rehearsal of Verdi's "REQUIEM;" Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:30, ARTISTS' CONCERT; Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30, Verdi's "REQUIEM." Emmy Destinn, Grace Bonner Williams, Florence Mulford, George Hamlin, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, Earl Cartwright and Fritz Kreisler, soloists; Exposition Chorus of 400 and Exposition Orchestra of 80.
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NOTE—Election Returns will be announced from the stage Tuesday night.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Street heard more important news than it could digest and traders were disposed to wait for some definite shaping of the international complications in which the United States is now involved. Domestic news was favorable and foreign news was bad. At home the crop report, improved railroad earnings, higher prices for wheat, cotton and steel products and a decided turn for the better in the textile trades tended to advance prices in the stock market. President Wilson's request for the recall of the Austrian Ambassador was a stern reminder of the dangers of war times. The arrival of a committee of English and French bankers and financial experts helped the foreign exchange market, but the offer of large foreign loans in this country will not help our bond market until the new securities are digested. Nothing has been published regarding the plans of the committee, but it seems certain that an attempt will be made to establish credits in this country for the purpose of financing exports of foodstuffs and other commodities which are now heavily handicapped by the discount on sterling bills in New York. The Allies can pay gold for war materials, or make special arrangements for financing such purchases. What is of most importance to us is that our export trade in commodities shall be facilitated. Practically all of the foodstuffs and other merchandise, other than arms and ammunition, which we are exporting are handled by merchants in the ordinary course of trade just as if there were no war, and it is this business which is injured by the disorganization of the foreign exchange market. No matter who stands the loss, the volume of trade tends to decrease when a special and absolutely wasteful tax of five per cent is imposed on it by the depreciation of bills of exchange in New York. It would be difficult to sell foreign government bonds to investors, but a short loan secured by the deposit of American securities as collateral would be popular. If this committee and the American bankers who are conferring with them succeed in arranging the required credits, which will not fall far short of a billion dollars, the farmers with wheat, cotton and other produce to sell will be greatly benefited, and this is the very time to do the work.

Wheat—Tightening of the cash grain in the wheat trade has been reflected in a stronger price for the future deliveries. The rapidity with which the prices advanced Saturday and then declined put traders at sea, but with the continuation of small receipts on Monday, and the insistent demand from exporters and millers, the market held to firm prices and slight advances. The extent of damage to the winter wheat is still a problem to the trade, the grading is poor, and likely to continue so for some weeks. If the market were dependent solely upon the winter wheat, the return to last season's market prices would be assured, but the spring crop is not only large, but it is of good quality, and sooner or later it will be running to the market in large quantities and supply demands of the milling trade and the exporters. While last week's receipts were fairly large, they were below the week last year; exports were up to recent volume, and the accumulation at market points was small, the entire visible being less than one-quarter of a year ago. Until there is a more rapid accumulation of wheat and until the September delivery is out of the way, the market will show a firm tone. If the takings of spring wheat are as acute the coming two weeks as the last two, the short interest in the September delivery at the Chicago market will be forced to pay a severe penalty, as the cash winter is at a heavy premium. For the deferred futures, the selling side shows the best possibilities in view of the large crops.

Corn—The weather has been excellent for corn making the last three days, and the cold area in Canada has remained stationary. Selling naturally followed this advent of warm weather, and illustrates the fact that the market is entirely one of climatic conditions. The prospect for the indicated crop is improved, and the buying will be less active until there is a decided weather change. The market can only be safely sold on the appearance of a cold wave over the belt during the coming week or two; after that the crop will be practically made.

Cotton—The cotton market shows a remarkable undertone of strength and while the advance from last week was not more than two dollars a bale, the reaction which was long overdue did not materialize to any great extent, and prices are close to the top price made early in the week. Bad crop reports continue to make their appearance and statisticians are reducing their total estimates of the entire crop to around eleven million. This will prove to be a very small crop, and notwithstanding the large carry-over from last year, the available supply will not prove burdensome at this level of prices. The success of the British loan is practically assured and this will be a big factor in sustaining prices and will no doubt prove a bull card. Receipts of new cotton are coming in quite freely and spot cotton is in good demand at 10 cents in Texas. As long as there is no weakness in the spot market and no hedging sales to take the edge off the market, the futures will tend higher, as sentiment is favorable to higher prices.

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Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ANNIE L. MILEY, Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix.
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 19460; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Guardianship and Estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor).

ANNIE HAAF, the guardian of the estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor) having heretofore and on the 10th day of September, 1915, presented to this Court and filed with the Clerk thereof a verified petition to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property described in said petition, which said petition sets forth the condition of the estate of said minor and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of making said mortgage; which said petition is hereby specially referred to for further particulars, and,

It is further appearing to the above entitled Court, from said petition, that said permission to mortgage said property is sought for the reason of renewing the mortgage already subsisting on said real estate, and that it would be beneficial to and for the best interest of said estate that said guardian be permitted to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to said property,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED: that all persons interested in the estate of said minor are hereby required to be and appear before the above entitled Court and Department, at its Courtroom, Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 18th day of October, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property hereinafter more particularly described, should not be mortgaged for the amount of Four Hundred and Forty-four and 45-100 ($444.45) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; which said newspaper the Court hereby finds to be the one most likely to give notice to all of the interested parties of the time and place of the hearing of said petition.

The following is a particular description of the property hereinabove referred to: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

COMMENCING at a point on the Northerly line of Eddy Street, distant thereon two hundred and six (206) feet and three (3) inches Westerly from the point of intersection thereof with the Westerly line of Larkin Street; running thence Westerly and along said Northerly line of Eddy Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Southerly line of Willow Avenue; thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Willow Avenue sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said Northerly line of Eddy Street and the point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition Block No. 8.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: this 10th day of September, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 10th, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.—No. 19,478; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

MARIE DUMARAIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of LEON DUMARAIS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.—No. 19,459; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

ARTHUR DIETLE,
Executor of the last will and testament of THOMAS HEFFRON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 28th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-28-5

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Labor Rewards Its Friend

When James Rolph was first elected Mayor of this city it was in despite of the opposition of Organized Labor. He was the choice of the mercantile interests. Business men financed his campaign and directed the strategy of it. After his election Mayor Rolph lost no time in giving Organized Labor the assurance of his heartfelt sympathy. At every opportunity he has proved himself the devoted friend of the captains of labor. On several occasions he has turned his back on acknowledged representatives of the mercantile interests, going so far in one instance as to flout the Chamber of Commerce and defy its officers. During his administration he rendered valuable assistance to the pressmen in the course of a strike during which non-union men were openly assaulted and maimed for life in the streets of the city. Further, when, some months ago, a coterie of professional laborites were conspiring to force a strike on the street railroads Mayor Rolph was found promoting their interests. In short by his general attitude and by services rendered Mayor Rolph has made it manifest that he is the champion of professional unionists and the opponent of the open-shop principle. In the circumstances the nomination of a labor candidate at the primary election would have been an act of base ingratitude; and consequently the overwhelming defeat of the Hon. Andy Gallagher was almost in the nature of poetic justice. But it was precisely what should have been expected. It has become a proverb that "Labor sticks to its friends." We are glad that Labor has once more vindicated its gratitude because if Mayor Rolph, "the business man's choice" ever had any qualms of conscience they may now be easily extinguished.

The National Defense Bogie

Our anti-militarism propagandists of the Carnegie school profess to be greatly alarmed by the prospect of a large increase in the regular army. As a matter of fact there is no such prospect. Doubtless the Administration will favor an increase, but not a large one. It is understood that Secretary Garrison will suggest an increase of about 25,000, including men and officers. The program will call not for a standing army as large as Switzerland's but for the formation of reserves for both the regular army and the National Guard and the adoption of a systematic plan for the training of citizens for military duty. It is intended to place the National Guard in every State in a condition which will enable the War Department to develop it according to army rules without displeasing the labor unions. If the program is carried out every State will have cavalry, field artillery, a signal corps, a quartermaster's corps and hospital and ambulance service as well as infantry; also there will be coast artillery in every coast State. But in the upbuilding there is to be no great increase in the numbers of the National Guard. In short our great militarists in Washington will do nothing to warrant the fear that by reason of our "preparedness" we may some day pick a quarrel with Guatemale or Switzerland. No matter what happens in Europe we shall continue serenely on our way with a firm and abiding faith in treaties already signed, sealed and pigeonholed.

The Militarists' Viewpoint

Our State Department was shocked to learn that Captain Von Papen, military attache of the German Embassy, described Americans as "idiotic Yankees." As soon as Captain Von Papen's opinion of us was made known he became persona non grata at Washington. It is not to be gainsaid that this gallant scion of the German military caste is guilty of an offense against the dignity of the great American people; nay, worse than that,—he is guilty of an indiscretion almost tantamount to an imbecility, for he employed the preposterous American, J. F. J. Archibald, as a messenger. Thus we learn that Captain Von Papen is in a way characteristic of the military caste from which he springs. Though he pronounces Yankees idiotic he does not mean all Yankees. He excepts of course Yankees who appreciate German militarism and who are eager to do such dirty work as Archibald was engaged in when caught with the Dumba-Von Papen correspondence. Captain Von Papen has absolute confidence in a Yankee who will use an American passport to get a combatant's secret correspondence through the lines of an enemy. We find no fault with Captain Von Papen for his criticism of Americans. Indeed we feel that we should be grateful to him for letting the people know the impression that has been made by this country on the German military caste. Too few of us have been sensible of the contempt in which we are held, and it may prove to our advantage to have been favored with an authoritative dictum. Nowadays to be contemptible in the eyes of certain eminent mortals is to be absurdly vulnerable. Superiority is expressed by the rattling of the sabre. It is manifested by the evidences of efficiency in the science of human slaughter. A people unprepared for war is an idiotic people, and to be cured of idiocy a people must hold its tongue and be thrilled by the news of big drives and great victories. Well, Captain Von Papen is in a measure right. It is idiotic to be unprepared when such sentiments as he holds are at all prevalent.

Has He Seen the Light?

It is just a little inspiriting to learn that President Wilson has come to the conclusion that the tariff should be revised upward. Of an optimistic temperament, and eager to grasp at any straw, with high hope we conceive the President's conclusion to be a sign of the awakening of long dormant perceptive faculties. To be sure it does not require a very keen mental vision to perceive that had there been no war the industries of this country would have been ruined and soup kitchens would now be dotting the land; but yet it is heartening to hear that the President is coming out of his trance and showing an inclination to be guided rather by his hindsight than his darling prepossessions. We have been told all along that our President was a man of strong will, distinguished from ordinary clay by his self-confidence and freedom from doubt. We are most of us tried by indecision. We see two sides to most things and are apt to be swayed by them alternately. We are hampered by mistrust, we balance the fors and againsts, and are subject to suspense of purpose. Not so President Wilson. He has great consistency of intention, he is strong for irrevocable decisions. In error his obstinacy is sublime, his stolidity godlike. His is a masterful impulse that has worked a great deal of mischief in the world. Some melancholy consequences of it President Wilson has caused to be felt in this country, in the Philippines, on the Pacific and in Mexico. Obviously there is urgent need of its restraint. And it is very desirable that the President should look backward and take some account of policies and principles the evil effects of which have not been neutralized as in the case of the tariff. In the case of Mexico the damage is irreparable, and long ago it was high time to quit watching and waiting. Surely we cannot afford to tolerate anarchy until the end of the war in Europe, for vast sums of English, German, French and Spanish money have been invested in Mexico and by reason of our historic policy we are responsible to the European Governments for the losses Europeans have suffered. We cannot afford to

give any European creditors a pretext to take the matter into their own hands. And that is precisely what some of them may be glad to do in the near future.

Our Governor's New Reform

A proposition for the abolishment of party government is soon to come before the people of this State. It appears that Governor Johnson, our greatest prophet of public righteousness, only legitimate husband of the Star Eyed Goddess, has not yet finished his mission of civic salvation. The Robber Barons are cowering in their keeps; the Octopus is shackled in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat; we have the initiative, the recall and the referendum; taxes are almost high enough to satisfy the I. W. W., and we have innumerable statutory tests of sin by which righteousness might be revealed, but perfection has yet to be attained. Though the reflection of triumphal fire reddens our Governor's cheek, modestly he affirms that despite his indefatigable leadership the people have not yet come into their own. Thus far he has realized for us only the ideals of the Middle West. Now for one of his own patent devices—government on a non-partisan basis. The issue before the people is one of considerable importance. Many wise statesmen from Burke to Lincoln have given much thought to party government, and pronounced it good. Some have pronounced it essential to civil liberty in a republic. Without parties, it is said, there cannot be a well organized and fully protected opposition in and out of the legislature—a loyal opposition, by which is meant a party which opposes on principle the Administration or the set of men who have the government in their hands for the time being. Ever since the party system was evolved in the politics of England nearly all writers on the subject of government have regarded it as a noble contribution to the treasures of civil freedom. They have held that the people cannot have protection except by the principle of an administration founded upon party principles; that is to say, by a government of men who agree on certain leading general principles in opposition to others and act in unison accordingly. Perhaps we may not look in vain for a demonstration of this fact in the system by which this State has been governed since Governor Johnson came into office, for it is hardly to be said that we have been enjoying party government of late. One man has enjoyed a monopoly of the business of government, and he has not bothered much about the leading princples of a party. However, there may be something to be said in favor of Governor Johnson's proposition. The Governor has opened a campaingn in which presumably he will advocate the new principle and expound the fallacy of the old. He opened the campaign in which presumably he will he did not have time to wade into his subject. It appears from reports of his speech that he spent all his time emitting his ancient defiance with his customary restraint. He discussed not the proposition, but the sons of Belial who oppose it. He talked of the "same old gang," "atrocious calumnies," "rotten newspapers," etc. We have not heard any of the atrocious calumnies uttered against our zealous and dignified Governor, unless the charge that he wishes to destroy party government for his own private political ends be construed as a calumny more or less atrocious. Calumnies are not what we care to hear. We would much rather hear Governor Johnson in a discussion of the principle involved in this campaign. Meanwhile we would suggest that though it may necessarily follow that to oppose the Governor is to be of the gang and rotten yet the character of the opposition is not to be taken as conclusive of the wickedness of party government or the superiority of a system that may for the time being enable the Governor to fatten a little longer at the public crib.

The Virtue of Loafing

Henry Ford of Detroit is rapidly winning recognition as an omnibus benefactor of mankind. Having grown preposterously rich he has now the leisure to respond to all calls on his genius. His prestige and his money he stands ready to bestow on any movement that looks good to him, and his wisdom is always on tap and accessible to the reporters. He is one of the most quotable of men, for he has views on every burning question. Yet, singularly enough it is when he has something to say on one of the few subjects of which he might reasonably pretend to be informed that his dictum is disputed. As for instance when he says that a work day shorter than eight hours would give too much time for loafing. Some of our leading sociologists declare that Mr. Ford is absolutely wrong. According to their philosophy loafing is an art the cultivation of which is essential to the progress of civilization. Whatever be the truth of the matter wage-earners are more likely to agree with the sociologists than with the man who invented the cheapest car. At any rate if the sociologists are right it is important that there should be dissent from the views of too energetic employers. Among employers there are abnormal individuals who never loaf. For them there never was and never can be a work-day long enough. The employer who works less than twelve hours a day is a rare bird. Some professional men work twenty-five hours in every twenty-four, thus giving an exceeding bad example. Their wretched persistence is demoralizing. Not only that, it contracts the mind. Henry Ford is himself a striking example of living very hard along one line. Through many years he enslaved himself to a machine, and having invented a good machine he thinks there is no human progress except in machines. Having no acquaintance with the arts that embellish life he regards all art with contempt. Knowing nothing of what the grace of leisure and repose can add to the dull seasons of a perishable life, he calls all relaxation loafing. There are thousands of mechanics in this country who get more joy out of life than Henry Ford with all his money. For there are many thousands of mechanics who have a cultivated intelligence. We know what Mr. Ford lacks because he is so well supplied with the supreme vanity of the asinine Puritan and the ignorance that safeguards a man from the shame of his own ineptitudes.

Recruiting in Ireland

The Tory press of England regards it as a reproach against the Nationalist provinces of Ireland that they are giving a very small proportion of Irishmen to Kitchener's army. In ten months Ulster gave forty-five thousand recruits and the three Nationalist provinces twenty-four thousand. The city of Belfast alone, despite the fact that it has over twenty thousand men engaged in the shipyards on Government work, has given more recruits than the whole of Nationalist Ireland. In Ulster one in four men of military age have enlisted, while only one in seventeen have enlisted in the three Nationalist provinces. Considering that since the war Sir Edward Carson has been made a member of the Cabinet we see no reason why the Unionists should think it to the discredit of the Nationalists that they are not flocking to the trenches. Just about the time that Belgium was invaded there was rebellion in the patriotic city of Ulster; and we have been told by English writers that it was partly owing to the preoccupation of England with domestic affairs that Germany thought the psychological moment had arrived. Accepting the theory of these English writers, it may be argued that had there been no quarrel over Home Rule Europe might not have been plunged into war. Now it was Sir Edward Carson, a mean, treacherous politician, who led the forces of rebellion. It was because of this man's hatred of Irish Nationalists that German militarists were led to believe that England was too busy to go to war. Yet the statesmen of England in the hour of their country's peril, with callous indifference to the feelings of the Nationalists of Ireland, at once put their seal of approval on disloyalty and flung an insult into the teeth of the men whom they are now expecting to sacrifice their lives for England. If there is any comment to make it is this: it is fortunate for England that the fighting spirit is so strong in the breasts of Irish Nationalists.

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CCXLIX—EDDIE GRANEY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I refereed my first fight in a Prince Albert."

Was "the honest blacksmith" spoofing me? I looked at him narrowly. There was no trace of mockery on that cherubic phiz. There was candor in the untroubled eyes, good nature on the pouty lips—the sign spoofonious nowhere. I was compelled to take the statement seriously.

"A Prince Albert!" I exclaimed. "Of course I remember that famous tuxedo, but—"

"Yes, that old tuxedo," smiled the kingpin of referees.

Do you remember it, my reader? Were you at Mechanics Pavilion the night the first dinner coat was worn in the fistic arena? We all knew that we were part of a historic scene the moment Edward Matthew Graney put his short, sturdy legs over the ropes. That black coat, perfectly tailored to the athletic figure of its wearer—that black tie, knotted just carelessly enough—that speckless shirt front—these filled us with something akin to awe. I know men who wouldn't exchange the memory of that night for a private audience at Buckingham Palace. And the answer "the honest blacksmith" gave the would-be frivolous person who asked him, "why the tux?"

"It is evening, and this is a stag affair," was the magnificent reply.

Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett settled their differences that night, but the naked gladiators were of secondary importance. The referee enjoyed a sartorial triumph. There was rather rude work to be done, however, and after a while Graney doffed his dinner jacket. His waistcoat disappeared next; then his winged collar and his black tie; finally his white shirt. "The honest blacksmith" stood revealed in a pink silk undershirt, not, as some wags afterwards insisted, in the red flannels of the farrier. There was a good deal of fun poked at the innovation; yet Aleck Greggains and Jack Welch consulted their tailors the first thing next morning.

Pardon me, reader. The present clinched with the past when the tuxedo came into our talk. Let us break and back away.

"We all had Prince Alberts in those days," explained the Solomon of the Queensberry realm. "We called them funeral suits. Perhaps I had a feeling that the undertaker might be needed when I stepped into the ring at the old Golden Gate Athletic Club on Stevenson street below Third to referee the bout between Dal Hawkins and Freddy Bogan. That was in 1890. They fought seventy-two rounds with two-ounce gloves. I was twenty-two years old, and not squeamish about a little blood. At the end of the seventy-second round I postponed the rest of the little affair till the following night. At the end of the fifth round of the second installment neither man could hold up his hands; both were laced to scarlet ribbons. I gave the decision to Bogan; he was enriched with a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars. My Prince Albert was a bit mussy at the end of the first evening's entertainment; so I worked in a blue shirt the second night. I wonder what people mean when they say the present-day fighters are brutal?"

Eddie Graney was born on Clara street in the good old era when "south of the slot" was a state of mind as well as a locality. George Patrick Graney, his father, was one of our pioneer horseshoers. Eddie went to St. Ignatius for a time, but his pugnacity was deemed incompatible with college discipline, so he moved serenely to the Washington Grammar where the chip was never knocked off his shoulder except to the extreme inconvenience of the rash knocker-off.

After quitting school Eddie became a jockey. He was a good jockey too, riding many a winner at the old Bay District as well as in "the jungle," to use the irreverent term applied to the circuit which included Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose and other towns. He was the first jockey in California to ride three winners in one day. An accident ended his career in the racing saddle. There was a spill at Stockton. The other jock was killed, but the papers had it that Graney was the unfortunate. When his father reached Stockton and caught his first sight of his son he thought he saw a ghost. Dad didn't relish the experience, so Eddie went to work in the blacksmith shop.

Soon afterwards George Patrick Graney was taken ill, and it was up to Eddie to run the business. It was the biggest shop in town, and Belden Place rang with its many hammers merrily beating out footwear for the steeds of the fire department, of all the big firms with delivery departments and of all the sports who kept roadsters. Eddie inherited the forge skill of his father, and the business prospered. One of the men who used to drop into the shop for a smoke and a chat with the industrious young boss was a hydrant man from the engine house on Bush street above Montgomery. That was the beginning of a David-and-Jonathan friendship between Eddie Graney and that great fireman Denis Sullivan. It lasted for twenty-five years, and was never marred by a day's dispute, nay, an hour's misunderstanding. To Eddie Graney who has a great deal of the hero-worship so common in generous natures, the late Chief Sullivan is little less than a patron saint.

In time the shop was moved to St. George's Place. St. George's Stables, next door to the fire house, was the headquarters of Sam Rainey who divided Democratic leadership with Chris Buckley. Rainey was the pal of Sullivan; he soon became the close friend of Graney. Graney still had that shop, with another on Howard street, at the time of the fire. All those years he shoed the horses of the fire department. Time and time again reform boards of supervisors tried to take the contract away from him, but Eddie Graney gave battle and never lost. Yet there never was a breath of scandal in connection with his work.

"And not a single horse ever went lame from the shoeing in my shop," says Graney with justifiable pride.

Meanwhile the pugnacious schoolboy had become a clever boxer. He held the amateur lightweight championship. He was "trial horse" at the old California Athletic Club. Those were the days of the Australian boxing invasion. Graney tried out such boxers as Billy McCarthy, Bill Murphy, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon and Bob Fitzsimmons. After exchanging blows with Bob, Graney predicted championship honors for him. When Bob got a match with Jack Dempsey, the middleweight champion, Jack consulted Eddie.

"Is this fellow Fitzsimmons big?" he asked.

"Biggest fighter I ever saw," answered Graney.

"Clever?"

"Cleverest I ever saw," answered Graney.

"Can he punch?"

"Heaviest puncher I ever saw," answered Graney.

"Can he make 144 pounds?"

"He can make 147 pounds," was the answer.

"Then what chance is there for me?" asked Dempsey.

Eddie is candid, but he is also diplomatic; he remained silent. The rest is ring history.

"Who were the best fighters?" he repeated my question. "Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett were the best heavies; Fitzsimmons was the best middle; Dempsey the best light middleweight; Joe Walcott the best welter; John Herget and Jack McAuliffe the best lightweights; and George Dixon the best featherweight. Joe Choynski and Kid McCoy were the most accurate and the most dangerous punchers."

At the time of the Fire Graney was not only a horseshoer and a referee; he was proprietor, with Jimmy Coffroth, of the Belvedere Music Hall, where Kohler and Chase's place now stands, and he was one of the chiefs of the so-called Fight Trust. That last activity led to his indictment by the Graft Prosecution. He was never brought to trial, and the indictments were eventually dismissed. Graney is said to be the only man who defied Heney in and out of the grand jury room.

"You are said to be a gunfighter," he told Heney in the grand jury room. "I say you're a liar. What does a gunfighter do when he's called a liar?"

Heney did nothing.

After the Fire Graney opened a horseshoeing shop in the middle of Market street at Van Ness and gave employment to thirty-two horseshoers. When the first rush was over he gave the business away, and opened the Tuxedo Saloon and the Hague Restaurant on Fillmore street. He moved downtown early, and installed the handsomest and largest billiard parlor in the West. He's there yet, and doing very nicely, thank you.

"Copper the past and play the future," he said when I sounded him on his philosophy of life. "Do everything you can for your friends, and hold nothing against your enemies. I have found that the fellow who breaks clean, never hits below the belt, toes the scratch when time is called, doesn't kick at the referee's decision, and takes the loser's end of the purse when it's coming to him, is the fellow who gets the most out of life. I have also found that the only place for an anvil chorus is the blacksmith shop."

Does Eddie Graney practice what he preaches? Ask any of his many friends. They will tell you of his big heart and his open purse.

"He's got a bread line longer than the Associated Charities," is the way one of them phrased it for me.

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If it takes a page of the Examiner every day for weeks to make a dent in the lotteries, how much space in all the Hearst papers and how long a period will be required to end the war?

Bill Bryan is going up on a mountain in Arkansas to pray for peace. We seem to recall that when Moses prayed on the mountain the Israelites fought more furiously than ever.

Note of discouragement: The secondary stage of electionitis is always more virulent than the primary.

We decided to vote against a lot of those supervisorial candidates as soon as we saw their pictures.

Tailor Valentine was ironed out with his own goose.

The humor of the campaign will continue to be a minus quantity until the candidates file their election expenses.

Even the kids are blasé. Not one has approached us with that once familiar cry: "Got any 'lection cards?"

The rumor that Harry Mulcrevy will make K. C. B. his chief deputy is entirely without foundation.

According to Senator Burton, the greatest steps toward democracy have been taken in this century in Russia, Turkey and China. Wonder why he doesn't mention Mexico.

The Department of Justice is trying to locate the source of the pro-German propaganda which is handling the campaign for the coercion of Congress. Why not put Hearst on the grill?

Captain Von Papen says it is "deuced bad form" to publish a man's letters to his wife. Excepting, of course, a letter that has been sent by Archibald post.

If but one man in all the world did not want to see the war end until the Germans were driven back to their own soil Maeterlinck would be that man. Yet the Examiner would have its readers believe that Maeterlinck is for peace at once.

Which causes us to wonder if there is anything Hearst would not do to keep in touch with the propaganda that has a Dumba and a Von Papen for its shining lights.

Hearst is a great moralist, a civic patriot and a fine Southern gentleman. He hates lotteries and pugilism and war. But he is tolerant of Hearst and all his ways and works.

The Nuns of Ypres

By Robert McTavish

Between Ireland and Belgium there has long been a romantic connection to which the names of Fontenoy and Landen bear witness. One of the most interesting relics of long association is the community of Irish nuns which for two hundred and fifty years has been maintained at Ypres. A simple and touching narrative of the experiences of the nuns in the present war, of their suffering, of their quiet heroism, written by D. M. C., a member of the community and edited by R. Barry O'Brien, L. L. D., has been put between book covers.

As Mr. John Redmond tells us in his introduction, the Dames Irlandaises of the Royal Benedictine Abbey of Ypres had an Elizabethan foundation. A Benedictine convent was established at Brussels by Lady Percy, Lady Montague and Lady Fortescue, who themselves became nuns. The Abbey at Ypres was founded in 1665. In 1682 Lady Flavia Cary was appointed Lady Abbess, and the community then became and has ever since remained distinctly Irish. The Abbey was legally made over to the Irish nation. The names of the Lady Abbesses have practically all been Irish—Butler, O'Brien, Ryan, Mandeville, Dalton, Lynch and so forth. Amongst the relics treasured at the convent were the famous flag, mentioned in song and story, which the Irish Brigade in the service of the French captured at Ramillies; a voluminous correspondence with James II; a large piece of lace worked by Mary Stuart and a large portrait of James II which he presented to the Abbey.

On October 7th, according to the narrative, the people of Ypres were startled by the sound of guns not far from the town. What a picture of detachment from all the growing storm is conveyed by the author: "In the Monastery it was the spiritual-reading hour, so we were not able to communicate our fears." The nuns rang their bell for vespers after the Germans had arrived, not knowing that an order had been issued that no bell was to be used. On October 21st the nuns took to their cellars, and as they refused shelter to none the cellars were densely populated. There is a reference, powerful in its simplicity, to the bewilderment of the nuns when events forced them into the tumultuous and crowded streets after having spent many years in their tranquil enclosure. It is of course recognized that war releases nuns from their vows to keep within their enclosure. The aged Abbess was conveyed to the comparative safety of Poperinghe accompanied by one of the nuns, who soon afterwards died of shock. The other nuns, presided over by the Prioress, stayed on, though most civilians had already left Ypres. At last they departed in truly dramatic circumstances. The author describes their flight:

"We then went through the outer church into the sacristry, locking the door of the grille behind us. There was but one more door which separated us from the outside world—one door more! and we should be out of our enclosure, perhaps never more to return! There was a pause in our sad procession—the key was not there. Our Lord watched over us once more; for, had we then continued in our procession, some of us would inevitably have been badly hurt, if not indeed killed. After a few minutes' waiting, the key was brought, and already placed in the keyhole, when a loud explosion, accompanied by a terrific crash which shook the entire building, laid us all prostrate . . . . . Bewildered, rather than afraid, we arose, and saw, through the window, a shower of bricks and glass falling into the garden. The first—though not the last—shell had struck our well-loved Abbey. We now realized that there was no time to waste. The door was opened, and with an indescribable feeling of horror, mingled with uncertainty, we went out. In the street we raised our eyes in one sad farewell to our beloved Monastery; and there, out of the cell windows, principally that of Mother Prioress, a cloud of vapor and smoke told us of the passage of the shell; while the remains of the garret windows overhead and other débris of slates, bricks, wood and glass strewn on the pavement, proved without a doubt, that Divine Providence nad truly intervened in allowing the little delay in the sacristy, but for which we should have been just on the spot when all this had happened."

As they passed through the streets, while houses were here and there falling asunder under the bursting shells, the nuns were helped by two Irish soldiers.

"One of us remarked to the soldiers: 'It is very kind of you to help us.' To our delight they answered: 'It is our same religion and our same country.' They were both Irish Catholics, one from Kerry, the other from Belfast. When we reached the outskirts of the town they were both obliged to turn back, not having leave to quit Ypres. The Kerry man left us hurriedly; but our man from Belfast ventured a little farther, though in the end he thought it wiser to return to his regiment. So we shook hands with him, and thanked him heartily, wishing him good luck and a safe return to dear old Ireland! Our good Mother Prioress had a bag of pears in her hand, so she said to him: 'Here, take these pears and eat them, and we will pray for you.' But he turned away, and said: 'No, no, keep them for yourselves.' Here the poor fellow broke down and cried. He hurried away, waved his hand, and wished us God-speed."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the narrative, and certainly the finest proof of the courage of the nuns, is the account of the

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return of three of them to Ypres to visit the ruined Abbey. One seldom comes across a better example than this book supplies of spiritual ardor expelling physical fear. Reaching the outskirts of the town, the three nuns found such a bombardment going on as might have caused the oldest soldier to quail:

"Wondering as to how we should succeed, we came across an English sentinel, and so asked his advice. He told us that he thought there was no chance whatever of our getting into the town. He said that he himself had been obliged to abandon his post on account of the shells, that the troops in the town had been ordered to leave, and that those coming in had been stopped. (We now remembered having seen a regiment of French soldiers setting out from Poperinghe at the same time as we had done, and, and then they were suddenly stopped, while we went on and saw them no more.) Despite what the sentinel told us, we remained unpersuaded. Seeing several soldiers going in and out of a house just opposite, we thought it would be as well to ask a temporary shelter till the bombardment should lessen."

They succeeded in visiting the wrecked convent—since entirely demolished—and then returned to Poperinghe, and eventually reached England. We must end with a delightfully characteristic incident which occurred as the three nuns were emerging for the last time from Ypres:

"We came up with a British cavalry regiment. They were coming from the trenches. They looked at us and shouted: 'Who are you, Sisters, and where do you come from?' Dame Columban answered: 'We are English nuns from the Benedictine Convent of the Rue St. Jacques.' This was too much for Dame Patrick, who called out: 'We are no such thing. We are Irish Benedictines!' 'Irish,' shouted half a dozen of them, 'and so are we,' and they all began singing, 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' and thus escorted, we took a long, last look at the dear old town."

Paris in War Time

By James Milne

As a great seat of French story and European history, Paris has played many parts in many times, and looked many things. She has never, however, been just what she is now, in this hour of Armageddon, and it is a privilege to stay within her borders for a little while. You may say of her, if you only know her holiday mood, that she is, in the sympathetic French word, triste. She is a little sad, but it adds to her beauty, to her dignity, and to her courage in the great fight for La Patrie, civilization and true Christianity.

Paris in war time has the softness of a beautiful woman who has just weathered a great sorrow, combined with the severely disciplined mien of a Roman matron. "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." That is the one thought of Paris, and every moment, every measure of her existence, goes out to the realization of the thought in victory. You hear no boasting, no toasting; you hear as little talk as possible about the campaign, but everybody is contributing his and her utmost to it. War allows Paris no time to be martial in bugle calls and blazonry. If you see any soldiers at all, they are quietly hurrying north, as if they already heard the sound of the guns up there, perhaps at some edge of the field which you touch on your way from London to Paris.

Our forefathers spoke of the Grand Tour when they set out for Paris and other European capitals. Today we might speak of the journey to France as the Grand Tour in a different sense, for it is hedged about with passport restrictions, no doubt very necessary in themselves, though rather trying to the honest traveler. However, there is nothing dangerous, nothing even to be called adventurous, in crossing the channel on a fast packet boat which German submarines would find it hard to hit, even if they could elude our net of torpedo boats and destroyers. You see the boats of your steamer swung out and you notice that life-buoys are strapped to the deck chairs, but all that merely gives a spice to the voyage across and to your welcome by Boulogne.

It may be called almost a British welcome, for the British are nearly in possession of that ancient town, and, indeed, its native people say jocularly that, for the time being, it has reverted to England. In Boulogne, which is not very far, mind you, from the base of the British army, you see khaki, khaki, khaki all the time. When you pull away from it towards Abbeville and Amiens you exchange the khaki for the blue and red of French soldiers, who are keeping watch and ward so that you may travel safely. You feel, in Amiens, that you are within the war zone, for the Germans almost came there, and when you leave it and go onward to Paris, you cross the Oise on a trestle bridge that has been put up until a permanent one, which the French troops as a precautionary measure destroyed, shall be built again. All this is the outcrop of the first terrific invasion of France by the Germans, the coming down of the Huns on the envied fold of Paris, and then the hurried throwing back of them from there, a great event which blossomed in the glorious battle of the Marne, a victory that will become a song in French history.

Never was travel to Paris more interesting, nor, if it be slow, more pleasant to the true traveler who loves to think by the way. He has many thoughts when he gets to Paris, but the chief one is of its peacefulness, its sober, strenuous mood, even its tranquil beauty. Its old rush and tumble have been spirited away by the war, and Paris has a life and an aspect which are wholly fresh. She gives you the idea of a great, beautiful village, what with the summer trees in leaf in her streets, and the summer flowers blooming in the Champs Elysées, and the summer grass green and rich in the Bois de Boulogne. But along with that, there is the old artistic perfectness of Paris, always the historic capital, the most finished and beautiful city in the world. What you have, in fine, is a country-in-town such as neither Paris nor any other capital has ever known before, and the thing is something to remember, and, in its way, to be joyful over.

You can, this summer, walk about Paris almost as if you were taking a country stroll, and certainly you do not run the risk you used to run of being destroyed at any street corner by a careering taxi. Taxis are few and comparatively slow, and they have the bumpy noise of old machinery, for all the newest ones have been taken into military service. Even the Paris cocher of the essentially Parisian fiacre is leisurely and quiet in tone when he salutes you in search of a fare, or warns you to stay back unless he is to run into you. He does not threaten to do so, but calmly stops his horse as if time were of no object with him, and, indeed, if you get into conversation, you will find it thus, because he is only "subsisting," not "living."

There the picturesque cocher represents the plain note of Paris, for while she conducts her ordered, everyday life in the simple, strenuous way, which is the only way to victory, the great arteries of her strength and her warm heart are at the front, fighting the invader. Many of her shops remain closed, and you may read on the shutters notices saying that the occupants are with certain regiments and that their rank is so-and-so. The national museums are closed or only partly open, but the beautiful grounds of the Louvre are as before, and under their trees you will see children and women and old men sitting, and basking in the sun and talking about the war. Over the Foreign Office and other public buildings the tricolor flies, but otherwise Paris is unbedecked, because she fights for her life and does not make war for show. She knew from the first that she was in for a grim struggle, and she has faced it grimly.

There is a familiar description of Paris as the City of Light, but it does not apply at present in the familiar way. She is bright naturally, and the sun shines on her, but she is dark, indeed, in the dark. When the night cometh, although no man is then supposed to work, she still works at the war in thought and deed, and she scarcely amuses herself at all. The foreign visitor is comparatively rare, with the result that the restaurant life on the Grand Boulevards is a sparse picture. Parisians meet at their favorite rendezvous in the accustomed way, but it is rather to talk over affairs than to be merely sociable, because, remember, all the time Paris is very serious as well as very simple. She drinks plain water to her déjeuner and dinner, or, at the most, mineral water, and only when somebody comes home from the front for a little rest does she indulge in a bottle of her favorite wine. You cannot, of course, sum up her eating and drinking in a

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sentence like that, but it strikes the note upon which she lives, because she means to conquer in this war and she is leaving nothing to chance, either physically, morally or spiritually.

You will get an idea of the vividness of her spiritual life if you go, as you surely will, to the Madeleine or to Notre Dame, the dim religious fanes of Paris. They are high places of consolation to those who have lost dear relatives but have not themselves lost hope. Almost every hour of the day funerals flow in and out of the Madeleine. Unknown heroes who have given their lives in the trenches are being brought home, to rest at home, side by side with members of their families who have died in peaceful times. It is very touching to watch the crowds of women in black who go to the Medeleine to pray, and to see the mixture of courage and resignation which illumines every face. Such men, too, as are not fighting are there consoling their women folk, and helping to bear heroically the greatest burden of suffering which has ever fallen upon Paris. It consecrates her, and by her consecration even gives a braiding of gold to the terrible ordeal of Armageddon.

What could be more beautiful than to step into Notre Dame, with its far arc of space, half in shadow, half in sun, and see lighted altars, before which devout women are praying for those who are dead that it may be well with them in another world, and for those who are not dead, that it may be well with them in this world? You sit down and drift away on this atmosphere of dream, and you think that it was just hereabout, on an island made by the Seine, that Paris began long, long years ago, and that now, through blood and fire, she is going to a greater future in history than she has ever had in all her glorious past. Notre Dame? What does it not stand for in the splendid chronicle of Paris? And the Madeleine? What does it not stand for in a spiritual life, exalted now in the furnace of the greatest war the world has known? Always, there is nothing actually sad about these Paris pictures, nothing sorrowful, and the reason is that the unspeakable sacrifice is for an unspeakable great purpose, the saving of civilization and the reconstruction of Europe.

Therefore, the Parisians are not sad, but only resolved, and of an afternoon a little family party will quietly go to a matinée, or, of an evening, to a simple music-hall performance. The French understand that to live and triumph in a strenuous time, it is necessary now and then to change the condition of life; to, as they say, vary the idea, and this they do in Paris, but the brilliant city of old will come no more until after the war. Paris is, however, in another sense, a greater city of light than ever she was, or probably ever will be again, for it is the light eternal of the burning bush that shines all over her, through every class of her people, the light that never was on sea or land, except at times like the "crack of doom," when what is finest and best in men and women comes out in spiritual greatness.

You could not say of Paris of this war time that it is an Adamless Eden, but you would say that it is in great measure a city of women. The Parisienne, young, middle-aged or aged, is everywhere doing everything. She is attending to her husband's shop in his absence, she is scavenging his particular range of streets, she is, perhaps, managing his counting house or his bank. The Frenchwoman is possibly the most capable woman in the world, whether in domestic or business affairs. She is practical, she is efficient, she is quick, and, with it all, she remains a very womanly woman. You can see her by the hundred and the thousand coming to business from the suburbs in the morning. She is fresh and alert, and she has not lost those qualities when she returns to the suburbs in the evening. She dresses quietly, in black if she has lost people, anyhow in quiet dark colors, and while she thus reflects the presence of war, she does not lose her own charm as a Parisienne. She retains all her natural gift for wearing clothes which suggest the atmosphere about her, whatever it may be, as in her new vivandiére skirt, her long-legged boots, her blouse which suggests a tunic, and her hat, half military, half coquettish. That is the wonderful thing in the Frenchwoman; she can be brave and resolute, sorrowful and tearful, charming and pretty at one and the same time. She has, somehow, a faculty for reflecting, as in one gleam, the varying moods which pass over other women in succession, and in this, perhaps, lies much of the secret of her attractiveness as a personality.

The Parisienne is doing her part in the war, more than doing it, but she does not forget that a trim foot and a neat figure, and a smiling face, all lend elements of life as well as beauty to a community. Therefore, she continues to dress well, if simply, and it is a satisfaction to her to have a new frock in the newest fashion, even if she can only wear it at home, for there is hardly any social entertaining in Paris, and she scarcely "goes out." If she does, it will be of an afternoon, when, perhaps, she will take "five o'clock" tea somewhere and also talk over the war with her women friends, as the men do wherever they meet. When the men come back from the war she will run out to welcome them, and she will be able to say: "Here is Paris as you left it;" and they will say: "My dear, it is better than when we left it. You have not only kept it but enhanced it."

The Lantern

By Robert McTavish

When that little "magazine of lucid intervals" was but two months' old the premature verdict was rendered by lovers of good reading that it was the sort of thing to appeal to people of taste who are fond of ideas but that the editors could hardly keep the pace. Well, the seventh number is now out, the October number, and if anything it is better than any of its predecessors. The task to which the editors have applied themselves is a difficult one. Their space being limited the manifest intention is to make every page tell. Not an easy intention to carry out, but if there are any dull pages in The Lantern I have not run across them. I have seen a letter from E. H. Anderson, director of the New York Public Library (Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations) asking for a complete file of The Lantern to bind and preserve. Surely The Lantern is making its way. I have seen the circulation books of this infant prodigy. I find that it has made its way into three clubs in Los Angeles, one in Sacramento, one in Fresno; also that the Pacific-Union, Family, Union-League, Concordia, Olympic, Press and Beresford clubs of San Francisco are subscribers. The only prominent club in San Francisco that has not discovered The Lantern is the Bohemian. But I am told that very few Bohemians ever visit the library, which is mainly for ornamental and atmospheric purposes.

What I started out to write about was the October number of The Lantern with its pungent wit and discreet irony. In this number there is joy and laughter, the only begetters of virtue and happiness. There is the music of laughter in two songs of wine—one by Baudelaire and one by Hilaire Belloc. Theodore Bonnet has an essay in the reading of which you will visualize objects of laughter in everyday life, though the theme of the essay is two and twenty centuries old. Mr. Bonnet presents to us a vivid picture of political life in the days of the Gracchi, the two greatest demagogues, as he contends, in all history. Mr. Bonnet writes as one far removed from party strife and its ferocity, but in dealing with the Gracchi he makes you understand some of our most illustrious contemporaries.

Edward F. O'Day contributes to this issue an article "Concerning Laughter," a subject which he refuses to take seriously. This article is in an unconventional form, so I hesitate to call it an essay. With the aid of Flossie, a stenographer (I happen to know, by the way, that the writer never had a stenographer in his life), he turns what laughter there is in the article on himself. This is not a bad idea; it argues that he does not take himself too solemnly, always the besetting temptation of essayists. Laughter is a ticklish subject. There is always the danger that the reader will laugh "on the wrong side of his face," as the homely saying goes, at the writer who handles it. There are scientific treatises on laughter, but I doubt whether any but scientists have ever found the least bit of interest in them. And there are purely literary essays on laughter which are pretty pretentious because their authors strain an indifferent sense of humor and only succeed in extracting a thin trickle of mirth. O'Day has a strong enough sense of humor to know that humor, like Owen Glendower's "spirits of the vasty deep," does not always come when it is called. So he refrains from calling too loudly. Finding that there was no compulsion to laugh at his article "Concerning Laughter" I relaxed my risibles and yielded it the voluntary tribute of a few chuckles. Perhaps you may do as much.

This is the first time that Vincent McNabb has appeared among Lantern contributors. His article is called "The Way to Medievalism." It is a splendid little article. There is more wisdom packed into it than I have found in any of my recent reading. McNabb knows the Middle Ages, and it follows logically that he admires them vastly. What it was that made their greatness he tells in a series of pithy paragraphs which are nothing less than inspiring. It may sound paradoxical to say that he draws us to the Middle Ages by pointing out to us how far away from them we are, but it is true. I don't know when I have been so stimulated as by the reading of this article. I trust we shall have more from Vincent McNabb's pen in other numbers of The Lantern.

In addition to all the good things I have mentioned is another of R. B. Cunninghame Graham's stories—"A Vestal"—a masterpiece of irony with that great American desideratum, the punch.

The Spectator

The Clockwinder in the Tenderloin

"Well, what do you think of it?"

The question was Secretary Rainey's. Time: the morning after the primary. The Mayor's secretary was in the pendulum room where he found the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock reading the newspaper accounts of the election.

"You put it over in great shape," said the clockwinder. "Schmitz surely has his'n."

"Yes," said Rainey, a broad grin on his face, "we swatted him hard."

"You gave him a dose of his own medicine; almost an overdose. When Schmitz and Ruef were on the job they took some desperate chances. You remember what they did to the voting machine one year?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But they never had the tenderloin in such fine shape."

Mr. Rainey frowned. "Cut that out," he suggested.

"Now don't be ashamed of the tenderloin. I was up there yesterday talking to one of the old-timers and he almost converted me to Rolph."

"What did he tell you?"

"First he told me what was doing, and it was surely rough work. The bars were down. Talk about voting dead men, why—"

"I haven't been talking about any such thing," Mr. Rainey exclaimed. "Cut it out."

"Well, let's talk about votes for women. It's a great thing when you have the tenderloin with you. Schmitz didn't get a woman's vote in the whole redlight district."

Mr. Rainey was showing signs of impatience. "I thought," he observed, "you were going to say something about being converted to Rolph."

"Almost converted," said the clockwinder by way of correction. "When my friend told me all they were doing for Rolph I asked him how it was the tenderloin was so strong, because I remembered that for awhile the lid was on tight. 'Yes,' he said, 'it was, but now we're running wide open, and we don't have to put up a cent.' I was glad to hear that, and I said to myself, 'Well, surely the tenderloin owes nothing to Schmitz.'"

The Clockwinder's Misgivings

Mr. Rainey was glad to hear words of commendation for the Administration. He told the clockwinder so. The clockwinder smiled over his work. He was polishing the key with a piece of chamois. "I'm wondering now," he said, "how long it will be before the lid is clamped on."

"What are you wondering about that for?" Mr. Rainey asked.

"Because Rolph has turned so many corners. Now that the election is over I shall expect to see some changes. I'm not a prophet, but I look into the seeds of time occasionally."

"Well, don't worry about our Jim."

"I worry about him only when the Examiner cracks the whip. The Examiner has spasms of virtue."

"Now you're getting disagreeable. I guess I'll go," said Mr. Rainey, taking his hat.

"Don't be in a hurry. I was just going to remark that the Mayor has many friends who are not of the tenderloin."

"Indeed he has."

"I was just reading about them in the Examiner. He got seventy-one votes at the Alms House and Schmitz got only eight. There wasn't any place that the machine neglected."

"Piffle!" and Mr. Rainey again started for the door.

Piffle and Cant

"Hold on a minute," said the clockwinder. "Don't be in a hurry."

Secretary Rainey paused.

"Speaking about piffle," said the waterfront sage, "I see that Matt Sullivan set up a roar against gambling in the '49 camp."

"Yes, of course he did."

The clockwinder grinned for the fraction of a second. "There goes my sore lip," he exclaimed. "You've split it. Speaking of gambling," he went on, "I wonder if the lotteries ever contributed to the Mayor's campaign fund."

Mr. Rainey frowned.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. They used to do that in the bad old days, but of course not now, else Mayor Rolph would have known, and Matt would have known, that there were lotteries in town. Matt never saw a lottery ticket, but he heard the chips click out on the Zone. Matt has a great ear, but he wears glasses. He's—"

"What are you driving at?"

"Now, Ed, don't get sore. You know I like a wide-open town. I can stand for anything but the virtuous Pharisee. If there's anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter that he wouldn't take a hand at I'd like to know what it is. I'm not kicking at the lotteries, but when I see Matt Sullivan demanding the closing of a straight faro game and rolling his eyes in holy horror at it I almost—"

Mr. Rainey vanished and the clockwinder proceeded to wind the clock.

Jordan's Big Story

A little later the waterfront philosopher emerged from the tower. In the street he met the Hon. Frank Jordan, Secretary of State. "Say, Frank," said the clockwinder, "you're just the man I wanted to see."

"What about?" Jordan asked.

"About that story you're telling on the Governor."

"Which one? I've told a lot of them."

"The one you told to a Sacramento editor about the dope that Heney got hold of on the senatorial fight."

Jordan scratched his head as though to get his mind working. Presently he squinted at the clockwinder interrogatively. "Tell me what you heard," he suggested, being as usual discreet and cautious.

"I heard that Heney had got hold of some sensational documentary evidence on the senatorial fight, and that you told an editor, a friend of the Governor, who didn't believe it and—"

"Yes, yes—.'

"He went to the Governor to have him nail the lie and—"

"Yes, yes."

"He didn't come back."

Jordan smiled enigmatically.

"Did Heney tell you that story, or did you dream it, or would you rather believe in a dream or in Heney?"

"I've got to get this boat," said Jordan, and out he started leaving the clockwinder alone with his key.

War's Nostalgia

I have just been reading a very touching poem published in the London Times—a war poem, of course. It is called "Outward Bound" and is attributed to an officer of the British force that was sent against the Dardanelles. His name is not given; all that we are told of him is that he was killed in Gallipoli. Going forth to try the high hazard of war his thoughts turned to home, and so he wrote:

There's a waterfall I'm leaving
  Running down the rocks in foam,
There's a pool for which I'm grieving
  Near the water-ouzel's home,
And it's there that I'd be lying
  With the heather close at hand
And the curlews faintly crying
  Mid the wastes of Cumberland.

While the midnight watch is winging
  Thoughts of other days arise,
I can hear the river singing
  Like the saints in Paradise;
I can see the water winking
  Like the merry eyes of Pan,
And the slow half-pounder sinking
  By the bridge's granite span.

Ah! to win to them and clamber
  Braced anew with winds I love,
From the river's stainless amber
  To the morning mist above,
See through cloud-rifts rent asunder,
  Like a painted scroll unfurled,
Ridge and hollow rolling under
  To the fringes of the world.

Shall I give some more of this? It is not great poetry, but it goes to the heart. The man's nostalgia was cured only by death, and his end—fighting bravely, I have no doubt—consecrates his verses.

Though the high gods smite and slay us,
  Though we come not whence we go,
As the host of Menelaus
  Came there many years ago;
Yet the self-same wind shall bear us
  From the same departing place
Out across the Gulf of Saros
  And the peaks of Samothrace:

We shall pass in summer weather,
  We shall come at eventide,
Where the fells stand up together
  And all quiet things abide;
Mixed with cloud and wind and river,
  Sun-distilled in dew and rain,
One with Cumberland forever,
  We shall go not forth again.

His premonition was true. He came not whence he went. But in Cumberland, no doubt, there are loved ones leaning on the granite

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bridge, listening to the river as it sings and watching the water-ouzels and the curlews, and finding some consolation for their grief in the sweet lines he penned before he died.

The Muse in the Trenches

A writer has said recently that poetry "needs some clear peace and quietness of mind, however momentary, for its creation. Any true quietness of mind just now is impossible." Perhaps it is, for the men like Lissauer and Regnier who have been sitting in their studies and writing songs of hate; but there is peace and quietness of mind in the trenches—momentary, it is true—and the poets are writing there. By this war spirits are being finely touched, and to fine issues. Euterpe has not been frightened away by the scream of the shrapnel. During the past year at least two great poets have died singing. There have been many others who were not great. Most of them were not professional poets; unaccustomed song was released from their breasts by the shock of the great world-convulsion. They have not all deserved the bays, but at least they should be crowned with myrtle.

Rupert Brooke

"Well, if Armageddon's on, I suppose one should be there," said Rupert Brooke when the war broke out. So this young poet, handsome as a Greek god, obtained a commission. He took part in the expedition to Antwerp. He spent several days and nights under shell fire in the trenches, and several more in the retreat through Belgium. At the end of February he sailed for the Dardanelles. Who knows? He may have been with the officer who sang of Cumberland. On April 23 he died of sunstroke or blood-poisoning—there are two accounts—on board a French hospital ship at Scyros. Scyros is an isle of the Aegean off the coast of Thessaly. Theseus was buried there. It was there that Achilles' mother secreted her vulnerable son among the hand-maidens of King Lycomedes. Its old town, once sacred to Athena, is now called St. George. Truly, a fitting place for a British solider-poet to die! Rupert Brooke lies in an olive grove. They "buried him darkly at dead of night," by torchlight. Before he died he wrote, in "peace and quietness of mind," his sonnet of "The Soldier:"

If I should die, think only this of me:
  That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
  In that rich dust a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
  Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
  Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And this, this heart, all evil shed away,
  A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
  And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Charles Péguy

Rupert Brooke was one of the two great poets whose singing the war silenced and crowned. The other was Charles Péguy. This noble French poet fell at Villeroy in the battle of the Marne on September 5 of last year. A peasant of the Loire by birth, a national figure by right of genius, he left a struggling family when France went to war and was made a lieutenant of reserves. His death filled France with sorrow; she turned to his noble hymn to Joan of Arc, his poem in honor of St. Genevieve, the patron of Paris, and read them in tears. He had been publisher as well as poet, and gave great authors to the public, Romain Rolland among them. One of the most individual of French writers, perhaps we shall some day have his fine "Cahiers de la Quinzaine" in an English translation. I do not know whether he wrote poetry during that heart-breaking retreat that ended in the great victory and his death; I shall be surprised to hear that he did not, for the authentic poetry in him was irrepressible. Rupert Brooke was only twenty-seven when he died; Péguy was forty.

Humbler Singers

These are the great dead singers who found "peace and quietness of mind" at the front. There are other poets, humble lyrists whose music has come to our ears above the roar of carnage. France has any number of them. There is Théodore Botrel, "laureate of the trenches" by official appointment of War Minister Millerand. He is a Breton, a minstrel as truly as Blondel was, or that gallant Taillefer who rode before the Norman cavalry into the Battle of Hastings, and was killed with song on his lips. Before the war Botrel was not unknown in the salons of the Faubourg; since August of last year he has been heard singing his simple, sweet, consoling numbers in Flanders, in the Vosges and the Argonne. There is also René Berton who may be dead by now. It was in the trenches that Berton celebrated the young hero Alain de Fayolle, the "Cyrard" who buttoned on his white gloves and fastened his St. Cyr plume in his képi before he led his disordered company into action at Charleroi. Alain was shot through the head, but his men rallied. He lives in Berton's stirring verses. There is also Captain Alfred Droin, at least one of whose sonnets has been published in the Revue de Paris. It is the picture of a soldier, wounded by a splinter of shrapnel, swooning, and growing aware as consciousness returns, of a human form bending over him:

Et tout á coup je vois, sous son casque de fer,
Mi-penchè vers mon corps sanglant parmi les roches—
Un officier prussien qui retourne mes poches.

And there is that corporal of the French Colonial Infantry, since fallen on the field of honor, who wrote a noble ballad in the trenches of the Argonne. Captain Marcel Prevost, the famous novelist, has given it to the world. It is a swinging, rousing poem by one who did not know he was a poet until Prevost told him so—and who did not live long enough to enjoy his new honor.

En avant d'un village
  Qu'on nomme Vezaincourt,
Un pont donne passage
  Aux soldats, nuit et jour . . . .
Les uns y vivent, les autres y meurent,
  Mais qu'importe la mort
  Si nous sommes les plus forts
    Au pont de Vezaincourt?

In the English Trenches

There are such singers in the English trenches too. And in the German, doubtless. But to the verses of these last I lack access. "H. C. F." is one of the English singers. The following has come from Flanders in one of his letters:

Under the lee of the little wood
  I'm sitting in the sun:
What will be done in Flanders
  Before the day be done?

Under my feet the springing blades
  Are green as green can be;
It's the bloody clay of Flanders
  That keeps them green for me.

Above, beyond the larches
  The sky is very blue;
"It's the smoke of hell in Flanders
  That leaves the sun for you."

By nests in the blossoming elm-tree
  The wise rooks rock on bough,
What blasts of hell, in Flanders,
  Rive the bared branches, now?

An officer in command of a British battery near Soissons had "peace and quietness of mind" enough to write this which is quite beautiful of its kind, though its last two lines mar it somewhat:

Let me go back to Venizel
And farther still across the plain,
A garden grows beside the Aisne
With sweet black plums that like me well.

Beyond the bridge at Venizel
The sunny level plain is laid.
Last week we crossed, and had for shade
The yellow bursts of German shell.

And once again at Venizel
My boys the Prussian fire withstood,
Stout hearts still sleep within the wood,
Beside the bridge for which they fell.

Let us go back to Venizel;
To Bucy highlands let us win.
The road is northward to Berlin
And our advance the Prussians' knell.

The Poet-Soldier

I do not think I need apologize for dwelling so long on the poet-soldiers of this great war. There is a fascination about them which one need not resist, for it is of worthy origin, born of our nobler feelings. All through the ages the poet-soldier has been a poet apart. The world will not surrender the name of Tyrtaeus though it has nothing of his work. Who does not like to think that martial numbers are

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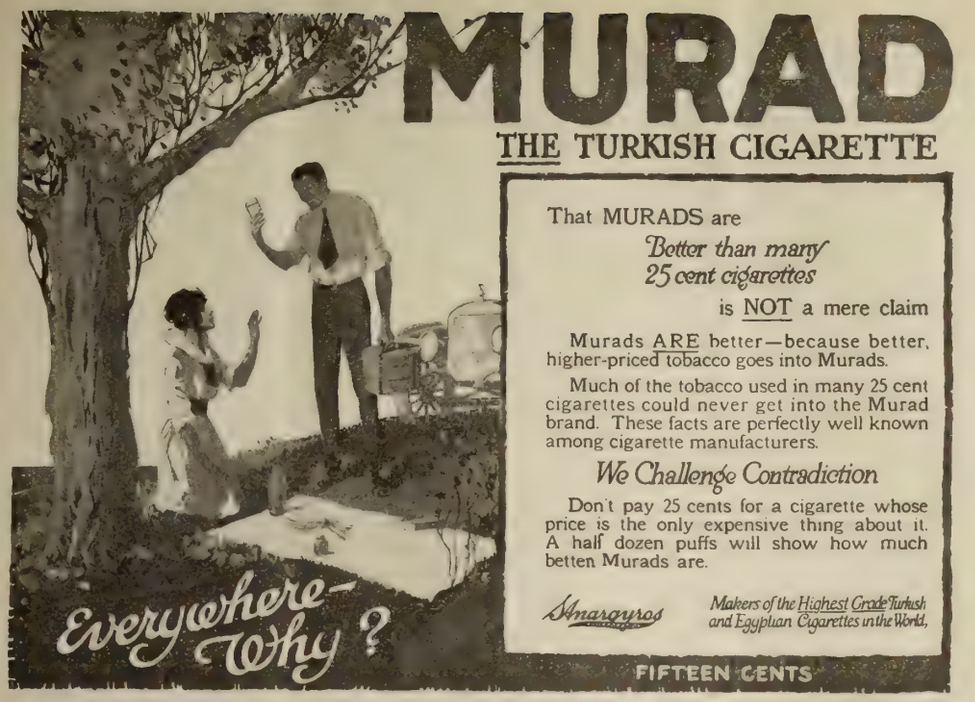

among the lost works of Sophocles, verses written while he served under Pericles in the Samian War? Did Sir Philip Sydney write a lyric or a sonnet during that campaign in the Low Countries that ended so gloriously on the field of Zutphen? Ben Jonson was a soldier in Flanders; surely he wrote a little there! And Royalist Richard Lovelace who wrote so beautifully "going to the wars" must have penned a few lines between bivouacs. Unfortunate Burgoyne may have written a song or two before Saratoga; he wrote many after. Francis Scott Key was not of course a soldier, but he found "peace and quietness" enough to compose our national anthem during that fierce bombardment of Fort McHenry. It was not Byron's fault that he died at Missolonghi without ever leading his Suliote guard on the stricken field. There were poets in our Civil War, especially on the Southern side: Sidney Lanier, William Henry Thompson who wrote the great "High Tide at Gettysburg" and Theodore O'Hara who gave us "The Bivouac of the Dead." We may look for more poetry from the various fronts before this war is over. Poetry is even now being sent to the British troops. Sir Walter Raleigh has edited a series of broadsides which are being despatched to Flanders and France in large quantities. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, Macaulay's "Armada" and Ivry," Shelley's "Adonais," Drayton's "Agincourt" and Gray's "Elegy" (one thinks of Wolfe before Quebec), are among the poetry selected. This will encourage singers in moments of "peace and quietness of mind." But some singers will not need this encouragement. There is Robert W. Service, for instance, serving with the Canadians. Suppose the author of "Dangerous Dan McGrew" should be inspired to sing the fate of the heroic Patricias at St. Eloi!

A Lottery "Victim"

"Driven to desperation by his losses in the M. and F. lottery, an unknown man ended his life by leaping into the dark waters of the bay last night from the deck of the ferryboat Cazadero." Thus the Examiner Monday morning. You read the story: how he jumped to his death; how the life boat and the searchlight couldn't find him; and how his hat and a letter addressed to the Examiner were found on the deck of the Cazadero. Oh, that letter! Did you weep as you read it? I broke down and cried like a baby. I wept as bitterly as Mark Twain wept at the grave of Adam, as plentifully as Billy Baxter wept until he discovered that his pal's grand-aunt had been dead for twenty years. The letter told how the lottery had ruined the unknown suicide. "I want to add my wee bit of testimony regarding the fatalness of playing the M. and F. lottery. . . . . A man about to die is supposed to speak the truth. . . . . I married and tried to be a good husband to the wife I adored. . . . . But I got obsessed with the M. and F. lottery; played it every week, month after month, year after year, putting every cent I could get into it. . . . . Today I have lost my home and my wife and honor. . . . . May my lesson help someone else before it is too late." After I had dried the tears this letter drew from my eyes I thought about the awfulness of the lotteries and in a transport of rage at their wickedness I tore up a two-bit ticket for the next drawing. I had a hunch it would win the capital prize, but what did I care?

The Naughty Office Boy

Judge of my surprise to learn next day that the unknown had not achieved suicide after all. All he got was a bath, perhaps a chill. After being in the water for two hours he was fished out by sailors who heard him hollering for dear life. They took him ashore and allowed him to go his way, name undivulged. The Examiner told all about the rescue and published a facsimile of his letter in Tuesday's paper. I was curious about this mysterious man who lost his wife, his home and his honor through playing the lotteries and then tried to commit suicide by drowning. What a strange way for a strong swimmer to seek death! And he must have been a strong swimmer, otherwise he wouldn't have lived in the water for two hours before being rescued. Out of curiosity I made a few inquiries among my reporter friends, with the most unexpected results. I was told that the attempt at suicide was a fake attempt, that the letter was a fake letter. I was further told that the entire fake was "put over" by an office boy on the Examiner. This office boy found a swimmer who was not afraid to take a midnight dive into the bay, and this office boy wrote the letter about the lotteries, instructing him where to leave it. I cannot vouch for the story, but there is internal evidence for it—the letter reads as though written by an office boy. When I discovered how the Examiner and its devoted readers had been deceived by a naughty office boy, I was kind of sorry I had torn up my lottery ticket.

Newspaper Changes

Following the resignation of Edmond Coblentz from his position as managing editor of the Evening Call to become assistant to Managing Editor Justin McGrath of the Examiner, there have been other changes in the local newspaper field. The new managing editor of the Call is R. R. Hiestand who, not long ago, was promoted from city editor to assistant managing editor of the Chronicle. "Bob" Hiestand is an editor of great ability; he made his mark on the Chronicle and will undoubtedly distinguish himself in the new position to which F. W. Kellogg of the Call has asked him. Hiestand's place as assistant to Managing Editor John P. Young of the Chronicle has been taken by Karl M. Anderson. Anderson who is one of the most popular newspapermen in the city, has been Sunday editor of the Chronicle and has had charge of the Chronicle special editions for several years. He has been in charge of the Chronicle Bureau at the Exposition ever since the Exposition started. There is no doubt in newspaper circles that he too will make good in his new position. These changes have given peculiar gratification to newspapermen because they point to a policy of rewarding local merit instead of importing talent for the positions on which the eyes of all ambitious newspapermen are fixed.

A Touch of Nature

She was old, very old, and worn with toil, her face a network of wrinkles. Her dress was shabby. There was a worn old shawl about her stooped shoulders, and a battered bonnet on her gray head. Her lean hands rested on the handle of a baby carriage, an old-fashioned, battered carriage, lame in one spring, that looked as if it had done duty for many babies. In the carriage lay a baby boy, about nine months old. It was easy to see how proud she was of that baby, for her face wore a smile that made the wrinkles beautiful. She just stood there, in the midst of the jostling, surging, noisy crowd at Powell and Eddy, and beamed upon that baby boy. He was a healthy looking baby with the most wonderful clear blue eyes. And he laughed and crowed and tossed his chubby little hands in an ecstacy of delight. And it was no wonder! For he was giving audience, and there never was king upon his throne who had a more admiring circle of courtiers. Clustered about the carriage, laughing with the baby boy and admiring him tremendously were all the newsies of that busy corner. "Spanny" was there, and snub-nosed "Fitz," and Joe Shay of the freckles, and "Slim" Wale of the piping voice, and "Jew" Monty whom all the others pick upon, and poor "Crip," leaning on his crutch, and "Consul" and "Bonnie Burr Red" whose head flames like his temper. There too was "Shunganunga" Ray who always blows on a nickel before pocketing it; and "Harry the Kyke" with his mouth wide open in admiration; and the "Crazy Swede." "Old Fuzz," most dignified of elderly paper vendors, hurried over and peered at the child through his spectacles, and his whiskers bristled with excitement. Even Fred Cummings, the "home town paper" merchant, was in the knot of worshipers. For ten minutes all customers were neglected while proper attention was bestowed upon that wonderful baby. Then old granny decided that it was time to move on.

But before she started the baby carriage on its way up Market street, "Jew" Monty leaned down and kissed the baby on the cheek. He blushed and looked around guiltily, but for this once none of "the gang" made fun of him. They were too busy crying "Good-bye, granny!", waving to the crowing little king and telling each other, "Take it from me, some kid!"

Advertising the Churches

I wonder how much good it does the local churches to enter the advertising field on the same plane with the department stores, the theatres, the real estate dealers and the candidates for municipal office? Are many people attracted to Sunday services by the display advertisements that appear in the Saturday papers? Is it possible that these rather noisy advertisements displease people who have grown careless about their religious duties and make them more obstinate absentees than they were before? I do not profess to have an answer. I put my questions merely for the purpose of calling attention to a curious sign of the times. I have just been reading one of these "go to church tomorrow" broadsides. It is four columns wide and half a page deep. Underneath it, occupying the remainder of the four columns, are the individual advertisements for the churches which readers are besought to attend. I must confess that these advertisements, with the exception of a very few which show a certain dignified restraint, repel instead of attracting me.

Church and Baseball

The big display advertisement which I have been reading is entitled "The Church and the Big World Series." It is illustrated with a baseball picture. It states that within a short time a hundred thousand people around San Francisco bay will be following the world's series in the ball parks of this city and Oakland and in front of the score boards downtown. As no world's series is to be played hereabouts I find this a little confusing. However, I suppose that is not important. The point the writer wishes to enforce is that three times as many people, that is to say, three hundred thousand, go to church around the bay every Sunday. He goes on to say that in "size and popularity" the church is the greatest institution in the world today. And he concludes: "Follow the largest of all processions, and go to church tomorrow." I suppose this is what is called by ad writers "effective advertising" or "advertising with a punch." In wording and in make-up it is in no way different from the advertising of a new brand of cigarettes or a new restricted residence district. It doesn't appeal to me as the most fitting manner of encouraging attendance at divine worship.

Where to Go

Reading the advertisements for the different churches, which appear under this display advertisement, we find in evidence an almost pitiable anxiety to lure the stranger to the Sunday pew. One church is described as "easy to find; easy to reach." The subject of the evening sermon at this convenient tabernacle is given as "A Runaway Devil," a title which excites curiosity at least. Who wouldn't go to hear a pastor tell how he has Satan on the run? Another church is described as "the church with the friendly greeting." One visualizes the ushers as very gentlemanly, smiling, accommodating floorwalkers. Of course Dr. Aked's advertisement is one of the most conspicuous. The titles of his sermons read like scareheads. One of them is couched in these compelling words: "The Impossibility of Everything: a World of Encouragement for Everybody." Perhaps it is meant to be optimistic, but somehow or other it is not restful. Another pastor invites you to "walk right in and make yourself at home." Another describes his church as "the downtown church," which seems a little unfair to the other downtown churches. He announces a sermon on "Pollyanna—Life's Glad Game," whatever that may be. Another church is "the church of the stranger" and advertises "free reading room for men, free stationery, free employment bureau, gymnasium, sewing school." Here are more conveniences than department stores advertise for their lady patrons. Another pastor announces that in his sermon he will answer the question: "Is the Lottery in Sunset?" Does it make much difference to the immortal souls of his parishioners which way he answers this query? Another church is described as "not the biggest, but none more homelike." I doubt if that will appeal powerfully to home-loving people; they may decide to stay in bed Sunday morning instead of leaving home for a homelike church. And so it goes. Does it not seem as if the Billy Sunday influence has gripped our churches? Time was when the music of a bell called worshipers to Sunday service. We seem to have gone a long way from that beautiful custom. Our preachers are advertising for strayed and lost souls in a fashion which we do not employ when we seek to recover a strayed dog or a lost purse.

McNab on the Election

It's a dull election which doesn't elicit a bon mot or two from Gavin McNab. I was standing with the great Democratic leader at the corner of Market and Powell Monday night, watching the automobiles laden with candidates and candidates' friends and candidates' hired men streaming up and down.

"Money thrown away," commented McNab. "The man who doesn't know tonight how he's going to vote, won't vote at all."

Half a dozen automobiles passed, bearing the banners of a candidate for supervisor of whom neither of us had ever heard.

"Have you read the names of the candidates for supervisor?" exclaimed McNab. "What a bunch they are! The voters have the choice of prospective felonies and misdemeanors. If Mayor Rolph had insisted that the poundman do his duty, most of them would not be running!"

A Conflict of Emotions

Neill Wilson of the Examiner has found time when off regular duty to do publicity work for the Exposition. One of the stories he wrote for the press bureau of the Fair was a description of the burning of the mortgage when the last installment of the debt to the banks was paid off.

"It was a story which had to be written in the hip, hip, hurrah style of journalese," says the former dramatic critic, "and it was one of the saddest efforts I ever made. For all the time that I was whooping it up on my typewriter about the Exposition being debt-free, my heart was bowed down with grief over the eighty dollars the Fair owes me which I have never been able to collect!"

Ted—Did that Boston girl you're in love with warm up any when you told her you had dreamed about her?

Ned—I can't say that she did. She asked me what I had been eating.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned MINNIE CONLON, Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John S. Hogan, attorney-at-law, number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

MINNIE CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1915.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, L. R. Longfellow, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St. San Francisco; Alphonse Sutter, 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

L. R. LONGFELLOW,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, 1915.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Deadly Weapon

Is my temper supercilious?
Hypercritical, or bilious?
Is there someone that I yearn to patronize?
Am I full of mulligrubbiness?
Inclined to ultra-snubbiness?
Do I wish to kill a rival with my eyes?

It is easy, oh so easy,
It is fatal, and it's teasy,
The method I invariably pursue:
With a languid, borish air
And a lifeless sort of stare,
My lorgnette looks the victim through and through.

—Rhymes of a Climber.

The Lorgnette in Action

Pardon my doggerel. It was tempted out of me by an incident which happened last Saturday at the St. Francis. Among those gathered in the Rose Room to enjoy the canter waltz and the fox trot were a San Francisco matron, who wields a lorgnette, which is an instrument that ought to be employed with great discretion as it may very easily get on sensitive nerves. On this occasion, as on several others, I am told, it got on the nerves of Gustav de Bretteville when he entered the dancing room. Immediately the lorgnette was turned upon the handsome brother of Mrs. Adolph Spreckels. The lorgnette picked him out at the door, followed him across the room and continued to rest upon him when he took his seat at a table with some friends. Young de Bretteville was not unaware of the scrutiny. After enduring it for some little time, he arose and retired from the room.

Tit for Tat

He returned in a few moments, and the lady with the lorgnette renewed her inspection of him. Gus de Bretteville picked out the prettiest girl in the room, and started to dance with her. The lorgnette held him fast in its glassy grip. When he had danced around the room to where his tormentor sat he quietly took from the pocket of his dress coat a piece of cardboard cut out in the shape of a lorgnette, applied it gravely to his eye and returned the lady's scrutiny. The lady was taken aback. Her husband was overwhelmed. A buzz of amusement went round the room. Finishing his dance, Gus de Bretteville escorted his lovely partner to her table and sat down alone where he could command an unobstructed view of the lady with the lorgnette. There he continued to study her quite gravely through his cardboard peephole. It was too much for the lady. She lowered her weapon. And it was too much for her husband. He arose in towering wrath and started toward de Bretteville. That young man arose and advanced to meet him. What might have happened I can only conjecture. I happen to know that Gus de Bretteville is one of the best amateur boxers of the Olympic Club. But there was no eventuality, for the lady's husband returned to his seat and sat down. De Bretteville went back to his party.

What de Bretteville Says

I was not present at this interesting drama, but it was described to me in detail and I sought out young de Bretteville to verify the incident. He drew the cardboard lorgnette from his pocket and showed it to me.

"I've kept it as a souvenir," he said. "Mrs. Blank has been annoying me with that lorgnette of hers for some time. A cat may look at a king, but Mrs. Blank cannot stare me out of countenance with a lorgnette. When she started lorgnetting me Saturday night I slipped out of the room and made this cardboard affair just to teach her a lesson in good manners. I do not think that she will ever bother me again. But if she does, I shall not retaliate with my cardboard lorgnette. I shall take it out of her husband. I am not pugnacious by nature, but if his wife's lorgnette ever bothers me again I shall seek out her husband and punch his head."

Cruel Papa Moreland!

Can you imagine Esther Moreland shopping for meat and vegetables? Or helping the cook in the preparation of dinner? It is a bit hard to visualize, isn't it? Such activities were so foreign to the Esther Moreland whose beauty and beautiful frocks were among the sights of the Hotel Fairmont. Yet Esther Moreland has become an assiduous and hard-working housewife since her marriage to young Harry Oelrichs of Newport. Harry Oelrichs was brought up to a life of Newport leisure. He never dreamed that it would have to end when he married the rich daughter of the Morelands. During her first season at Newport Esther's parents spent lavishly, and Esther entered the charmed circle as easily as Doris Ryer has entered it this year. When she and Harry Oelrichs fell in love with each other, everybody regarded the match as an ideal one. And as a matter of fact it has turned out a happy marriage in every respect except one. Harry Oelrichs has no fortune. He expected Papa Moreuand to remedy this distressing deficiency. Papa Moreland acted handsomely. He bestowed a cottage on the young couple, and has been paying their bills. But he draws the line at keeping his son-in-law in leisured luxury. He thinks that Harry should go to work. Harry has been thinking the proposition over—in a comfortable hammock. One of these days he will probably "accept a situation." But meanwhile Papa Moreland limits the allowance rather strictly, and it is not large enough to exempt Esther from the necessity of doing part of her own work. She is very happy, and so is Harry. They say in Newport that Harry has so far assimilated the idea of work as to press his own trousers. That is not such a bad beginning, considering how Harry was brought up. But of course he cannot make his living pressing his own trousers. Even if he wanted to pay himself for creasing his own inexpressibles, he hasn't the money to do so. When he begins to earn money Papa Moreland will undoubtedly relax the purse strings. And then everybody will be happy.

Ned—What do you think of the lines of her figure?

Ted—They're just the lines to hang clothes on, it seems to me.

I'd Like to Go

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar, the charming wife of the Federal Commissioner to the Exposition, is going to give a party for widows.

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Mrs. Lamar is not, of course, a widow herself; but she likes widows and thinks they should be amused. I don't know how she will select her guests; doubtless her principal concern will be to keep the number within such limits that the entertainment will not cease to be a dinner and become a banquet. For there are scores and scores of charming widows in society, especially grass widows. Some time ago a divorced clubman conceived the idea of giving a dinner for the other grass widowers of his club. But it is a large club, and when he started compiling a list he found that the expense of dining a small army would cripple him financially, so he gave up the idea. How I wish I could go to Mrs. Lamar's party. Widows are proverbially charming; they are also wise, especially in matters concerning the opposite sex. If I could disguise myself as a grass widow and attend Mrs. Lamar's party, I'm sure I'd get material enough for a book.

Clare Has Settled Down

There was a time when Clare Payne, the eldest of the three Payne boys, was a pretty wild youngster. Many people shook their heads about him and remarked that he seemed to be sowing quite a crop of wild oats. Then suddenly he went to New York, fell in love and married. Since then Clare Payne appears to have become quite a staid business man. He went into the real estate market in New York, and his first big deal made the oldtimers in the field sit up and take notice. Now we have word of his third big deal. He has just bought a lot where a building is in course of construction, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-third street, for a cool two million and three-quarters. Clare Payne has been making money. Not that he has to, for his mother Mrs. Theodore Payne is a very wealthy woman, but that he likes the excitement of the game. Meanwhile his brother Herbert is one of our motion picture magnates, and is doing very well.

To Be a War Bride

So it was a romance which drew Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher from the delights of this Exposition city to the inconveniences of London in war time. Captain Thomas Hawkins of the British army must be a very attractive man when handsome Mrs. Fletcher is willing to dare German U boats and Zeppelin raids in order to marry him. She will be the first of our prominent ladies to become a war bride. Her many friends wish her happiness and devoutly hope that her husband who is to go from the altar to the trenches may have the good luck to dodge German shells and come out of the war unscathed.

The Spirit of the Warring Nations

Paul Jordan Smith of the English department, University of California, is to give a course of lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, on consecutive Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock, on "The Spirit of the Warring Nations as Shown by Their Literary Interpreters." The first lecture will be given on Friday afternoon, October 8, at 3 o'clock, the subject being "The Spirit of Russia." The work of Dostoieffsky, Turgeniev, Tolstoy and Gorky will be considered, with reference to Russian traditions, old race longings and the possible effect of this great war on these racial characteristics.

Dr. D'Arcy Power's Pictures

Dr. D'Arcy Power opened an exhibition of color photography with a free lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery this Friday afternoon at three o'clock. The lecture proved most interesting, and the pictures are of exceptional beauty. They will continue on exhibition for a week, and the public is invited to inspect them. There are many fine pictures of the Exposition among them. Dr. Power has sounded an entirely new note, one which will interest all lovers of fine pictures. His color is applied to photography in exactly the opposite direction of those atrocities known as colored photographs. I shall have something more to say of these pictures next week.

Election Night at Tavern

Those who received the election returns as they were flashed on the moving picture screen at Techau Tavern—and the cafe was crowded to capacity—were particularly fortunate. Owing to the absence of posts each diner had an unobstructed view of the returns and acquired his information in a comfortable, leisurely manner. Other attractions were not wanting. The Tavern management decided to make the occasion a Carnival Night and provided every guest with a bag of fun-making, mirth-provoking souvenirs and, for full measure, added a bottle of Carolina White perfume from the world-renowned laboratory of V. Rigaud of Paris, France. Then there was the ballet, graceful, charming, performing its evolutions with an clan quite in keeping with the carnival spirit. And the Candy, Cigarette and Perfume dances completed the list of attractions. At these dances there were souvenirs well worth receiving: Pall Mall cigarettes for the gentlemen, big, handsome boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies for the ladies and, for everybody, those dainty little bottles of Carolina White perfume. Even those whose favorites ran behind in the returns were well satisfied with their evening's entertainment.

Strange that good intentions, however fresh, always look stale and can't be kept.

Polly—She said she had to marry him to get rid of him.

Dolly—And how did it work out?

Polly—Oh, splendidly! You see he belongs to six clubs.

Yachtsman—Just then we heard the booming surf! Another moment and we were pounding on the bar!

Girl—Enough, Jack! A cup of hot tea would have done you more good!

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Gossip of the Theatre

Miss Anglin in Phillips' New Play

Margaret Anglin will begin her fourth week at the Columbia on Monday night with a new production called "The Divine Friend." The author of the new play is Charles Phillips, the retiring editor of the weekly Monitor. Mr. Phillips received his inspiration from seeing Miss Anglin's performance of "Electra" two years ago and immediately set to work. The manuscript was submitted to Miss Anglin nearly a year ago. The actress accepted the original draft with the understanding that it be remodelled in certain scenes, to which the author agreed. The play is based on the life story of Mary of Magdala. It has been in rehearsal for the past fortnight. The cast has been recruited from Miss Anglin's "Beverly's Balance" company and a number of actors who played with Miss Anglin during her recent Greek festival in Berkeley. The scenery and costumes were made from designs by Livingston Platt, and the play staged under the direction of Miss Anglin and the author. There will be special incidental music composed by Theodor Vogt, a well known San Francisco musician, who will also conduct an orchestra of eleven pieces. The advance sale for the engagement is very large. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Sinners" Is Making Good

Sunday night's performance of "Sinners" at the Cort ushers in the second and last week of its highly profitable engagement. "Sinners" has all the elements to make it a success. It is one of those simple and rather "homely" plays, slender of plot and unromantic of spirit that live and charm through their keen characterization, their humorous dialogue and occurrences that are familiar in everyday life. It is one of those appealing plays that show the contrast between good and evil. It is capitally done, both as to construction and staging, and the dialogue is crisp and moves swiftly, taking the auditor through almost the entire gamut of emotions. William A. Brady deserves the thanks of theatregoers for the excellent judgment shown in the selection of the cast. Helen Mac Kellar is charmingly girlish as Mary Horton. Roselle Knott plays the tender, loyal, devout mother in a faithful manner. Gertrude Dallas brings a note of distinction to the part of Hilda Newton. The humor of "Sinners" falls chiefly to Beatrice Noyes and Florence Beresford. All they have to do is amusing and they do it very well.

Kreisler at Stanford

Fritz Kreisler will play a rarely beautiful program next Thursday night, October 7, at Stanford University, under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association. Tickets for this event may be secured at Weingartner's Pharmacy at Palo Alto or by writing to Miss Sara D. Harker at Palo Alto. The program will include the Viotti "Concerto," a "Sonata" by Handel, Schubert's "Moments Musicale," Godowsky's "Larghetto Lamentoso," Kreisler's own "Caprice Viennois" and many other exquisite gems, one of which is by the famous Spanish composer, Enrique Granados. Hundreds of music lovers from San Jose, Redwood City and other peninsula towns will go to Stanford for this red-letter event. Emilio de Gogorza will sing for the Peninsula Association's second concert next Janaury.

Kreisler at the Greek Theatre

Next Friday night, October 8, the first evening concert ever given by a great soloist in the Greek Theatre is announced by the University's Musical and Dramatic Committee. The star will be Fritz Kreisler, master-violinist, composer, soldier and author of "Three Weeks in the Trenches." The program will be the greatest offering of masterworks for solo violin and orchestra ever offered in this country. The orchestra will be under the direction of Paul Steindorff. Herman Martonne, formerly of the New York Symphony and himself a violinist of exceptional ability, will occupy the concertmaster's desk. The program: Overture "Leonore" No. 2, Beethoven; Concerto in three movements (A major), Mozart; Concerto in three movements (E minor), Mendelssohn; Introduction and Rondo Cappriccioso, Saint-Saens. Box offices will be opened Monday at Sherman, Clay and Company's in San Francisco and Oakland, and in Berkeley at Sadler's, Tupper and Reed's, "The Sign of the Bear," Glessner Morse Company's and The Students' Co-Op Store. Address mail orders to William Dallam Armes, University of California, Berkeley, or Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's.

The Great Autumn Festival

The "Autumn Music Festival," which has been creating such great interest at Festival Hall, is drawing to a close, the production of Verdi's "Requiem" on Sunday afternoon bringing this wonderful series of concerts to a brilliant ending. This Saturday afternoon, at half-past two, there will be an "Artists' Concert," in which the Exposition Chorus of 400 voices, under the leadership of Emil Mellenhauer, director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and the Exposition Orchestra of 80 will play an important part. The program will open with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's "Panama Hymn," given by the chorus and orchestra, and with Wallace A. Sabin at the Exposition organ. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams and Mme. Florence Mulford, both of whom achieved such success in Wednesday night's production of "Elijah," will sing, respectively, the aria "Depuis le Jour" from Charpentier's "Louise," and Saint-Saens' "Amour vions m'aider." Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor whose triumphs of last Sunday and Wednesday evening are fresh in mind, will sing the aria from "La Boheme." Earl Cartwright, the wonderful baritone who won his hearers in "Elijah," will

MISS AUGUSTA DIAL

Directress of "Sixteen Navassar Girls" next week at the Orpheum

be heard in Buzzi-Peccia's "Gloria a Te" and Frederic Martin, who has the reputation of being America's greatest oratorio basso, will sing the Drum Major's Song from "Le Cid," by Ambroise Thomas. The Quartet from "Rigoletto" will be sung by the soloists of the afternoon and the program will be brought to a fitting conclusion with the "1812" Overture of Tschaikowsky. Sunday afternoon at 2:30, when the orchestra will be augmented to 100 musicians, was to mark the first appearance in San Francisco of Mme. Emmy Destinn, the renowned prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Unfortunately she has been unable to leave Europe, and will not arrive here in time. Her part will be sung by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams who has often sung the role with the highest success. George Hamlin, the tenor whose singing with the Chicago Grand Opera Company is pleasantly remembered here, Mme. Florence Mulford and Frederic Martin will be the other principals of Verdi's wonderful work. Seats for the final concerts may be obtained at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

"So Long Letty" Next at Cort

"So Long Letty," which has just completed a run of 102 consecutive performances at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, is due at the Cort beginning Sunday, October 10. This musical comedy is by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, with lyrics and music by Elmer Carroll. "So Long Letty" is said to be something completely new in musical comedy. It will be presented in New York immediately following the Cort Theatre engagement. The cast which Producer Morosco has assembled is a notable one and includes Charlotte Greenwood, Sydney Grant, Walter Catlett, May Boley, William Rock, Percy Bronson, Winnie Baldwin, Nella Wilson and a host of other well known players, many of whom are San Francisco favorites.

Navassar Girls at Orpheum

A splendid musical organization entitled "Sixteen Navassar Girls" will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. It is a band, orchestra and choir, and each of the girls is a soloist. "Sixteen Navassar Girls" have toured this country and Europe, and won medals and honorable mention in many of the continental capitals. Their conductress is Miss Augusta Dial, a musician of great ability. "Here and There in Vaudeville" is the title of a splendid act in which James Kelso and Blanche Leighton are making a great hit. It is made up of various kinds of vaudeville. George Chiyo, a famous Japanese athlete of extraordinary muscular development, will give an exhibition of his strength and agility. His work is of the whirlwind kind; from the time he begins his performance until its conclusion he is in constand action. Queenie Dunedin, "The Variety Girl," will introduce a daring and novel bicycle act. Cecil Cunningham, the comedienne extraordinary who has made such a tremendous hit, will be retained for another week. The remaining acts will be Wilson and Lenore, novelty entertainers; Erwin and Jane Connelly in "Sweethearts;" and the laughable skit "A Telephone Tangle."

"The Only Son" at Alcazar

Winchell Smith's play "The Only Son" is to have its first local presentation at the Alcazar next week by the Lytell-Vaughan players. The story is interesting, as might be expected from the author of "The Fortune Hunter." The play will be splendidly produced and handsomely mounted. Jane Urban, a charming, dainty little actress, has been specially engaged for this production, and will be seen in the leading role, opposite Bert Lytell.

Kreisler's Violin Recitals

Music lovers are enthusiastically looking forward to the musical treats which will be theirs when Fritz Kriesler, the great violinist, gives his recitals at the Cort under the direction of Frank W. Healy, next Sunday afternoon, October 3, and Sunday afternoon, October 10. Three people will participate in the Kreisler recitals; two will be visible, Kreisler and Carl Lawton, his accompanist. The third, Mrs. Fritz Kreisler, while invisible is always back of the stage when her husband plays and is a constant inspiration to him. One-tenth of every dollar that Kreisler makes is given to his wife to help support the forty-three homeless war orphans in Europe she has undertaken to provide for. The orphans fell to Mrs. Kreisler's charge because of her services as nurse in the military hospitals of Austria. Mrs. Kreisler is a New York woman of American parentage and when Kreisler, then a lieutenant in the Austrian army, was wounded by a Cossack during the terrific fighting near Lemburg, it was Mrs. Kreisler who nursed him back to health. To violinists and every student of music the Kreisler recitals at the Cort will prove

FRITZ KREISLER

Who will appear in recitals at the Cort, Sunday afternoons, October 3 and 10, and will give a program of violin music accompanied by orchestra, in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, next Friday night

BEATRICE NOYES

One of the clever actresses in "Sinners" at the Cort Theatre

of unalloyed pleasure. The programs are remarkable for the number of things new to San Francisco that the great violinist will play. Next Sunday will be heard for the first time here Kreisler's Introduction and Scherzo (for violin alone); Slavonic Dances (Dvorak-Kreisler); Viennese Popular Songs; and Spanish Serenade (Chaminade-Kreisler). Also Weber's "Larghetto" and a waltz by Godowsky. Seats and programs may be had at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort Theatre.

Drury Lane Dancers at Pantages

The Scovell dancers, recruited from the ranks of the ballet of the famous Drury Lane Theatre, London, and headed by Mme. Minni Scovell, premier danseuse of that place, are the big attraction on the new bill which opens at Pantages on Sunday. Eight tiny, dainty sprites in cloud-like tulle dresses, under the leadership of Mme. Scovell, romp in and out of the beautiful scene, presenting a series of classic numbers including "La Tiger," "Danse a la Basque," a pretty floral offering with the octet in poke bonnets, garden frocks and slender baskets of flowers, and "Dramatique Danse." Benjamin Scovell, nephew of the late Sir Henry Irving, in whose arms the great tragedian died, is in charge of the production. Another big "girlie" offering is "The Melody Six," styled "a sextet symphony in tone and color." The six girls play high class selections on the violin and have proven one of the big successes of this season's bookings. Will H. Armstrong, one of the best liked funsters that has played here, and his two pretty associates, Maude Smith and Geraldine Field, will revive the comedian's slashing farce "The Baggageman." Josh Dale and Harry Lazar, old time minstrel men, have a riotous comedy skit called "A Blackville Cabaret," which is a big fun hit. May Archer and Billy Carr in "The Fortune Teller," and the Royal Gascoinges, amazing jugglers, will round out the show.

The Burks Concert

Unusual interest attaches to the forthcoming recital of Chester W. Burks, who will make his professional debut as a basso cantante in the Colonial Ball Room of the Hotel St. Francis Tuesday evening, October 5, assisted by Miss Marie Gassner, soprano, Herbert Riley, 'cellist, and Uda Waldrop, pianist. The local musical world has long been aware of the remarkable power and range of Mr. Burks' art, but it is expected that next week's event, which has excited the keenest interest among the artist's very wide acquaintance, will be a complete revelation to society. The patrons and patronesses who are zealously interesting themselves in the success of the concert are: Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Mrs. Chas. W. Clark, M. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Marriner Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Capt. and Mrs. William Matson, Frank Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Newhall, Haig Patigian, Senator James D. Phelan, Joseph D. Redding, E. F. Schneider, Louis Sloss, Richard Tobin, Mesdames M. C. Sloss and Anita M. Baldwin.

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Distinguished Motor Tourists

The good roads propaganda has received a great impetus from the successful tour of groups of automobilists who are daily arriving at the Hotel St. Francis from the East. Perhaps the most interesting of these tourists is Mrs. C. B. Libby, whose husband controls the firm of Libby, McNeil and Libby. Mrs. Libby, who is over sixty years of age, made the trip from Chicago in a limousine, the first extended trip in a car of this kind ever made. A more extensive tour has just been completed by Mrs. Al Woods, whose husband is the producer of the popular play "Potash and Perlmutter." Mrs. Woods also enjoys the distinction of making a record, as she is the first woman to come all the way from New York entirely by automobile. Others who have made the cross continental tour by motor car and arrived at the St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Boardman and Miss Boardman, Harry Kendall Thaw and Joan Sawyer.

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A Comedy by Winchell Smith, Author of "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"
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FROM THE SPANISH

By Morris Bent

Stop, Traveler, peruse the grave
Of "Nothing Venture Nothing Have,"
Who, pining for an isle remote,
Dared not entrust himself afloat;
Who, to o'erstep the crawling tide,
Ne'er dreamed of lengthening his stride;
Who waited by the river's brink
Until the stream should bring him drink;
Who the ripe clusters came to see,
Then starved beneath the cherry tree—
He left a world which others found,
And others laid him in the ground.

Domestic Duties

I'm lying prone upon the floor,
The rug is full of mustiness;
My legs are cramped and aching and my head is horrid hot;
My mouth is full of carpet fuzz,
And microbe germs and dustiness,
But till my task is finished, I am rooted to the spot.

I'm lying on my stomach,
In a most ungainly attitude;
The skin is off my elbows and my fingers are all thumbs;
But, of course, I love my wife, you see,
And so, to earn her gratitude,
I'm working rather harder than the toilers in the slums.

I wriggle and I squirm around,
'Most driven to insanity;
Perhaps 'twill give me patience—a trait I sadly lack—
But, oh, how I abhor this task
That tempts me to profanity—
I'm lacing up my wife's new shoes that fasten in the back!

A True American

A true American am I,
Observing strict neutrality,
But still I would not dare deny
Some foreigners appeal to me.

For instance, English Maude, so mild,
And German Gretchen, passing fair,
And French Marie, exceeding wild,
And Russian Olga, debonair.

And Belgian Stephanie, so sweet,
And Spanish Mercedes, so gay,
And Wilhelmina, Dutch and neat,
E'en Turkish Zara has a "way."

A true American am I,
Observing strict neutrality;
Although from girl to girl I fly—
My Yankee Kate's the one for me!

Among our natural curiosities is the bore, so called because he never comes to the point.

Some of us can even get pleasure out of our troubles by telling them to other people.

You may be able to keep the wolf from the door, but the mosquitoes are pretty sure to get in.

Those people are mighty lucky whose family jars are all kept in the pantry.

Many a man takes the rest cure by sending his wife to the country.

Go to the egotist if you want an I for an I, but unfortunately the dentist won't give you a tooth for a tooth.

The race is not always to the swift, but don't let that influence you to be slow.

The man who goes to extremes may be either his own worst enemy or his own best friend.

Life is monotonous only to the man who has no bad habits.

Gold comes in quartz, but some people are not satisfied unless it comes in gallons.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.—No. 19,576; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

CECILE LILI AUGER
Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 2nd, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, Deceased.—No. 19614, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HUGO A. WATERMAN, administrator of the estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Henry A. Jacobs, Esq., Room 900 907 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

HUGO A. WATERMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 2, 1915.
HENRY A. JACOBS, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administrator,
900-907 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ANNIE L. MILEY, Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 19460; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Guardianship and Estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor).

ANNIE HAAF, the guardian of the estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor), having heretofore and on the 10th day of September, 1915, presented to this Court and filed with the Clerk thereof a verified petition to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property described in said petition, which said petition sets forth the condition of the estate of said minor and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of making said mortgage; which said petition is hereby specially referred to for further particulars, and,

It is further appearing to the above entitled Court, from said petition, that said permission to mortgage said property is sought for the reason of renewing the mortgage already subsisting on said real estate, and that it would be beneficial to and for the best interest of said estate that said guardian be permitted to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to said property,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED: that all persons interested in the estate of said minor are hereby required to be and appear before the above entitled Court and Department, at its Courtroom, Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 18th day of October, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property hereinafter more particularly described, should not be mortgaged for the amount of Four Hundred and Forty-four and 45-100 ($444.45) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; which said newspaper the Court hereby finds to be the one most likely to give notice to all of the interested parties of the time and place of the hearing of said petition.

The following is a particular description of the property hereinabove referred to: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

COMMENCING at a point on the Northerly line of Eddy Street, distant thereon two hundred and six (206) feet and three (3) inches Westerly from the point of intersection thereof with the Westerly line of Larkin Street; running thence Westerly and along said Northerly line of Eddy Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Southerly line of Willow Avenue; thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Willow Avenue sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said Northerly line of Eddy Street and the point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition Block No. 8.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: this 10th day of September, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 10th, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the last will and testament of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.—No. 19638; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., Rooms No. 202 and 203 in the Bank of Italy Building at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

CALLEGGERO RESTIVO,
Administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Estate,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Rebuking of Taft

A New York Sun writer, unquestionably a wicked standpatter, has reviewed to the extent of nearly two columns the speeches delivered in this city by former President Taft. The speech delivered at the Commercial Club, from which are quoted several paragraphs, is pronounced the most effective of all. "It made more of an impression in San Francisco," he says, "than any of the other speeches." And he thinks it evident that in the Commercial Club speech Mr. Taft "hit the nail on the head and exposed some of the errors of the Progressive machine." He thinks so because by that speech was evoked a retort from Governor Johnson, whose speech, says the reviewer, "was a personal attack on Mr. Taft which did not at all come up to Mr. Taft's discussion of principles." He adds: "It was not exactly hospitable on the part of the Governor to the most distinguished guest of the nation here, who was merely denouncing principles that the majority of the people of the country have already denounced, and which the people of California will thoroughly denounce in due time." The Sun reviewer is unmindful of the fact that the principles denounced by former President Taft are personally vouched for by Governor Johnson. Governor Johnson is the embodiment of those principles. He guarantees those principles. They are the offspring of his political genius, and they cannot be assailed without injury to their parent. Hence Governor Johnson felt that his attack on former President Taft was merely in the nature of retaliation; and at that sort of thing our Governor is better than a raw hand. On the hustings delivering his indictments, pouring out his vitriolic vocabulary of personal abuse, is where he scores his greatest personal triumphs. In argument he is never so persuasive as when the shafts of his scorn are on the wing and the barbs of his righteous wrath are penetrating the quivering flesh of dissenters, whose wickedness always is self-evident. As to the question of hospitality it should be remembered that California is Governor Johnson's pocket borough. It is a gross violation of the amenities for a guest to speak in derogation of Governor Johnson's principles anywhere between dry Arizona and approximately dry Oregon, the wet ocean and the sagebrush that flourishes beyond the Sierra. Former President Taft invited rebuke, and he was not denied.

John and the Peace Terms

Once upon a time it was thought that to speak of German levity was to be guilty of a contradiction in terms. But everybody who knows anything of German literature is aware that it is not lacking in wit or humor. And we have seen that what Germany has contributed to the literature of this war abounds in a very enjoyable irony. Where, by the way, is there anything more deliciously humorous than the subtle jests of the comic papers of Berlin through which we see clever jokesmiths laughing at the dismay and pretentiousness of their cousins of England? German wit is so keen that John Temple Graves is taken in by it. To be sure that solemn and ingenuous journalist who lisps in metaphors and splits the ears of clapperclawing groundlings with detonating periods can never depend for salvation on his sense of humor; but even so, he might reasonably have been expected to appreciate the humor of the terms of peace which he wired to the Hearst Sunday papers from Washington, not to be inserted in the comic supplement but to be printed on the front page. The comic genius by whom Mr. Graves was taken in told him that these terms that call for the freeing of Ireland, the restoration of the Papal temporal power, the reinstatement of the Jews in Palestine and the independence of the Poles in Russia were conceived and considered by the Kaiser and his generals during their leisure moments on the Eastern front. It is to the credit of Mr. Graves' intelligence that he perceived the difficulty of "putting it over." This we feel assured of because of his manifest struggle to make his prodigious piece of news swallowable. First he guaranteed his "sources of information." They are "exceptionally high and reliable from a political and ecclesiastical standpoint." Why ecclesiastical? We own the question is far from absurd, for of course there were no eminent prelates at the conference on the Eastern front, and unless there were the authenticity of the news cannot receive a guaranty from ecclesiastical sources. But we shall let Mr. Graves explain. "My informant," he says, "had the story closely from the atmosphere of one of the highest of American dignitaries." Is this an attempt to implicate in the hoax the backstairs of Cardinal Gibbons' residence? Or is John Temple trying to pass the buck to Rabbi Wise? It may be Dr. Aked, "a friend of the propaganda," to whom he refers. We confess we are without the slightest inkling.

The Need of the Hour

According to the prevailing theory of itinerant orators we are suffering from about all the evils that can sap the life of a State, and to prosper and flourish once more we must retrace our footsteps and make a fresh start. In other words we must discourage all appeals to the forces of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness and let business pursue the even tenor of its way as in the good old days of yore. This may be good advice, but we doubt that it will be followed in this generation. We read the Hearst papers, we hear the yawps of the Colonel, we fear that Nebraska Bill is only temporarily in umbrage, we know that every university is the shrine of at least one wild ass's colt, and therefore we see the need of so many funerals that we can derive no comfort from the prospect. We hate to appear pessimistic, but why delude ourselves? When President Wilson told us more than a year ago that lean years were psychological we thought that perhaps he would try to prove it to us, but instead he signed the La Follette bill that torpedoed the Pacific Mail. And even now though we are assured that common sense will soon redeem us from our follies there is solemn criticism of the preposterous reports of all the wild asses of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, and there is no man in Washington brave enough to say what ought to be said. Former President Taft may preach the wisdom of reaction till the cows come home, but we shall refuse to take any advice seriously until we perceive signs of sincerity in American politics.

Failure of Department Stores

The small merchant will doubtless be pleased to learn that the profits of big department stores are decreasing. And doubtless not many disinterested persons will regard the news as unpleasant. In the last few years several large department stores have failed in New York; and according to John Allen Underwood in Current Opinion, there are rumors flying about of the instability of several other large department stores. It appears that the more familiar the public becomes with department store methods the less it is inclined to purchase goods sold in those colossal bazaars. An official of one of the large stores in New York recently testified under oath that the usual, customary and ordinary profit on a certain line of goods in most department stores was one hundred per cent. This being so

it is no wonder that people are finding it to their advantage to buy from the small merchant who deals only in articles that have a national reputation. From what John Allen Underwood tells us the department store is a kind of mercantile bunko game that demoralizes trade in a community by cutting the price of goods of a known value in order to make one hundred per cent profit on articles made exclusively for certain department stores. We have long thought the department store business badly in need of regulation, for trade is not the only thing it demoralizes; and we have wondered why reformers in the legislature have neglected to exploit so popular a field of endeavor. Is it because our department stores have the "protection" of our virtuous daily press? It was common gossip in newspaper circles years ago that one of our occasionally incorruptible publishers not only raised the rates on a department store but convinced the reluctant manager that it would be sound business policy for him to consider not only the matter of circulation but the matter of the hostility of the paper.

Significance of the Election

After an election it is easy for everybody to be satisfied; for out of election figures the nimble mind may draw any lesson the heart desires. Consider for example the significance which the Examiner finds in the high vote received by Assessor Ginty and the gratification it derives from the election of Mayor Rolph, a gentleman with "a wide reputation in the business world." The significance of the Ginty vote according to the Examiner is that the people resent tenderloin politics. Assessor Ginty, we venture to assert, was astonished to learn that he received a high vote because the people believed there was a movement against him in the tenderloin. We have been under the impression that the high vote received by Assessor Ginty was generally regarded as evidence of the fact that at times the people do appreciate a faithful, zealous public official. Assessor Ginty has become a salient personality in public office because he is so strikingly different from the average politician. Assessor Ginty is no "mixer." Assesor Ginty is a plodder. He has no taste for electioneering. By his modesty and his devotion to duty he has become the most conspicuous of public servants, and thousands who never met him voted for him though they were on very friendly terms with his opponents. How different was the attitude of voters toward Mayor Rolph! The Examiner is gratified at the election of Mayor Rolph, and so is the Mayor. Their smile of gratitude is as genuine as the whistle of the scared boy near a cemetery at night. Nearly 55,000 people in this city voted against Mayor Rolph. Most of them voted for Eugene E. Schmitz, a man whom the people of this city, nay, the people of the United States, believe to be precisely what his worst enemies say he is. What about Schmitz's high vote? Has it no significance? The people who voted against Assessor Ginty divided their votes between two very respectable citizens who have long enjoyed public confidence; not so the people who voted against Rolph; and as to the bulk of the people who voted for Rolph they had no second choice; that is to say, in no circumstances would they vote for a Schmitz or a Gallagher. It was because of this absence of a second choice that about sixty thousand people remained away from the polls. Nevertheless the Examiner and the Mayor are elated. The Examiner would have us believe that Schmitz got a large vote because he received the support of the tenderloin. Now the tenderloin has no love for Schmitz. Why should it have any love for him? Has the tenderloin forgotten the experience of the French restaurants? What freedom the tenderloin enjoyed when Schmitz was Mayor was paid for. Rolph took the lid off the tenderloin when he saw the campaign approaching, and being a better politician than Schmitz he made himself deserving of the tenderloin's gratitude. Or rather his Chief of Police made him deserving, for he has an honest man in that office supported by an honest Police Commission, all of whom the Examiner would like to get rid of that it might dictate the politics of the police department in the interest of Hearst. Now it is not to be gainsaid that the bulk of Rolph's vote came from the very respectable element of society. Some very respectable people voted for Rolph to save the city from Schmitz; others equally respectable voted for Schmitz to redeem the city from Rolph. Where the bulk of intelligence resided is a question that may eventually be determined, since we are to have four more years of Rolph. Meanwhile we shall cherish the hope that during those four years Mayor Rolph will be as eager to rehabilitate himself as Schmitz was during the recent campaign.

The War Loan

Undoubtedly the great war loan will have an effect on sentiment in this country. Senator Stone of St. Louis says it will have a moral effect inasmuch as it will make the holders of the securities partisans of the borrowers. This is true, but we cannot see what can be done about it. The great war loan is really nothing more than an extension of credit to the foreign buyers of our merchandise, and of course it is in the interest of the legitimate industries of our country. There is nothing sinister in the transaction. The American bankers who have handled the deal are acting for American sellers of American merchandise as they do every day in the ordinary course of business. The money loaned is not going out of the country, and therefore perhaps there is even less objection to the transaction than to the handling of the war bonds of the Imperial German Government which we find advertised for sale by Zimmermann & Forshay of 9 and 11 Wall street, New York. But as Senator Stone says the deal will have a moral effect. However, there is no legitimate way of averting that moral effect, and the propagandists who have protested have only emphasized by their folly the obtuseness that has been characteristic of their campaign from the beginning. These propagandists affect profound concern for the neutrality of our country. Yet they are the very same persons whose propaganda has for its object helping Germany to victory by prohibiting export of war munitions to the Allies. In vain it has been pointed out to them, and nobody has denied it, that the fixed policy of the United States, dating back to the foundation of our Government, favors unrestricted trade in war suppliles between our citizens and belligerent nations; that this policy is in accord with a well settled rule of international law and is based upon our highest national interests; that at the outbreak of the great war this policy was again formally reaffirmed and adopted as our rule of action to control us in the performance of our duties as a neutral nation; that formal announcement to this effect was made to the world in our President's proclamation of neutrality; that a rule of international law, approved at the Hague Conference of 1907 forbids our now reversing that rule of action; and that in reliance on this policy vast sums of money have been invested in this country and vast contracts have been entered into with our manufacturers and merchants. All these things have been pointed out, but the propaganda has never ceased. Surely the propagandists are not for the preservation of neutrality out of concern for the honor or welfare of this country. Senator Stone says he is opposed "to anything, no matter what the odds, calculated to convert part of our people from our national attitude of honest neutrality.'" But we do not remember hearing Senator Stone affirming his opposition to the propaganda for an embargo on munitions. Senator Stone is from St. Louis, which is not an insignificant circumstance.

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Varied Types

CCL—LOUIS HEMRICH

By Edward F. O'Day

The name of Hemrich has meant little in San Francisco; it has meant a great deal, continues to mean a great deal, in Seattle. There have been Hemrichs in Seattle for quite a long while. The fact is, ever since Seattle amounted to more than a spot on the map of the Northwest, the name of Hemrich has stood for achievement there. Let us go a little further—we shall not strain the truth in doing so—and say that Seattle wouldn't be the important city it is were it not for the Hemrichs. Indeed, without the least danger of exaggeration we may apply that statement, not to Seattle alone but to the entire State of Washington. There are a hundred or so Hemrichs scattered up and down Washington, and all of them have made, or are making, their mark. The Hemrichs adorn the professions, they are to the fore in big business enterprises. Take the Hemrichs out of the top State on our western tier of American Commonwealths, and you deprive Washington of a valuable asset.

No danger, you say, of any State depriving itself of a valuable asset when that asset is personified in a good citizen? Let us not be too sure about that! States, like individuals, have their eccentricities, make their blunders, stumble into wrong courses. Washington has done just that. Washington has deprived itself of Louis Hemrich.

Washington is to be commiserated; California is entitled to our felicitations. What is Seattle's loss is San Francisco's gain. Louis Hemrich, head and front of the Rainier Brewery, has been rejected by Seattle, and has brought his big business to our town.

When we read in the papers that Washington had gone dry, had gone the same arid, narrow, inhuman road as Oregon, Idaho, Colorado and Arizona, we uttered an exclamation of disgust, or of impatience, or of pity, according to the bent of our mental processes, and paid very little more attention to the phenomenon. Perhaps we thanked Heaven which gave us the purple grape and the golden hops that California was not of the little-sisterhood of misguided communities. Perhaps we sang a song about it:

Good-bye, old Seattle!
Farewell, rock and rye!
It's a long, long way to San Francisco!
Washington's gone dry!

We knew, of course, that there were thousands of people to whom the bigoted rule of Prohibition meant a great deal more than that, but after all they were not our people. We should worry!

But we should worry. The canters have tried their cant on us once, without success, and are girding up their loins for another attempt. The forces of hypocrisy, of intolerance, of religious narrowness, of subsidized misrepresentation, are to descend upon us again next year. California is a single oasis in the desert they have made, and they are determined to destroy it if money, falsehood and organized ignorance can effect their malign purpose.

Louis Hemrich knows what prohibition does to a community. He knows, more specifically, what prohibition has done to the greatest business enterprise in Seattle. So let us put off for a moment or two our serene indifference, and listen to the brewer of the Hemrich family who has been routed out of the city he loves by the operation of the law which made Seattle, and the whole of Washington, dry.

"The Rainier Brewery," says Louis Hemrich, late of Seattle, now of San Francisco, "was the biggest business concern in Seattle. It was the largest brewery west of St. Louis. It stood sixth among the breweries of the United States. Our investment in plant and equipment was close to two million dollars. It was a solidly established business—it had been going for twenty-nine years. It employed in the city of Seattle and throughout the State of Washington about eleven hundred men. It did business not only throughout the West, but with every port of the Orient as far as Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Bangkok and Colombo.

"I was at the head of this business in Seattle, doing what I thought was right, complying with the law. I was driven out of Seattle when Washington went dry. I had to preserve the business, so I transferred my operations to San Francisco."

It is a simple statement of what has occurred. It is phrased characteristically, for Louis Hemrich strikes me as a very quiet, conservative gentleman. He seems to have a horror of flourishes, and of splenetic diatribe. In all his talk there was no querulous, no angry reference to Seattle. Seattle is dead, but Hemrich will not say so. But let us see what injury Seattle inflicted on itself when it served notice on Louis Hemrich that he might no longer brew Heaven's gift of hops into man's creature comfort of beer. Incidentally, let us see what California gains by affording Louis Hemrich a field of operations.

"We paid the city of Seattle never less than two thousand dollars a month for water," says Hemrich. "There were five other breweries in Seattle, and their water bills totalled about five hundred dollars a month. In other words, Seattle received thirty thousand a year, at the very least, for the water it sold to the brewers. This was clear profit, for Seattle incurred no expense in supplying us with this water. That revenue is lost.

"We paid hundreds of thousands a year for Washington hops. Now we shall buy California hops for the beer we brew in our new San Francisco brewery.

"We bought thousands of tons of Washington barley every year. Now we shall buy our barley in this State. I am closing now for fifteen hundred tons of California barley.

"Our rice we didn't buy in Washington, because Washington is not a rice-producing State. But California is, and we shall buy our rice here.

"These are the three great food products which enter into the brewing of Rainier beer.

"But the biggest brewery item of all is bottles. We bought hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of bottles every year. We bought them in Illinois. I find that we can get the same quality at the same price here. So all our bottles will be bought from San Francisco manufacturers.

"Some of our beer is shipped in boxes, some of it in barrels. Our box orders practically kept two Seattle box factories running. I don't know what those factories will do without our business. The Washington concern which supplied us with barrels sold most of its output to the Rainier and other breweries. This business comes to California with us.

"There are many other items. There is fuel, a big item. We were good customers of the auto truck people. Most of our lithographing was done in Milwaukee; it will be done in San Francisco from now on.

"Our Seattle plant is worthless. What we shall do with it I don't know. The furniture and chattels in it are worth about fifteen cents on the dollar.

"I have been speaking of our brewery alone. But there were six breweries in Seattle. There were four in Spokane; three in Tacoma; two in Walla Walla; one each in Olympia, Everett, Bellingham, Rosslyn, Vancouver, Aberdeen, North Yakima, Ellensburg, Colfax, Port Townsend and Port Angeles. So you may see for yourself what injury prohibition has done to the business of the State.

"I have not spoken of the saloon business, or of other branches of the liquor business. I am not conversant with the figures relating to them. I do know, however, that the wholesale and retail licenses in Seattle amounted to $400,000 a year. I know that prohibition has cut the assessed valuation of property in Seattle fifty per cent. I should say offhand that prohibition has thrown two thousand brewery men out of work, most of them family men and skilled workmen that were steadily employed at good wages. As most of them devoted their lives to this business and know no other, what is to become of them is a problem. Speaking for the Rainier brewery, I have brought the heads of departments to San Francisco with me, but otherwise I am employing California labor."

Louis Hemrich, we have learned within the past week, has made a big investment in San Francisco. A fine new Rainier brewery has arisen in our midst and is now in operation. What assurance has Louis Hemrich that California will not do to him what Washington did? How does he know that California will not go dry?

"I feel," says Hemrich, "that California will not allow her splendid wine, barley and hop industries to be destroyed."

Devoutly we hope so! And yet we cannot leave so vital a thing to hope, no matter how devout.

"We could not interest business men in our fight," says Hemrich. "Everybody said: 'Of course the State will go wet! They can't beat us!' But it went dry."

And yet Seattle is a temperate city. Louis Hemrich insists on that. Nevertheless the meddling Anti-Saloon League had its way. Will it ever have its way with us?

"Not if proper measures are taken," says Hemrich, speaking from a rich, a costly experience. "Temperance is another name for moderation, and moderation goes hand in hand with regulation. If the liquor business is strictly regulated in California I do not think the State will ever go dry."

Perspective Impressions

As to that adventure of Colonel Roosevelt's in the Canadian wilds: It may be said that the bull moose charged him, but did not collect.

A nature faker might say that the infuriated bull moose had a primitive political instinct and wanted to punish the Colonel for libeling his breed.

Perhaps he was a sensitive animal and resented having a lot of mugwumps named after him.

As the bull moose charged the Colonel's trusty gun laid him low. "It was either my life or that of the beast," said the Colonel. This is not the first time Colonel Roosevelt has pumped it into a bull moose that got in his way.

Governor Johnson ought to take the hint.

What, oh what has become of the old fashioned college professor who said France was a decadent nation?

We note with unusual satisfaction that there is to be a "poultry and pigeon show" at the Fair this month. Needless to remark, we shall manifest a sporting interest in the chicken and squab entries.

Some folks are astonished that President Wilson should intercede in behalf of an I. W. W. tried and convicted of murder. Which shows that some folks have an extraordinary capacity for astonishment.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo says that the women have made a good fight and that they should have the vote. Isn't this deliciously typical of the mental processes of our Gilbertian Administration?

Bill Bryan has issued a pronunciamento defining a hostile attitude toward the half-billion loan. Poor Bill! The undertaker has had him, but he doesn't know it.

Some weeks ago we read in one of our leading dailies that the Hon. William R. Hearst had started from New Orleans to New York to stop the war loan. Is Bill traveling yet?

Examiner headline: "Berlin cash seen in war of Mexicans." This isn't neutral. It's as bad as saying: "Prohibition cash seen in war on German beer and Irish whisky."

Al Jennings who "beat it back" from outlawry and prison has become an evangelist. Al's lecture vocabulary contains almost as many impolite words as Billy Sunday's, so he should be a success in cursing people into the fold.

Two Heroes

By Robert McTavish

For the present the glory of Sergeant O'Leary has been dimmed by the splendor of Corporal Angus, the first Scottish Territorial to win the V. C. A short time ago there was a big demonstration in London in honor of Sergeant O'Leary for conspicuous bravery at Cuinchy where, as one of a storming party he rushed to the front, killed five Germans holding one barricade, ran sixty yards to the second where after killing three of the enemy he made prisoners of two more, thus virtually capturing the enemy's position by himself. Two weeks ago there was a big demonstration in Carluke, Lanarkshire, in honor of Sergeant Angus. Twenty-five thousand people took part. The normal population of Carluke is about 5,000, but in three hours following noon there poured in from all parts of the Clyde Valley many thousands of persons to join in the welcome to the young soldier and the Carluke officer whom he rescued. Scenes of enthusiasm unexampled in the neighborhood marked the reception.

The deed for which Corporal Angus was awarded the coveted cross has been described by one who witnessed it as one of the most brilliant deeds that the world has ever seen. It was done at Givenchy on June 12. On the preceding night a small British party was sent out to destroy a British barricade. During the attack the Germans exploded a mine, and at dawn the next day it was seen that Lieutenant Martin of the Eighteenth Highland Infantry was lying at the foot of the German trench. The remainder of the party had returned safely after the mine explosion, and the men had crawled in all directions in the darkness searching without success for the missing officer, who had been wounded and half-buried in the earth thrown up by the bursting mine.

When daylight came Lieutenant Martin recovered consciousness and began to work clear of the mass of earth which was pinning him down. His movements were seen by a British sentry, and he must have been heard by the Germans at the same time. He was separated from the enemy by about ten feet of earth. They could not see him without looking over the parapet. Lieutenant Martin appealed to them for water, and they threw him, in response, an unlighted bomb.

Soon a periscope was thrust up from the enemy trench, and it was promptly shot to pieces. The sky was cloudless, and as the officer lay under the blaze of the sun the Germans repeatedly essayed by periscope to ascertain his exact position. The British shot away each periscope as soon as it appeared. Shortly afterward a steel shield loophole, fenced in by sandbags, was raised by the enemy to make a rescue by day impossible. The whole of the company to which the young officer belonged volunteered to rush the German trench, and were promised permission to make the attempt as soon as dusk arrived to render it less suicidal.

The best riflemen in the vicinity were concentrated in the British trench as the hours wore on, and so keenly and accurately did their fire command the enemy's position that it was impossible for a German head to appear over the parapet edge. About noon, however, the position became unendurable to the anxious men of Lieutenant Martin's regiment, and out of many volunteers there was chosen for the desperate attempt at rescue a fellow-townsman of the officer—Corporal Angus.

For half of the seventy yards which separated the trenches every square inch of the ground was swept by the enemy's fire, and there was no cover. Angus was warned that he was going to certain death. "It does not matter much, sir, whether soon or later," was the reply. He was allowed to go. Arrangements were made for heavy covering fire of rifles and machine guns, and at two o'clock in the afternoon Angus slipped over the British parapet, and, flattened to earth, began to work his way toward the enemy trench.

No finer tribute to his training could have been given than the fact that he succeeded in reaching the German parapet without drawing the fire of the enemy. He was seen to touch the wounded officer and whisper to him. Then he raised him up, and placed a flask of brandy between his teeth, and the two sat at the base of the parapet for a moment prior to the struggle back to safety. The enemy had heard them moving by this time, but the British rifle fire kept all German heads under the parapet. So the enemy lobbed a bomb just over the parapet.

There was an explosion, and a cloud of dust, and Angus and the wounded officer made their dash for safety, the corporal supporting and guiding his officer. The Germans threw more bombs as the two came into view, and there were more explosions all round them as they staggered along, whilst great pillars of dust were thrown up to their salvation. The enemy could not see them now to use their rifles, but they hailed bullets at random.

Suddenly, out of a cloud of dust the two were seen to stumble, and they struggled toward the British lines, falling, rising, and falling again. Lieutenant Martin managed to crawl in. Corporal Angus rising after having been wounded, was separated from the officer. Nearly a dozen bombs burst around him as he made for the trench at a different point, but he left the line of fire clear, and the British rifles and machine guns poured in a tornado of bullets, under cover of which he got in. He was wounded in forty places. Lieutenant Martin had three wounds. Corporal Angus received the Victoria Cross at the hands of the King last week.

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What Has Happened in Serbia

By Robert McTavish

Apparently the worst has not yet happened to Serbia. For that little State is now in the midst of things. Next to Bulgaria no people has suffered more than the people of the State that supplied the pretext for the war that has convulsed Europe. There has been a great, steady drain on the population of Serbia for three years. In the two Balkan wars the total number of Serbians killed and wounded was 90,000; in the present war to date the total number is 120,000, and out of every five wounded there has been one death. The total population of Serbia is only 5,500,000. Now Serbia has an army of 600,000 ready to resist invasion which includes all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 60. The army represents 14 per cent of the entire community, while in most countries on a war footing only from 4 to 6 per cent take to the field. As all the strongest men in Serbia have been taken into the army the agriculture is dependent entirely upon the women, children and old men.

When the Austrians were driven out of the country the refugees returned home to find their farms devastated and their houses charred ruins. There was no food, their plows were destroyed and their cattle stolen. Therefore the greater part of the devastated districts is still uncultivated. Though the Government could supply grain, there were no tools. It was in this region that the help sent by America was useful. The money cabled bought hoes, scythes, sickles, forks and plows, seeds and also cattle. These were distributed in the devastated districts, and so far that part of them has been tilled.

Belgrade has been deserted by almost the whole population because of the frequent bombardments. Shabatz is in ruins and entirely empty. The people of Podrinje, Jadar and Matchva have returned to their villages, but as they have no houses, they have made holes in the earth in order to live on their farms. As all trading, both wholesale and retail, has ceased, there is a general dearth of everything, and prices are enormously high, three or four times greater than in times of peace.

Besides all the harm done through the devastation of property, the Serbians suffered a terrible blow from typhus. When the Serbian army cleaned the countryside of invaders they found in Valjevo 2,500 Austrian sick, most of them typhus cases. Besides the soldiers there were fourteen Austrian doctors with the disease. The disease was spread all over the country. The losses among the soldiers in the hospitals amounted to 10,000, and among the 500 doctors 130. But of the losses in the villages among the women and children no accurate statistics are possible.

The sanitary conditions are now more or less normal, and the English and French missions have inoculated the whole army against typhoid and cholera, so the Serbians hope in future to be spared from these diseases.

The number of soldiers who have been crippled is large, and many of these are also homeless. There are also many families left without a provider, by the death of all their men. For these two classes of the needy the Government supplies a pittance, but it is so small that it will be of no material assistance, except to the farming families who have fair-sized farms, and can do something for themselves.

No other country in Europe is at such a disadvantage as Serbia from the point of view of invasion, for Serbia alone has its capital on its frontier. In olden times of course Belgrade could control vast areas. The traffic of the Save and Danube was subject to it, and any hostile movement in the flat plains of Hungary would be at once detected by the watchers of this hill fortress. So for centuries Belgrade was one of the most powerful of the remoter Turkish fortresses. It was the supply base for he Turkish armies that thundered before the walls of Vienna. In like manner it was one of the last posts the Turks held as they were pushed slowly but resolutely southwards. Today Belgrade can show vestiges of the Turk at every turn. Once across the Save from Semlinn and one is in a city that so self-consciously attempts to be Western and "Parisian" that the underlying alien elements show up the most strongly. Elaborately Western cafés and restaurants stand facing old tumble-down Turkish houses. Banks and business houses jostle with low cottages where Turkish "Halvas" and "Loukoumi" are sold, and where one can buy sour milk in basins for a couple of pence. Opposite two of the biggest hotels in the town is the old Turkish fortress, with its moat and drawbridge and its handsome white-fronted buildings. In the gardens within are rows of Turkish cannon, delicately cut Turkish tombstones and Turkish walls.

I saw the fortress first when the earlier Balkan war was tailing off to its end, and when the Serbians were straining every nerve to mobilize in time to repel the Bulgars. It was only a few days before the war broke with a suddenness and ferocity that startled Europe. The town was echoing to the tramp of levies that came and went continually. The railway to Salonika was shut down, and I had been lucky to get through by the last train, though it had been galling work stopping at each station baking in the tropical heat of June, wondering whether we should even get to the next station or if the line was blown up. The Turks and the first war were forgotten; Kumanovo and the rest were faded glories; everywhere was hatred of the new enemy—the perfidious Bulgar. When I got to Belgrade I had soon found my way to the old fortress. There it struck me as bizarre to see half a dozen Turkish officers, prisoners in the fort, sipping Turkish coffee under the trees, while down below near the river Turkish privates sat chattering in groups. In a fortnight the fort was filled with Bulgar prisoners, and the Turks less than a memory.

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The Spectator

Rolph in the Tenderloin

According to an editorial in the Examiner, the tenderloin supported "the impudent Schmitz." The statement interested me because I thought I knew something of what had happened in the tenderloin during the recent primary campaign. It struck me that if the tenderloin had supported Schmitz, the tenderloin had shown gross ingratitude to its friend Mayor Rolph. So I took the trouble to visit my friend Registrar Zemansky and obtain some figures from him. The figures are the semi-official returns for the tenderloin precincts, and they show that the tenderloin did not support Schmitz, and did not go back on Mayor Rolph. There are seven precincts in the tenderloin, and all of them gave Rolph handsome majorities over Schmitz and Gallagher. Here are the figures for Rolph and Schmitz.

In the thirty-sixth precinct of the thirty-second district, the election booth on the west side of Mason north of Geary, Rolph 79, Schmitz 20.

In the thirty-eight precinct of the thirty-second district, booth on Ellis west of Taylor, Rolph 114, Schmitz 46.

In the twenty-third precinct of the thirty-third district, booth at Turk and Jones, Rolph 110, Schmitz 61.

In the thirty-third precinct of the thirty-third district, booth at Mason south of Geary, Rolph 54, Schmitz 19.

In the thirty-fifth precinct of the thirty-third district, booth at Mason north of Ellis, Rolph 147, Schmitz 33.

In the thirty-sixth precinct of the thirty-third district, booth at Ellis west of Mason, Rolph 108, Schmitz 30.

In the thirty-seventh precinct of the thirty-third district, booth at Ellis east of Mason, Rolph 154, Schmitz 35.

It will be noticed that the largest vote Schmitz received in the tenderloin was polled in the twenty-third of the thirty-third. The election booth for this precinct was at Turk and Jones. This is the furthest uptown of the tenderloin booths. Rolph received in this booth 110 votes, while Schmitz received 61. In other words, on the edge of the tenderloin, in a precinct where the tenderloin element does not predominate, Schmitz received a better vote than in any of the other tenderloin precincts. It will be noticed that throughout the tenderloin Mayor Rolph had the situation well in hand. The Examiner editorial writer was a little hasty in his statement; he should have consulted the figures.

The Erotic in Advertising

"Do you know," asked my sad, bad friend the Rounder as he hooked me with his cane in front of the Palace Hotel, "do you know who is the most popular author just now with the boys who go in for the literature of lubricity?"

"That's a fine question to ask a modest man," I answered. "No, I don't know, and what's more, I don't care."

"Don't air your virtue; it may tarnish," said the Rounder. "As a specialist the subject interests me, and I'm going to make you listen to me. There was a time, you know, when the fellows at the club with a taste for lickerish reading used to dip into old Casanova, and Straparole, and the 'Basia' of Secundus, and Pierre Louys' 'Aphrodite,' and that old scoundrel Cleland who wrote 'Fannie Hill,' and so forth. But do you know whom they read now?"

I shook my head.

"Mr. Magnin!" said the Rounder.

"And who in Hades is Mr. Magnin?" I asked.

"Listen," went on the Rounder, and he pulled a newspaper clipping out of his inner pocket. "This is the stuff for jaded old boys. This is where purple passion lives. This makes the passé roue feel like a roaring rake. This—"

"The paresis has got you," I said, and tried to break away.

"Hold on while I read," said the Rounder, spearing my button hole with his finger. "I have here one of Mr. Magnin's passional advertisements. Listen: 'Unique display of intimate garments.' Isn't that nifty? Intimate garments! Listen: 'The smartly frocked wear intimate garments that are as gay as tropical butterflies.' There's the lowdown for you! Listen: 'Within the memory of many, underneaths were of muslin; and the best was lace-trimmed. We at that time led in the importation of French handmade lingerie. Then came the era of crepe de chine underwear, in white and dawn pink, followed rapidly by pussy willow and other novelty silks. We gave you these adorable intimate garments'— and so forth and so on. Listen: 'Now comes the new whim of Madame La Mode —intimate garments in colors as gorgeously yellow as a harvest moon'—isn't that the feverish stuff for you?—'gorgeously yellow as a harvest moon, blue as a Chinese vase. Come see these sparkling, glinting, glowing, dancing, coquetting, lovely intimate garments. Come see our robes d'intime that are so seductive they make you forget the sordid side of life,' and so forth and so on.

"Do you wonder that the boys have taken Mr. Magnin as their favorite author? Doesn't it read like the dream of a Long Beach sybarite? There's a thrill in every line. That's the stuff to make the pulse go! that's the kind of literature—"

I broke away, and started across the street.

"Where are you going?" cried the Rounder.

"I'm going up and tell Dr. Aked," I said. "Just you wait till I get him started after your favorite author."

Unfortunately, Dr. Aked was out when I sent in my name, so I take this means of calling the matter to his attention.

Polk and the Clockwinder

The clockwinder was polishing the key in the pendulum room when he was interrupted at this his favorite pastime by his friend Willis Polk who dropped in (or rather stumbled up) to talk over the non-partisan referendum measure. "First let me ask you," said the clockwinder when the subject was broached, "first let me ask you, what happened to you at the primary? I thought you were running for Mayor."

"I was," said Polk, "but they counted it out."

"Counted what out?"

"My vote. That was the only one I got."

"Well," said the clockwinder, "I'm going to vote for the non-partisan plan."

"What!" Mr. Polk shrieked in amazement.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "I'm going to vote for it in the interest of my country."

"You're joking," said Polk.

"Nope," said the clockwinder firmly.

"But think of the State."

"I'm thinking of the United States."

An expression of bewilderment spread over the classic Polk countenance, and the sage of the water front went on polishing the key

A Horrible Example

When the young architect regained his composure he asked the clockwinder what he was driving at.

Thus the clockwinder: "California has been rapidly becoming the horrible example of the Union, but the lunacy of it has not yet become striking enough. I believe that if the State is to serve a good moral and highly patriotic end it should be as horrible as possible."

"A patriotic end?" Polk asked. "A moral end?"

"Yes," said the clockwinder. "All horrible examples are in themselves moral. They are deterrents. Now California has not exhausted the potentialities of freak government. Besides it is so richly endowed by nature that it is hard to put it on the hog. So far we reformers have only managed to raise taxes two and a half per cent, and we are still prosperous enough. In other States there are agitators recommending some of our fads. They don't know what's happening out here. What do they know about the scum that has been coming to the surface in politics. I bet they haven't even heard what happened in Santa Barbara!"

"I haven't heard myself," said Polk.

"There are 6,000 voters down there. They had an election the other day and adopted the commission form of government. How many people, do you suppose, voted at the election?"

"Give it up."

"Twelve hundred, and the organic law of the city was adopted by seven hundred people."

"Still," said Polk, "I don't see what you're driving at."

Progressive Reform

The clockwinder hung up the key. "I fear," he said, "it will require a surgical operation, but I'll try again. Direct government in California has made the people so weary of politics that they are leaving public business to the politicians and the newspapers. At the election in this city last week over 60,000 people stayed away from the polls. Most of them were disgusted with the kind of impudent nobodies who bob up and declare themselves candidates. In the old days when we had party conventions to select candidates and to urge men to run a man could get a public office without losing his self-respect. Nowadays if the men who get public office by their nerve don't lose their self-respect it's because they haven't any."

The clockwinder paused, and again Mr. Polk manifested his bewilderment.

The sage rambled on. "As we go along with our political experiments," he said, "we are advised by our political counsellors that some-

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thing is lacking. Every reform leads to another reform made imperative by the one that preceded it. So now we are going to make it easier for the gang that's running things by going in for non-partisan politics which will mean of course that instead of dividing on political issues the people will divide on religious issues and other isues non-political that will soon set the State by the ears."

"And you are for it?" Polk asked.

"Yes, I'm for it. I'm for as horrible a horrible example as possible. I think that in a little while I'll be for Rudie Spreckels for Governor and Chester Rowell for both branches of the Legislature with a commission of alienists in constant attendance."

Concerning "L'Amour"

Of course you know Evelyn Beatrice Longman's beautiful statue "L'Amour" in the colonnade of the Fine Arts Palace. This sculpture of a man and woman folded in a tender yet passionate embrace is one of the most admired on the Fair grounds. Among those who stopped to admire it recently were Mr. and Mrs. Ames, visitors from the North. Mr. Ames is a member of the firm of Ames, Harris, Neville Company, and he told his partner Larry Harris about "L'Amour."

"The boy who was trundling our wheel chair," said Ames, "remarked to us as we studied the statue, 'We call this Mr. and Mrs. Armour,' which I thought was not bad."

Larry Harris turned to Mrs. Ames.

"Does your husband intend to tell this story when he goes home?" he inquired darkly.

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Ames. "Why do you ask?"

"Because Ames is not gifted with much sense of humor," answered Larry, "and he's liable to spoil the story. Unless you drill him in it on the way home he's apt to say that the wheel chair boys call the statue 'Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy.'"

"I hadn't thought of that," interrupted Ames, "but having studied the statue pretty carefully I might be apt to call it 'Mr. and Mrs. Swift.'"

Trask Tells One

John E. D. Trask, chief of the Department of Fine Arts, also tells a story about this statue "L'Amour."

"I was strolling through the colonnade one beautiful moonlit night," says Trask. "I shall not attempt to tell you how entrancing the scene was because I am not a Coleridge or a George Sterling. In front of me walked a young couple. It was plain to be seen that they were lovers, and the witchery of the moonlight in that fairyland of arches and trees and silent water had wrought its tender mood upon them. The young woman was leaning heavily on the young man's arm, after a fashion not unknown to lovers. I was near enough to hear their talk when they stopped before Evelyn Longman's statue. The young woman stooped down and read the inscription. Then she snuggled once more against the shoulder of her young man, and gazing in his eyes she said dreamily:

"'Dearest, it is called 'L'Amour.' Do you know what that means, sweetheart? It means Love!'

"I saw that it was no place for me," concludes Trask, "so I beat it."

Couldn't Fool Her

Trask tells another good story about a statue in this same colonnade. I refer to Edward Berge's delightful "Wildflower," the little statue of a child leaning forward mischievously, the pretty head crowned with a plaintain leaf.

"One evening," says Trask, "I was taking my customary stroll through the colonnade, and I noticed ahead of me a party consisting of a man, a woman and a child. The woman was the active sightseer of this trio, and had much to say in a rather shrill voice. I discovered speedily that she was not a lover of art, but of botany. She was interested in the trees, the shrubs and the flowers, not in the statues. When she came to Berge's wonderful little bronze she stopped, but she had no eyes for it; she was attracted by the flowers growing about its base. She stooped down to examine the flowers more carefully, and while doing so read the name on the pedestal of the statue. She straightened up quickly.

"'I wonder what idiot has charge of this place?' she shrilled. 'It says there,' pointing to the base of the statue, 'that this is a wildflower. Tain't nothin' of the sort. Its heliotrope!'"

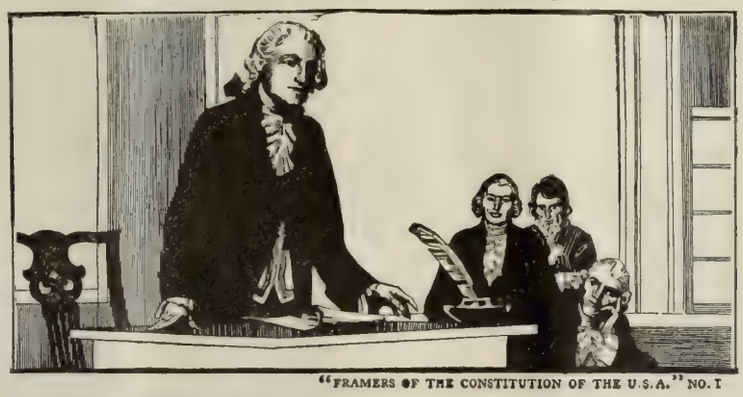
Samuel's Retort

Mrs. Katherine Tingley, "the purple mother" of Point Loma and, according to her repeated asseverations, the only custodian of simon-pure theosophy since the death of Martin Judge, is once more in the limelight. Keith Spalding, the son of the great baseball pitcher A. G. Spalding, alleges that Mrs. Tingley completely dominated his father who was a devotee of the theosophical cult for many years preceding his death. Which reminds me of the time the Los Angeles Times charged Mrs. Tingley with teaching sun-worship, and Mrs. Tingley sued Harrison Grey Otis for libel. Samuel M. Shortridge went to San Diego to try the case for Otis, but despite his brilliant work Mrs. Tingley vindicated herself and won. Shortridge put her through a withering cross-examination. He elicited from her that it was the custom for the Point Loma cultists to go out on the point at daybreak and perform a mystic ceremony. Mrs. Tingley explained that this ceremony consisted in the despatch of beneficent thought waves over the waters of the Pacific and to all parts of the world.

"Do these thought waves, as you call them, go to Honolulu?" asked Shortridge sarcastically.

"They do," answered Mrs. Tingley.

"To Yokohama, to Tokio, to Mandalay?" queried Shortridge.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. I

George Washington—"Father of His Country"

EVERY AMERICAN knows that without "Immortal Washington" our National Independence would have been impossible. Few, however, know that the greatest battle of Washington's life was fought to secure for his countrymen the Constitution of the United States. Almost immediately after the Revolution it seemed that all the great sacrifice of blood and treasure had been in vain. The original thirteen states refused to work in harmony, either in spirit or in law. The new Republic was tottering to its foundations. At this critical period in American history the most brilliant men of each state met in convention and unanimously elected Washington as president — undoubtedly the most momentous gathering of its kind the world has ever known. Here he displayed as great ability as a lawmaker as he had as a warrior. For months the Fathers of the Republic labored, and finally adopted our present National law, which forever guarantees Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. This was in 1787. Seventy years later Anheuser-Busch established their great institution on the tenets of the Federal law which Washington did so much to create. Like all of the great men of his time, he was a moderate user of good old barley brews. For three generations Anheuser-Busch have brewed honest malt and hop beers. To-day 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the ever-increasing public demand. The great popularity of their famous brand—BUDWEISER—due to quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has made its sales exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles.

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"It is our belief that they do," answered Mrs. Tingley.

"Now, Mrs. Tingley," went on Shortridge, in his best mock-innocent manner, "this procedure is not perfectly clear to me. Will you kindly explain it more fully."

"Well, Mr. Shortridge," said the "purple mother" coldly, "let me put it this way: It is my belief that if I had a pure thought I could influence even you."

There was the beginning of a titter in the court room as Shortridge gracefully removed his glasses with one hand and raised the famous index finger of the other.

"Ah," he said, "if you ever had a pure thought!"

An Appeal from Mrs. Atherton

Gertrude Atherton is appealing through the New York newspapers for assistance for the Poles. In a letter to the Times last week she wrote as follows: "Invading and retreating armies have left their soil as bare as the New York asphalt, nor have they aught but a cellar in which to lay their heads. How they have lived at all passeth my understanding, but as they have shown so remarkable a vitality, to say nothing of courage, surely the great American people, out of their plenty, can send them corn to plant and a few ship loads of canned meats and vegetables. (Not condemned ones either.) I am not asking this in the name of Kosciusko, who was rewarded for his gallant services during our Revolution not only with every honor in our bestowal, but with a large pension and landed estates, but in the name of humanity. Surely the great ammunition factories and other exporters of war necessities can afford to contribute liberally, and others can canvass their neighbors for a dollar each. We are a people of nearly 100,000,000. If each of us would give a dollar—or ten—we all think in billions these days! The possibilities are staggering. I do not know the address of the Polish Relief Fund, but it is easy to be found. I shall send it a small subscription and I hope that all who read this will follow my example, if it is only to the tune of 50 cents. Sit down for ten minutes and concentrate your mind on a vast territory burned and ravaged and scarred with shallow trenches stuffed with the unfortunate dead, and on this ghastly surface all that is left of a long-suffering race in its final extremity. Believe me, it is a salutary mental exercise."

She Lectures Her Critics

Mrs. Atherton has been spending a lot of her time of late writing letters to the New York papers on the war, and some folks have not taken seriously all that she has said. To her critics she made reply the other day as follows: "I have been very much struck with the assumption of my critics that as I am a writer of fiction I must necessarily be a liar. The inference is either that they are elderly people who grew up on the old-fashioned romance, or that there prevails a denser ignorance regarding the mental habits of Imaginationists, as well as of the pronounced differences that exist in the various types of fiction writers—novelists, long-story writers (miscalled novelists), short-story writers, optimistic-realists, pessimistic-realists, balanced-realists, adventurists, yarn spinners, and writers for young folks—than the most despairing author ever has imagined. Or is it merely that the intelligent reader always writes to the author and the inferior mind seizes what may be his only opportunity to see himself in print? Speaking of novelists I am in a position to assert that no people in the world are more persistent seekers after truth and more rabid on the subject of facts. Leaving the deeper question to be disposed of elsewhere, it is safe to say that no novelist of today writes of either people or place which he has not studied at first hand. Sometimes the knowledge is unsought, the natural result of long association; often the writing of a novel which is read in an evening has been the least of the work expended upon it. The scene of my last published novel was laid in Montana. I went there from Genoa to study mining with a geological engineer, and obtain at first hand all the information necessary for the mere machinery of the story. On the other hand, when, after seven years residence, I suddenly "got my Munich novel, I packed up and went 7,000 miles to Mount Tamalpais, Cal., to write it, finding that I needed a long perspective to dissociate my imagination from too many facts. Novelists are the very best of current historians, and knowing that their first chance for protracted life is fundamental exactness, no matter how vivid their imaginations, they grow more vigilant every year of their literary life. For this reason they should make the very best historians or biographers, but, alas! they are ever seduced by the mysterious beings that come suddenly to life in the imaginative tract and challenge their spirit of adventure, as well as the acutest faculties the writer may possess."

In the Court of the Universe

I have carefully figured out just what I shall do the next time I go to the Fair. It shall be a beautiful morning of sunshine and balmy air, and I shall go straight to the Court of the Universe. I shall select a seat commanding this wonderful court, and I shall settle myself in peace and comfort, and then I shall take from my coat pocket a little buff-colored book. This little book has the top of the Column of Progress done in gilt on its cover, with the following legend: Storied Walls of the Exposition, by Katherine Delmar Burke. I shall open this book to page 34, and shall then apply myself to its text for the careful study of the beauties of the Court of the Universe. "The arches," I shall read, "are classically Roman in their lift from the ground to the turn of the arch, but they are ramped in Saracenic fashion and backed on either side by towers with Moorish domes. These domes, softly colored in amber or brown or in a blue that seems to blend into the sky above, are topped by groups of golden balls." Having read thus far I shall turn to page 29 of my little book, in the chapter called "Emblems." There I shall find that a group of golden balls whirling about a central point was an emblem used by the Saracens to typify the months of their year, calculated by the phases of the moon, and that these were thirteen in number. Returning then to my text I shall read: "The obelisks that corner the arches are the Egyptian sun-dials." Turning again to "Emblems" I shall find that the obelisk as used in Fair architecture is the gnomon of the sun-dial of the ancient Egyptians, and that when set with discs it symbolizes the planets known in the days of Ptolemy. Again back to the text: "The center of the arch above the keystone bears the Persian sun cipher." In the chapter on "Emblems" I shall find this also identified and pictured, with its rays radiating from a central point on a field of blue. And so I shall traverse the Court of the Universe, slowly and methodically. I shall find out the emblematic meaning of the honeysuckle, the banded garland, the crocus, the rose of Castile (with its touching story), the grapevine, the ox's skull and the lion's head which decorate the frieze of this court. I shall learn why the Archangel Michael is in this court, and what Pegasus is doing there. I shall understand the significance of the griffin. I shall read the story of the acanthus leaf on the Corinthian capitals. I shall explore the innermost secrets of the symbolism of the two great groups, the Nations of the East and West. And so on. I shall spend a profitable morning, and when I have finished I shall know more of architecture and its symbolism than I ever knew before. Also I shall admire more than ever the wondrous work of the Exposition architects.

Miss Burke's "Storied Walls"

On other mornings I shall select other pages of this most fascinating book, and I shall study other bits of the Exposition. Katherine Delmar Burke of this city has written a most valuable little manual. She has approached the Fair from her own vantage point of erudition and originality. She is complete mistress of that most interesting department of art, the subject of symbolism and emblems. She explains every symbol, every emblem, no matter how conventional, that has been used by the architects, sculptors and painters of the Fair. She traces them back to their ancient sources, and wherever possible tells the beautiful stories that underlay them. It is too bad this book did not appear earlier in the Exposition year, but there

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is still time for us to make use of it. There are only eighty-four pages, but every page is packed with knowledge. And the illustrations are of great practical use. Miss Burke writes with sympathy; she rises many times to great eloquence; and she is never too enthusiastic to forget that criticism should not be unmixed panegyric. She finds few things to criticize adversely, but when she does point out flaws the intelligent reader will immediately see the force of her contention. It is a great thing for our culture that we should have this great Exposition, and it is another great thing that the Exposition should inspire so useful, so stimulating, so enlightening a book as this "Storied Walls of the Exposition."

After Many Years

As I strolled down Taylor street the other day I noticed Frank Mulgrew, the newspaperman, descending the steps of the Bohemian, his favorite club. There was a droll smile on Frank's face, evidently called forth by a letter which he was reading. Not incurious, I hailed him.

"Let me read you this letter from Kingston, Jamaica," said Frank; and he read:

"'By this time you have probably forgotten my name, and that I ever existed in your life. But I did. You and I were at the University of California together. During that time you loaned me five dollars. Herewith I am returning it to you. Since that long ago I have been an actor, a stage manager, a director of stock companies'—

"That," interpolated Mulgrew, "explains why he never paid the five; what follows explains why he is paying it now.

"'Now I am a moving picture director. Any time you are in the East look me up and we will renew old times. I am in Kingston making a big sea picture in which Annette Kellerman is featured. A thousand pardons for the long delay in re-payment.'

"This letter," explained Mulgrew, "is from Edward Morrissey who used to usher in the Columbia Theatre while he was attending the university. It is sixteen years since I lent him that five. There must be some magic in Jamaica climate or Jamaica rum or Jamaica ginger. I wonder if it would be worth my while to finance an excursion to Kingston? If all my debtors would take part in it, I could pay the expenses and still make money, provided the climate or the rum or the ginger affected them as it did my dear old friend Morrissey."

I tell the story for the benefit of despairing creditors. The moral seems to be, While there's life there's hope.

Willis Polk Suggests

"There is something," said Willis Polk, removing a Partagas from his mouth, "there is something I wanted to tell you."

I was all ears.

"But I have forgotten what it was," continued Willis.

I turned to go.

"Now I remember it," continued Willis, contemplating the expensive ash of his cigar. "The Fair directors asked me for suggestions as to the proper way to celebrate the work of the men who actually built the Fair, the men who built it with their hands, you know. I suggested a day at the Fair, with the usual plaques, preceded by a downtown parade. I suggested that this parade consist of the architects, the contractors, the material men and the laborers who worked on the Fair. I suggested that while this parade marched up Market street, another parade consisting of myself alone, should march down Market street."

EARL CARTWRIGHT

The distinguished baritone who will sing with the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon

"What's the idea?" I asked the temperamental architect.

"Don't you see?" said Willis. "It would be horse and horse."

"Not quite all of that, Willis," I replied, "not quite all of that."

"Bunker Bean" on the Stage

I hear from Harry Leon Wilson that his novel "Bunker Bean" has been dramatized and is now going through the "try-out" process in Detroit. The play has been constructed by Lee Wilson Dodd, and will be taken to New York by the well known producer Joseph Brooks after it has been rounded into shape. I have my doubts as to whether the delicious humor of "Bunker Bean" can be preserved in a play, and I serve notice on its author that I shall be extremely critical when it reaches San Francisco. "Bunker Bean" is quite a pet of mine, so I shall be hard to please. Will the young stenographer whose destiny was controlled by Ramtah find sympathetic interpretation on the boards? Will The Flapper be the same delightful little girl as in the book? Will The Demon reach the stage without losing her originality? Will Breede, "Old Cufflets" as Bean called him contemptuously, be recognizable? Will the Greatest Pitcher the World Has Ever Known retain all his mightiness? I hope so. And if "Bunker Bean" is a success, I hope Harry Leon Wilson will arrange for the dramatization of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

If Only They Dared

The Groom—Ladies and gentlemen! Friends all! Directly after the ceremony I will auction off the presents! We need the money! Now is your opportunity to get silverware, cut-glass and bric-a-brac!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.—No. 19,576; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

CECILE LILI AUGER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 2nd, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Malaprop in Action

Strange things may happen "when Mr. Shakespeare comes to town." The celebrated music teacher who has found this a convenient year to desert London for a visit to California, fell into the clutches of our Mrs. Malaprop at a dinner party, and the story is being whispered here and there.

"Oh, Mr. Shakespeare," gurgled Mrs. Malaprop, "I want to say to you that I never believed that stupid Mr. Bacon wrote your plays."

There was an awful silence, and a loud whisper from Mrs. Malaprop's dinner partner informed her that Mr. Shakespeare was a musician.

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Malaprop, "and I don't mind if Mr. Shakespeare overhears me when I say that his 'Otello' is one of my favorite operas."

Jack and His Bride

The honeymoon of Jack Spreckels and his beautiful bride Sidi Wirt Spreckels took them to Coronado and Los Angeles en route to New York. At Coronado the honeymooners spent a great deal of time on horseback, and Mrs. Spreckels made such a smart figure in her swagger riding togs that she was the admiration of everybody at the hotel. There was a great deal of entertaining done for them there, and the same held true of their stay in Los Angeles where they were showered with invitations. They were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story who gave a series of informal dinners in their honor. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Allen gave a big dinner for them, and Ward Dawson a luncheon at the California Club. Mrs. Frank Moon, mother of Mrs. Claus Spreckels, who is occupying a home in West Adams street, gave a tea and a big dinner for the happy couple. These are only a few of the pleasant affairs by which the Spreckels honeymoon has been signalized. And it goes without saying that a round of social gayety awaits them in New York.

Doris Ryer's Admirer

During Mrs. Fletcher Ryer's triumphant season at Newport, it was noted that her attractive daughter Doris received a great deal of attention from Henry Chittenden. Young Mr. Chittenden first met Doris Ryer during her stay in Washington last winter, and he renewed his devotion to her during the Newport season just closed. It is not clear to those who have been observing matters whether Miss Ryer is smitten with her swain, but there seems no doubt that the swain is smitten with her. It will be interesting to learn whether the affair reaches the announcement stage.

A Diplomatic Wife

The many friends Mirza Ali Kuli Khan has made during his long stay here in connection with affairs Persian at the Exposition, are congratulating him on his appointment as consul-general of Persia in New York. To be quite correct they should congratulate his charming American wife. She is the better diplomat of the two, and knows how to pull wires in his behalf. Florence Kuli Khan was a bright young lady from Lynn, Massachusetts, when Mirza met her in Washington. Mirza himself was an obscure Persian poet, with a post in the Persian embassy. Their marriage has been a very happy one, and so sagacious has Madame Kuli Khan proved in the ways of diplomacy that her husband finds little time now for Persian poetry, his mind being occupied with affairs of a more worldly description. It is only in his hours of leisure that Mirza discourses Persian poetry or repeats his famous prediction of a few years ago that Carmel is to be the literary hub of the West.

A Distinguished Visitor

There have been so many lions in town of late that not half of them are properly chronicled in the newspapers. There is, for instance, Seymour Thomas, the great American portrait painter who is as well known in Paris (where he had his studio for years) as he is in the art centers of this country. Mr. Thomas came here with his charming wife to see the Exposition, and was so taken with San Francisco that he is thinking seriously of returning here to live. Before coming to San Francisco Mr. Thomas spent some time in Washington painting the portrait of President Wilson. One of the affairs given here in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas was a dinner party at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bostwick. Seymour Thomas painted Mrs. Bostwick's portrait in Paris before her marriage.

A Belle to Travel

We are to be denied the company of one of our charming belles for some time to come. Miss Ethyl Graham, the attractive and cultivated daughter of Judge and Mrs. Thomas F. Graham, is leaving for a tour of the East with Mr. and Mrs. William Healy of this city. The travelers will spend several months in eastern cities, New York, of course, claiming the most of their time. Later they will go to Palm Beach for the brilliant season of that swagger resort. Miss Graham is a leader of her set, and she will be greatly missed at the gayeties of the younger set this winter.

Dr. Power's Pictures

I made mention last week of Dr. D'Arcy Power's exhibition of color photography on the fifth floor of the Paul Elder Galleries in Grant avenue. This fine exhibition was started with a lecture last week, and since then a great many of the doctor's friends and a great many others who do not know Doctor Power but are interested in the art of color photography have been dropping in to study his work. Splendid work it is. Doctor Power has been particularly happy in the effects he obtained by applying his process of color photography to the opulent scenes on the Exhibition grounds. The dome of the Fine Arts Palace, the wonderful lagoon, nooks and corners of the beautiful Italian Court—these are some of the beauties which his camera has caught and his genius has transferred to paper in full colors. But there are many other subjects. Tamalpais, country roads shaded by foliage, Marin hillsides, scenes on the bay, the picturesque old adobes of Monterey are among the subjects on which he has lavished his skill. If any still doubt the possibilities of color photography they will be sceptics no longer after seeing this exhibition.

High Cost of Living

A man and his wife accompanied by a large valise walked into the main entrance of the St. Francis Hotel the other day. The man stopped in front of the taxicab office, dropped his valise, stuck his head in the taxicab window (he thought that it was the hotel office) and said:

"What are your rates?"

"Four dollars an hour," replied the taxi man.

"Holy smokes!" said the man to his wife, "they want four dollars an hour to live in this hotel; let's look around for a boarding house."

Chester Burks's Recital

Chester W. Burks of this city made his debut as a vocalist at a concert attended largely by smart society, the St. Francis being the scene of the affair which took place Tuesday evening. Burks displayed a rich baritone voice which had been splendidly cultivated, and his well chosen numbers gave great satisfaction to his hearers. One of his most effective numbers was the prologue to Hadley's "Atonement of Pan" which he sang with great power and sweetness. Assisting Mr. Burks was Miss Marie Gassner who also pleased the audience with her voice and her personality. Herbert Riley contributed some 'cello solos, and Uda Waldrop was the peerless accompanist. I saw Willard Batchelder, the well known singing master, at the concert, and I understood why the singing of Mr. Burks and Miss Gassner pleased him so much and why he was delighted with the ovation they received when I learned that both were his pupils. They do him great credit.

The Martinez Exhibition

Lovers of the best in art hailed with delight the announcement of an exhibition by Xavier Martinez. It is quite a time since this great painter has put his canvases on exhibition, and it is not too much to say that his admirers (that includes all who know genius in painting when they see it) are hungry for a view of his recent works. The exhibition is being given in the print rooms of Hill Tolerton at 107 Grant avenue, and is drawing discriminating visitors. The exhibition was opened Wednesday night with a delightful reception, one of those informal af-

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fairs which Hill Tolerton knows so well how to give. There was a smart gathering on this occasion.

Modern Tendencies in Art

Eugen Neuhaus of the University of California will deliver two lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, on the exhibit in the annex of the Palace of Fine Arts. The first lecture will be given on Tuesday afternoon, October 12, at 3 o'clock on "Cubism." The second lecture will be gvien the following week at the same hour, treating on "Futurism and Post-Impressionism." On Saturday forenoon, October 16, at 10:30 o'clock Professor Neuhaus will lecture in the same place on "The Portrait, Figure and Genre Painters of the United States Section" that show evidence of German influence,—Duveneck, Chase, Paxton, Melchers, Alexander and others.

Spirit of the Warring Nations

The second lecture in the course by Paul Jordan Smith on "The Spirit of the Warring Nations as Shown by Their Literary Interpreters" will be given Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, October 15, in the Paul Elder Gallery. The subject will be "The Spirit of England." Disraeli, Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw will be among the English authors discussed during the lecture.

At the Cecil

General and Mrs. Edward McClernard have issued invitations for a dinner to be given Sunday evening in the private dining room of the Cecil. Last Sunday the General and his attractive wife were hosts at an elaborate dinner given in honor of Major-General Aleshire. The function took place at the Cecil where the McClernands make their home. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Young and Miss Dorthy Young are among the prominent society folk from Seattle who are enjoying the Exposition. A cordial welcome is being accorded General and Mrs. J. M. Thompson, U. S. A., by their San Francisco friends. Mrs. Frederick Freeman, wife of Commander Freeman of the U. S. navy, is a guest. Mrs. S. M. Warner and her daughter Miss Emilie Warner who motored up from their home in Los Angeles have been spending several weeks at the hotel. Mrs. Warner presided over a dinner Monday in one of the private dining rooms. A dozen covers encircled the flower-laden table. Mrs. W. F. Morris who has been in Southern California for the past ten days returned Monday to her apartments. Mrs. Morris was the recipient of many social attentions during her sojourn at the Hotel Coronado.

At the Somerton

Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland gave a delightful motor trip through the Santa Clara Valley, Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Balcom who have been passing the month of September at the Somerton. The following day Mr. and Mrs. Balcom left for their home in Nashua, N. H. The Lounge has been very gay during these autumn evenings. Many of the guests have been giving dinner parties and after the dinners have adjourned to the Lounge where they have enjoyed the music, or passed pleasant hours playing bridge. Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Ramsey of Houston, Texas, entertained with twelve covers at dinner Monday evening, and on the following evening Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Brookfield were hosts at an elaborate dinner. The table was adorned with Duchess roses, and covers were laid for sixteen. Perfect in detail was the luncheon presided over by Mr. and Mrs. David T. Manning of Baltimore. It was given Thursday. The center of the table was banked with Cecil Breunner roses and maiden hair ferns, and the luncheon favors were corsage bouquets of the same variety. Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Brown of Boston were hosts at a delightful supper dance Monday evening. They gave a box party at the Orpheum, and after the performance an elaborate supper was served in the large private dining room. Among the recent arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hall, W. H. Meyer and wife of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. George Housemon of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wittlen, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Davis of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens of New York City, F. J. Nehling and family of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hanley of Bayne, Wash., Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Gray of Walton, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. William Godfrey of Los Gatos and Mr. and Mrs. Whisner of Sacramento.

The Popular "Mint"

No dining place is more popular with Exposition visitors who know how to appreciate good food skillfully prepared and faultlessly served than the Mint Restaurant in Commercial street. I dined there the other evening and noticed that there were a great many at the tables who had never been there before, such lively interest did they show in everything, the pleasant surroundings, the fine music, the dancing and so on. I put most of them down for strangers in town, because all our resident epicures know the Mint of old. The dancing is one of the features at the Mint, and nearly all dinner parties find the lure of the music irresistible. Not that they try to resist it! Mine Host Walker is a genial soul, and he knows how to put all at their ease, and that is one of the secrets of the Mint's popularity.

The Ballet at the Tavern

Those who enjoy ballet dancing of the highest order, featuring new dances with a classic motif, arranged by a ballet master of world-wide reputation, should visit Techau Tavern where, each evening, a ballet of expert toe dancers interpret the dance creations of V. Vestoff, late of the Pavlowa Russian ballet, who changes the entire repertoire each week. The candy and cigarette dances, every evening, are as popular as ever and the souvenirs, consisting of large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes and art boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies, for the gentlemen and ladies respectively, are highly appreciated.

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The spaniels, poms and chows,
Toy bulls and tiny terriers,
And hear their shrill bow-wows.
I like to watch the mites parade
Before the judges, too,
And get their costly collars decked
With silken ribbons blue.

But when I know the pedigrees
These pampered poodles claim,
Though from the Plantagenets I
Can trace descent and name,
Behold! I shrink abashed before
Their round and solemn eyes—
I feel so very plebeian
Compared to those ki-yis!

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The Divine Friend

By Theodore Bonnet

Believing as I do that in art it is more creditable to aim high and miss than to aim low and make a hit, it is easy for me to applaud Mr. Charles Phillips' first play. For in "The Divine Friend" which Margaret Anglin gave to an expectant public at the Columbia Monday night Mr. Phillips certainly aimed high. Almost any kind of drama in blank verse is conclusive of a noble ambition. If the theme be essentially religious, and its treatment reverential, then are we assured that the author was imbued with an exalted purpose. Now "The Divine Friend" is what may be called a Scriptural drama. Its theme is the repentance and reclamation of Mary of Magdala. Mr. Phillips handles this theme if not with rare delicacy at least in a spirit that breathes the ennobling sentiment of reverence. The drama is Scriptural only for the reason that the heroine is presumed to be the same Mary of Magdala who figured in the life of Christ. There is very little in the play to bear out the presumption. Inspired, as we are to suppose, by the greatest tragic drama in history, from all that is vital in that drama Mr. Phillips has held himself religiously aloof. The average author drawn to the Bible as a literary source desires to embellish the story or to interpret it anew and give it a fresh significance. And so in the average Bible story in fiction we see nothing more than the vehicle of a personal attitude; ironic if the author be Anatole France, sensuous if he be either Edgar Saltus or George Moore, and mystical or philosophical if the case be Maeterlinck's. With respect to the story of Mary of Magdala its embellishment is not so much a matter of desire as necessity. The Bible gives us very little information about Mary; so little that criticism has had some difficulty in trying to detach her. The very vagueness of her as an historical figure has given her a certain glamor that has appealed to the imagination of literary artists, and I for one am far from thinking that the liberties they have taken with her have served either to promote reverence or deep religious feeling. However, Mr. Phillips' play is not to be criticised on that score. As it has been "white listed" by the Catholic Church society that is taking the trouble to purify the drama perhaps nothing need be said as to the wisdom of sanctioning the practice of vivifying Biblical characters. I am concerned only with Mr. Phillips' craftsmanship. And of that there is only this criticism to be made: he put it to a too severe test by applying it to an extremely exiguous story. The story is the very familiar one of the jilted rustic lover who comes to town and finds the object of his pure passion practicing the oldest profession on earth. This is a story which has supplied many an author with the material of exuberant sentimentality. Sometimes the disillusioned one commits suicide. Sometimes he "kills the thing he loves." Mr. Phillips prefers to have him die on the spot from a broken heart. Mr. Phillips' story would be devoid of intellectual or even religious interest were it not for the divinity momentarily behind the scenes. Mary is not vividly realized for us. She is but an abstraction. She might be any other fallen woman; for Mr. Phillips has conceived nothing more than the ordinary sensations of a courtesan afflicted with melancholia. She is absolutely devoid of mysterious charm or force. I came away from the play by no means certain that it was not rather remorse than repentance wherewith Mary was touched. The dramatic interest of the play centres in the question whether Mary will renounce her life of sin, and as we all know she will the question does not excite us much. Mr. Phillips gives us no such thing as a concentrated play of motive and action, and of spiritual forces he gives us but a glimpse. Two of the three acts are in a brothel, of which apparently the now sainted Mary of Magdala was the keeper. Outside of these two acts we have but about fifteen minutes of drama, and in each of them we have fifty-five minutes of rhetoric and atmosphere. Mr. Phillips gives us atmosphere till the air is heavy with it. He gives us rhetoric till we wonder whether he can ever have conscientiously thought that he alone among playwrights could keep an audience animated and expectant for fifty-five minutes on a stretch. This is what Mr. Phillips tried to do in the first act, and after a long intermission Monday night he repeated the dose. The length of acts is a matter of considerable importance. But Mr. Phillips need not worry about this defect, as it is one that may be easily remedied. He will have to sacrifice many lines in which there may be much intrinsic poignancy. Perhaps an apt ear might be made joyous by the sweet loveliness of Mr. Phillips' verse, but I have not an apt ear, and I know only that the curious eye finds little gratification in wide expanses of rhetoric. Not imperishable lines, nor even the acting of a Bernhardt will compensate for lack of that which develops plot of absorbing interest. So Margaret Anglin, if she is to have a successful tour in Mr. Phillips' play, will have to yield to the imperative necessity of shortening her stay in that paradise of the elocutionist—the centre of the stage. Miss Anglin, by the way, has proved by the production of "The Divine Friend" that she has the courage of her convictions, for in the mounting and costuming of it she has gone to considerable expense. It is really an artistic production. There is poetry in its pictures as well as in its text; and approached in the proper mood, with a thrilled sense of the religious character of the theme it is not without its impressive moments. If I find it lacking the essential qualities of genuine drama I am mindful of the fact that Mr. Phillips aimed high, and I am sure that he has given us much that is worth reading. If his play should not prove a great success in the theatre he need not feel discouraged. A little while ago Thomas Hardy wrote a poetic play called "The Dynasts" which was produced in London. In his preface to the published volume he wrote: "Readers will readily discern that 'The Dynasts' is a play intended simply for a mental performance." Now "The Dynasts" has been pronounced the finest epic of our times, but as drama it is impossible; for whereas Mr. Phillips suffered from a dearth of material Mr. Hardy had a superabundance of it. His play is in three parts and nineteen acts. It may be that judged as literature Mr. Phillips' play may be pronounced a great poem.

Gossip of the Theatre

Fritz Kreisler Plays

His downcast eyes see only the strings of his magic fiddle. What visions come to him as that wonderful right arm of his plucks music from those strings? If we only knew! They must be lovely, the airy pictures that float before him on that flood of rapturous melody. He sees nothing else. The spellbound audience is shut out from that intimate communion. He plays for himself alone. He is isolated, his soul intermingles with the soul of music. His solitary spirit soars from peak to peak in the rare atmosphere of genius. It is not this world of ours, but another world of higher purpose, nobler aspirations, more exalted love and purer sorrow in which he lives while he plays. The man must be transfigured, but only a faint smile gives outsiders a hint of the heights to which he climbs. We may not share his exaltation. He is privileged; he is "quiring to the young-eyed cherubins" such harmony as "is in immortal souls." That harmony is not for us; "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." But there is a lesser exaltation for us. He makes us dream, he transports us out of ourselves, he touches us to happiness and melancholy. We are at the mercy of his moods, and it is a tender mercy. We respond instantly to the plaintivenes of the Weber "Larghetto" and to the gayety of the Schubert "Moment Musicale." Consciousness of our surroundings returns only when the bow is still; is blotted out instantly when the music begins again. Does it matter much what he plays? It may be Tartini, or Dvorak, or Viotti, or Handel, or Chaminade, or his own compositions. Names count for little, since it is the wizardry of the man which possesses us; it is Kreisler himself who carries us to the gates of heaven. To hear him is one of the highest favors we are permitted to enjoy in this world.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Rebecca" at Alcazar

Refreshing as the breeze that plays over a Maine meadow in June is the story told in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" which will be next week's offering by the Lytell-Vaughan players at the Alcazar. And withal there is a seriousness of purpose and a thoughtfulness about the comedy that strike their lessons deep into the hearts of those who see it. Rebecca presents herself as the golden-hearted, merry-faced girl, filled with the wonder of life and its possibilities. Mr. Lytell will be splendidly cast, and dainty, sweet little Jane Urban will flutter

through the merry, sunshiny role of the sweet little heroine. There are a number of good parts, all of which will be carefully taken care of by the Lytell-Vaughan players.

Ruth St. Denis Coming

Of great interest to local theatregoers and to Exposition visitors is the forthcoming special engagement for two special matinee performances of the famous danse artiste, Ruth St. Denis, assisted by Ted Shawn and her new, big company of dancers, in an entirely new program of dances and dance plays. All the numbers will be new, the scenery, costumes and light effects will be particularly gorgeous and the symphony orchestra will be an added feature. Sadie Vanderhoff, the beautiful San Francisco girl, will be a member of the St. Denis company which is made up entirely of American girls, in whom Miss St. Denis has the greatest faith as dancers. The two matinees at the Alcazar next week are scheduled for Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, October 12 and 13.

"On Trial" Coming

"On Trial," the great dramatic hit of the past several seasons, will be presented at the Columbia in the near future with the original Chicago company. When the curtain rises on the first act of "On Trial" the audience sees a courtroom where a man is on trial for murder. The regular proceedings of the court are gone through with up to the time the first witness for the prosecution takes the stand. This witness is the wife of the murdered man and the moment she begins to speak, the stage darkens, the scene changes and the home of the murdered man and all the testimony of the woman which includes the murder itself, takes place before the audience. This is a brief outline of the plot of this play, spoken of as one of the genuine dramatic successes of the theatre.

The Exposition Symphony

The popular and delightful symphony concerts of the Exposition Orchestra will be resumed at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half past two, when one of the most important programs of this very eventful year will be given. The soloist will be Earl Cartwright, the distinguished baritone who created a furore at the recent Autumn Music Festival. His tones are wonderfully clear and resonant, his enunciation is flawless, and these attributes, combined with his sympathetic expression, make his singing a genuine delight. Mr. Cartwright has chosen for his selections the serenade from "Don Juan" by Tschaikowsky and the "Pilgrim's Song" by the same composer. The entire program for the afternoon will be made up of works of the great Russian composer, with one exception, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," Op. 7, by Borodin. Conductor Max Bendix and his splendid organization of eighty musicians will offer, for the other numbers, Tschaikowsky's wonderful symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Op. 74, and his "Capriccio Italien," Op. 45. Mr. Bendix presented a remarkably successful Tschaikowsky program early in the season. Seats are going with a rush at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

Second Week of Phillips Play

Margaret Anglin will be seen again next week in the role of Mary of Magdala in "The Divine Friend," Charles Phillips' biblical play which had its premier at the Columbia Theatre last Monday night. The supporting company is an organization of many excellent players, more particularly Paul Harvey, well known in San Francisco, Donald Cameron, Alfred Lunt and others. The scenery and costumes are at once artistic and elaborate. The incidental music by Theodor Vogt is another feature of the production. Miss Anglin will continue with Mr. Phillips' play during the remainder of the engagement at the Columbia. The usual midweek and Saturday matinees will be given, and it is a safe prediction that the Columbia will be packed at every performance.

Kreisler's Second Recital

Fritz Kreisler assisted by Carl Lamson, accompanist, will give his second recital at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp. Late arrivals will not be seated until after the first number has been played. Last Sunday af-

WALTER KELLY

"The Virginia Judge" next week at the Orpheum

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

The noted comedienne in "So Long Letty" at the Cort Theatre

ternoon at the Cort two thousand people heard and applauded Kreisler to the echo, and by their great demonstration at the end of the recital left no doubt that he is the idol of musical San Francisco. Sunday's program follows: La Folia (Variations) [first time here by Kreisler], Corelli; Sarabande, Double and Bouree (B minor for violin alone), Bach; Fantasy, C major, Op. 31 (first time here by Kreisler), Schumann; Larghetto Lamentoso (new, first time here), Godowsky; Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven) [new, first time here], Kreisler; Aubade Provencale, Couperin; Mazurka (first time here by Kreisler), Chopin; Variations, Tartini; Indian Lament (first time here by Kreisler), Dvorak-Kreisler; Viennese Melody (new, first time here), Gaertner-Kreisler; Spanish Dance (new, first time here), Granados; Hungarian Dance, Brahms. Tickets are on sale and programs may be secured at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort. Mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt and as near the desired location as possible. Frank W. Healy, under whose local direction Mr. Kreisler is appearing, has, by general request, arranged for an extra recital to take place at the Cort Sunday afternoon, October 17.

Japanese Setting for Pantages Sketch

"Little Miss U. S. A.," a pretentious musical tabloid, with the usual bevy of pretty chorus girls and catchy music, will be the headline attraction at Pantages next week. The production is patterned after "Madame Butterfly" and there are several situations reminiscent of Puccini's Japanese masterpiece. The scene is in Japan, with a gorgeous stage setting, and there are ten pretty Geisha girls. Ober and Dumont who claim to be the originators of the "tango," "maxixe" and various other South American ball room twirls, are the special extra attraction. The dancing couple carry a stage carpenter, a carload of special "sets" and their own musical director. Every once in a while an animal act comes along that is worth watching. From reports "Lady Betty," a monkey with acrobatic and comedy proclivities, is one of the best trained chimpanzees in the game. Grey and Wheeler have a strenuous skit entitled "The Girl and Charlie Chaplin," with the comedian doing all the rough stuff of the star. Other good numbers will be presented by Will and Kemp, a duo of clever acrobats; Padden and Read, black-face clowns; and Kennedy and Burt, singers.

Cort's New York Success

Gotham's critics are unanimous in the opinion that John Cort's new comic opera "The Princess Pat," by Blossom and Herbert, recently presented at the Cort Theatre, New York, has registered the most unqualified hit of any light opera produced in this country in years. The critics have vied with one another to find superlatives with which to express their admiration of the work and the elaborateness of its settings. Charles Darnton of the New York World, one of the foremost authorities, said: "'The Princess Pat' is the best comic opera that has been written in years, and I'm not forgetting 'Robin Hood' and 'The Serenade.'" Victor Herbert is said to have excelled himself in his lively score, and Henry Blossom's book possesses genuine humor.

"So Long Letty" at Cort

One of the most important announcements of the season at the Cort is the coming of the comedy with music "So Long Letty," which opens Sunday night, October 10, after a run of 102 performances at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles during which it broke the famous long run record there of "Peg o' My Heart." The same company will appear at the Cort and will later be sent to New York by Manager Morosco who regards "So Long Letty" as one of the biggest laugh-getters of the season. Heading the cast will be Charlotte Greenwood and Sydney Grant, last seen here in "Pretty Mrs. Smith" and "The Tik Tok Man of Oz," while the other two leading roles will be handled by Walter Catlett and May Boley. William Rock, formerly of the team of Rock and Fulton, and his new dancing partner Frances White are in the cast, as are Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin of vaudeville fame. Nella Wilson, an Australian prima donna, has one of the big singing roles of the production and the lesser parts are as competently taken care of. In the chorus which numbers over thirty the utmost care was used to secure the most beautiful girls to be found in the professional ranks in California. One chorus number alone, the bathing suit number, has proven one of the most startling of the past ten years. Scenically and in costume "So Long Letty" is unusually attractive. The play was written by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, and is an adaptation of Mr. Harris' well known comedy "Your Neighbor's Wife." Its plot tell the story of two men who are dissatisfied with their wives and attempt a transfer. With this theme the musical adaptation has proven highly popular, the lyrics, words and music having been written by the well known young composer of New York, Earl Carroll. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees at the Cort.

Walter Kelly at Orpheum

Walter C. Kelly who will head the bill at the Orpheum next week, is known all over the English-speaking world as "The Virginia Judge." He is a humorist and historian, and his narratives are the actual happenings of the little Virginia court house where most of those brought to trial are negroes. Monologists may come and go but Walter C. Kelly still remains the king of his class. His mastery of dialect is little short of marvelous and his fund of humor inexhaustible. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent are decidedly one of the most popular

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"THE DIVINE FRIEND"
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BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 10
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Look at This All-Star Cast:
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
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and successful teams in vaudeville. They sing, dance and indulge in repartee. Long Tack Sam and his company of Chinese wonder workers clad in the richest apparel of their country, give an entertainment which for variety and quality is simply astounding. Their program includes sleight of hand tricks, plate spinning and hair-raising acrobatics. Pipifax and Panlo, two English pantomimists in an act styled "Humpsti Bumpsti," provoke screams of laughter. Eugene Damond who has just reached his majority, is the youngest concert violinist in the world, a pupil of Ysaye. Miss Brownie Dupont, the Living Venus, a perfectly formed woman, is the main factor of the optical novelty "The Aurora of Light." Bessie Browning, a clever and versatile entertainer with a pleasing and distinctive individuality, is among the newcomers. The remaining acts in this wonderful bill are James Kelso and Blanche Leighton, and the Sixteen Navassar Girls.

Letters

"The Single Code Girl"

In "The Single Code Girl" Bell Elliot Palmer has made use of the popular theme of the single standard in morals for men and women. Mildred Alliston, an orphan girl, was under the guardianship and tutelage of her brother Edward Clifton Alliston. He had carefully supervised her training, and now that she had reached marriageable age brother and sister were in accord in demanding that any suitor for her hand should be prepared to show a spotless record. The favored one was Frank Orison Holland, and having, in old-world fashion, first sought the consent of the brother before offering himself to the sister, he was invited to make a clean breast of his past. The story is told in a series of letters addressed to the guardian brother but passed by him to a youthful but widowed aunt for her comment. Holland seems to have been a singularly susceptible youth, ready to lose his head and heart to almost any girl thrown in his way, and for one left practically without parental guidance and an abundant supply of money at his disposal, he came through the ordeal of growing up with surprisingly little to his discredit. Brother Edward's own pages were more defaced, and if Sister Mildred herself had never indulged in a mild flirtation she must have been more than human. The story is on the right track. We need something to counteract the influence of the charming heroines who skate on thin ice or pass through flames unscorched, but Mildred who doesn't appear to have done anything but lose her heart to her only lover, is rather too shadowy. Bell Elliot Palmer appears to be a new name. With more experience she will produce stronger work. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Wells's Latest

H. G. Wells's "The Research Magnificent" reads like a modern tale of a knight of the Round Table. It is scarcely a novel, and yet it cannot be classed in any list but fiction. The first fifty-four pages explain the hero, his aims and objects, and give some insight into his peculiar position in the world, but the whole purports to be the best that could be done with an enormous mass of papers, records, half-digested notes and more or less finished conclusions of one William Porphyry Benham who in his early youth decided to pursue the aristocratic life, aristocratic to be understood in its etymological sense. Benham had conceived the idea that there must be a mystical communion of all noble minds in the world, just as the older religions taught the communion of saints. One with the innate sense of nobility who determined never to permit himself to commit a base or a mean action, but who forever strove to mount onward and upward must of necessity be a king and all of these kings, though not united by any acknowledged bond, must lead and govern the world. Benham conceived of four obstacles to the attainment of aristocracy, and set himself to overcome each of them in his own person. The first was fear, and though he had a terror of cattle, he deliberately walked through a field in which a rampant bull had been turned loose for the discouragement of schoolboy pedestrians. Later in life, with the same planned design he walked back and forth over a frail bridge on a precipitous cliff, until he had overcome his timidity. Self-indulgence was his second obstacle, and in this he was scarcely so successful, for, with abundant means and a mother a leader in society, he was soon drawn into the maelstrom of that life and neither his entaglement with a charming siren nor his somewhat hasty marriage were much in the way of ascetic encouragement. Benham, of course, was a visionary, but one can not help being surprised that he should have been quite so unsuspecting of his Amanda and her family who probably took the precaution of making some investigation into the prospects and present possessions of the engaging youth who dropped down amongst them, before the other two suitors were sent to the right-about. At any rate, Amanda knew what she was about, for she readily fell in with the scheme of an extended honeymoon which was to take them into all sorts of lost corners. In practice the scheme did not work out according to the chart, for, while William was intent on sociological investigations Amanda wanted to see things and have adventures, so she was speedily taken back to London and virtually abandoned. The greater part of the income was handed over to her and she was left to her own devices. A rich and pretty grass widow with an instinct for flirtation never need wait long for her opportunities, and thus the seeker after nobility found his third limitation in jealousy, but the speed with which he put that temptation behind him, the almost indifference with which he gave up his once-beloved Amanda, leaves some doubt whether he had found it a real handicap after all. Then came his realization of the innumerable differences of race, color, religion, social prejudices, the whole endless range of slight variations which set man against man, which must be reconciled and overcome before there can be realized the dream of a world-citizenship. Benham, with his conviction of his own innate nobility, found himself more than once involved in serious difficulties in his efforts to set aside the prejudices which go back to the earliest records of mankind, and it was in one of his quixotic dreams that he lost his life—his belief that moral force was stronger than leaden bullets. Woven with the story of Benham's career is that of his friend Protheroe, of the same type of mind but with a grosser nature and without the means for indulging his whims. Protheroe failed miserably, but perhaps not more certainly than Benham who, in pursuit of noble ends, a determination to be of some colossal benefit to the whole race, fell short in all the tasks and duties that lay next to his hand. The book is destined to provoke controversy and discussion. One must question what heredity had to do with the shaping of Benham's life and how much he owed, in proportion, if anything at all, to either parent. Is he a type of the world-reformer, and how about the very much tainted money upon which his career depended? His mother setting up a standard of morals for his wife is more than farcical, and one would like to know something about the child whom the father evidently forgot all about the day after he was born. If "The Great Research" is to be taken as a guide to Mr. Wells himself, it would seem that he has abandoned socialism as a panacea for the world's ills. From the Macmillan Company.

Books for Children

Harry Whittier Freese has put together a handsome volume which will delight children who are fond of pets, and amuse their elders, for the book is made up of a series of photo- and posed in the most unkittenish and unparently enjoyed being dressed in tiny garments and poesed in the most unkittenish and unpuppyish attitudes while they were photographed. The text which is written about the illustrations, will appeal to the little folks of under ten years, but the handsome book should not be lightly placed in careless or indifferent hands. "The Little Folks of Animal Land" is very far from being a "nature book." It is pure fun, but only a true lover of animals and a student of their ways could have achieved such a success.

"David Porter at Bear Camp" is the tenth volume of Edward Stratemeyer's series dealing with the extraordinary adventures of a group of school boys and their friends. There does not appear to be any species of excitement, or unexpected train of events which has not already befallen this coterie, but still another volume is in preparation, and no doubt David's warm admirers will await impatiently the revelations reserved for "David Porter and His Double" which will appear at this time next year.

"Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters" is the fourth volume of a series dealing with the doings of a group of college girls and more particularly with the regeneration of Jean who made her appearance at Ashton College under protest. Her father and brothers had decided that as college attenadnce was "the thing," Jean should go, but she had neither ambition nor interest until she became identified with sororities and athletics. The four volumes of the series follow her career through college to matrimony, in much the same fashion of girls' series generally. There are any number of adventures and tight places out of which college training and sorority fidelity extricate the group of friends. Gertrude Fisher Scott is the author.

"Polly Comes to Woodbine" is an entertaining story for the younger girls of twelve years or less. Polly was an orphan child, an inmate of an institution, a clever and lovable little creature who was the victim of a great misfortune. An elderly, childless couple had decided to take a little girl to help out with the work on a farm for her "board and keep," and by mistake Polly was sent to them instead of the child selected. How she won all hearts and gained a home in spite of her handicap and how she eventually overcame that too is what the story is about. George Ethelbert Walsh is the author. All these children's books are published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Count—Why do you express such contempt for family trees?

She—Because I think everyone should root for himself.

"Did you see that 'war poem' I wrote?"

"Yes—one could actually smell the battlefield, it was so rotten!"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Conservative commission houses were pleased when interest in standard railroad shares revived toward the end of the week, and trading in "war stocks" and other specialties did not account for most of the sales recorded. Earlier in the week the "war stock" boom boiled up to new high levels. This concentration of speculation in a few specialties on which not more than 50 to 60 per cent of their quoted values could be borrowed from the banks made it very hard for brokers to finance their customers' trades, and heavy margins had to be called. Railroad stocks were bought freely by investors and speculators also took an interest in them as soon as they began to show some activity. Margin calls are much lighter on rails than on "war stocks," and this made itself felt. In considering the loan situation, it must be remembered that the best bonds and railroad stocks have been hanging back during the boom in "war stocks" and are now very cheap from the income standpoint. Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Southern Pacific yield incomes of six per cent or more on their current market price, while Westinghouse yields only five per cent after its increase in dividend. Steel common, Bethlehem Steel and several of the automobile stocks pay nothing, and some other active specialties yield smaller income returns than the best bonds. Banks feel safe when lending money on railroad stocks and bonds that are well seasoned income producers, but they do not like to risk large advances on "war stocks" that are not so seasoned no matter how bright may be their prospects. Strikes and conspiracies to destroy plants must be taken into account by the banks, and bankers are prone to exaggerate the dangers and to restrict these advances. Reports of railroad earnings for August were favorable, though the crop movement has been delayed by wet weather. Many important railroads have all their cars in commission and the Great Northern is so hard pressed for cars that it refuses to let its freight cars leave its own tracks. One of the features of the stock market was the sharp advance in Canadian Pacific, based on phenomenally large crops in the Northwestern Provinces and a general improvement in business throughout the Dominion. As Canada is our second best customer, American manufacturers feel any change in trade conditions over there. If business revives in Canada, our sales are likely to be larger than ever because Canadian merchants will be cut off from central Europe, and England is not able to attend to their wants as well as formerly.

Wheat—Prices range slightly lower as compared with a week ago for the deferred months, while the current month is somewhat higher. In the interval, prices have been both higher and lower than the prevailing level. The market, however, has been more or less strong, the uncertainty regarding the September causing nervous movements. The excellent milling demand and the fact that good wheat was not quickly available has lent a substantial foundation to values, factors which have induced shorts to cover on various occasions. The primary movement is of about the same proportions as last week, while running under last year, and the clearances are of about the recent average quantity. Negotiations relating to the loan to the Allies have been a factor in values, and the announcement of its success may very likely give an impulse to the foreign demand. Conditions in Argentina are reported as improved through recent rains, while foreign conditions about balance each other. The export demand has probably shown some betterment this week, but is mainly for Canadian wheat. For the time being, the market is likely to be influenced by the firmness in the cash situation, but as advices point to an increased movement of spring wheat, prices are likely to be eventually depressed unless the foreign takings assume proportions reasonably equal with the movement.

Corn has made some decline, the prices of the deferred futures having reached slightly lower levels than on the previous decline. While the weather during the week has been about the coldest of the season, yet values did not derive any great strength from this factor, and the effect of frost was minimized. Advices indicate greater freedom in country offerings, while the demand remains at about the same volume. Argentine shipments to Europe this week are again large. The excellent state and plentifulness of forage crops has removed a stimulus from values. Prices display a sagging tendency and unless very severe weather occurs soon, the market is likely to seek a lower level.

Cotton—There was no mistaking the trend of the cotton market the past week. Prices were on the upgrade from the start, and barring occasional setbacks due to profit-taking from time to time, the market could be called a big, broad, advancing market. Sentiment seems overwhelmingly bullish, and predictions of very much higher prices are being heard from the more enthusiastic bulls, who have been very successful since this upward move started. The Government report, made up to the 25th of September, showed a condition of 60.8, and this being so much below general expectations, a wave of buying set in which carried prices above the highest prices reached so far on the crop. The weather, since these figures were compiled by the Government, has been against the plant, and further heavy rain throughout the belt has caused further deterioration. Boll weevils are said to be plentiful in Texas, and are also causing trouble in Alabama. Then too a good many of the wise traders are expecting an early frost to finish the crop.

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Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Jacob S. Meyer, Rooms 622 and 623 Balboa Building, corner Market and Second streets in said City and County, which said office the undersigned select as their and each of their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
SAMUEL SAVANNAH,
Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1915.
JACOB S. MEYER,
Attorney for Executors,
622-623 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned MINNIE CONLON, Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John S. Hogan, attorney-at-law, number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

MINNIE CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, Deceased.—No. 19614, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HUGO A. WATERMAN, administrator of the estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Henry A. Jacobs, Esq., Room 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

HUGO A. WATERMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, California, October 2, 1915.
HENRY A. JACOBS, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administrator,
900-907 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1915.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager L. R. Longfellow, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St. San Francisco; Alphonse Sutter, 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

L. R. LONGFELLOW,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, 1915.
(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ANNIE L. MILEY, Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1915.
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 19460; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Guardianship and Estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor).

ANNIE HAAF, the guardian of the estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor), having heretofore and on the 10th day of September, 1915, presented to this Court and filed with the Clerk thereof a verified petition to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property described in said petition, which said petition sets forth the condition of the estate of said minor and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of making said mortgage; which said petition is hereby specially referred to for further particulars, and,

It is further appearing to the above entitled Court, from said petition, that said permission to mortgage said property is sought for the reason of renewing the mortgage already subsisting on said real estate, and that it would be beneficial to and for the best interest of said estate that said guardian be permitted to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to said property,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED: that all persons interested in the estate of said minor are hereby required to be and appear before the above entitled Court and Department, at its Courtroom, Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 18th day of October, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property hereinafter more particularly described, should not be mortgaged for the amount of Four Hundred and Forty-four and 45-100 ($444.45) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; which said newspaper the Court hereby finds to be the one most likely to give notice to all of the interested parties of the time and place of the hearing of said petition.

The following is a particular description of the property hereinabove referred to: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

COMMENCING at a point on the Northerly line of Eddy Street, distant thereon two hundred and six (206) feet and three (3) inches Westerly from the point of intersection thereof with the Westerly line of Larkin Street; running thence Westerly and along said Northerly line of Eddy Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Southerly line of Willow Avenue; thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Willow Avenue sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said Northerly line of Eddy Street and the point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition Block No. 8.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: this 10th day of September, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 10th, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the last will and testament of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.
W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.—No. 19638; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., Rooms No. 202 and 203 in the Bank of Italy Building at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

CALLEGGERO RESTIVO,
Administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.
JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Estate,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVI | San Francisco, October 16, 1915 | No. 1208

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Our Happy President

In some respects our beloved President reminds us of that embodiment of a Christian gentleman Sir Charles Grandison who was reputed to "live to himself." Sir Charles's sisters in their letters to Miss Byron, who afterwards became Lady Grandison, always assured her that he "lived to himself." Replying slyly to them, Miss Byron always observed: "For you know Sir Charles lives to himself." And so it passed into a proverb among the fair correspondents. This is as far as we shall venture in remarking a resemblance, though we remember that when a satirical critic represented Sir Charles in Elysium bowing over the faded hand of Lady Grandison Hazlitt observed that he ought to have been represented bowing over his own hand, as he had never admired any one but himself, and was the god of his own idolatry. Now, while President Wilson has long been reputed a Sir Charles Grandison in remoteness it is evident that through the loop-holes of his retreat he sees enough in the universe to interest him and starts with delight at the sight of a pretty woman. He may lead his Cabinet in prayer, as the world has been told by an ardent admirer, but he is no eremite. Far from it. Was there ever a man so greatly misunderstood? We have been led to think of him as a lonely spectator of the mighty scene of things. He has been pictured to us as a cloistered sage, calm, passive, distant; his only recreation the pursuit of a pill on the deserted links; his only companions the mythical Colonel Bogey and the impalpable Colonel House. It turns out, much to the joy of the nation and the delight of reporters, that our President is absolutely human; somewhat ascetic of temperament perhaps, but not immune to the lure of the sex, not blind to "The rubies and pearls of a loving eye." It is evident that in his life of isolation he has not been given wholly to abstruse dreams; likewise evident that he has been able to divert his mind from the sorrows of the world as well as his own immediate afflictions. There has stirred within him the very human hunger of romance, that desire for adventure which usually attacks men between forty and fifty when they take stock of what life has brought them and what it is likely to bring, and existence has settled down to a ghastly routine. Temperamentally President Wilson is inclined to the mental and spiritual life, but he is not the stoic philosopher who sits by the fire listening to the moaning of the wind in sullen apathy. No, President Wilson feels strongly and urgently the charm of the social affections, and he is not the man to struggle against so sweet, so natural, so virtuous a propensity. President Wilson takes an interest beyond his academic ideals and narrow pretensions in general humanity. We are glad the President has disabused the public mind of a false conception. We see now that he has qualities almost incompatible with some that have been attributed to him. No dry-as-dust pedant is he, but a man who can take the moment in its fulness. A lover at sixty is President Wilson, and no laggard at the game. We thought him a self-centred person who lived a shut-in life, and we find that he wore his heart upon his sleeve to be pierced by the blind god's arrow. Obviously he is a man of sentiment and passion; maybe one to whom life without love is like a day with sky overcast. At any rate we may suppose that when Bryan got out the President, no longer burdened with diplomatic correspondence, found time for an occasional Villanelle on the charms of the lady who is to become his wife much to the joy of his daughters. We are glad to learn that our President has not been distracted by the Mexican problem, or preoccupied with the affairs of Haiti. A genuine son of old Adam, with all his grave responsibilities his heart beats with genial heat in the midst of a world convulsed, and the sportive Cupids that attend the beautiful widow whom he is to wed are permitted to fan him with their perfumed wings. To the President we speed our heartiest congratulations.

Notwithstanding Chaos

The British people have been told by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the national debt at the end of the year will be $11,000,000,000, or more than three times the debt before the war began. The daily cost of the war for Great Britain approximates $25,000,000. It is estimated that the total daily cost for the principal belligerents approximates $70,000,000 or about $25,000,000,000 annually. All of which reminds us that just before the war our leading Pacifists were cocksure of the impossibility of a general war in Europe because the statesmen of Europe were well aware that a general war would mean economic chaos. It may be well to consider that it is these same Pacifists who are now cocksure that there will be no danger of our getting into war unless we prepare to defend ourselves against foreign aggression. If they are somewhat less noisy than formerly they are just as active as ever. Even Chancellor Jordan, though the unruly brat that occupies "the cradle of his chin" has temporarily subsided, has not lost interest in the Carnegie propaganda.

The Chancellor's Vindication

Mutual admiration societies afford much pleasure, and, as a rule, do little or no harm. They are not very objectionable. After all, vanity is a foible that gives zest to life, inspiring delightful illusions and doing no great injury. At one time we thought the mutual admiration society of which the Bulletin and Chancellor David Starr Jordan are leading lights was misleading public opinion, but we have come to the conclusion that their mutual puffery is innocuous. The art of the log-roller as practiced in that society is as harmless as the frolics of whales. Apparently Chancellor Jordan's fame has not extended far beyond his clique. And so we find him rushing to the Bulletin with a letter from Will Irwin, a magazine writer educated at Palo Alto, which he offers as proof conclusive that one of the Jordan theories about the effects of war is sound. In this letter Will Irwin tells Chancellor Jordan that one of his theories is sound, and so Jordan shouts with joy and pronounces himself vindicated. The war having proved Jordan a false prophet and tin-horn philosopher he will welcome any testimony in his favor, small or great, supported or not, and if you are not watching he will label it Holy Writ. The learned Chancellor was transported by the Irwin letter, and in his paroxysm of joy at reading "The war has been a great vindication of your theories." he sent the whole document to the Bulletin. By this time he must be aware that he was guilty of an indiscretion, for while the letter reveals the hand of the log-roller it also makes it appear that Mr. Irwin is not standing at all for the Chancellor's premier theory. This is Mr. Irwin's first sentence: "Thank you for what you have to say about my copy." And then apparently Mr. Irwin said to himself: "One good puff deserves another," for in the spirit of the precept that we should do unto others, etc., he pronounces the grateful vindication. But in his last paragraph he says: "Still I know that in the event of a German victory it won't be ten years—it won't be five—until they're after us." Surely this sentiment does not harmonize with the Pacifist's theory that we need not prepare for war and that we should dread to prepare for war because preparedness is fatal to peace. Chancellor Jordan should give his mental faculties a vacation before putting any more of his private correspondence into print.

The Growth of Extravagance

President Ripley of the Santa Fe system in his annual report to the directors showing how the system has prospered calls attention to the prospect of a large increase in taxes and to the present alarming growth of public expenditures. He

thinks it important that taxpayers should take note of the extravagance due to the steadily stimulated passion for good roads. Everywhere, he says, "road improvements and construction projects are approved and bond issues voted with but little regard to the ability of taxpayers to bear the burden, and with even less consideration of the utility and permanency of the roads." He cites as an example not far from typical the case of Yuma county, Arizona, which has a population of only seven thousand and a bonded debt of $138,791. The other day the people of that county approved a bond issue of $500,000 for the improvement of its highways. Mr. Ripley says the officials of the Santa Fe are doing all in their power to check the unwise expenditure of public funds. The unwise expenditure of public funds has become a State, national and municipal malady. Ever since the opening of the Roosevelt era of reform the cost incidental to uplift has been increasing. This is especially true of States dominated by the Christian Soldier type of reformers. Here in California where we eat out of the hands of our sacrosanct reformers we generously voted a big bond issue partly for the improvement of our State highways but largely for the improvement of a political machine and the new roads began to disintegrate before they were completed. Everywhere the politicians are for new roads. New road building makes new jobs to fill and new opportunities to seize. Of course good roads are of great benefit to a State, but unfortunately our politicians build bad roads. They are more interested in bond issues than in highways.

O For a Vintage Festival

"Because," says the Examiner, "grapes have been so closely identified with the romance and history of California the Exposition honored the grape industry and its captains in the Court of Ceres." This was a brave thing to do. To appreciate the bravery of it you must consider that in the minds of thousands of Californians the grape is a thing accursed. A little while ago they voted to exterminate the grape. And since then new potentialities of evil have been discovered in the grape. Formerly it was thought the grape only inspired joy and laughter; but in the exigencies of this war the grape has been used in the manufacture of gunpowder. So it is a twin evil: it is productive of tears as well as smiles. But of course it is detested chiefly for the laughter that is in it; for laughter is a sign of happiness, and happiness is sin. If you don't believe it consult Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses." As Stubbes was one of the fathers of Elizabethan Puritanism we own him good authority. Stubbes is said to have detected crime in a jerkin, infamy in a ruff. He described wine as "the devil's liquor" and he looked upon himself as fit for heaven because his hat was banded whereas the sinful wore hats without bands. The febrile descendants of Stubbes are the enemies of the grape in California; and possessing in a wonderful degree the venom and claptrap of supergoodness they would make war upon every manifestation of gaiety and enjoyment. But as they allowed Vintage Day to get by at the Exposition we will make bold to offer the suggestion that Vintage Day be made an annual Festival of Dionysus. We believe they have a Vintage Day up in St. Helena. Why not a Vintage Day for the whole State? Here is a suggestion for our Native Sons by the adoption of which they might put a little poetry into Admission Day. We would like to see the idea taken up by our vineyardists and our wine men; also by our artists and our poets. We speak proudly of California as a land of romance and poetry, but we celebrate Prune Day, and we eat prunes galore. Is prune juice the honey of Hymettus in California? Who among our poets sings the inarticulate love of the vine grower for his vine, his mute enjoyment of the purpling grape? Where is the lyric of ever-fresh satisfaction at the sight of the ripening crop on the hillside under the still hot sun, where the air is languid and cordial with the pervasive scent of growing things? The artist in all ages, singer or painter, has never been tired of drawing pictures of the vintage—the bursting grapes, the rich brown earth and the rejoicing sun, "Dance and Provencal song and country mirth," but here in California where the "plantations of God" abound the spirit of Puritanism holds the cleanest of primitive feelings in check. To celebrate the vintage would imply a sanctioning of the business of making wine, and therefore we must refrain.

Teutonic Diplomacy

We have been told repeatedly that since the days of Bismarck diplomacy has not been Germany's long suit. Germans themselves say that in diplomacy they have not achieved the efficiency for which they are notable in other fields of activity. Indubitably German diplomats have blundered, but also they have triumphed. In the Balkans they have played their hand with such exceeding finesse that they have taken more than one trick that had already been counted as won by the enemy. All along it has been taken for granted in England that Bulgaria, Rumania and Greece were so strongly in sympathy with the Allies that it was only a matter of time when their armies would be mobilized against the Central Empires. Rumania was expected to follow Italy. It was supposed that Berlin was pleading only for neutrality in the Balkans. That the peoples of the Balkans were in sympathy with the Allies there is not a bit of doubt. Berlin had a strong public sentiment to allay before she could induce the Kaiser's cousin at Sofia and his brother-in-law at Athens to attempt the shaping of national policies in favor of the Teutons. All the while a vigorous German propaganda was carried on in the Balkans, and in time apparently it had the desired effect, especially in Rumania and in Bulgaria. So Teutonic diplomacy it appears is far from futile. On the contrary it is very effective when accompanied by propaganda. It was Bismarck who discovered the importance of propaganda. He realized how easy it was to suggestionize the people of France through French newspapers, and we see that his methods are pursued today, though with less subtlety. The mistake is made by Bismarck's imitators of confounding the intelligence of the peoples of the Balkans with the intelligence of the people of this country. And so we have Hearst injuring instead of helping the German cause by a crudeness that insults intelligence; as for example when he compares the landing of troops in Greece with the invasion of Belgium. This point was first made by Baron Von Burian, the Austro-Hungarian minister for foreign affairs. Of course the Baron has forgotten that the neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed by Germany; also that the English and French had reason to count on the execution of the Venizelos policy of keeping the faith of the Greeks which they pledged in their treaty with Serbia. Hearst, too, playing a mean part from an impulse that can only be conjectured, has had the same lapse of memory as the Austrian minister. This is one of the lamentable things about Teutonic diplomacy: that by its propaganda it raises issues that are not honestly inspired. Teutonic diplomacy deserves credit for a great triumph in the Balkans, a triumph as signal as the most gallant of Teutonic feats of arms; but how absurd to remind us of Belgium by telling us that the invasion and devastation of that country was not at all different from the landing of troops in Greece where the protest was only perfunctory, and where the people were pledged not to observe a strict neutrality, but on the contrary were pledged to defend the country the Allies were eager to save. If there has been any obligation violated in Greece it is the Greek obligation to Serbia, which, as Venizelos said when he charged the Opposition press with "selling its honor to the German propagandists" the Greeks could find an excuse to avoid only by proving themselves rogues.

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CCLI—CHARLES F. CURRY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Just before the last Congress adjourned we Republicans got together and agreed to refrain from any criticism of the President which might add to his difficulties in the present trying time. We did this in recognition of the gravity of the problems confronting him, and in token of our sincere desire to see him successful in solving them."

Thus Congressman Charles F. Curry when I asked him about Washington affairs.

It seems to me that this was a handsome thing to do. Only those who have mixed much with politicians know how hard it is for a politician to stop playing politics, no matter how dangerous the crisis of his country. Some politicians find it impossible to stop. There is, for instance, that arch-politician William Jennings Bryan. The Republicans in Congress have been more considerate of the President than Chautauqua Bill has been. Perhaps no man has done more that was deliberately calculated to annoy and embarrass the President than this demagogue has done. But there is a simple reason for that. It is to be found in Bryan's revengeful nature, and is indicated by Congressman Curry when he says:

"Bryan knows that he was jobbed out of the Cabinet."

There were a number of things I should have liked to ask Curry about, but the Republican agreement to which he was a party forbade his talking of them, and I know him too well to attempt to overcome his reticence concerning any matter on which he has pledged his silence

Speaking of reticence, I gather from Curry that President Wilson is one of the most reticent of men, as well as one of the most aloof.

"No man in the White House was ever so hard to see," said Congressman Curry. "Even a senator of his own party cannot see him except by appointment, and when an appointment is sought the subject to be discussed must be carefully outlined. President Wilson is more exclusive than any of his predecessors, not excepting Washington."

Charley Curry, to speak of him in the familiar fashion preferred by thousands up and down the State, was always a good talker, but his conversation has become more and more serious with the passing of years and the accumulation of experience. Charley is no mere politician as in the old days. He is a hard worker. He has studied the affairs of government closely, and his grasp upon them is firm and sure.

"Most people have an idea," he says, "that government business doesn't have to be learned. They think government business is the single exception to the rule which makes success dependent upon training. They think anybody who decides overnight that he wants to be a legislator can jump in and legislate. Of course no such condition exists. A servant of government has to learn his business like anybody else."

Congressman Curry has learned his business. He knows the ropes, as the saying goes, and has performed valuable services for this State in the national capital. Of course he finds time to do politics and to think politics too. He is unequivocally opposed to the non-partisan program which Governor Johnson is just now engaged in "putting over."

"The non-partisan system is a great mistake," says Curry. "It will substitute hero worship for patriotism and party loyalty, and it will divide the voters on sectional and religious lines instead of on matters of policy. With the non-partisan system, Los Angeles politics will be dominated by religious considerations, while here in the North sectional feeling will be a determining factor in elections.

"Too many people forget that the non-partisan system is not a new thing, that it has been tried before in California with unfortunate results. Most of the panaceas are old things that come to us in new dress. They had their time of trial and were discarded; they will be tried again, only to be discarded once more.

"Sectional domination which is one of the evils to be expected if the non-partisan system is adopted, is a thing to be dreaded. We have it in national affairs right now, for the South is in the saddle. All the important congressional chairmanships are in the hands of Southern men. Fitzgerald of New York forms the only exception to this rule.

"I am sorry to say in this connection that there is less enlightenment in the South than in any other section of the country, and less liberality. They do not want Northerners in the South, even when Northerners bring capital for the development of the South.

"The Secretary of the Navy is typical of the Southerners who are to the fore in this Administration. Josephus Daniels is an uncompromising prohibitionist, and he is enforcing his private conviction on the branch of government which he administers. I know of a case out here on the coast where Daniels pursued a characteristic course. There was question of a naval promotion. There were two men in line for it. One of them was a divorced man. The other liked a glass of wine with his dinner, and happened to know one playing card from another. Daniels was in a dilemma, for he disapproves of divorce as well as of drinking, however temperate, and card playing, however innocent. He held up that promotion for six months until he was in a position to give it to a third man after his own heart.

"Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo is also a Southerner. He has used the enormous powers of his position in the Cabinet to work out his spites against the financiers who opposed him when he was engaged in building the Hudson river tunnels.

"I feel confident that the next administration will be Republican. Elihu Root could be nominated and elected President, but he refuses to be a candidate, taking the position that no man should be considered for that high office who has not a reasonable chance of serving out his term. Root feels that his seventy years debar him. I do not think so. Despite his three score years and ten Root is no older than I am. The man who wins the nomination will have to carry his own State of course. That makes me think that we shall not have an Ohio man as the Republican candidate. Herrick, Burton and Willis are all so strong that they will split the State between them.

"The country sorely needs a return to Republican policies. We need a stiff upward revision of the tariff. We sorely need measures for the upbuilding of the American mercantile marine. There may be a difference of opinion as to the effect wrought upon our shipping by the La Follette law, but there can be no question that our mercantile marine is well nigh ruined. It looks as though the present Administration has been trying to wreck it for the purpose of forcing the country into government ownership of steamship lines. I have prepared some bills for the welfare of American shipping which I shall introduce in the coming Congress. Perhaps they will not get very far in a Democratic Congress controlled by President Wilson, but at least they will receive publicity and start discussion, and so bear fruit later on."

I asked Curry about the outlook in California as regards the next senatorial election.

"I hope, of course, that the new senator will be a Republican," he replied. "And I think that there is a good chance to elect a Republican. The candidate should be from the South. This is no time for a Northern Californian to place his personal ambition in the path of his party's success. The Republican party needs reorganization in this State; it can be reorganized, and the proper method to pursue is the one we followed some years ago when we formed a league of Republican clubs. It will mean a great deal to the Republican party throughout the nation to have a Republican senator from California.

"Well," concluded Charley Curry, "I've got to go now and do some more work on my shipping bills."

And so the tallest of our congressmen unwrapped his long, skinny legs which had been twisted together in the contortionist fashion which makes his sitting posture an acrobatic marvel to behold; put on his broad-brimmed, high-crowned, soft black hat of statesmanship; smiled that rather melancholy smile which we have known ever since he was county clerk for San Francisco; thrust his hands deep into the old-style trouser pockets under the points of his vest; and went his slow, striding way.

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Perspective Impressions

David Starr Jordan has just published another book on the evils of war. This was quite unnecessary, since Jordan abolished war ever so long ago.

So Edison is deaf. Well, he's spared the hearing of a lot of Edison records.

"Our policies do not shift with every wind that blows," says a Hearst broadside. No, not with every wind; it all depends whence the wind blows.

The cost of clothing a woman ought to be decreasing now that it takes so little to cover her.

Somehow or other we didn't like that story of President Wilson leading the Cabinet in prayer. It didn't seem to have just the right religious ring.

Lincoln was a man of prayer if there ever was one in American public life, but he made his orisons in private.

It is unfortunate, to say the least that so many strictly personal matters, such as the President's prayers and the President's sorrows, are flaunted on the first pages of the papers.

But we cannot help thinking that perhaps we feel worse about it than President Wilson does.

And now we recall that Admiral Dewey took unto himself a wife in Washington, D. C.

Before announcing his engagement the President thought it well to announce that he was going to vote for suffrage. Wonder why!

"Out for suffrage and then for matrimony!" the New York Sun exclaims. What next?

So General Carranza is to be recognized as the head of a provisional Government! When the comic opera dealing with the Woodrow Wilson administration is written what a fine role for a pompous basso the Mexican First Chief will make!

What the British Have Done

By H. A. L. Fisher

(The following are excerpts from a little pamphlet which has just come to us from England. The author is H. A. L. Fisher, author of several historical works and vice-chancellor of Sheffield University. In this pamphlet he answers the question "What has the British Empire done in the war?"—Ed. Town Talk.)

We have generally gone into our wars without much preparation, conducted them with a strong admixture of initial inefficiency but finally won through by persistence and with the aid of brilliant talents often tardily discovered. Our weakness has always been in lack of military organization, our strength in the resolution never to accept defeat. In the language of the racecourse we are "bad starters but good stayers." It is, however, a very remarkable feature of this war that Great Britain was for a wonder perfectly, indeed exquisitely and to the smallest detail prepared to play the particular part which had been cast for her in the event of her joining hands with France and Russia against the German Powers. Her fleet was powerful and already mobilized. Her Expeditionary Force was of the highest quality and ready for action. The commissariat and medical arrangements had been well and carefully planned. If the idea generally entertained in Great Britain had been correct, namely that France and Russia with the aid of a small British force would be able to hold up the German forces on land, then the British preparations were more than adequate. They were excellent.

But the idea was wholly incorrect. The German forces proved themselves to be far stronger, not indeed than they were already known to be by our military experts, but than public opinion of this country, always imperfectly informed of foreign military affairs, had surmised, and in a month it became clear that what was wanted was not a hundred thousand British fighting men on the continent but a million. The nation woke up to the situation with surprising alacrity, the universities leading the way and emptying themselves in patriotic emulation. By the spring of this year over two million men had been added to the forces of the crown.

It may be useful to point out concisely and without exaggeration what the British Empire has actually contributed to the Allied cause. A brief recital of the facts will be sufficient to show that the difficulties, obstructions and mistakes to which allusion has been made weigh light in the balance against the service which Great Britain has rendered and is rendering to the Allied cause. And an even more important conclusion will emerge. It will become clear that the force of the empire is cumulative, that it increases week by week and month by month, and that whereas the initial advantage lay wholly with our enemy, time will inevitably fight on the Allied side.

What then has the British Empire contributed to the Allied cause?

It will be convenient to consider in the first place the work of the British navy.

1. The British navy has swept the German flag off the high seas. But for its assistance, the German navy, being more powerful than the French, would have bombarded French coast towns, sunk several French warships, intercepted French commerce and endangered the transport of African levies to the theatre of war in France. The intervention of the British navy has not only saved our ally from these certain and formidable dangers. It has been the means of sinking 40 German warships, 5 Austrian warships and 6 Turkish warships, of capturing at sea or sinking 116 German traders, exclusive of 18 enemy vessels captured near the Suez canal zone, and exclusive also of the 69 German vessels which were detained in British ports abroad and of the 26 which were seized on entering British ports after the outbreak of war.

2. It has consequently utterly interrupted all German overseas commerce save such as is carried on within the confines of the Baltic.

3. It has completely defended the coasts of Great Britain and France not only from the fear of an enemy landing but from the fear of any serious marine attack.

4. It has ensured the safe transport of large forces from India, Canada, Australia and New Zealand to Europe, of a large army from England to France and of considerable forces from England to Egypt and the Dardanelles.

5. It has enabled munitions of war and provisions of all kinds to reach Great Britain and France from the United States of America and from other parts of the globe, and at the same time has intercepted the supply of such munitions to the enemy countries.

6. It has enabled the general commerce of the British Empire and of our French ally to be carried on in time of war almost as freely as in time of peace and this despite the initial ravages of some scattered German cruisers and the subsequent operations of the German submarines.

The preponderance of naval power having so emphatically declared itself to be on the British side it may be asked why the British navy does not forthwith search out the German fleet in its own waters and forthwith destroy it. The answer to this question is that such a proceeding would be contrary to every principle of sound naval strategy. A fleet is unlike an army in being composed of a comparatively few very costly units, the loss of which can only be repaired after a considerable efflux of time. A general may risk a battalion or even an army corps upon a costly enterprise and the risk may be legitimate, for the loss may be almost immediately repaired. But it takes a year to build a battleship, and many years to make a naval officer. Consequently any serious loss in important naval units is not a temporary injury which may be repaired in the course of a war, but a permanent and irremediable calamity. Such a risk the British fleet, with its great responsibilities for the safeguarding of British commerce and the transport of troops over sea is not entitled to run. It is sufficient to remark that since the first day of the war its pressure has been such that for all serious purposes the ambitious navy of the German Empire might never have been built at all.

The British expeditionary force which crossed the channel in the second week of August without a single casualty and with a detailed perfection of equipment and mobilization which was to no one more astonishing than to ourselves consisted in the first instance of two divisions only. For its size it was probably the best fighting force in Europe, for it was composed of highly-trained long-service soldiers many of whom had been through the Boer War, and all of whom were in the pink of physical condition. Though it proved to be comparatively weak in machine guns and heavy artillery, its cavalry was splendidly mounted, and its air craft superior to that of the enemy in reconnaissance and attack. But hardly had this small force taken up its position on the French frontier when it was compelled to execute the most difficult operation in war—a strategic retreat. Europe needs no reminder of how the British

army fought that retreat from Mons to the Marne under the scorching eye of an August sun, maintaining its disciplined coherence in the face of overwhelming forces, and so covering its rapid movement by a series of desperate actions, that it helped to save Paris and so to determine the whole course of the Western campaign. But the high military qualities displayed in the course of the retreat were, if possible, even less remarkable than the spirit of the British army at the end of it. Where other troops might have been depressed, the British were exultant for they had taken the measure of their adversary and judged themselves, perhaps rashly, to be superior at every point of the game. "Our cavalry go through the Uhlans like brown paper," said a general, and it was a common impression among the rank and file of the army that "the German infantry could not shoot for nuts." Nothing is so infectious as confidence. From the cheery Tommies of these indomitable battalions, a conviction of certain victory ran like wildfire through the Allied armies of the West.

The principal lesson to be drawn from the opening weeks of the campaign in the West was that the military situation could not be restored without powerful reinforcements from Great Britain. Even after the enemy had been repulsed from the Marne to the Aisne by the brilliant combinations of General Joffre, the position was still very anxious, for the numerical preponderance rested with the enemy and new armies were pouring through Belgium to reinforce him. Sir John French then took a decision which proved to have a momentous bearing upon the subsequent development of the war. The course of the campaign had brought the British army into the centre of the French line of the Aisne, a position inconvenient for its communications with the channel ports and consequently opposing obstacles to its easy and regular expansion by drafts from home. The British commander accordingly represented to General Joffre the desirability of transferring the British contingent to the extreme left of the French armies where they might be in closer geographical connection with England and protect the channel ports from seizure by the enemy. The plan was accepted and executed with brilliance. By the second week of October the British army was holding the line in Southern Flanders, and there it has remained to this day barring the northern gateway into France.

Once transferred to the north the British army was called upon to discharge an office, the gravity of which cannot be over-estimated. An effective offensive was out of the question, for though the losses incurred in the first two months of the campaign had been repaired and the army augmented by a third corps and two divisions from India, it was vastly outnumbered by the forces which the Germans were in a position to bring against it. But as a sample of defensive warfare against overwhelming odds it would be difficult to match the defense of the Ypres salient by the British troops during the great battle which began on October 20 and ended with the repulse of the Prussian Guards on November 11.

Let us put the achievement in the simplest terms. Between Lille and the sea the Germans had not less than a million men. Six of their fourteen army corps were of the first line, and even the new formations were terrible in assault—more terrible than the veterans, perhaps, for they were still unwearied, and the edge of their keenness was undulled. The immature boys and elderly men, who often fell to pieces before our counter-attacks came on with incredible valor in their early charges. They were like the soldiers of the Revolution, the more dangerous at times because they did not fight by rule. Against that part of this force which faced us we opposed never more than 150,000. In the actual salient at Ypres we had three divisions and some cavalry, during the worst part of the fighting to meet five army corps, three of the first line. For the better part of two days one division held a front of eight miles against three army corps. In this mad melée strange things happened. Units became hopelessly mixed, and officers had to fling into the breach whatever men they could collect. A subaltern often found himself in command of a battalion; a brigadier commanded one or two companies, or a division, as the fates ordered. At one moment a certain brigadier had no less than thirteen battalions under him. Yet as Sir Henry Rawlinson said in his order to the gallant 7th Division: "The men stood firm and defended Ypres in such a manner that a German officer afterwards described their action as a brilliant feat of arms and said that they were under the impression that there had been four British army corps against them at this point."

In the first battle of Ypres the British army, 150,000 strong, repulsed a series of attacks extending over three weeks and delivered by a force of half a million men supported by a superior weight of artillery. But the second battle of Ypres, though superficially less sensational than the first, for the disparity in numbers between the forces engaged was greatly reduced, furnishes an equally striking proof of the quality of our troops. It was a battle, lasting from April 22nd to May 13th and beginning with the complete and sudden rout of a French division on our left which caused a rent in the line so wide that an enemy led with becoming vigor should have had no difficulty in bursting through to Calais. How that rent was cut and how closed is the story of this desperate second struggle at Ypres. The French colonial division which suddenly on April 22nd deserted its trenches and left its fifty guns to the enemy was a body of excellent fighting men hardened to all the ordinary incidents of war whose abrupt and costly failure was to be explained by the employment of a weapon which did not and should not belong to the usages of warfare. The poison gas of the Germans coming as a complete surprise threw the Zouaves into confusion and for many days, until a suitable remedy was found, caused grave losses among the British and Canadian troops who were suddenly called upon to defend a new and unprepared position under every disadvantage and to face an overwhelming bombardment from the enemy with scarcely any artillery support. In this critical and nerve-racking struggle the British army succeeded in its task and the new German "technical weapon" which will never again be used with equal prospect of success was defeated by the sheer personal courage of our troops,

What that courage is like and why it is that the British infantry soldier has come to regard himself as more than a match for his adversary may be gathered from a few incidents chosen out of an almost endless list of signal acts of valor.

At Verneuil Private George Wilson of the Highland Light Infantry accompanied by one man attacked a German machine gun. "His comrade was killed, but he advanced alone, shot the officer in charge, and captured the gun after shooting or bayoneting the six Germans who worked it." On October 23rd near Bixshoote one platoon of Division 1st Battalion Queens attacked and captured an inn, taking eighty pris oners, i.e., nearly double their own strength. In October 26th, two privates of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, were out on patrol, when endeavoring to penetrate the enemy's support line suddenly encountered a German patrol of six men, being actually within the German outpost line. They promptly attacked this patrol, killing three men, wounding a fourth, and brought back the rifles of the four Germans disabled as well as furnishing an accurate report. On October 22nd, one platoon of the 2nd Battalion, Worcester Regiment, held up for the whole day some 400 to 500 Germans who were endeavoring to mass in front of their trench. On October 17th, the 1st Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment was ordered to attack the village of Herlies, which lies at the foot of a long and gentle slope, perfectly open and devoid of corn. The battalion had to advance over this ground in the face of a heavy fire from German infantry in trenches protected by wire entanglements, these infantry being supported by machine guns and a horse artillery battery. The battalion had to cover 1,450 yards to reach the village. It advanced in lines working its way forward by short rushes. On getting within one thousand yards it began to return the fire poured into it, and still advancing by short rushes worked its way to within 500 yards. Here orders were received that the village must be captured before nightfall. The order to charge was given and the battalion rose as one man and rushed forward. When the Lincolnshires were within 200 yards, the Germans began to waver and many quitted the trenches, and the battalion rushing forward carried the trenches at the point of the bayonet, chasing the enemy through the village. The battalion was assisted by artillery in the advance, but it was exposed to an enfilading fire from the German guns.

Three distinct objects were achieved by the combined action of the British fleet and army during the autumn and winter of the first year of the war. The first of these was the protection of the shattered and enfeebled remnants of the Belgian army against an overwhelming German attack until such time as the flooded Yser provided a strong defensive position behind which the army could be strengthened and reconstituted. The method by which this timely aid was afforded is one of the most singular incidents in the war. A German army, fresh from the capture of Antwerp was advancing by the coast road upon Nieuport, then defended by a Belgian force inferior to the enemy in every military point save personal valor. Suddenly shell after shell came pouring into the German ranks from the sea. The British Admiralty, having learnt of the German project, had despatched three vessels, originally constructed for the shallows of the Amazon, to hamper the advance of the enemy, and so effectually did Admiral Hood's naval guns perform their task that Nieuport was saved and the lower reaches of the Yser canal effectually dammed. In the story of the defense of the route to Calais the flooding of the Yser plays an important part.

(To be concluded next week)

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The Spectator

A Will Worth Breaking

There is no surer way for a millionaire to earn sincere gratitude than the one that leads to a contest in a probate court. It ensures him the gratitude of lawyers if nobody else. So to the ashes of A. G. Spalding I expedite my felicitations. The millionaire manufacturer of sporting goods and promoter of profitable amateur athletics made the right kind of will, one that gave his sons the firm conviction that he had not given them a square deal. He left the bulk of his millions to his second wife who, I believe, expects to be nominated successor to Mrs. Tingley, the "Purple Mother" of the Point Loma theosophical cult. A few months ago a fortune was intercepted on its way to that esoteric retreat. It was the fortune of a lady disciple of Mrs. Tingley. One of the men on the premises married her, and she bequeathed him her fortune. Along came a son who broke the will. As the Spalding sons had the good sense to employ John J. Barrett of this city for their attorney I believe it quite likely that they will break their father's will. My belief has the wish for a father, for the Blavatsky cult that Walter Q. Judge transplanted has money enough.

The Sacred Spot

To break the Spalding will it will probably be necessary to show that the old man was under the influence of the "Purple Mother," and doubtless before the contest is over we shall have a few peeps into the mysteries of Point Loma where the sacred rites practiced by the "Masters of Antiquity," as Mrs. Tingley calls them, are performed. A very interesting place is Point Loma, as was learned during the trial of Mrs. Tingley's libel suit against General Otis. There is a sacred dog down there called Spot who serves as a tenement for the soul of Walter Q. Judge. An inspired dog is Spot. He can distinguish between friend and foe as soon as either appears at the gate. As the head of the cult of theosophy Judge appointed Mrs. Tingley his successor. I believe he whispered the appointment to her on his deathbed. As the whisper wasn't very loud some folk did not hear it and there was a contest in the courts over the question of transmission.

Her Millionaire Cabinet

Mrs. Tingley, I am told, is a remarkable woman. She is remarkable for her magnetic power and persuasive personality which have been made manifest by the faith she has inspired in men and women. During the trial of the libel suit she was driven to court in state every day. Millionaire Spalding sat on the box with the driver like a footman. Another millionaire received her at the door. She had Cabinet officers, all millionaires, one of whom had been in the Cabinet of a President of the United States. It was said at the time that a millionaire manufacturer of Boston used to squat at the door of the purple room as a guard whenever Mrs. Tingley went into executive session with the "Masters of Antiquity." It was clear that these Masters used to visit her because she kept books and these books showed that she used to receive large sums of money from them.

Jim's Tribute to John

Mayor Rolph made a speech Saturday when the school children of San Francisco honored John McLaren, the horticultural wizard of the Fair. It was a glowing tribute to the superintendent of Golden Gate Park and the genius of the Exposition gardens.

"John McLaren is my friend," declared the Mayor. "He is the friend of my household. We not only honor him, but love him too."

And then, turning to McLaren:

"I want to say to you, John McLaren, that in my home as in the homes of thousands of San Franciscans, your name is a byword!"

Chester Rowell Discovered

"Come away from here. This is no place for you." The speaker was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. Wandering along the Zone he dropped in to see Stella and much to his surprise he found Chester Rowell surveying the picture from all angles and threatening to climb over the rail. It was to Mr. Rowell he addressed himself, at the same time taking Fresno's long-hair reformer by the arm and gently leading him away.

"I'm interested in art," Mr. Rowell explained.

"Don't give me that," said the clockwinder. "You're interested in Stella."

On the outside Mr. Rowell quickly switched the topic. "I saw you at my debate the other night," he said.

"Your debate?"

"Well, my debate with Mr. Shortridge. What did you think of it?"

"I thought you were very much in need of an argument. But you amused me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, it amused me to hear you say that as we had withdrawn most of the offices from party politics—90 per cent I think you said—there appeared to be no reason why we shouldn't withdraw the rest."

"What was amusing about that?" Mr. Rowell asked.

"It was so characteristic of your bunch—so disingenuous, as my friend Justice Lawlor would say. I wonder if that's why your kind see so much to admire in Stella."

"I don't understand."

"Well, you see there's nothing disingenuous in Stella. She has nothing to conceal. She frankly reveals what she has. She puts her goods on the counter as it were, whereas your holy-rollers are given to intellectual sophistication. You beguile not with the truth like Stella, but with lies. Stella is naked and unashamed, and you cover up and are unashamed. When you say that only a small fraction of the offices are subject to the non-partisan principle you very well know that the fraction comprises two of the three branches of our government—the executive and legislative—or two-thirds of the whole."

Mr. Rowell leered. "But," he said, "I was engaged in dialectics; and according to Schopenhauer the object of dialectics is not to discover the truth but to beat your opponent."

"But you didn't beat him," said the clockwinder.

"Didn't I convince my audience?"

"I don't know. To say you did would be to reflect on the intelligence of your audience. I can't believe that your audience was so dull as to be taken in by the argument that parties are all right for national purposes but all wrong for State purposes. That is the same as saying that in principle a thing may be at once all right and all wrong."

Young of Berkeley

Editor Rowell was not inclined to continue the discussion, but the clockwinder was full of the subject.

"Now don't be in a hurry," said the clockwinder, "you can sneak back to Stella when I'm through with you. I wanted to talk to you about your friend Young, of Berkeley, Speaker of the Assembly. How did you fellows come to pick him to write the official argument in favor of the referendum propositions?"

"What's the matter with Young?"

"Young is typical of the 3x4 mediocrities who come to the front when parties lose their hold as they have lost it in California. Young is himself an argument. He is an argument against going any further down the road we have been traveling. Young argues that it is well to consider not the principles at issue but the kind of men who are opposed to the Governor's beautiful political machine. In other words, 'We are holier than they, and therefore it is clear you should vote to perpetuate in office the 6,000 men whom the machine has on the payroll.' I was glad to hear Shortridge denounce that sort of argument as shameless. Did you get onto my friend Justice Lawlor when Shortridge finished?"

"No," said Rowell, who was now wearing a tired expression.

"Well, the distinguished jurist saw that Young was present, and he thought he'd have Short-

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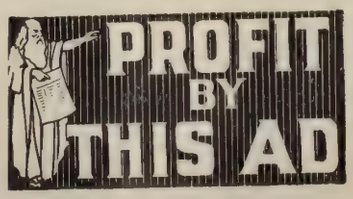

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ridge properly rebuked. So he got up and said, 'I'd like to hear from Mr. Young.' Fancy a justice of the Supreme Court wanting to hear from a little squirt whose indecent exposure was before him in black and white. But Young disappointed the judge. Denounced as shameless before the whole audience he didn't have the courage to defend himself. He got up and got off some flubdub in defense of the proposition, but he uttered not one word in his own defense. However, I hope my friend the judge was satisfied."

"How do you think the election will go?" Rowell asked.

"I feel sure the Governor's proposition will carry, because of course all the taxeaters on the payroll, the taxeaters of the Johnson-Rolph-Matt Sullivan machine will go to the polls, and the dear people will be too busy. It has been ever thus in direct governments where the people have been given all the power. The politicians kindly exercise it for them. I'll be greatly disappointed if the propositions don't carry, for as I remarked to my friend Polk the other day we must make California as horrible a Horrible Example as possible before the people will wake up and turn on their redeemers."

Irvin Cobb's Testimonial

Irvin Cobb's recent tour brought him to Los Angeles and Pasadena for war lectures just when the book dealers of the southern city were receiving their first consignments of his brilliant war book from the New York publisher. Having been apprised of this in a letter from his publisher, Cobb decided to make the rounds of the book stores and learn at first hand how the new work was selling in Los Angelels. It had had a triumphant debut all over the East, and Cobb was naturally eager to see it properly displayed and advertised on the book counters of a far western city. So he waited a day or so and then, in company with Charles E. Van Loan, the short story writer, and Edgar Selwyn, the playwright, started out to interview the book men. It was morning when he asked his two friends to accompany him; the tour was made in the afternoon. In the meantime Van Loan and Selwyn had telephoned to the head of every retail book department in Los Angeles. The result was that in every book shop Cobb entered a conversation like this took place:

Cobb: Have you "The Paths of Glory?"

Salesman: Is it a novel?

Cobb: No, no. A war book.

Salesman: A Civil War book?

Cobb: Certainly not. A book on the present war in Europe.

Salesman: Haven't got it. Who wrote it?

Cobb: Irvin S. Cobb.

Salesman: Never heard of him. Any relation of Sylvanus or Ty?

Cobb endured this sort of thing in half a dozen places, and the strain was harrowing. It was a chastened Cobb who entered the seventh shop. The same humiliating result! Cobb could stand it no longer. He just managed to control his feelings long enough to tell the impassive book salesman:

"Say, friend, I want to tell you something. 'The Paths of Glory' is a good book. I wrote it myself!"

Behind his broad back Van Loan and Selwyn indulged in a furtive but ecstatic handshake. Cobb doesn't know yet what happened. Van Loan and Selwyn didn't think it safe to tell him.

Who Is Poet Laureate?

Some society women of New York have published a book called "Little Verses and Big Names," the proceeds from the sale to be for the benefit of poor children. The "big names" are the names of prominent men throughout the country who have tried their hands at "little verses" in the good cause. Our own Mayor Rolph is among them. He contributes the following:

If I were the Mayor of a City,
  Where only the grown-ups remained,
And nowhere were voices of children,
  And nowhere the infant reigned;
If baseball, and coasting and marbles,
  Were labeled "The Law Forbids,"
I'd close up my desk in a minute
  And move to a Country of Kids.

We boast of our painters and poets,
  Our leaders in science and law,
Our bankers and brokers and statesmen,
  Our captains of commerce and war,—
If you gathered all great names together,
  Since Caesar held sway over Rome,
I'd not take the whole of their glory
  For one kiss of the kiddies at home.

And now the question is, who wrote this for Mayor Rolph? For Mission Jim is no poet Unlike his predecessor Doctor Taylor he is not even a facile stringer of rhymes. We learned that when he attempted some banquet doggerel at a World's Fair function. Who is the poet laureate of the City Hall? Certainly not Ed Rainey, the Mayor's secretary. Ed is prosy, not poetical. I suspect Sylvester McAtee, the assistant secretary, who looks like William Butler Yeats.

Handling Fritz Kreisler

Your temperamental prima donna with her haughty head full of sudden cranks and unexpected quirks is not the only artist whom the impresario finds it difficult to manage. There is also the masculine artist, subject to strange alarms, his breast tormented by ever recurring misgivings. If you don't believe me, ask Will Greenbaum, the veteran entrepreneur of our town. For a few nerve-racking hours one day last week it looked to Will as though there might be no Fritz Kreisler recital at the Greek Theatre. The great Austrian fiddler told Will Greenbaum that he was afraid the October cold of the Berkeley foothills might chill his fingers and make playing impossible. Will scouted his fears.

"But I was chilled to the bone last night when I played at Stanford," said Kreisler.

"That is strange," said Will. "The assembly hall where you played is a comfortable place, properly heated."

"Nevertheless I was very cold," said the violinist.

By discreet questioning Greenbaum elicited the fact that Kreisler had motored from John Rothschild's home at Menlo Park to the hall at Stanford in an open car. Next he discovered that Kreisler was going to Berkeley in Alfred Hertz' motor car which is also an open car. He did not dare suggest a closed car to Kreisler lest the violinist should take fright, fright being worse than the cold air for temperamental artists. What to do? That was the question. Greenbaum conferred with his chief of staff Selby Oppenheimer, and it was resolved that Hertz must be consulted. The result was that Hertz agreed to leave his car in the garage, to accept a limousine ordered by Greenbaum and take Kreisler to Berkeley without exposing the priceless fingers to the cold night air. And it was so done. It may sound like a little thing, but the worry of it gave Will Greenbaum a gray hair.

Flirting with Death

I sincerely hope that it is not true, as reported, that the Exposition officials served Silvio

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Pettirossi with notice of the discontinuance of his flying engagement because there was not enough "pep" in his aerial stunts. I do not care to believe too hastily that the Exposition authorities are tempting the aviator to risk his life in the clouds. And yet I read, with considerable concern, that Pettirossi was stung by the notice served on him and promptly proceeded to take chances which he had not taken before. This is very bad. Let us not forget the tragedy of Lincoln Beachey. There is enough thrill for us in safe and sane flights; we must not invite our exhibiting fliers to flirt with death. The fact that Pettirossi began his davedevilry just at the time that Lieutenant Walter Taliaferro was killed in a flight at the army aviation headquarters in San Diego accentuated the foolhardiness of the whole thing.

The Sincerest Flattery

"Please, Mr. Spectator," writes a newspaperman from Los Angeles, "please take a gentle little smash at the Los Angeles Examiner for serving us with an imitation of K. C. B. every morning. We don't want an imitation of K. C. B. We get the real thing when the Frisco —I mean the San Francisco—papers come off the train. We can wait for K. C. B. We can do without a pale, anemic imitation of his red-blooded manner; there is no local demand for a near-funny take-off of his genial humor. Why should Mr. Hearst try to make K. C. B. ubiquitous? I understand there is another writer imitating him for readers of the Chicago Examiner. I know nothing of the quality of the imitation that is being given in the Windy City, but that which we get down here is fierce. Maybe if you wrote to Mr. Mulcrevy, he might be able to have us spared."

Martin Beck, Human Clock

Martin Beck, managing director of the Orpheum circuit, is always at his office in the Palace Theatre Building, New York, strictly on time. He is a great believer in punctuality, so much so that some of the employes of the building set their clocks by him. Morris Meyerfeld vouches for the following conversation:

"What time is it?" asked one porter of another the other day.

"'Bout quarter past nine," was the response.

"Bet you it ain't nine o'clock yet," said the elevator boy who had overheard the answer. "Mr. Beck ain't come yet."

And he was right.

What Sterling and Van Loan Say

George Sterling, California's foremost poet, is a subscriber to The Lantern, the little monthly magazine "of lucid intervals" started seven months ago by Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day. More than that, the author of "The Testimony of the Suns" and "A Wine of Wizardry" is an appreciative reader of the new periodical which is making such quick forward strides. In a letter to the editors Sterling says:

"I find The Lantern readable from cover to cover, which is more than I can say of any other magazine."

Another Lantern enthusiast is Charles E. Van Loan, author of "The Lucky Seventh," "Buck Parvin and the Movies" and other popular books of short stories. Van Loan writes to the editors from Los Angeles as follows:

"After reading The Lantern from cover to cover I am moved to compliment you upon two things: the matter presented and the manner of its presentation. Go on swinging 'The Lantern' and let its beams fall where they will. Hypocrisy is the carbuncle of modern life: I know of no more efficacious treatment than to lance the same—with a quill. And so—more power to your quill!"

It Should Be Kept Here

It has been suggested in one of the papers that Romanelli's statue of the Savior which stands outside the Italian Building at the Exposition, should be secured for San Francisco. The idea is an excellent one, for it would be too bad to have this work of art go back to Italy. It is a most inspiring statue, a new and striking interpretation of the Founder of Christianity done in marble with admirable skill. Its correct title is "Christianity Emerging from Paganism," and this idea is expressed by the figure of the Savior, commanding and masterful yet benign, standing at the portal of a ruined pagan temple. The sculptor, Raffaelo Romanelli, is one of the greatest of living sculptors. Just before the war he won the competition for a $300,000 monument ordered by the Czar, winning over 142 competitors from all parts of the world. Some have suggested that the funds for the purchase of the statue be raised by having a Savior's Day at the Fair; others feel that some wealthy San Francisco art patron should buy the statue and present it to the city. There is merit in both suggestions, and it is to be hoped that out of the discussion of them will come a plan which will save this work of art for San Francisco.

Lecture by Eugen Neuhaus

On Tuesday afternoon, October 19, at 3 o'clock, Eugen Neuhaus of the University of California will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenuue, on "Futurism and Post-Impressionism" as represented in the exhibit of the annex to the Palace of Fine Arts. Professor Neuhaus will illustrate his lecture with stereopticon slides.

The Spirit of France

The third lecture of the series on "The Spirit of the Warring Nations as Shown by Their Literary Interpreters," which is being given at Paul Elder's Art Gallery, by Paul Jordan Smith of the University of California, will consist of a consideration of the French Spirit, Friday afternoon, October 22, at 3 o'clock. Balzac will be used as the type of the universal man of genius corresponding to Dante in Italy and Shakespeare in England—a type of cosmopolitan, cosmic intellect. Anatole France, Guy de Maupassant and Edmond Rostand will be taken as types of the short-story writers who unite a swift and ironic style with a profound psychological insight. Henry Bergson is treated as the philosopher who most clearly interprets the modern spirit of ongoing progress and the placing of the intuitions in the human soul.

Husband—Be reasonable, dear! Alexander the Great drank more than I do! So did Peter the Great, Adolphus the Great, the great Bismarck, and—

Wife—Oh, indeed! And were they buyers for Goldburg and Vladimer at thirty a week?

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The White House Match

To a newspaper correspondent in Washington I am indebted for some interesting and sprightly news of Cupid's progress in the White House. "The announcement of our President's engagement," he says, "did not take the newspaper men by surprise, though they have all gracefully pretended it did." And he explains: "You see there is an unwritten rule among the regular correspondents in Washington to confine themselves as much as possible to political affairs. It was adherence to that rule that kept the people in ignorance of many strange doings in the days of Roosevelt and the Tennis Cabinet. Of late years discretion has spelled suppression. This was especially so with respect to the antics of the prize egotist Mr. William J. Bryan who would have made the country the laughing stock of the world if we had told all we knew. Now as to the President's engagement while I don't know how long it was on I know this—that Mrs. Galt first began making her appearance at the White House last winter about the time the loud pedal was put on the threnody of the President's great loneliness. She was first introduced as the comforter of the President's cousin, Miss Bones, who was convalescing from an illness which was the result of her close confinement while caring for Mrs. Wilson who it will be remembered died fourteen months ago. Late in the summer of 1914 Miss Bones was taking long walks for her health, and it appears that she was troubled with loneliness. So the President's physician, who was also Miss Bones' physician, prescribed the beautiful Mrs. Galt as a walking companion. The White House motor took them both out to Rock Creek Park where they walked. The walks continued throughout the winter. The walks generally wound up with a luncheon at the White House. The lonely President usually has lunch there. Presently Mrs. Galt began spending evenings at the White House. At first Mrs. Galt's visits occasioned no comment, as it was known that a strong intimacy had sprung up between her and the President's cousin. But in the spring of this year it was noticed that Mrs. Galt was frequently seen in the White House car with Miss Bones when the President was taking his usual drive. She was always chaperoned by Miss Bones. So you see the announcement of the engagement did not come as a surprise. Naturally since the announcement there has been much comment. People are now saying that the President who was reputed to be a recluse is really a very sociable chap who has had a belated attack of sentimentality. They are all pleased with his choice, for Mrs. Galt is a most admirable woman."

Love's Progress

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune speaking of the engagement says that along in the spring of this year people in Washington "began to comment on the growing intimacy between the President and Mrs. Galt, and notice was taken of the marked attention which he paid her when they were in public together." According to the same correspondent: "Once the President had been impressed with the beauty and charm of Mrs. Galt he pressed his address with the ardor of a younger man." Last May, I learn, Mrs. Galt was a guest on the lonely President's yacht, the Mayflower, at the Naval Review in New York, and that even then, according to a New York daily, the President showed signs of a revivified spirit that pleased his friends, and rumors were afloat that the President had developed a strong liking for Mrs. Galt. Later the beautiful widow appeared as a guest at the lonely President's summer home at Cornish, N. H., and during her stay there he made two visits, to get away, presumably, from the deadly monotony of official routine in Washington. During his visits to Cornish, says the Chicago Tribune, "they took long drives together in the big White House touring car in the beautiful mountain country of Vermont and New Hampshire." From the same source I learn that the President "derived a great deal of pleasure from riding with Mrs. Galt, finding their literary tastes were the source of common interest." Whether they read of Guinevere and Launcelot I am not informed, but the Tribune says it was at that time when they found their literary tastes in harmony that "the acquaintance began to ripen into love."

MISS BINA M. WEST

Breaking ground for the new building for the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees

Transported and Giddy

According to Arthur Sears Henning, a well known Washington correspondent, on the day after the announcement of the engagement official and unofficial folk in Washington "woke up to the fact that it is a most romantic and blithesome young swain of 59 years who is the President of these United States." From what Mr. Henning says one might infer that the bewitching widow had not only transported the old gentleman but made him absolutely giddy. The correspondent declares that it is obvious to all that our beloved President (grandpa though he is) is "head over heels in love." He no longer seeks to conceal "his enraptured state of being." When Secretary Lansing called on the second morning after the announcement he wanted "to discuss the important matter of solving the Mexican problem," but Mr. Wilson "had a faraway look in his eyes, he drummed his fingers on the desk and adjusted his cravat most meticulously." Also "he tossed all business to the wind, and left the executive office whistling a popular air."

A "Seductive Creature"

We have all examined the published pictures of Mrs. Galt, but they convey her charms most inadequately. Attractive as they show her to be, they yet fail to do her justice. Her friends make a point of mentioning that, and from their ecstatic descriptions it is quite evident that the President has an unerring eye for loveliness. Here is the way one of her friends lyricizes Mrs. Galt:

"To begin with, she has the most fascinating mouth. This one feature shows better than a page description just what sort of woman she is—sweet, and simple and sympathetic, and sincere. When she smiles the most case hardened gives up. Her smile is more than a smile—it's a radiance. When her red lips separate she shows her teeth—her teeth are a perfect joy to behold—white and even and beautifully shaped, and such a perfect curve!"

"Oh, don't ask me why I think she is attractive—she just is," another said. "She is more than attractive. She is alluring; and yes, she is more than that—she is really the most seductive creature I ever saw. Maybe it is her eyes—they are large and full, and when she smiles they 'play up' full of lights and shadows."

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"More than anything else," says still another friend, "she is a bright, happy, gentle woman with a smile which wins everyone instantaneously. Her teeth are like so many perfect pearls, and her mouth is really the best feature of a handsome face. Her hair is dark, with not even a suspicion of gray, and she is erect, graceful and well proportioned."

She Loves Flowers

The President despatches flowers to Mrs. Galt every day by a White House messenger. He does this quite openly now, for of course there is no longer any reason for secrecy. But before the fragrance of the President's romance was shed upon the air all of us breathe—when it was still a deep, dark secret—he showed a diplomatic skill in showering her with bouquets without attracting attention or arousing suspicion as to the true state of affairs in his youthful heart. His method was to patronize a Washington florist for the flowers intended for Mrs. Galt, instead of sending them from the White House greeneries. Mrs. Galt is exceedingly fond of flowers. Indeed, her tastes are all well defined and distinctive. She loves not only flowers, we are told, but also music, horses and light literature.

Horsewoman and Fan

True to her Virginia birth she is a splendid horsewoman, a good driver and a fine rider. She waxes eloquent when the talk is of horses, though not more so than when it is of baseball. She is as devoted a baseball fan as the President. She plays golf, and likes the game especially when she plays it with the President, but she cannot be called an enthusiastic golfer. Her walking has become famous in connection with the romance.

"She could not well be called athletic," says one of her admiring friends, "but rather a woman enjoying the fullness of good health and good living, keeping to reasonable hours and reasonable diet. She loves healthful fun and enjoys a frolic, but is not given to late suppers and indigestion."

Shrewd in Business

Mrs. Galt has the interesting reputation of being a shrewd business woman. She is said to find time to keep close tab on the finances of her Washington jewelry concern. But it is not in the spirit of this White House romance to dwell upon such things. More important is it to note that she is a smart dresser. She is said to allow a sum for dress which is far in excess of that which many a White House mistress has expended. She is known as one of the best dressed women in Washington, and, although for years after Mr. Galt's death she continued to wear deep mourning, the black was of the most modish cut and material, and contrasted attractively with her brilliant complexion. It is nice to know that the cards of congratulations from Cabinet women, all of whom were deeply devoted to the late Mrs. Wilson, have, as one correspondent puts it, expressed "delicate intimation of their pleasure in the President's new found joy."

As to Miss Bones

The romance has brought Miss Helen Woodrow Bones to the general attention of the country. Miss Bones, to all intents and purposes, has been First Lady since the death of Mrs. Wilson. She rides to market daily in a smart electric, and she buys, says a correspondent, "not only to tempt the Presidential palate, but to please his sense of esthetics." Her car is filled with garlands of clematis, saucy black-eyed susans and the soft mauve of the early cosmos. The President has always delighted in a cup of tea with her before starting out to golf. Miss Bones has supervised the social program of the White House. It was noted not long ago that Dr. Cary Grayson, the President's Cupid, was an eager seeker after Miss Bones' society; and although the young military medico has of late been paying his devoirs elsewhere, his attention to Miss Bones has been sufficiently marked to start speculation as to the possibility of another White House romance.

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ARTHUR NORBURY
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Cyril Tobin, Benedick

Cyril Tobin, has embraced the state of "Benedick, the married man" at a beautiful ceremony in New York. Cyril lost his heart to a charming New York belle, Miss Ruth Haskins, some time ago; and the romance has won him the felicitations of all his friends. Father Robert Sesnon of Mill Valley went East to perform the marriage ceremony which took place in the home of the bride's parents. From all the accounts in the New York papers it was one of the prettiest weddings of the season. Arthur Rice of Boston was Cyril Tobin's best man, and the ushers were Gayle Anderton of this city and Henry Fairfield Osborn Jr. of New York. The bride's attendant was her sister, Miss Noel Haskins. Only relatives and a small company of friends were present. Cyril's friends are waiting eagerly to greet his bride when he brings her here to live.

Golf in the Upper Air

Golf on the roof of the Post street annex of the Hotel St. Francis is the latest and most popular diversion of the boulevardiers of Peacock Alley. A competitive game can be played there, as a number of canvas squares register the accuracy and distance of the drive. When a man theoretically arrives on the green, he picks up his ball and places it on the green that has been made on the roof and proceeds to putt. Wagering on relative skill in putting adds materially to the interest of this innovation; but the "spectators' gallery," where suitable refreshments are served to sedentary patrons of the sport is without doubt an equal lure to the roof links.

A Splendid Entertainment

When Father D. O'Sullivan of All Hallows' gives an entertainment for the benefit of his church, his friends in all parts of the city are eager to help out by contributing either their talents or their presence. Father O'Sullivan's entertainments are noted for their artistic excellence. This year's takes place this Saturday night in the Opera House at Fourteenth and Railroad avenue. It will begin with a "Shamrock March and Drill" given by twenty little girls. Miss R. Stevens will recite "The Kissing Cup." Twelve young ladies will take part in "The Dainty Maids' Drill." Mrs. Theodore Bonnet will contribute one vocal number, and Miss Hortense Gilmore another. Dr. Joseph I. Richards will be heard in a tenor solo. Mr. A. Roncovieri will render a trombone solo, and Mr. Jack Holland will entertain with specialties. Miss Frances Dougherty and her pupils will be seen in Irish dances; and there will be a beautiful pageant of the patriotic order. The accompanist will be Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell whose name stands for the highest artistic accomplishment in music. Altogether this will be a splendid entertainment for a most worthy cause.

Remarkable Bina West

Little did Miss Bina M. West think twenty-three years ago when she organized the first reviews of the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees that in twenty-three years she would be breaking ground for a beautiful new $200,000 home office, the only woman's building of its kind in the world to accommodate the clerical business for the largest fraternal benefit society in the world for women. These honors have come to Miss West after years of hard work, and on October 22, the corner stone will be laid with great ceremony in her home city, Port Huron, Michigan. The local business men have taken the matter out of Miss West's hand, and the mayor has declared a holiday on that date and the city will pay honor to its "First Citizen." Miss West is a woman who does things. She began her work on October 1, 1892, with no members and no funds. Today there are nearly 186,000 women enrolled in membership and the reserve fund of the society reaches nearly the nine million dollar mark. She has signed away with her own hand

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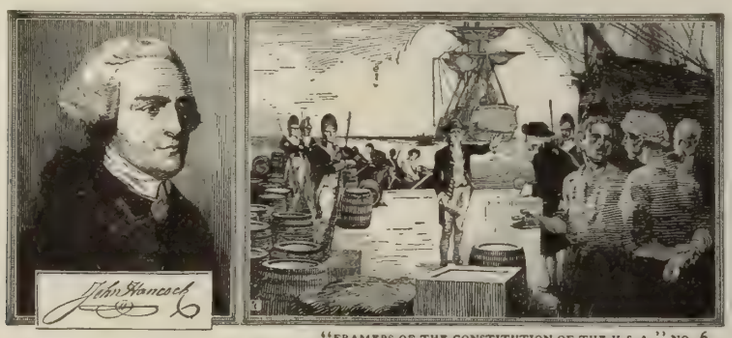
nearly thirteen millions of dollars in benefits. A clearsighted, foresighted business woman is Miss West of whom the United States may well be proud.

Prominent Guests at St. Francis

Among many distinguished visitors who have arrived this week at the Hotel St. Francis are: C. B. Blethen, editor of the Seattle Times. He is captain of the Field Artillery, Washington National Guard, and recently founded a business men's military camp at American Lake. Theodore Vail, telephone king of America, here to attend the Railroad Commission Convention. He states that there has not been a day since the transcontinental line was completed that San Francisco has not been connected by human voice with the East. F. M. Murphy of Prescott, Arizona, president of the Santa Fe local system in his State, with Mrs. Murphy.

Matinee Dances at Somerton

San Francisco folk are anticipating the matinee dances that are to be given during the week at the Hotel Somerton after the first of November. This will prove a diversion for society matrons and maids who, after the theatre, can drop in at the Somerton for a cup of tea, to be joined by friends or members of family, and some time can be devoted to dancing before the dinner hour. The dansants will be under the able management of Arthur Norbury who will be assisted by Miss Anita Churcher. Mr. Norbury and Miss Churcher will also give exhibitions of the latest ball room dancing. They were at the Hotel Coronado last winter where they won the admiration of every one who witnessed their dancing, and they are considered one of the best teams on the Western coast. Miss Churcher is graceful and pretty and is endowed with a charming manner. Mr. Norbury is a favorite wherever he goes, and possesses an attractive personality. They made many friends among San Francisco society people who were guests at Coronado during the past summer, consequently they have a large following in this city. Mr. Norbury also has charge of the ball room dances that are given every Thursday evening at the Somerton.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 6

John Hancock—"Father of the Revolution"

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts loved to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant — covers 142 acres.

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Budweiser
Means Moderation

Island Folk at Cecil

The Honolulu society folk who come to San Francisco are afforded a pleasure when they go to the Cecil or Somerton hotels, for they find many friends there. The manager of the two hotels possesses the happy faculty of making every one feel at home, consequently the island people are making their headquarters at either one or the other of these hotels. Among the prominent residents of the Hawaiian Islands who are stopping at the Hotel Cecil are Mrs. Raymond and her family. Miss Violet Makee, a daughter of Mrs. Raymond, left Tuesday for Honolulu, and on her arrival in the islands Dr. Raymond will take the steamer for San Francisco where he will join his wife at the Cecil. Ensign and Mrs. Bode have been guests at the Cecil for the past two weeks, and left on the last steamer for Honolulu where the former will be stationed. Mrs. Bode (Helen Spaulding) was the youngest of the beautiful Spaulding girls of Honolulu. She is a niece of Mrs. William G. Irwin and prior to her marriage was a reigning belle in Honolulu.

A New Prince in Town

Many idols from time to time have thrown San Francisco society matrons into a furore of excitement through the introduction of new customs in our midst. Dancers, artists, collectors of the antique and royal personages have all had their fling at our smart set, and now the gossip is going the rounds in our drawing rooms that some of our best families are devoting a lot of their attention to the accomplishments of Stefen Vineys. This latest arrival who has set some of our smartest matrons agog has been lured to this side of the bay from the Hotel Oakland. Stefen's popularity has sprung from his peculiar faculty of making an overpowering appeal to the palate. Long before the war began he had completed his apprenticeship in the royal kitchens of Italy, but he has also prepared delicious morsels for kings and princes of the blood in Vienna, Berlin and Paris. "Prince of Pastry Chefs" was the title conferred on him by his appreciative devotees at the Hotel Oakland, and that is the cognomen by which he is known here to many of our society women who have recently become accustomed to meet their friends daily at the Phelan Building store of George Haas and Sons where the prince's great imaginative powers have been given full sway in the creation of marvelous new French pastries. Worn out by their round of shopping or from their social duties, it is but natural that they should seek the quiet restful atmosphere of the place where any afternoon you'll now find the elite doing homage to this wonderful genius.

The Art of Miss Stone

There is a treat in store for those who have not yet seen Miss Stone, the premier danseuse of the ballet at Techau Tavern. Those who have seen her come again and again, for her art is so perfect and distinctive that she has won her way to the hearts of Tavern patrons. Miss Stone is ably supported by a corps of expert dancers with whose assistance she interprets most delightfully the artistic dance creations which V. Vestoff, late of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet, provides, giving an entire change of program each week. The Candy and Cigarette dances go merrily on. Each evening sees the fine maple dance floor in the center of the main cafe (where, by the way, the ballet disports itself) crowded with dancers. Each lady receives as a souvenir a really artistic box of Foster and Orear's candies and each gentleman a large box of Pall Mall cigarettes.

Peeking Through the Knot-Hole

By Edward F. O'Day

"So Long Letty" is a "comedy with music" which comes to us after a longish run in the City of Chemical Purity. "So Long Letty" is a beach entertainment. The particular Los Angeles beach to which its story is tacked has not been designated, but it is permissible to surmise that Long Beach is the place. Long Beach (need I say?) is an important element in the chemical compound we call Los Angeles. Long Beach is an acid which turns to a passionate, a throbbing, a hectic red the blue litmus of prurient curiosity. Long Beach is a Capri for middle-class and middle-aged sybarites—or was, before the chief of police got busy. It is, or was (we may admit the possibility of a reformation) a stamping ground for church-going Tiberiuses, a playfield for grape-juice hedonists, a recreation park for goatish deacons and hankering uplifters. Long Beach, therefore, is a locale peculiarly suited to the uses of playwrights intent on titillating the rickety voluptuaries who seek their excitation in the front row of the theatre. Let us assume then that "So Long Letty," since it belongs to one of the Los Angeles beaches, is to be visualized as pertaining to Long Beach. The assumption enables us to account for scene one of act two of this Hoyty-toity entertainment. I know of no other way to account for this scene. It has nothing to do with the plot of the piece. It has no intrinsic importance. It does not justify itself as things of sheer beauty do. It is merely a scene of Long Beach and for Long Beach. This scene shows us four dressing closets for bathers. It makes Peeping Toms of us. For the dressing closets are occupied by girls and we are allowed to inspect their preparations for a dip in the ocean. They are shown to us in kimono undress, a negligee not unpopular at Long Beach. Before our wide eyes they doff their kimonos, and imagination, if sufficiently active, may consider them then quite as bare as Stella. They are not quite that, of course; but they are sufficiently revealed to satisfy the denizens of bald-headed row. It is, I suppose, the big moment of "So Long Letty," this moment between kimono and bathing suit. I am not rhapsodical enough to celebrate it fittingly, for I have not the fleshly phrases of the ad writer for Magnin's. Enough to say that we paid ten cents and saw less on the Zone before Matt Sullivan was shocked. Needless to state, the four girls donned their bathing suits slowly, with a fine artistic show of reluctance as it were; and then the great scene came to an end. "So Long Letty" resumed the even tenor of its slow-paced way. How the Long Beachers of Los Angeles must have relished that scene! Is it any wonder the Los Angeles run of "So Long Letty" was so long? . . . . . But seriously, do the purveyors of "So Long Letty" think that all of us are peerers through knot-holes? that we always look when the blinds are left up? Is every audience an assemblage of Peeping Toms? Is prurience the only wear? Must our interest be intrigued with girls undressing to a pseudo-nudity of tight-clinging silk? Nonsense! We are not Long Beachers. We are not doddering peekers. Nor are we very tolerant of the vulgarians in our midst. Lest these occasional vulgarians be encouraged in their chlorotic inclinations, we say: Nail up the knot-hole! Pull down the blinds!

Gossip of the Theatre

"Little Jenny"—A Reminiscence

When Edwin Stevens was in his heyday at the Tivoli—the old Tivoli, the one we all used to love, my attention was called one night to a child on the stage—a sweet little tot of five or six. There were other children on the stage, but there was only one in whom folk connected with the theatre were interested—the little one to whom my attention was directed while she posed and pirouetted. I was told that all the business by which she distinguished herself from her little associates was of her own inspiration. It was all the spontaneous ebullition of her own temperament. She had been instructed to come on with the others and with them take certain poses, but the very first night she became the premiere performer of the group, and it was seen at once that what she did was all quite appropriate. The audience was quick to discover her, and she achieved something of a triumph. I was told that because of the interest she aroused behind the scenes somebody asked Edwin Stevens to take her in hand and give her a few pointers. "Oh, no," said he, "little Jenny has natural talent. I might spoil her if I attempted to improve her. Let her express herself in her own way." A little later I heard of "little Jenny" again. Whenever children were needed at the Tivoli she always got an engagement, and she always "made good." Now "little Jenny" was a genuine child of the stage. There have been many instances of what seemed to be inherited histrionic talent. Some of the greatest actors and actresses of England and the Continent are sons and daughters of actors and actresses. In this country too we have instances of inherited talent for the drama. John Drew, James Hackett and Harry Mestayer are notable examples. Maybe "little Jenny" is also to be among the notables; for she is the daughter of Fred Urban, an actor and singer who was a member of the Tivoli company in the days of its infancy. He was once stage manager at the Tivoli. He wandered away from San Francisco long before "little Jenny" made her debut, and he died somewhere in obscurity. I saw "little Jenny" again the other night. Now in her early twenties, she is playing the leading role at the Alcazar in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and she is the merry little heroine with the full vehemence of life. It is evident that her study of the part is most intimate. Certainly her execution is as edged and finished as a cut jewel. I feel sure that Jane Urban will realize to the full the promise of her childhood at the old, departed Tivoli.

—Theodore Bonnet.

A High Water Mark Bill

The war, I believe, has had its effect on vaudeville as on everything else. It has drawn many a star of vaudeville into the ranks, and put not a few under the sod. But also it has decreased the demand abroad for American talent. Of this I am reminded by the presence at the Orpheum of that joyous and inexhaustible fountain of comic stories, Mr. Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge." No American music hall artist is quite so welcome in England as Kelly. He is regarded in that country as the prince of Yankee side-splitters. Kelly is one of the few comic geniuses whose humor is equally infectious on both sides of the Atlantic. This week he is in such good company at the Orpheum that with all his amusing stories he does not stand out with his usual distinctness. Bessie Browning, who is described as "a girl with individuality," is on the bill, and one finds that the description of her is accurate. She has individuality that compels the close scrutiny even of the blasé Herr Rossner and that reaches to the topmost gallery. What is equally important in vaudeville she has the mimetic gift. If Eddie Foy has any mannerism that she has not observed and captured I don't know what it is. Another of the stars on this week's bill is Pat Rooney who receives a very hearty welcome. And, thanks to the pacific temperament of China, we have a whole troupe of foreign artists from the Orient—Long Tack Sam and his company of cymbal jugglers, gymnasts and contortionists. In addition to all this entertainment there are the delightful contributions of the Navassar Girls and of Eugene Damond, an excellent violinist, and the beautiful dissolving pictures of which Miss Brownie Dupont is the central figure. This week's bill is close to high-water mark.

—T. F. B.

A Nippon Comedy Hit

"Made in America" is the slogan. Little Miss U. S. A. is the girl. The place, Pantages Theatre. A beautiful scene in Japan, Geisha girls dressed in Nippon's daintiest costumes, singing its catchy songs and dancing to its dreamy music—these attractions make the musical comedy, "Little Miss U. S. A.," a great success. Most everyone has seen Charlie Chaplin in the movies, or at least an imitation of him. If you want to see the imitator who comes closest to the original, see Bert Wheeler "get away with the funny stuff." Betty Gray, his partner, is an example of what America can produce in the way of beauty and talent. Ober and Dumont have international dances to present, the best being the favorite Apache dance of Paris. Lady Betty is a simian wonder, a chimpanzee as near to a human being as was ever seen here. Tom Kennedy and Ethel Burt are the kind of team that get you in a whirl and keep you there. They sing, and you can't get, don't get, enough of it. Paden and Read, the black and white funsters, are also pleasing. Will and Kemp are acrobats of ability.

—The Second Nighter.

Alice Gentle on Symphony Program

The symphony concerts given by the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall are growing more popular week by week. That announced for Sunday at half past two bids fair to be more attractive than any yet offered. The soloist will be Alice Gentle. In grand opera here last season she created a senastion. Her num-

bers are the aria "O Don Fatale" from Verdi's seldom heard "Don Carlos," and the aria "Pleurez, Pleurez Mes Yeux" from "Le Cid" by Massenet. The numbers chosen by Max Bendix for his eighty musicians include Mozart's Symphony No. 2, in G minor, the Serenade for wood-wind and horns by Richard Strauss and Armande de Polignac's "Thousand and One Nights." Seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street. The soloist for the symphony concert of October 24 will be Senorita Paquita Madriguera, the wonderful young pianist whose playing has caused such enthusiasm.

The Theatrical Benefit

The Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will hold one of their big benefits in aid of their sick and charity fund at the Columbia next Friday afternoon, October 22. It has been four years since the association has given a benefit, and in the meantime the treasury has been depleted through the calls of sick and distressed actors. The public always receives much more than its money's worth at these entertainments, the best attractions from the leading theatres always volunteering to help along the good cause. The committee in charge, Morris Meyerfeld Jr., J. J. Gottlob, Homer Curran, Melville Marx, George Davis and John Morrissey who comes back into harness to help things along, promise a splendid program and tickets may be obtained at the box offices of the Columbia, Cort, Orpheum and Alcazar.

Nellie Nichols at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as joint headliners Nellie V. Nichols and Harry Beresford. Miss Nichols who is appropriately styled the songstress comedienne, will introduce a new assortment of songs and stories. She is one of the cleverest and most successful headliners in vaudeville, and her popularity in this city is enormous. Beresford whose most recent dramatic achievement was in Charles Frohman's production of "The Conspiracy," will present a comedy of youth and springtime by Tom Barry entitled "Twenty Odd Years." It is a pretty story of youth and old age and its effect is enhanced by a picturesque scenic production. The Jack Dudley Trio will appear in a novelty called "In the Moonlight." They bring a scenic set of great beauty. But this is incidental to their head and hand balancing. Emily Frances Hooper and Ellsworth Cook call their little offering "Give Us a Chance." It is a conglomeration of singing and dancing. Una Fairweather who has met with great success on the English concert stage and is the possessor of a glorious mezzo soprano voice, will be heard in a repertoire of classical and popular songs. Her accompanist will be Jean Baptiste Toner. Williams and Warner are two Frenchmen who have invented quite a number of odd musical instruments, among them "the clacaphone" which sounds like a combination of the organ and human voice. They are also original and diverting comedians. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent; Long Tack Sam and his marvelous Chinese troupe; and the incomparable Walter C. Kelly as "The Virginia Judge" will conclude their engagements.

"So Long Letty's" Second Week

The second big week of "So Long Letty" will start on Sunday night, October 17, at the Cort. The first week of this production has been a record breaker from a standpoint of attendance, the Cort having been sold out at every performance, even the standing room being taken to capacity. The advance sale for the second week indicates that its popularity will continue. There will be the usual popular matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Kreisler's Third Recital

Fritz Kreisler will give his last recital in San Francisco at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. The program follows: The Devil's Trill, sonata G minor, Tartini; Prelude, E major, Bach; Gavotte, E major, Bach; Song Without Words, Mendelssohn-Kreisler; La Chasse, Cartier; Chanson Louis XIII et Pavanne, Louis Couperin; Two Caprices, Paganini-Kreisler; Legende, Godowsky; Slavonic Fantasy, Dvorak-Kreisler; Two Old Vienna Valses, Kreisler. Tickets are on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort.

Victor Herbert Coming

Our Exposition has been honored by the presence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Camille Saint-Saéns and several distinguished

NELLIE NICHOLS

A songstress comedienne who appears at the Orpheum next week

ALICE GENTLE

The favorite operatic mezzo soprano who will sing with the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall, Sunday afternoon

American composers, as well as by some great soloists, and now for the final big series of musical events we are to have America's greatest composer-conductor Victor Herbert whose delightful compositions are known in every household.

At the Exposition

The Victor Herbert programs will be entirely different from any that have been heard at the Exposition. They will not be symphony concerts, but programs of melodious, beautiful and often jolly music that will delight both musician and layman. No programs of this character have been given here since the days of the lamented Fritz Scheel at the Vienna Prater of our Midwinter Fair. Mr. Herbert has never before appeared west of Chicago, and it was our own enterprising Will L. Greenbaum who induced him to consider a visit to our Exposition. Mr. Greenbaum has determined that not only shall the programs be popular but that the prices of admission shall be popular too, and he has taken into consideration the cost of admission to the grounds. The result is that reserved seats for the Victor Herbert Orchestral Concerts will be but 50 cents, 75 cents and $1.00 with the box seats at $1.50. Seven concerts will be given, commencing Monday night, November 1, with a special matinee Sunday afternoon, November 7. There will be an entire change of program at every concert, and one night will be devoted entirely to the serious and light works of Victor Herbert. Complete programs may be obtained at all the music stores and at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street, or will be mailed to any address on request. Address all communications to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's, San Francisco. Victor Herbert will come exclusively for the Exposition concerts, and will not be heard in any city en route.

S. F. Quintet Club

The first of a series of chamber music concerts by the San Francisco Quintet Club founded by E. M. Hecht will be given Thursday night, October 28, in the St. Francis ball room on which occasion Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the famous composer, will be the "guest" star and will play the piano part in her own "Quintet" for piano and strings, Op. 67. A Sonata for flute, violin and piano and a Quartet for strings by Mozart will complete the offering. For particulars address Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay.

"He Comes Up Smiling"

When Douglas Fairbanks first appeared with Grace George at the Standard Theatre in New York some years ago, it was predicted that his day was coming. It fell to the lot of Bryon Ongley and Emil Myitray to take his measure for a star role last season and they fell upon the delightful story of Charles Sherman entitled "He Comes Up Smiling." This combination resulted in bright comedy, and Mr. Fairbanks made a ten-strike in the leading role. This delightful comedy will be offered at the Alcazar next week with Bert Lytell in the Fairbanks role and Jane Urban in the part of his swetheart. "He Comes Up Smiling" is a joyous succecss. It is just the kind of entertainment everyone wants to see. There are any nuumber of good roles for the balance of the clever Lytell-Vaughan players which means that Jane Darwell, Helene Sullivan, E. D. Hales, Henry Shumer, Phillips Tead, Alexis Luce, William Amsdell and the others are going to be happily cast.

New War Pictures at Columbia

At the Columbia, commencing at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning and running continuously until 11 o'clock at night, will be shown for the first time here the newest and most authentic motion pictures of the European war. These have been taken upon the firing lines with the German army by Edwin F. Weigle, and in New York they are declared the most realistic and remarkable ever filmed. Weigle's camera has caught the flight of the huge 30-centimeter German projectiles and by means of a telephoto lens the explosion of the shells is seen at a distance of many miles. There are six reels, from exposures made in various cities of Germany as well as along certain parts of the Franco-German, Russo-German and Italo-Austrian frontiers. The work of the Red Cross is convincingly shown.

Mind Reader at Pantages

George Lovette with the aid of Madame Zenda and Mercedes Crane, will head the new bill at Pantages. Lovette styles his offering "Concentration." He answers any request submitted from the audience. Madame Zenda answers queries while Miss Crane plays any selections requested. Lovette makes his associates do his bidding without speaking a word. "Fong Choy," a beautiful operetta featuring Agnes Von Bracht, a charming young prima donna, is another feature. There are twelve attractive girls. The five juggling Normans are wonders. E. J. Moore will amuse with comedy patter and magic. Fred Lewis and Martha Chapin have a jolly travesty. Other good numbers are Lew Zimmerman, a whistling imitator, and Miss Amelia Von Ell and Russell Drew in dances.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Those who thought, some weeks ago, that interest in the railroad stocks of this country was dead have waked up. It is the biggest industry we have. They are the most liquid securities in the world. They have gone through five years of education. The managements have become efficient. The one billion bushel crop of wheat, the promise of an enormous corn crop, steel plants running at full capacity, advanced rates in freight and passengers—what more could be desired? We have gone through the most drastic liquidation the world has ever known. When one looks back at former high prices, he realizes that the railroad property of today is better than it has ever been, because the laws passed by the Government, while not the best, still have done away with the extravagance and incompetency of the past. The very item of passes alone in the Eastern classification territory would pay dividends on most of the stocks in that region. The market has been big and broad, and we confidently believe it will be bigger and broader.

Wheat—There was very little change in the situation surrounding the wheat market except as to pit conditions. The general feeling has been extremely bearish and a large short interest existed. Early in the week this interest became alarmed on reports that Wall Street was investing some of their huge profits in wheat and shorts bid against each other for wheat, resulting in an advance of ten cents a bushel in two days. The advance, however, proved to be a soda-water bulge, and at the end of the week, the market was back to around the dollar mark. Receipts at Northwest markets have increased heavily, so at this time the movement is the heaviest known in recent years, and hedging sales in those markets have tended to widen their discount under Chicago prices. On the other hand, the Southwestern movement is increasing but slightly and the so-called "holding movement" seems as rigid as it has been throughout this peculiar season. The weather has been against any decided movement also, and farmers throughout the winter wheat belt are utilizing time between storms for the purpose of completing plowing, and some progress has been made in that direction. Reports received here during the week indicate that a considerable part of the Nebraska and Kansas crop is yet to be threshed, and all advices indicate a stubborn determination on the part of the Western owner to have considerable to say as to prices. Of export business there has been considerable, particularly for Canadians and our Northern springs, the business being generally confined to those wheats for the very simple reason that they were and are obtainable in quantity and are of safe quality, while winters are not only hard to get but are generally of doubtful quality. There was a slight easing of premiums during the early part of the current week, even throughout the development of the tremendous Northwestern run, and as long as stocks continue so light at Southwestern terminals, it seems useless to expect any considerable relaxation in the market.

Corn—Prices for corn have changed but slightly during the week, and the same may be said of the situation. The weather has been generally showery with a little sunshine at times and the growing crop has progressed slowly toward maturity. There were slight frosts over scattered parts of the belt, but these caused little apprehension as the greater part of the crop may now be safely considered out of danger of frosts. The certainty of the safe maturing of a very large crop has induced rather free marketing of old corn and arrivals have shown a fair increase. Prices are lagging slowly back and forth, changing but slightly, and although sentiment continues very bearish, a fair investment demand exists.

Cotton—The cotton market held firm the entire week, although considering the bullish news, prices failed to respond as readily as could be expected. Around 13 cents for the January option, there seemed to be plenty of cotton for sale, and prices did not get much above this level. There is a big long interest in cotton now, and a good many of the old bears are now long and predicting higher prices. This has put the market technically in a weak position, as it has eliminated the short interest and it will take something in the way of news to advance prices. Frost was reported from the northern section of Oklahoma and Texas, but it did not help the market, although a general frost at this season of the year would put an end to the top crop and reduce the crop to around 10,500,000 bales. It is being argued in some circles that the demand for spots is mainly speculative, and that because of the large demand of this character for the actual and because of the heavy buying of futures by the same element, the market is due for a sharp reaction. Leading bulls, however, have pointed out that the speculator has been making a great deal of money on this rise in cotton, and is perfectly able to hold both his spot cotton and his commitment in the future market until such time as the spinners come into the market as buyers and take the spots and contracts off his hands. It is generally conceded that the American spinner still has a very large proportion of his season's requirements to cover. Considering the unusual shortage of cotton from this season's planting and that the world will need about 14,000,000 bales of American between now and August 1st, next, together with the extreme bullish temper of speculation, we don't hesitate to advise purchases on all good reactions.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Jacob S. Meyer, Rooms 622 and 623 Balboa Building, corner Market and Second streets in said City and County, which said office the undersigned select as their and each of their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
SAMUEL SAVANNAH,
Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1915.

JACOB S. MEYER,
Attorney for Executors,
622-623 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned MINNIE CONLON, Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John S. Hogan, attorney-at-law, number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

MINNIE CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, Deceased.—No. 19614, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HUGO A. WATERMAN, administrator of the estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Henry A. Jacobs, Esq., Room 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

HUGO A. WATERMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 2, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administrator,
900-907 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.—No. 19,576; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

CECILE LILI AUGER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 2nd, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as MARY MANION), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ANNIE L. MILEY, Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MANNION (sometimes known as Mary Manion), deceased.

ANNIE L. MILEY,
Administratrix of the estate of MARY MANNION, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 19460; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Guardianship and Estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor).

ANNIE HAAF, the guardian of the estate of ARNOLD BUCK (a minor), having heretofore and on the 10th day of September, 1915, presented to this Court and filed with the Clerk thereof a verified petition to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property described in said petition, which said petition sets forth the condition of the estate of said minor and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of making said mortgage; which said petition is hereby specially referred to for further particulars, and,

It is further appearing to the above entitled Court, from said petition, that said permission to mortgage said property is sought for the reason of renewing the mortgage already subsisting on said real estate, and that it would be beneficial to and for the best interest of said estate that said guardian be permitted to mortgage all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to said property,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED: that all persons interested in the estate of said minor are hereby required to be and appear before the above entitled Court and Department, at its Courtroom, Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 18th day of October, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why all of the right, title and interest of the estate of said minor in and to the property hereinafter more particularly described, should not be mortgaged for the amount of Four Hundred and Forty-four and 45-100 ($444.45) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; which said newspaper the Court hereby finds to be the one most likely to give notice to all of the interested parties of the time and place of the hearing of said petition.

The following is a particular description of the property hereinabove referred to: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

COMMENCING at a point on the Northerly line of Eddy Street, distant thereon two hundred and six (206) feet and three (3) inches Westerly from the point of intersection thereof with the Westerly line of Larkin Street; running thence Westerly and along said Northerly line of Eddy Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Southerly line of Willow Avenue; thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Willow Avenue sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said Northerly line of Eddy Street and the point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition Block No. 8.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: this 10th day of September, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 10th, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1915.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.—No. 19638; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., Rooms No. 202 and 203 in the Bank of Italy Building at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

CALLEGGERO RESTIVO,
Administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Estate,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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The Washington Incomprehensibles

All kinds of submarine warfare promote controversy involving questions of fact or questions of veracity. In the case of the Pacific Mail as in the case of the Arabic and the case of the Lusitania there are questions both of fact and veracity. Many critics have taken it for granted that the Pacific Mail was torpedoed by the La Follette submersible with Lohengrin of the White House at the periscope. Not so says the Hon. William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce and spokesman for the Administration. According to Mr. Redfield the Pacific Mail was torpedoed by her own captain. This is astonishing news. More astonishing still is the news emanating from Redfield that the legislation enacted at the instigation of Andy Furuseth and approved offhand by Mr. Wilson increased the value of the Pacific Mail. Obviously there has been a universal misunderstanding of the whole business. But this is not at all singular under the present dispensation. Its motives, moods and methods are mystifying, bewildering. Its windings are hard to follow. We have seen that our President is a multiple personality—a man of many moods and tenses. Perhaps the La Follette bill is a cryptogram intended to deceive the Japanese. It certainly did deceive them, for as soon as the bill was passed, before the Pacific Mail disappeared, they prepared to take possession of the Pacific. And at that time when Gasiku Takikawa, vice-president of the Kobe Chamber of Commerce, was interviewed he said he was amazed at the United States for legislating so important a concern as the Pacific Mail out of business. "The United States," he added, "would naturally be expected to encourage and foster a national project." Even the nimble Oriental mind cannot fathom the minor mysteries of American officialdom.

Publicity for the Swain

The newspapers were quick to translate our impassioned young lover of the White House and his bride-to-be to the region of personal gossip. And they are going so far as to make it appear that the man of the shut-in life is not averse to pomp and ceremony or display. They have put him in a stage box draped with an American flag. They are making a pageant of the distinguished widower's chaste and simple love affair. Of course a man of his sensitive nature shrinks from this sort of thing. He would prefer some mysteriously dusky grove, a place of shadows amid darkling glades where only the voice of the cooing dove is heard; but, alas, it is the fate of eminence to be conspicuous. And of course we cannot blame the press. If pre-nuptial gossip does not rouse in the kitchen so pleasurable an excitement as a scandal, still in the lives of great people there is always the chance of a cheerful and humanizing discovery. Besides we all have an attentive ear for the gossip of love; and listeners at keyholes are no longer kicked downstairs. Nowadays we have the ghoul that gnaws at the skeleton of mortal love as well as the body-snatchers of literature who prowl among the bones of departed genius in quest of the spice of scandal. Think of the Byron chatter about Harriet and the matrimonial controversy on the Carlyles. Why, there is a German professor who can tell you the exact spot where Goethe changed his pen in his love letters and lyrics! Out of the goose-quills that spluttered in Weimar more than a century ago the industrious German extracts a comfortable competency. So strong is man's longing for self-defense in his manifestations of the frailties of human nature that he is always eager to learn something of the susceptibilities of the great whether dead or alive. This curiosity the vulgar press must gratify, and to its demands our no longer lonely President must gracefully yield while rendering sweet service in Cupid's train.

Futile Peace Propaganda

What has become of all the prophets of peace who were assuring us a year ago that as a result of the present clash of nations men would never again engage in war? Of them we are reminded by phenomena to which the war has given birth. For example the noise of the Pacifists has died out, there is no more singing of mother anthems, the vociferations of the raging Colonel are the popular melodies of the hour, and that ugly word "preparedness" is on many lips that formerly uttered sweet nonsense about arbitration. Even the President has put it in his vocabulary, and talks of defense in the very transports of love. To us it appears that the demon of war grows by what it feeds on. Apparently imagination and emotion are enriching themselves from the slightest episodes of one of the most portentous crises of humanity. We find men who are grateful to destiny for granting them the supreme privilege of being contemporary observers of a struggle the history of which will fill libraries and inspire countless millions in the ages to come. And we find also that with all its hideousness and demoniac woe this war is producing new heroes for mankind to worship. Already a statue of one of them has been set up. This sort of thing is discouraging to our idealists, even to those with faith in scientific progress. It is the renown bestowed on the butchers of men that misleads growing youth, giving them the impression that slaughter is a laudable business and the soldier's the most heroic of virtues. The thirst for military glory, it has been said, will remain the terrible vice of mankind so long as we bestow more liberal applause on our destroyers than on our benefactors. This vice has been cultivated through the ages. School children revere Alexander the Great. They never hear of Hippocrates who discovered the healing power of nature. Napoleon has more admirers than Pasteur. The memory of the father of anesthesia, Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, who saved millions from suffering and death is perpetuated by a modest shaft erected over his grave by his colleagues, but our soldier heroes have monuments in every town. And despite the propaganda of the Pacifists who have been mouthing it from platforms for several years we read only in medical journals of the heroic devotion of the surgeon on the battlefields of Europe today. The soldier, armed for the fray, is concealed in the trenches while the surgeon is dressing wounds with shot and shell raining around him. Often in these days of savagery there is no flag of truce for succoring the wounded, but the surgeon is playing his part with superhuman courage unexampled in warfare, and the soldier is getting all the glory.

Prolonging Life

What about that panacea, the elixir of life, the magic fluid that will rejuvenate the old and reinvigorate the young, commonly known as sour milk? If you are old enough to realize that you are no longer young you will find it easy to cultivate a passion for Yoghurt, which is the Bulgarian name for the sour milk that has made Bulgaria famous for its centenarians. A little while ago almost every doctor in Europe was prescribing sour milk and almost every patient was taking it. Factories were started in England for the production of sour milk. Rival firms ad-

vertised the possession of the only true lactic acid bacillus. Not to take his glass of sour milk in the middle of the morning stamped the Londoner as hopelessly suburban or tired of life. But the craze passed like the snows of yesterday, and they are at present asking in London, "Who orders sour milk now?" The answer is, The doctors in San Francisco if not the monks of Thibet. There are factories in the East manufacturing Bulgarian bacillli. They will mail you bottles of cultures which enable you to keep yourself supplied with sour milk. And there are dairies right here in San Francisco that will supply you with lactic microbes every day. The stuff is growing very popular. The demand for it was greatly accelerated by the obvious rejuvenation of an aged lawyer who but a few months ago exhibited the familiar signs of decay. He is going round now with a fat neck and the complexion of a youngster. As a consequence there is now an odor of sour milk in many office buildings. It may be detected also in the courts, and rumor has it that judges in their chambers drink sour milk while writing their opinions. The Court of Appeal is suspected of being on a Bulgarian diet. The explanation of this craze is the discovery by the renowned Russian scientist Metchnikoff of the importance of checking the growth of certain microbes in the intestines. To discourage these microbes it has been ascertained one must mobilize against them an army of Bulgarians and float them in milk to produce a lactic acid. It is thus, without affecting the equilibrium of the Balkans, one may disinfect his intestines and retard the hardening of his arteries.

Speed-Worship in All Things

We hear a great deal of comment about the modern tendency of men to do things in a hurry. May not this be a reflection of the speed-worship that enslaves men to machines and devours topography in its annihilation of space? This is a mechanical age, and we are taking on the character of machines. We think it progress to do things automatically and speedily. We are in a hurry with our politics, with our dinners, our marriages, even our periods of mourning. We are in a hurry about Truth, and as a consequence too quickly we pass upon the pretensions of men and and find them out when it is too late. Genius as we have come to know it is a noisy jade who offers boons and blessings, equality and the millennium to gulls and dreamers. This is too bad, for it is genius in a few great men that lifts a nation into greatness. Progress is made not by the mass but by the great man by whom the mass is moulded to his will or fired by his ambition. Look backward and you will see only a series of individual triumphs. Today the individual is rushed off his feet by troops of mediocrities, and whole nations are sprinting through space. If Austria had not put a time-limit on her ultimatum to Serbia, if she had heeded the request for delay, Europe would not now be weltering in blood. If we look about we shall see everywhere what H. G. Wells calls "the confusion and wreckage of premature realization." It would be well were we able to convince our half-baked statesmen and sophomoric professors that disbelief in hurry is not necessarily disbelief in progress. Assuredly we are wasting a good deal of precious time in our hustling, bustling efforts to dispense with the corrector of our judgments.

The Cost of Uplift

The most powerful argument put forth in support of the proposition to abolish party government in California may be expressed in few words thus: "Look on that gang and then on this." We are asked, in other words, to consider whether we should not prefer to oil the wheels of Governor Johnson's machine than to make it easy for the dear people to incur the risk of falling into the hands of the wicked from whom they have been rescued. Presumably the new gang is vastly preferable to the old. Of this we have been assured, and many of us are incredibly credulous. We have been beguiled with glittering generalities, we have accepted vehement denunciation as conclusive of the consciousness of virtuous performances. Now indubitably there is much evidence of virtuous intention, many signs of exertion for the improvement of the State and the people. This evidence and these signs are to be found in certain account books at Sacramento. These books show that enormous sums of money have been spent under the direction of our great benefactor Governor Johnson in furtherance of the benign policies that have earned him the gratitude of an army of taxeaters and won for him the acclaim of all ardent idealists. From these books it appears that whereas Governor Johnson's predecessor, the Hon. James Gillett (one of the old gang) sanctiond appropriations for commissions in one years for only $840,045, Governor Johnson called for appropriations to support commissions for one year aggregating $3,442,815. The difference is enormous to be sure, but what did Governor Gillett know of that long-felt want—Uplift? Why, it takes $376,240 to support the Industrial Accident Commission for a single year. This commission is one of our Governor's greatest achievements. Next in importance is the Railroad Commission that throttled the Octopus. The Octopus is dead! Long live the Railroad Commission —the new one—which we know is doing good work because it costs $670,000 a year. The old one was so inefficient it cost only $56,000 a year. The State Board of Control requires $238,720. In the old, bad days the duties of that commission were performed by the Board of Examiners, presumably in a haphazard fashion, for the cost was only $44,760. Under the new order of things it costs a dollar to save a nickel, but the grand result is that nobody's conscience is hurt and we all have the satisfaction of knowing that graft is no longer tolerated. There is no more indiscriminate, extravagant buying, for now we have a State Purchasing Agent who costs the State $50,000 a year, and so if there is to be any graft in purchasing supplies it will not be widely distributed. Governor Johnson has taken all kinds of precautions. He sees for example that pardons are rightly given by having in addition to the prison board an advisory pardon board that costs only $5,000 a year. Nothing is permitted to go unsupervised these days. We have a commission of market directors that costs $25,000 a year, and we have a bureau to supervise legislation—a sort of first aid to our law-making body—costing $25,000 a year; also a commission to supervise insurance that costs $20,000. This is in addition to the Insurance Commissioner who gets $13,000 a year. In the bad old days the tremendous importance of labor statistics was inadequately recognized, the cost being only $44,000 a year. Now the cost is $132,800. Formerly immigrants received attention only from the Federal authorities. Governor Johnson's heart bled for immigrants, and he got an appropriation for a commission to look after them—a mere bagatelle of $60,000 a year. There was so little of State pride in the old gang that nothing was done toward improving on the many imperfect histories of California that have been written. Now we have a commission to attend to that at a measly ten thousand a year. As we look backward after studying appropriations we cannot but wonder why the people were not dying by thousands in the old days, so little was there of concern for the health of the dear ones. It used to cost only $73,400 a year to keep the political doctors of the State Board of Health going. Now it requires $343,750. Besides Governor Johnson has made the purity of milk doubly sure by doubling the appropriation for the State Dairy Bureau. It is now $60,000 a year. Perhaps the most remarkable item is the appropriation for the State Lunacy Commission. It is the only one that has not been appreciably increased. The explanation of this may be that insanity is largely a relative matter. Some folk think that the whole State has been going crazy. Perhaps they are the crazy ones. On the other hand it may be that if we go by comparison with the country at large we shall find that the bulk of sanity is in our insane asylums.

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CCLII—PHILIP I. JACOBY

By Edward F. O'Day

"You first established this business in Los Angeles?"

I am sitting on one side of the big, flat, glass-topped desk in the office of the president and manager of the Standard Biscuit Company at Pacific and Sansome streets, and the president and manager is seated in his swivel chair on the other side. I am puffing one of the president and manager's cigars, and I may as well say right here that his taste in tobacco is excellent.

The president and manager is a young man in the early forties. He has a quiet voice and a gentle manner; his eyes are kindly behind their round spectacles. His name is Philip Irving Jacoby.

The question I address to Philip Jacoby, I must confess, is lacking in candor. It is a sort of experimental query, a test interrogation. Let me explain. Our mutual friend Mel Toplitz who is the most devoted amateur musician on the Real Estate Board, has informed me that Philip Jacoby makes music that is as highly thought of among musicians as his biscuits and wafers are esteemed among tradesmen and consumers. That a successful business man, one whose crackers are in everybody's mouth, should compose songs and dances of considerable merit strikes Mel Toplitz as a matter of more than ordinary interest. It impresses me in the same way. So I have sought out Philip Jacoby in his office, have used Mel Toplitz' name as an 'open sesame'—and behold me, making white ash and fragrant smoke of Philip Jacoby's favorite Havana weed, the while I ask him a question devoid of candor. For I must admit that the cracker business does not interest me profoundly; I only affect an interest in it to discover whether the musician will show himself during the biscuit-maker's business hours. And so:

"You first established this business in Los Angeles?"

"Oh, no," answers Philip Jacoby, "I was in business in Los Angeles for several years, but not in the biscuit business. . . . . It is true, as Mel Toplitz has told you, that I try to write music, but I trust that you will soft-pedal my efforts along that line. You see, I only studied the piano for a year and a half during my boyhood. I know nothing of composition or harmony—"

A young man enters and lays two sodas and three grahams on the desk. Philip Jacoby picks them up with a practiced hand, but does not study them in the absorbed manner of a biscuit manufacturer with nothing but biscuits on his mind. This gives me an opportunity to try my uncandid tactics again.

You have a big plant here. You must employ—"

"About two hundred hands," says Jacoby, laying the specimens aside. . . . . "I had been taking piano lessons only three months when I wrote my first music. It was a gavotte in honor of my mother's birthday. My music teacher scolded me for it, and I guess she was right. Speaking of my mother's birthday—"

Here Julius Brownstein, the genial secretary of the company, enters with a handful of vouchers. Philip Jacoby gives them "the once-over."

"Do you ever find music distracting your attention from business?" I ask as "Brownie" departs.

"Never," says Philip Jacoby gravely. "Music occupies me only on Sundays and holidays. The rest of my time is devoted strictly to business . . . . . I want to show you a music program played by Bendix at Old Faithful during May. You notice here 'Overture, Mathilde' by Jacoby. It was the first overture I ever atempted. I showed it to my friend Perlet, and he said it was not bad. So I asked Bendix to play it at Old Faithful on my mother's birthday. Mother gave a birthday dinner there, and she was quite affected when I surprised her with my new composition. Bendix has also played another overture of mine. See, here it is: 'Overture, Rosa.' That is the name of my mother-in-law, and I wrote it in her honor. Perlet and Bendix said it had more depth than the 'Overture, Mathilde.'"

"Who invents all the odd names for your crackers?" I ask, still bent on business.

"My brother Sam attends to that," replies Philip Jacoby. "And speaking of Sam, he is my collaborator. He has written the words of many songs which I have set to music. He worked with me on '1915, San Francisco,' which won the Bulletin's competition for a World's Fair song. Sam writes light stuff, and while I enjoy setting it to music I'd much rather try my hand on some real poetry. I've written music for Longfellow's 'The Rainy Day,' Whittier's 'Angel of Patience,' one of Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' and one of Goethe's lyrics. I wrote an 'Indian Summer Reverie' which was played at one of the Philharmonic concerts last season."

"Has your company much competition in the local field?" I demand, sternly bent on introducing "shop" into the conversation.

"Oh, indeed," assents Philip Jacoby, "but we are able to hold our own. . . . Your mention of competition reminds me of the Pavlowa competition in which I took part. Pavlowa offered three prizes of five hundred dollars each for dance compositions. I had written a gavotte, and I submitted it to Max Hirsch, her American manager. There were three hundred and thirteen compositions submitted by two hundred and eighty-eight composers. I was never so surprised in my life as when I learned that I had won the first prize. Pavlowa seemed to be pleased with my gavotte, and has used it ever since. It was danced during her last visit to this city."

"Was this business burned out in 1906?" I ask.

"We lost everything," answers Philip Jacoby, "and did not go back into business for a year and a half. Some people thought the business was dead, but it wasn't. . . . . By the way, I wrote a funeral march two years ago—"

"How long have you been in business for yourself?"

"Since 1896. My father had a department store in Los Angeles, and wanted me to go in with him, but I didn't like the business, and I wasn't overfond of Los Angeles. So I came to San Francisco. I was born in Germany, but I was raised here and I love this city. I tried to express some of my love for San Francisco in my 'Jewel City March.' I dedicated that to Cassassa of the Park band; and then, just to even things up, I wrote my 'March Municipal' and dedicated that to Keogh of the municipal band."

"How large an output have you?"

"Of music, you mean?"

"No, of crackers."

"Oh, twenty thousand pounds a day, enough to keep me very busy. But then, you see, I reserve my music for Sundays and holidays. I don't think of it during business hours. I must confess, though, that I long sometimes to get away from the office and sit down at a piano. Please don't think that I attach too much importance to my musical compositions. I write music for diversion, as another man plays golf, or goes to his club."

"And you have never studied harmony or composition?" I say, quite convinced that I shall never succeed in keeping the talk to business topics.

"No," answers Jacoby. "I did not realize the necessity of such studies when I began to compose, and by the time I began to attempt overtures, nocturnes and other more or less ambitious compositions I felt that I was too old to learn. I have a feeling that knowledge of harmony and composition would put me between narrow walls, cramp me in my composition. Of course I have to have a lot of my work corrected by men who know music thoroughly."

Philip Jacoby's pretty secretary enters with a bunch of correspondence, and I get up.

"I have taken up a lot of your time," I say truthfully.

"It has been a pleasure," answers Philip Jacoby. "But remember that composition is only a diversion with me. It has not been my life work, so it doesn't deserve the attention you would give to an artist's work. I am only a business man, you know. So please soft-pedal my musical attempts."

Had I followed Philip Jacoby's advice, would there have been any interview? I leave it to Mel Toplitz.

After forty, then what?

At forty, sometimes before, you will require two different kinds of glasses, one for reading and another for distance. Are you going to be bothered with two pairs or are you going to wear the newly patented "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals? These double vision glasses are ground from a single piece of perfect optical glass and combine both reading and distance glasses in one lens—not necessary to have two pairs of glasses. Think of the time saved and the many inconveniences eliminated by wearing "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals. They have the appearnce of a regular pair of glasses.

W. D. Fennimore A. R. Fennimore
J. W. Davis

181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
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Perspective Impressions

Some people start for the art gallery, but never get beyond the scone concession.

We know a man who has mortgaged his home to a chiropodist. He tried to do the Fair systematically.

That Blingumite who learned to drive a motor car on his hundredth birthday will come to an untimely end if he isn't careful.

Had there been motor cars in the days of his first childhood he might never have lived to celebrate his centennial.

We fully expect to read that the giddy old boy has been pinched for speeding. When the motor mania comes late in life the attack is apt to be severe.

But one of these days a certain old greybeard will leave his scythe on the road and there will be a puncture. Father Time refuses to take anybody's dust.

We are glad that grand old man, Thomas Edison, has come to town because we remember that back in May after looking at a photograph he uttered himself to the effect that the Fair was not lighted to advantage, and that architecturally it was inferior to the Chicago Exposition.

It is never too late to learn, and it may do even the great Edison some good to perceive the folly of passing judgment on things about which one is incompletely informed.

Of course we assume that the great wizard has changed his opinion about the lighting system. As to his opinion of the architecture it really doesn't matter. Mr. Edison is an inventor, not an artist.

What has become of the old-fashioned humorist who made jokes about jaw-breaking war names?

How Bryan must envy the President his youthful experience as tenor in a college quartet. With that added accomplishment Bill would get twice as much on the circuit.

Supposing we save the Palace of Fine Arts, what shall we do with it?

"The ring the President purchased in New York ten days ago was not the engagement ring after all." This we quote as an example of the news our strange papers deem worthy of first-page position.

We should like to be around if Judges Crothers and Sturtevant ever foregather to discuss the Examiner.

The saloon that buys "Stella" will probably get a lot of trade from the Prohibitionists. It's the kind of art that makes a big hit in Kansas and Los Angeles.

And now we must pretend an intimate acquaintance with the Balkans.

We suppose the dailies keep on quoting Henry Ford just to let us know how many kinds of an ass can accumulate a fortune.

They are drying out the new City Hall with hot air. A waste of money. Just turn Supervisor Gallagher loose in its echoing corridors.

The Examiner in its superior wisdom thus demonstrates the improbability of the celestial apparition at the Battle of the Marne: If it happened at that battle why did it not happen at any of the succeeding military events?

A mere religious simpleton might venture the suggestion that maybe there has been no recurrence of the apparition because there has been no recurrence of an event that was critical in the affairs of France and England. But to retort at all is to imitate the Examiner's sublunary sceptic who is probably a great seer capable of elucidating any of the profound mysteries of religion or accounting for any of the divine accidents by which the harmonies of nature are preserved.

What the British Have Done

By H. A. L. Fisher

(Concluded)

(The first instalment of this official document was publish ed last week.—Ed. Town Talk)

The second object achieved by the British forces during these months was to secure a period of delay during which Great Britain might raise and equip new armies for the war. For our country time was five-sixths of victory. We were totally unprepared for a war upon a titanic scale. We had neither the men nor the guns, nor the munitions of war, nor the framework of an industrial organization adjusted to a struggle upon such a scale. We had to rely upon our small regular army, upon some divisions from India, and upon our territorial regiments which had been raised for home service only, somehow or other to hold the line until new armies had been raised, uniformed and trained to reinforce them. The whole Flanders campaign, therefore, has been, from the point of Great Britain, one great delaying action fought, in the first instance, with incredible valor and against enormous odds by a very small but splendidly trained army, which has gradually received successive increments of strength until its numbers are sufficient to take the offensive.

How rapidly and effectually those new armies have been raised is one of the finest episodes in our national history. When a country is invaded, its homesteads fired, its women folk assaulted, its wealth plundered, its innocent civilian population terrorized by a brutal soldiery no artifice is required to bring the terrors of war before the minds of its population. The manhood of an invaded county fights under a stern and unremitting stress of bitter determination to free the sacred soil from the insolent presence of the barbarian. Every man knows his duty instinctively. It is plain and palpable before him. But in the case of Great Britain and her colonies there was no such clear and unmistakable message to the mind and conscience of the common man. The whole territory of the British Empire, with the important exception of the South African Union, was by reason of the supremacy of the British fleet, immune from invasion. Nobody in Great Britain had the slightest fear that the Germans had it in their power to devastate Kent or Suffolk, to burn down Canterbury Cathedral, or to shoot batches of shopmen and country parsons, and a nation of narrow-minded egotists might have been contented with this measure of security. But the crucial fact to be retained by all who would understand the strength and purpose of the British Empire is that without the prospect of invasion, the United Kingdom and its dominions have behaved almost as if invasion were actually taking place. It has sometimes been said that the voluntary system has failed. But what country has ever raised over sixty per cent of its total recruitable strength for service beyond the seas in a few months? Nor is this the term of our effort, for the flow of recruits still continues, refreshed and augmented with every German insolence or striking evidence of British need.

The spirit of these new armies, which were thus rapidly formed under the shelter of our navy and of the heroes who held the line at Ypres and La Bassée, is no less remarkable than their numbers. One of the most remarkable exploits in the war was the defense of the lines north of Ypres (April 22-23) by the Canadians after their left had been uncovered by the sudden flight of the Zouaves under the circumstances which have already been related. Another exploit equally sublime was "the Lancashire landing" in the Dardanelles against a rain from rifles and machine guns and heavy artillery and through every obstacle of spike and wire which modern science could oppose. Each of these feats was performed by a body of volunteer soldiers, enlisted on grounds of patriotism, and recently levied and yet showing under the most adverse and desperate circumstances qualities of courage, resource, and persistance which have never been surpassed by the most seasoned veterans of a professional army. Of these new levies only a small portion has, as yet, measured itself with the enemy, but there is no reason to doubt that the splendid fighting quality which that portion has displayed will be equally evident in the battalions which have not yet crossed the sea.

We now come to the third great function which has been so far successfully discharged by the British army in Flanders. There is an idea that because the British army now defends a front of some fifty miles only its contribution to the common cause is and must be negligible.

This is not so. The importance of an army is to be measured by the strategic value and intrinsic difficulties of the task which it has to perform, and not by the number of miles occupied by its front, and once viewed in this light the value of the British contingent in Flanders is shown to be very great indeed. It will be remembered what was the original German objective in the Western campaign, how narrowly it was missed. The Germans attempted to rush Paris, were foiled by the brilliant strategy and dogged courage of their opponents and were compelled to revise their plans. After some fluctuation and doubleness of aim they determined to strive for Calais, a town in itself old and unprosperous, but symbolizing to the German imagination a victory over Great Britain and the control of the narrow seas. Now, no one in Great Britain believes that the capture of Calais by the Germans would decide the war or weaken the resolution of the Allies to continue the struggle to the end. It is sufficient to note that the Germans regard the acquisition of this third-rate French port as an object of the highest political and military value, that in the German press Calais is depicted as the most convenient starting point for an invasion of England, and that it is a common impression among our enemies that a comparatively small German army, once landed on English soil, would make short work of the inhabitants. Calais has, in fact, become the main proximate object of German military ambition in the Western field, and not once nor twice has the great battering-ram of German steel been furiously urged against the force which bars the road.

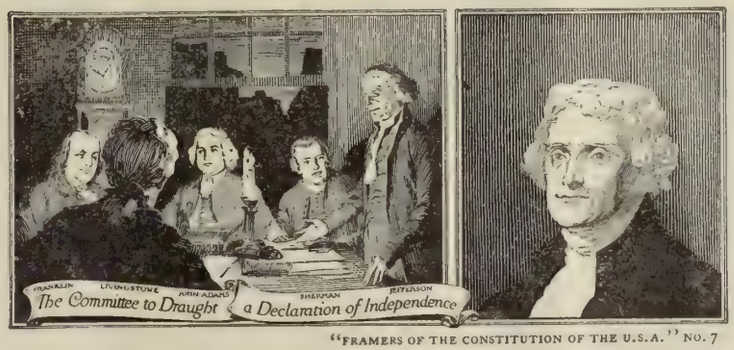
The kernel of that force is the British army. It would not be true to say that it has fought with more courage than its French allies, or than its German opponents—for that would be hard, but upon it has devolved the duty of defending a difficult part of the line against the repeated attacks of vastly superior force, and this office it has discharged with a tenacity and valor which are worthy to rank among the supreme achievements of the war. It will perhaps give some idea of the fierceness of the struggle which has prevailed over this part of the line when it is stated that the casualties on both sides are probably not much less than seven hundred thousand, and that in the single four days' action of Neuve Chapelle last March almost as much ammunition was shot away by the British artillery as was expended in the three years of the Boer War.

In this murderous collision of nations the main object of the weaker party by land and sea is to wear down the forces of the enemy until weakness has been converted into preponderance. Now the position of the Allied forces with respect to the Germanic Powers is that they embarked on the war with a marked actual numerical inferiority. Neither Russia nor Great Britain were able immediately to put a sufficient weight into the balance to repair the numerical inferiority of France. Their potential resources were great. Their resources capable of immediate mobilization were in view of the difficult task before them comparatively slender. Great Britain had to find everything but primarily men. Russia with abundant supplies of men had to find munitions. The problem for the Allied Powers was to contain the armies of the enemy until the huge resources of Great Britain and Russia could be made available for effective use. It did not matter where an action was fought, so long as the enemy forces suffered at least as heavily as the Allies for the principal object of the Allies has been and is to gain time for the full development of their strength against an enemy who has already expended his maximum power and will steadily grow weaker both absolutely and relatively to his opponents.

These general considerations will bring out the special value of the British contribution to the Allied cause. Our intervention in the war has furnished our Allies with the means both of gaining and of profiting by time. If our land army has not been of itself sufficiently strong to re-conquer Belgium, it has materially helped in the defense of France, behind which new armies are being prepared and vast stores of munitions actively accumulated. Though it has continually been engaged with superior forces, it has inflicted enormous losses on the enemy, whose fighting qualities it continues to regard as good but inferior to its own. And meanwhile, under the shelter of the British fleet, munitions and stores of every kind flow into the armed camps of the Western Allies.

There is then, as yet, no indication that the United Kingdom will be starved into submission by the German submarines. We are importing freely, we continue to carry the greater part of the world's trade, and if the available tonnage falls short of the demand, the congestion of our ports is more accountable for the shortage than any apprehension of peril from submarines. It would seem then that we are in a position, so far as our food supplies go, to continue the war indefinitely. Our enemy, it is true, relies upon his new type of submarine, but if a few fast cruisers did not materially affect our overseas trade at the beginning of the war, a few fast submarines will be no more effective now when our general naval power and special experience in meeting submarine attacks have been greatly increased.

Equally vain are the calculations based upon the alleged selfishness of the working population of these islands. That there are egotists among the workmen as among the employers of Great Britain is true enough, but the proposition might equally be advanced against any class in any country in the world. Indeed, the labor situation in Great Britain, when viewed in its larger outlines presents several encouraging features. The artisan population of Great Britain which has sent a splendid contribution



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 7

Thomas Jefferson "Father of the Declaration of Independence"

THIS noble founder of the Democratic Party immortalized himself by writing our Declaration of Independence—the document which laid the foundations of Free Government, not only for our own beloved land, but for all the world. His countrymen twice elected him President and will always treasure his memory. Jefferson was the most ardent advocate of Universal Freedom of his time and it was his wisdom and foresight which brought about the Louisiana Purchase. Every drop of his Virginia blood loved Liberty, and because he wanted Americans to be assured of it for all time he championed with all his might and main the signing of the Constitution of the United States. None of the Fathers of the Republic were more far-seeing than he and none knew better than he that a mild brew of barley-malt and hops is truly a temperance drink. Hence, in 1816 he wrote President Madison: "A Captain Miller is about to settle in this country and establish a brewery. I wish to see this beverage become common." Jefferson lived past his 83rd year and all his life he was a moderate user of light wines and barley brews. It is unimaginable that were he alive today he would vote otherwise than NO to proposed tyrannous prohibition laws. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley and hop brews which Jefferson hoped in his day to see the National beverage of Americans. Exactly such a beer is BUDWEISER. Its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor have won its way to the top. To-day 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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to our armies, the miners alone contributing nearly a quarter of a million to the ranks, has from the first recognized to a far larger degree than is sometimes thought, that patriotic duty comes before private advantage. When the war began the number of strikes existing and known to the Board of Trade was 100. A great majority of these strikes were settled within a very short time after the declaration of war. At the end of August the number remaining unsettled was 20 and these affected only 9,000 work people.

The bearing of the artisan population has in the main been excellent. Thousands of workers—the miners are a striking illustration—have surrendered high wages for the much lower pay of a private in the army. Thousands of munition workers, as at Belfast and Sheffield, have labored with admirable resolution and steadfastness under extreme and continuous pressure since the beginning of the war. Almost every labor leader in the country has from the first preached the necessity of subordinating individual and sectional interests to the national cause, and millions have answered the call to sacrifice. Not only, in the words of one of their own leaders, have they raised "an army unprecedented in size, courage and valor for battle on a foreign shore, but without hesitation they responded to the call which was made upon them to sacrifice many of their trade union rules and conditions that had been built up by years of sacrifice. They did that because they felt, as I feel, that no sacrifice is too great to secure victory in this world war."

Now, the attitude of the working classes of the United Kingdom towards the war is not a progressively weakening, but, on the contrary, a progressively strengthening, attitude. The working men of Great Britain cherish no aggressive designs against Germany. They did not want the war, have nothing palpable or immediate to gain by the war, and are for the most part pacifists in theory, but the best of fighting men should it come to blows. Of any particular dislike of Germans or of Germany the working population of this country was, before the outbreak of this war, wholly innocent. Some big merchants may have envied the Germans, and several active writers in the press were alarmed by them. Not so the British workman. He neither envied nor feared them, and when the war broke out he had still all to learn about the case against the enemy. The enemy has completed his education. He knows now, from the example of Belgium, what an invaded country may expect from the Germans. He has seen photographs of ruined Louvain, has had authentic reports of outrages committed on the civilian population of that unfortunate country and in the flood of Belgian refugees, homeless and destitute which are now distributed amongst our towns and villages, he has ocular proof of the methods by which the Germans conduct their war. Soldiers from the front, returning wounded or on short leave spread and deepen the painful impression. The country has learned of how hundreds of its bravest men have been first paralyzed and then condemned to a lingering and agonizing death by a virulent and poisonous gas employed, in the words of Sir John French, with "a cynical and barbarous disregard of the well-known usages of civilized war and in flagrant defiance of the Hague Convention." It has learned from the case of the Lusitania that a German submarine is prepared to sink a ship crowded with civilian passengers, and that this act of multitudinous murder is commanded by the Admiralty, justified by the Foreign Office, and applauded by the press of Germany. As a nation we are slow to wrath, but the tide of our indignation is now mounting fast. The working classes of Great Britain have realized the issues, and he little knows the present temper of this country who imagines that a peace will be signed so long as a German soldier stands upon the soil of Belgium or of France to acclaim to the world the triumph of wrong.

The country is well aware of the tremendous sacrifices cheerfully endured by its valiant allies in the struggle for the freedom of Europe. We are not ignorant of the fact that France, with a smaller population than Great Britain, has perhaps a million and a half more men in the field and that grave as have been our casualties they have been greatly exceeded by the losses of our Ally. But while we realize that we have copious reserves of men still available for military service, we know that vast armies cannot be equipped and trained in a day and that since one of our functions in the Alliance is to supply coal, boots, clothing, and other munitions of war to our Allies, it is imperative for us to maintain a large industrial population working for export. So far we have not adopted conscription, and our enemies infer that the British workman is too sordid to make sacrifices for his country. In this they grossly misjudge the stuff of which our people is made. The British workman is no coward. If he dislikes the thought of conscription, as many do, it is not from cowardice, but because he thinks first that a society ought not to be permanently organized for war and next that a conscript army places in the hands of the Government of the day a weapon which may be used with irresistible force to promote the interests of capital. But whatever may be their political beliefs the working population of this country are determined to support their comrades in the field. If they are convinced by reason that nothing short of conscription will give us victory, they will accept conscription, not as a social principle, but as the instrument of an emergency. That they are not yet convinced is nothing to their discredit for, indeed, it is by no means clear that, given the circumstances, the country could have entered the war with more unanimity, supported it with more alacrity, or laid a sounder financial or military groundwork for the gradual and complete incorporation of all the varied energies of the nation in the single task of subduing the enemy.

The country should not be judged by its more hysterical newspapers. If we wish soberly to take stock of what England is doing, there is no better method than to compare the state of things in our own immediate neighborhood—and the larger our circle of acquaintance and the size of the community in which we live the more striking the comparison will be—now and a few months since. It seems as if everybody was being steadily drawn by some great force of suction into the war service, which is also the peace service of the nation. Girls are banding together to work in the fields. Young women of good family are learning to nurse or to milk cows or take the place of men clerks called away on active service. Schoolboys in Eton jackets make tools for the munition workers. Professors and lecturers inspect shells. To keep accounts for an armament firm has become an object of patriotic ambition. And meanwhile recruiting goes on steadily, the men coming in, not in response to sensational appeals, for these have little weight, but mainly by reason of the massive force of public opinion and their own sense of honorable duty. It is not dramatic, it is just quietly impressive—this spectacle of a nation steadily and by increasing degrees absorbing itself in the business of war. That some regions are as yet unaffected by the disturbing vision of the country's need is true enough and greatly to be deplored, but their isolation will not endure. The momentum of patriotic service will carry, does carry, everything before it.

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The Spectator

The Fair Sells to Russia

The belligerent Russian government a customer of our Exposition for war material? The Czar buying on our World's Fair grounds apparatus of defense which he could find nowhere else? It sounds strange to be sure, but the story comes to me backed by good authority, and I offer it for what it is worth. Last Thursday the steamer Bessie Dollar left this harbor for northern ports, its final destination being Vladivostock. As part of its cargo the Bessie Dollar carried two of the big searchlights consigned, I am told, to the Russian government for use in the war. I am told that the Russian government has contracted to buy ten more of these searchlights, and that delivery will be made as soon as possible. These searchlights brought a very handsome price. Indeed, I am told that the Fair's profit on the transaction will be $80,000. Each of the searchlights bought has a candle power of fifty-five thousand. They were installed by the General Electric Company. The Fair leased them, with the right to sell at a profit and pay the cost price to the Schenectady concern. That right enabled the Fair to make a pretty penny. We all know the searchlights in question. They are the searchlights which figure so prominently in the illumination of the Fair grounds, the searchlights whose strong rays play upon the Tower of Jewels, the Column of Progress and other Exposition structures, to the delight of all who witness the Fair after sunset. They were the only searchlights the Russian government could find ready to hand that came up to specifications. As the first two were taken out and packed for shipment on the Bessie Dollar they were replaced by searchlights of lesser power; and the substitution was accomplished so quietly and so cleverly that the public was none the wiser. And now I am wondering what the German-Americans and the pro-Germans on the World's Fair board of directors think of the transaction. Some of those Exposition searchlights may be installed in the fortress of Dvinsk to guard against surprise by the mighty forces of von Below. Some of them may go to Riga to sweep the harbor and turn the light on increeping German submarines. Some of them may be used by the vessels of Russia's Black Sea fleet in its attack upon the Bulgarian port of Varna. The peaceful occupation of those searchlights is gone forever. It was a good stroke of business on the part of the Fair directors, but what do those directors in whom the cause of Russia and her allies excites no enthusiasm think about it?

The Latest Game

Do you know what it is? It consists in trying to solve the puzzles on the second floor of the Annex to the Palace of Fine Arts. It is an amusing game, exciting almost. You look up the name of a particular canvas, and then spend an hour or two endeavoring to find the connection between the name and the so-called picture. Thus, you take No. 1143, Boccioni's "Dynamism of a Footballer." The game is to try to find the footballer. After an hour spent in surveying the picture from all possible angles, one of two things happens to you. Either you decide that a mistake has been made in numbering the pictures and that this is not "Dynamism of a Footballer" but "Decomposition of Light" or some such thing; or else you hypnotize yourself into thinking that you have found the footballer's shin guard or a cross-section of the football. So far I have never heard of anybody actually winning this new game.

ELECT
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What the Matter Is

I played the game myself last Sunday in company with an ardent motorist who had spent most of the day in the Transportation Building inspecting 1916 models with a view to buying a new car. When I got him away from the Rolls-Royces and other alluring exhibits we dropped into the Annex. Going to the gallery where the Italian Futurists are hung I drew his attention to No. 1130, Balla's "Dynamic Decomposition of a Motor in Rapid Movement." He surveyed it in silence for some little time, and finally I inquired what he thought of it.

"Well," he said, "there is something wrong with the clutch and the water is boiling in the radiator, but otherwise everything seems to be all right. Did you say this was the decomposition of a motor or of a motorist?"

I explained that the painter was concerned with the motor only.

"These painters ought to keep away from automobiles," commented my friend. "A fellow who 'sees things' has no license to drive."

"But what do you think of the picture?" I demanded.

"It needs a self-starter," said my motoring friend.

Is It Art?

To the layman that seems to be the difficulty. These pictures are not self-starting, and we don't know how to crank them. There is no place for us to lay hold of them. They are puzzles, nothing more. We feel about them as Xavier Martinez feels—as many artists probably feel, though they lack the courage to say so—we feel that they ought to have been hung in the Palace of Machinery. J. Nilsen Laurvik, Norwegian Commissioner of Fine Arts, has attempted to explain them in a brochure entitled "Is It Art?" Laurvik says some of it is art and some of it isn't. His explanation, however, is nearly as difficult as the pictures. He doesn't supply the self-starter that we so badly need.

"The Expectant Mother"

Speaking of Laurvik, he was lecturing on Post-Impressionism, Futurism and Cubism in the annex the other day. A bevy of feminine amateurs drank in his docential words. Suddenly he was interrupted by an excited woman, not of the party that surrounded him, who rushed up, tugged him by the arm and said:

"Where is 'The Expectant Mother?'"

Laurvik didn't like being interrupted in that way.

"All over town, madame, all over town," he replied.

And then, turning to his class as the inquirer withdrew:

"She mistakes me for the city doctor!"

A Success of Curiosity

By the way, "The Expectant Mother" has achieved a good deal of notoriety since certain well-meaning ladies tried to induce John E. D. Trask to take it from the walls. It hangs in the Hungarian Graphic Section of the annex, and would never be singled out by the crowd without advertisement. Bela Uitz who drew it has some eighteen charcoal drawings on the wall, most of them quite as ugly as "The Expectant Mother." As Bela received a gold medal the jury must have found more merit in the drawings than is apparent to the layman. The "Woman Leaning on Her Chin," "Woman with Crossed Legs," "Woman with Hand to Her Breast" and so forth are quite as unattractive as "The Expectant Mother." It was the name of the last which brought it into the limelight. You will find people hunting for it at all hours. It bears the same relation to art which Upton Sinclair's obstetrical novel bears to literature.

Celebrating an Opinion

"Say, Willis," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "what have—"

"Look here," Mr. Polk exclaimed, "I don't like to be called by my Christian name in public. If you fellows keep on calling me Willis I never will be elected Mayor. No man of my size ever made an impression with his first name."

"What I was about to ask," said the clockwinder as though insensible of the interruption, "the question I was about to ask of you, Willis, is, What have you got the flag on the Hobart building unfurled for today?"

Mr. Polk snickered. "Haven't you heard about the big event?"

"What big event?"

"Justice Lawlor's opinion—the second one he has written since his elevation. We are celebrating it."

The clockwinder smiled. "It's a week old," he said.

"I know," said Polk, "but I just heard about it. A lawyer fell in a fit on Montgomery street this morning, and I asked what was the matter. I was told he had been reading Judge Lawlor's opinion. It was a laughing fit."

"Well," the clockwinder observed, "if I were you I'd put that flag at halfmast."

Words, Words, Words!

"Say, what's the matter with that opinion?" Polk asked. "Is it funny?"

"Of course it's funny. Justice Lawlor is the great unconscious humorist of the bench. This opinion is in the case of a man charged with misdemeanor for selling drugs without a license. The man pleaded that the law under which he was arrested is invalid. Justice Lawlor has decided that it isn't, and incidentally he has written a sophomoric essay of five thousand words to explain why the State has the power to regulate the business of selling drugs. This essay is the opinion."

"It's pretty long," said Polk. "But what's the joke?"

[illegible] Shaw's opinion in the same case. This is the way it begins: 'I see nothing in this case re[illegible]

"'Don't [illegible]' said Polk.

"'[illegible]' said the clockwinder. "In twenty lines Justice Shaw does what Justice Lawlor employed five thousand words to do. He concurs in the judgment, but points out that the only question that called for discussion was a question that Justice Lawlor doesn't discuss at all."

A Judicial Inadvertency

"What do you think of Schmitz getting a recount?" Mr. Polk asked.

"[illegible] explained. "At least I see that's what Matt Sullivan and the Examiner think of it. But I don't think it fair in the circumstances to roast Judge Crothers. The Examiner ought to have served notice on Crothers before the decision was rendered. A judge ought to get a chance to sidestep. You will remember that all the judges had due notice about the United Railroads' case. Crothers didn't make any mistake in that case. He knew what a roast Sturtevant got. And he rendered a memorable decision to the effect that an injunction doesn't have to injunct. If there is anything my friend Hearst wants he can get it, but he ought to let us know just how badly he wants it. I think Crothers is a very accommodating chap, but there's one thing about Hearst: it doesn't [illegible]

"Does he ever accommodate anybody?"

"Well," said the clockwinder as he lifted his key to his shoulder, "he's accommodating Berlin at present and paying out Morgan's money to the Red Cross."

"He's quite a philanthropist."

"On the same terms you could be one too."

A Natural Mistake

[illegible] was very busy at his desk in the [illegible]

"Well, what is it?" he said.

"Is that the gas company?" said a woman's soft voice.

"[illegible] the San Francisco Bar Association."

[illegible]

Lying Out of It

[illegible] son is so busy with his honeymoon arrangements that he has not had time to consider the [illegible]

[illegible] way, [illegible] the Pacific Mail [illegible] the Pacific [illegible] the urgency of preparedness, and that the scheme [illegible] to build a navy but in reality to enable [illegible] interests and thus creating a sentiment in favor [illegible] lights or until the people elected a Congress [illegible] expense of their country.

Futile Remonstrance

Let us reflect on a few unadorned facts that nobody will dispute but which a few dull Cabinet officers may seek to dodge. In the eleven years that intervened between the date of the introduction of the seamen's bill and its final passage the Pacific Mail officials warned Congress a score of times that its effect would be [illegible] of the Pacific Mail wrote to President Wilson [illegible] under the restrictions of the bill was not based [illegible] of the pay rolls and other expenses. President Wilson paid no attention to the letter. Guiding politicians of the Redfield order were saying at the time that the "Pacific Mail was trying a bluff" and Andy Furuseth was in the [illegible] Schmitt asked, "had the Pacific Mail to believe that the power behind the [illegible]

[illegible] "I [illegible] is any [illegible]

Disingenuous Cabinet Officers

[illegible] Pacific Mail [illegible] Congress [illegible] the war was dreamed of the efforts of the Pacific [illegible] Congressional [illegible] the passage of the act would [illegible] the Pacific. [illegible] Pacific Mail [illegible] the Lea Hallowes bill had not departed in [illegible] the provisions of the Panama Canal act [illegible]

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ding railroad owned ships from going through the canal was a contributing cause. It is up to him to explain what possible connection there can be between the Panama Canal act and a sale not of ships engaged in the Panama Canal trade but of a separate fleet engaged in the transpacific trade. It is claimed that the Pacific Mail has not understood the law, especially the language clause, and that if it had only waited until the Secretary of Commerce construed that clause all would have been well. The Pacific Mail had no interest in deceiving itself. The meaning of the law is too plain to be misunderstood. If the Administration officials were men of intellectual honesty they would probably explain that they favored the bill because they wished to pave the way for the McAdoo merchant marine, and that they never dreamt that the result would be a storm of indignation from the Philippines to the Atlantic Coast.

Ford's Philosophy

From interviews with Mr. Henry Ford it appears that he abhors war and is indifferent to criticism. Now though it is easy to abhor war it is far from easy to cultivate insensibility to criticism; and I am not sure that Mr. Ford is so thick of hide as he thinks. My incertidude on this point may be due to a piece of news that comes from Detroit to the effect that Mr. Ford has been essaying the propitiation of his critics in Canada at a cost of ten thousand dollars. According to the news from Detroit Mr. Ford is very much in disfavor in Canada for his attitude toward the war loan to the Allies. In Canada the Ford has been boycotted, and Gordon McGregor, manager of the Ford Canada plant who is not at all interested in popularizing the Ford among German-Americans, is shrieking his head off. Hence Mr. Ford's little essay in propitiation. He may be immune to ordinary criticism, but not to criticism that hurts business. His check for ten thousand has been sent to McGregor for transmission to the Canadian Red Cross, but now the Canadians are more indignant than ever. Being a little more sensitive than our darling philanthropist they regard the Ford donation as a species of criticism implying as it does that they can be placated with stuff. The check is still in McGregor's hands.

Dr. Hillis the Speculator

When the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, New York, stood up in his pulpit a few weeks ago to tell his troubles to his congregation and stir the emotions of his flock some cynical folks sat tight and speculated on the kind of impression the whole truth might make if it ever came out. The reverend gentleman confessed himself a glutton for money, a regular billbryan dollar chaser. Some folks are not to be convinced that a parson yoked to the Money Devil can keep to the straight path, and these folk Dr. Hillis failed to warm by his impassioned address. Whatever may be the whole truth respecting the clergyman's financial operations he is now under a cloud. He is charged by Frank L. Ferguson, former president of the board of trustees of Plymouth Church, with unloading properties acquired through reckless speculation on close and trusting friends and charging them exorbitant prices. These charges are made in an affidavit which Dr. Hillis pronounces slanderous.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

With apologies to Solomon, there is something new under the sun, or under the moon, to be correct. That ultimate refuge of exclusiveness the Pacific Union Club has indulged itself in the frivolity of a smoker! Old members rubbed their eyes with amazement when the announcement of the smoker held Thursday night came to their luxurious offices in Sansome and California streets. The announcement read that the club was giving an informal club dinner and smoker, and that there would be music by the Filipino Constabulary Band. A smoker, such as is given in less dignified clubs! And band music to boot. Some of the members felt that the universe was reeling when they digested the news. Inquiry elicited the information that Vanderlyn Stow was one of the moving spirits, and he was immediately set down as a daring innovator. Nevertheless most of the members attended. Those who interpreted the adjective "informal" too literally felt a bit out of it when they surveyed the gathering of dinner coats and patent leathers; but the feeling of embarrassment passed, and the affair was voted most successful, though revolutionary. A question as to the motive which prompted the unwonted evening of gaiety brought this statement from a member:

"Like all other clubs we need the money."

"The End of the Trail"

The good ladies of the California Club and others equally as zealous for art have initiated a movement to purchase Fraser's "End of the Trail" for San Francisco. There is a fund, and it is growing. This is a project which deserves support, for Fraser's exhausted Indian on a spent cayuse is a statue of which any city might be proud and it could find no more appropriate place than right here on the edge of the continent, the veritable end of the trail. But there is a difficulty in the way of San Francisco's acquisition of this work of art. I am informed of it by Henry Foote, the San Anselmo banker.

"I attended a meeting of an improvement club in Corte Madera recently," deposes Foote, "and was an interested listener to the deliberations of the first citizens of that important railway town on the trunk line to San Anselmo. There was weighty talk of bond issues for road building and other improvements, indicating the spirit of progress proper to such a community. Finally, under the head of new business, a Corte Maderan called the attention of the meeting to the fact (which I had not met previously) that the World's Fair directors had invited

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"That's quite a slam," said Polk.

"And that's not all," said the clockwinder. "In twenty lines Justice Shaw does what Justice Lawlor employed five thousand words to do. He concurs in the judgment, but points out that the only question that called for discussion was a question that Justice Lawlor doesn't discuss at all."

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A Natural Mistake

George J. Martin, the secretary of the Bar Association, was very busy at his desk in the Pacific Building. The telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he said.

"Is that the gas company?" said a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," replied the secretary, "this is the San Francisco Bar Association."

"Ah," she answered in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"

Lying Out of It

It is charitable to suppose that President Wilson is so busy with his honeymoon arrangements that he has not had time to consider the clumsy efforts of Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Redfield and the ragtag and bobtail of his Administration to exculpate the Powers that Be from the charge that they converted the Pacific into a Japanese sea. The fussy McAdoo and the ridiculous Redfield are blaming it on the Pacific Mail and denying that the seamen's bill made the sale of ships imperative. Also McAdoo charges all the shipping interests with conspiracy. McAdoo is the man behind the mysterious project for embarking the Government in the business of buying and managing a merchant marine. It is suspected that this project is explanatory of the sudden change in the views of the Administration regarding the urgency of preparedness, and that the scheme is to raise an enormous sum of money ostensibly to build a navy but in reality to enable son-in-law McAdoo to carry on his pet enterprise. So McAdoo is for lambasting the shipping interests and thus creating a sentiment in favor of plunging the government into the shipping business and increasing the responsibilities of those wonderful financiers—our politicians. Now we are told that if the Pacific Mail officials were true patriots they would have waited before selling. The question is Why should they have waited? The answer is, To give Redfield and McAdoo plenty of time to construe away the bad features of the law. In other words, the Pacific Mail officials are blamed for not continuing a losing business until they could appeal from Congress to the wonderful Cabinet of which McAdoo and Redfield are shining lights or until the people elected a Congress with more brains and decency than the one that voted to conciliate organized labor at the expense of their country.

Futile Remonstrance

Let us reflect on a few unadorned facts that nobody will dispute but which a few dull Cabinet officers may seek to dodge. In the eleven years that intervened between the date of the introduction of the seamen's bill and its final passage the Pacific Mail officials warned Congress a score of times that its effect would be fatal. Finally on July 14th, 1914, the President of the Pacific Mail wrote to President Wilson that the inability of the Pacific Mail to operate under the restrictions of the bill was not based on a rough estimate of the increased expenses but was accurately ascertained by an analysis of the pay rolls and other expenses. President Wilson paid no attention to the letter. Claptrap politicians of the Redfield order were saying at the time that the "Pacific Mail was running a bluff" and Andy Furuseth was in the saddle counting noses and receiving the homage of the Battle Bobs of Washington. Now we are told that appeal should have been made to Secretary Redfield. "What reason," as Mr. Kruttschnitt asked, "had the Pacific Mail to believe that the power behind the throne which secured the law would permit a disregard of the very provisions which that power most valued?" He adds: "There is certainly no reason to believe that organized labor is less influential now than it was when the law was passed, or that it is any the less interested now in securing the strict enforcement of the requirement that every ship must have on board a crew not less than 75 per cent of which, in each department thereof, are able to understand any order given by the officers of such vessel."

Disingenuous Cabinet Officers

The vociferous Redfield, as a matter of fact, had his attention called to the prospect of the withdrawal of the Pacific Mail ships. On June 11th the Chamber of Commerce of this city wrote to him on the subject. He made this reply: "The bill does not become a law until November 4th and between that time and the present there is room for many things to happen." There was. Meantime the sale of the ships happened, and now Redfield is indignant. The lash of criticism has left welts on his hide, and he is lying himself into the role of injured innocence. And the learned McAdoo, who is rather awkward at excogitation, says the ships were sold because the war raised the price of ships. But the fact remains that long before the war was dreamed of the officers of the Pacific Mail had declared and had demonstrated by facts and figures before Congressional committees that the passage of the act would necessitate the withdrawal of its steamships on the Pacific. The same reasons which increased the value of ships would have made the Pacific Mail unwilling to part with its vessels and abandon a business which it had been engaged in for years if the intolerable restrictions of the La Follette bill had not deprived it of any choice in the matter. McAdoo intimates that the provisions of the Panama Canal act forbid-

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ding railroad owned ships from going through the canal was a contributing cause. It is up to him to explain what possible connection there can be between the Panama Canal act and a sale not of ships engaged in the Panama Canal trade but of a separate fleet engaged in the transpacific trade. It is claimed that the Pacific Mail has not understood the law, especially the language clause, and that if it had only waited until the Secretary of Commerce construed that clause all would have been well. The Pacific Mail had no interest in deceiving itself. The meaning of the law is too plain to be misunderstood. If the Administration officials were men of intellectual honesty they would probably explain that they favored the bill because they wished to pave the way for the McAdoo merchant marine, and that they never dreamt that the result would be a storm of indignation from the Philippines to the Atlantic Coast.

Ford's Philosophy

From interviews with Mr. Henry Ford it appears that he abhors war and is indifferent to criticism. Now though it is easy to abhor war it is far from easy to cultivate insensibility to criticism; and I am not sure that Mr. Ford is so thick of hide as he thinks. My incertidude on this point may be due to a piece of news that comes from Detroit to the effect that Mr. Ford has been essaying the propitiation of his critics in Canada at a cost of ten thousand dollars. According to the news from Detroit Mr. Ford is very much in disfavor in Canada for his attitude toward the war loan to the Allies. In Canada the Ford has been boycotted, and Gordon McGregor, manager of the Ford Canada plant who is not at all interested in popularizing the Ford among German-Americans, is shrieking his head off. Hence Mr. Ford's little essay in propitiation. He may be immune to ordinary criticism, but not to criticism that hurts business. His check for ten thousand has been sent to McGregor for transmission to the Canadian Red Cross, but now the Canadians are more indignant than ever. Being a little more sensitive than our darling philanthropist they regard the Ford donation as a species of criticism implying as it does that they can be placated with stuff. The check is still in McGregor's hands.

Dr. Hillis the Speculator

When the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, New York, stood up in his pulpit a few weeks ago to tell his troubles to his congregation and stir the emotions of his flock some cynical folks sat tight and speculated on the kind of impression the whole truth might make if it ever came out. The reverend gentleman confessed himself a glutton for money, a regular billbryan dollar chaser. Some folks are not to be convinced that a parson yoked to the Money Devil can keep to the straight path, and these folk Dr. Hillis failed to warm by his impassioned address. Whatever may be the whole truth respecting the clergyman's financial operations he is now under a cloud. He is charged by Frank L. Ferguson, former president of the board of trustees of Plymouth Church, with unloading properties acquired through reckless speculation on close and trusting friends and charging them exorbitant prices. These charges are made in an affidavit which Dr. Hillis pronounces slanderous.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

With apologies to Solomon, there is something new under the sun, or under the moon, to be correct. That ultimate refuge of exclusiveness the Pacific Union Club has indulged itself in the frivolity of a smoker! Old members rubbed their eyes with amazement when the announcement of the smoker held Thursday night came to their luxurious offices in Sansome and California streets. The announcement read that the club was giving an informal club dinner and smoker, and that there would be music by the Filipino Constabulary Band. A smoker, such as is given in less dignified clubs! And band music to boot. Some of the members felt that the universe was reeling when they digested the news. Inquiry elicited the information that Vanderlyn Stow was one of the moving spirits, and he was immediately set down as a daring innovator. Nevertheless most of the members attended. Those who interpreted the adjective "informal" too literally felt a bit out of it when they surveyed the gathering of dinner coats and patent leathers; but the feeling of embarrassment passed, and the affair was voted most successful, though revolutionary. A question as to the motive which prompted the unwonted evening of gaiety brought this statement from a member:

"Like all other clubs we need the money."

"The End of the Trail"

The good ladies of the California Club and others equally as zealous for art have initiated a movement to purchase Fraser's "End of the Trail" for San Francisco. There is a fund, and it is growing. This is a project which deserves support, for Fraser's exhausted Indian on a spent cayuse is a statue of which any city might be proud and it could find no more appropriate place than right here on the edge of the continent, the veritable end of the trail. But there is a difficulty in the way of San Francisco's acquisition of this work of art. I am informed of it by Henry Foote, the San Anselmo banker.

"I attended a meeting of an improvement club in Corte Madera recently," deposes Foote, "and was an interested listener to the deliberations of the first citizens of that important railway town on the trunk line to San Anselmo. There was weighty talk of bond issues for road building and other improvements, indicating the spirit of progress proper to such a community. Finally, under the head of new business, a Corte Maderan called the attention of the meeting to the fact (which I had not met previously) that the World's Fair directors had invited

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California municipalities to indicate the pieces of statuary which they would like to possess after the Fair was over. There was a lively discussion on this tempting topic of art. Some Corte Maderans thought that the Column of Progress would best symbolize the onward and upward spirit of their town; others were strong for the big group called The Nations of the West; still others felt that the Fountain of Energy would look well if erected near the depot. But it was the final sense of the meeting that Corte Madera would be satisfied with a gift of The End of the Trail!"

Why Ehrlich?

"You know, there were only three of us who searched in the same way," said Edison to Ned Hamilton of the Examiner, "three of us, Ehrlich, Burbank and myself—and now Ehrlich is gone."

Which reminds me of the "chestnut" concerning another modest genius. A lady once told Whistler that the only two sacred names to her in the history of art were Whistler and Velasquez.

"True, true, dear lady," remarked Whistler, "but why drag in Velasquez?"

Art for the Blind

Jack Smith of the shipping firm of Sudden and Christenson and one of the best raconteurs of the water front, tells this one about his friend Charles E. Van Loan. The man who discovered the short story possibilities of the movie game was on a visit to the San Diego Fair. With his wife and two children "Van" stopped on the Isthmus to watch a lightning artist who was dashing off landscapes with a few strokes of the brush and raffling them at ten cents a chance. At the request of his boy "Van" invested a dime in a numbered paddle and the wheel spun to decide the ownership of a crimson masterpiece which may have been "Sunset off Point Loma" or almost anything else. "Van's" number captured the work of art. It was offered to him, but he shook his head.

"Just take that Spanish omelet," he told the artist, "and send it with my compliments to the Institute for the Blind!"

Asleep at the Switch

A concourse of Richmonders made things lively at the meeting of the Police Commission Monday night when one Lloyd Tebbutt applied for the renewal of his dance hall permit at Fifth avenue and Clement. "Noisy Bill" Scott, the Richmond solon, represented the petitioner and made light of the protests, especially of those based on the allegation that Tebbutt's music interfered with sleep in the neighborhood. Senator Scott can out-noise a boiler factory when he gets started, so such a charge appeared ridiculous to him.

"Why, this it utterly foolish," he told the Police Commissioners. "One night not long ago Mr. Tebbutt went to the home of one of the men who is here protesting that the music keeps him awake. Mr. Tebbutt rang the bell, and this man's wife came to the door. Mr. Tebbutt explained that he had called to find out if the music was interfering with this man's sleep. And what do you think this man's wife said? She told Mr. Tebbutt that he'd have to call some other time because her husband was asleep and she didn't want to wake him up!"

K. C. B. Imitators

Last week I published a note from a Los Angeles newspaperman wherein I was requested to "touch up" the Hearst editors who have started poor imitations of Kenneth C. Beaton's column in the Los Angeles and Chicago Examiners. And now I hear that the kindly K. C. B. is not at all pleased by this course of the outside editors. While perhaps admitting that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," K. C. B., it seems, is quite willing to dispense with flattery. I am told that K. C. B. intended to travel around the Hearst circuit and write "Ye Towne Gossip" for the papers in Los Angles, Chicago, New York and Atlanta after establishing himself firmly in this city. I am further told that he has inquired of W. R. Hearst how he can do this to advantage if the cities on his itinerary are treated in advance of his arrival to a poor imitation of his work. I do not know what answer K. C. B. has received to this rather pertinent question.

Enterprise in San Diego

There is a movement on foot in San Diego to keep the San Diego Exposition open for another year. The big hotels of our southernmost city have contributed liberally to a fund for this purpose, and so have a number of business men. I understand that W. R. Hearst has given $5,000 to this cause. There is enterprise aplenty in San Diego, and doubtless the extension of the Fair period will draw a great many visitors who have heard of the marvelous beauty of the Fair buildings and grounds. An interesting subject to speculate on is whether San Francisco would benefit by the continuance of our Fair into next year. I am sure that many would come to see it who neglected to plan a visit to San Francisco this year, but would the receipts be large enough to pay "the overhead?"

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NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 3667; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an Incompetent.

Notice of Guardian's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 19th day of October, 1915, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, the undersigned, ANNIE DOWD OLIVA, guardian of the person and estate of said MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 8th day of November, 1915, the following described real property, of said incompetent, to-wit:—

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a point on the southerly line of Vallejo Street, distant one hundred and sixty (160) feet easterly from the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence running at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet and six at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet to said southerly line of Vallejo Street, and thence westerly along said last named line twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 241.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned guardian at the time of the sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; taxes for the current fiscal year to be paid by the purchaser; deeds, abstracts and instruments of title at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale at the office of F. H. Merzbach, attorney-at-law, Room 560, Mills Building, Number 220, Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, October 23rd, 1915.

ANNIE DOWD OLIVA,
Guardian of the person and estate of Maurice Joseph O'Brien, an incompetent.

F. H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Guardian,
560 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-3

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Taylor Starts a Fad

Banquet speechmaking by means of the telegrapher's dots and dashes was originated for the entertainment of Thomas A. Edison in this city. It is not likely to become a fad, for our post-prandialists will not care to surrender their dearest prerogative. But an innovation for which we are indebted to Mrs. Will Taylor of Burlingame seems destined to a season of popularity among the members of the smart set. This consists in conversation carried on across the width of a theatre by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet. Mrs. Taylor started this new style at the Cort Theatre during the performance of "So Long Letty" a few nights ago. Mrs. Taylor sat in the front of a box on the second tier with a party of her friends. A number of debutantes sat in a box opposite. Mrs. Taylor had something of pressing import to say to one of these girls, so she leaned over the rail of the box and said it with her fingers. She proved herself a mistress of the sign language. She smiled vivaciously as her fingers formed the letters, and was seemingly unconscious of the fact that a great many people in the theatre were reading what she said. I look to see this means of communication pretty generally adopted. Any fad which gets its cachet from Mrs. Taylor is beyond criticism and above reproach.

Orpheum Raillery

At the same time I warn Mrs. Taylor that she had better be careful about introducing her fad at the Orpheum. Orpheum performers are apt to be waggish, and they say things on the spur of the moment. The other night while Pat Rooney was holding forth on the Orpheum stage, convulsing everybody with his antics, he chanced to look up at the top box on the right side of the stage. A very pretty girl was leaning forward there, laughing and enjoying herself immensely.

"Stop leaning on that rail," Pat Rooney said to her. "You make me thirsty!"

The pretty girl blushed and sat back. What would Mrs. Taylor have done in such an emergency?

Charity and Social Ambition

To the woman who longs to penetrate the impalpable portals of what is called "the smart set" the charity benefit is a godsend. Given the opportunity to busy herself in the promotion of a charity that has the patronage of acknowledged social stars, this woman will be indefatigable in her labors for the good cause and her own promotion. For such a woman there is a positive thrill in the sight of her name sandwiched in among distinguished patronesses. Beholding her name in this glorious juxtaposition she dreams of the day when her energetic elbows will make a way for her through the crush of "nobodies" to the enchanted circle within which those only are allowed who belong to authentic "society." A bazaar, a ball, a tea—it matters not what it may be—provided the goddesses of whom the society editors write with reverence are interested in it, this woman will joyfully lend her aid. She is buoyed up by the hope that the superior creatures from Hillsboro and Menlo Park and the town mansions with the best marine views will one day recognize her fitness and take her into their select company of exclusiveness. Pursuing this will o' the wisp year in and year out some very energetic women contribute enormously to the success of charitable entertainments. Whether they accomplish the purpose which actuates them is another story.

A Dissertation on Exclusiveness

My remarks are prompted by the recent activities of a matron who has been looking toward the promised land for several seasons, only to find it, thus far, a mirage. This matron gathered a number of girls together the other day to discuss plans for a charity entertainment. She delivered for their benefit a very exhaustive lecture on the proper mode of conducting a dansant, with special reference to the refreshments proper to such a function. One of the girls ventured to point out that the entertainment was not to be a thé dansant, but an evening dansant and card party.

"Oh," exclaimed our matron, "then it will not be a dansant; it will be a dance. One doesn't call that sort of affair a dansant, you know. There is a great difference between a dansant and a dance. As this is to be a dance, we must have patronesses. Patronesses are very important. And the patronesses must be society ladies. That is what makes a dance like this successful. The middle classes, you know, attend a dance like this just to see the society ladies. Excuse me a moment, my dears."

The matron withdrew from the room and the girls exchanged smiles of amusement. The matron returned with a newspaper clipping two or three years old. It had evidently been treasured. It contained the list of patronesses for a charity ball. The matron read the list, with appropriate comments, thus:

"Hers is a very good name.

"A lady of splendid standing; we must have her.

"She belongs to the most exclusive set.

"This lady is not in society, but she is a hard worker," etc.

It was noted that our matron's name was in the list, but she left it to her hearers to determine her social status in their own minds. The girls who attended this meeting voted it a most enjoyable afternoon.

Barney Blue Alive

Not long ago the death of Barney Blue was announced in the papers. The announcement caused quite a stir. For Barney Blue was known the country over by dog fanciers as one of the finest and most valuable of bull dogs. Barney Blue's fame shed lustre on the kennels of Mrs. Malcolm Whitman. There were obituaries of Barney Blue in papers all over America. And now I am informed that a mistake was made, that Barney Blue is still very much alive. The dog which was poisoned and found lifeless was not Barney Blue but Barney Blue II. The mistake was made by Poundmaster Maggi of San Mateo who got the two dogs mixed up. Maggi, I believe, still insists that Barney Blue is the dead dog. But the keeper of the Whitman kennels takes issue with Maggi, and surely ought to know. Moreover, Cheever Cowdin, the owner of Barney Blue II, says that it was his dog and not Jenny Crocker Whitman's which died. That should settle the matter.

The Preoccupation of Mr. Crocker

We learned the other day that Templeton Crocker had driven his automobile into a ditch or a tree or a telegraph pole or something on the San Mateo road, with considerable damage to the machine but not, fortunately, to the bones of the driver. How did the mishap occur? Mr. Crocker says that he fell asleep at the wheel. To be sure there is a drowsy quality in the warm afternoon air of San Mateo, but is Mr. Crocker quite certain that he dropped off into slumberland? I prefer to believe that Mr. Crocker was dreaming waking dreams of the Bohemian grove play he is to write with Joe Redding, and that his imagination was so enthralled by the visions of his drama that he forgot his surroundings and the principal busines in hand, to-wit driving the motor car. All authors are subject to this sort of absent-mindedness. It was perhaps in this sense among others that good old Homer nodded. If it is objected that Mr. Crocker would be unlikely to occupy himself with dramatic composition while driving a car, I can only argue the plausibility of the thing from precedents. I recall that Burns wrote "Scots wha hae" while galloping over the hills of Ayrshire, and that Wordsworth rode and versified at one and the same time. I seem to remember too that Tom Moore got hold of an elusive rhyme that had evaded him for weeks when he was bounced against the roof of his cab in the rocky streets of Dublin. So there is nothing strange in the supposition that Templeton Crocker was engaged on his play when the accident occurred. But I trust he will be careful in the future. We can't afford to have our dramatists risking their lives. Mr. Crocker should have a chauffeur.

A Benefit for War Sufferers

A performance will be given at the Columbia on the evening of October 31 for the benefit of French victims of the war in Paris. A special program is being arranged to which the Olympic Club will contribute. Mesdames Ferrier and Myriam-Deroxe will present a one-act French duologue. Miss Edith Mundell will sing the aria from "Madame Butterfly," with Mrs. Bachrach at the piano. And Miss Loie Fuller

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will present to the San Francisco public for the first time the famous "Ballet des Sylphs" by Berlioz from the great production of "Faust" at the Odeon in Paris, under the direction of the French Belasco, Monsieur Antoine. This ballet ran for 100 nights in Paris three months before the war broke out. Charles Bulotti of the Bohemian Club will sing the great tenor solo. Miss Fuller will also present a sensational number new to San Francisco—a snake ballet called "The Nest of Serpents." Miss Fuller will produce another number from her extensive repertoire, "Fireworks," in which the dancers are not seen, but produce with light and silk fireworks so realistic that the resemblance is startling. In honor of Mr. Percy Marks, the Australian collector of gems who presented the fund with a beautiful opal which will be awarded from the stage by Julien Neltner, French Consul, Miss Fuller will present her new creation, "The Opal Ballet." Last but not least, she will show again to San Francisco after fifteen years the dances which made her famous, The Serpentine, Fire and Lily. A specially engaged orchestra will be arranged and directed by George Georges of the Tuilleries Orchestra of Paris.

Firemen's Charity Ball

The annual charity ball of the San Francisco Fire Department will be held next Saturday evening, October 30, at the Civic Center Auditorium. This is for a most worthy cause, as the proceeds are turned over to the Widows' and Orphans' and Mutual Aid Associations, organized for the purpose of looking after sick and injured firemen and needy families of deceased members of the department. This is the only time that the fire fighters call upon the people of San Francisco to aid them in keeping the treasury of the society in shape to meet the demands made upon it. And, as usual, the citizens of this city are responding with their customary generosity. According to a statement made by George F. Brown, secretary of the arrangements committee, thousands of tickets already have been disposed of and the indications point to a record-breaking attendance. The grand march will be headed by Mayor Rolph and Mrs. Rolph. A fine musical program will precede the grand march and dancing will be in order all night.

Tea for Miss Rosseguie

Mrs. Robert V. Miller was hostess at a very pretty tea at the Hotel Oakland recently, honoring Miss Jennie Rosseguie. The following guests were present: Mrs. Robert V. Miller, Miss Jennie Rosseguie, Mrs. Charles Mulgrew, Mrs. Willard Cooke Mills Jr., Mrs. Benjamin Maddox, Mrs. Daniel Reynolds, Mrs. Harold Osborne, Mrs. Allen Cunba, Mrs. Albert Kleppinger, Mrs. Paul Bell, Mrs. Albert Schwall, Miss Edith Woodward, Miss Neville Stevenson, Miss Mabel Gustafson.

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At the Cecil

Mrs. Ryland was hostess at a bridge party Thursday evening, guests of the hotel being bidden to the affair. Four tables were in play. Among the guests were Mrs. Edward McClernand, Mrs. Graff, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. Crisp, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Knapp, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Bell. Mrs. Griggs Holt left Wednesday for Tacoma. The Holts have an attractive apartment at the Cecil. Mrs. Holt will return in the early part of November. Mrs. W. L. Clapp and Mrs. George J. Henry who have been guests for the past six months have left for their home in Memphis. They may return after the new year.

At the Somerton

Prior to their departure for their home in Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gidding were hosts at a dinner dance at the Somerton where they have been stopping for the past fortnight. The pleasurable affair was given Thursday evening, and the decorations were green and gold. Mrs. A. M. Poindexter gave a bridge luncheon Monday. The color scheme was pink and white, and the dozen covers were marked with hand-painted cards. Captain and Mrs. H. Glade, U. S. A., who have recently come to San Francisco from West Point where the Captain has been stationed, are stopping at the Somerton. Miss A. K. Read, Miss Dora Brooks and Miss Alice Walker of Springfield, Mass., who are guests at the Somerton, entertained Thursday afternoon at an informal tea. A score of friends enjoyed their hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Butts and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Irving were joint hosts at a dinner of fourteen covers at the Somerton the other evening. The dinner was in the nature of a farewell, for these charming people will leave Monday for their home in Pittsburg. After a month's visit Mr. and Mrs. John H. Means and their family motored to their home in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Lander of Boston presided over a handsomely appointed dinner Wednesday. A gold basket filled with yellow chrysanthemums formed the center piece.

Gallenga Hand-Painted Mantles

One of the absolutely new things exhibited at the Fair consists of the wonderful velvet mantles which are to be seen in the Italian Pavilion. These mantles are all hand painted, in nine different shades of gold, by a special process, the invention of a very distinguished Italian painter, Mrs. Maria Monaci Gallenga. The exhibit has been awarded the grand prize. The mantles are something quite different from the usual French styles. Original and artistic, they do not appeal to the parvenu or the wealthy person devoid of taste; only those possessed of the refinement of culture can appreciate them. In Europe they are worn by many members of the aristocracy. Among the buyers in this country we note the names of Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Coleman Ladd (the distinguished sculptor of Boston), Miss C. Harriman, Miss D. Hammond, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. Urie of Chicago and Mrs. Anderson of New York. Mrs. Gallenga designs the models for the mantles and ornaments them with antique designs from the pictures of Pinturichio, Perugino, Fra Angelico and other old masters.

Like Gathering of Newlyweds

Ever watchful for new features in San Francisco's social life many of our local society matrons are quickly becoming accustomed to gather around the tea tables every afternoon at an establishment that has recently been declared by the elite to be the most convenient of all downtown meeting places. Many of our smartest dressed women are making a point of going with their husbands for luncheon or afternoon tea to the Phelan building store of George Haas and Sons. Here they meet their friends by appointment, and to drop in there any afternoon one would imagine that a meeting of our best families had been called for the occasion. What attracted my attention more than anything else at the beginning of my visit was the wonderfully efficient service offered to patrons and the general appearance of a real social gathering that seemed to pervade the place. The cuisine is really exquisite. For this reason alone I saved my menu, and knowing that it is impossible for a reader to gain a vivid idea of my delight on a recent visit there, I am printing below a list of some of the tempting morsels that were offered that day.

LUNCHEON AND AFTERNOON TEA

OYSTER COCKTAILS, 15 CENTS
(Selected California Oysters)

HOT BOUILLONS, 10 CENTS
Clam Beef Tomato Malted Clam Chicken

SALADS
(With Vienna Rolls)

Sliced Ham and Vegetable	$ .20
Rachel (Vegetable)	.15
Tuna Fish and Mayonnaise	.25
Cheese and Tomato	.20
CANAPES (Delicious with Afternoon Tea)	.10
TARTELETTES GAMBETTA (Cold Eggs with Mayonnaise)	.20
CREAMED CHICKEN IN PATTIES	.25

SANDWICHES

Shrimp Salad Sandwiches	.20
Swiss Cheese	.15
Tongue	.20
Minced Pork with Mayonnaise	.20
FRENCH PASTRY	.10
ASSORTED CAKES	.05
VIENNA ROLLS	.05

POT OF TEA, 15 CENTS
English Breakfast Green Ceylon
Five O'Clock (Mixed)

POT OF COFFEE, 15 CENTS
(Made Fresh Every Hour)
Served with Whipped Cream and Sweet Cream

HOT CHOCOLATE, 10 CENTS
(With Whipped Cream)

Spirit of Italy

Paul Jordan Smith of the University of California, who is giving a series of lectures on "The Spirit of the Warring Nations" at Paul Elder's Art Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, will speak next Friday afternoon, October 29, at 3 o'clock on "The Spirit of Italy." Mr. Smith will deal with Boccaccio, Dante and D'Annunzio, and after treating the old, poetic, dreaming spirit of the Italians, will show the newer military spirit awakened by the present strife, and expressed in such an ardent and patriotic manner by Gabriel D'Annunzio.

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Gossip of the Theatre

At the Orpheum

A great bill! One of the best I have ever seen at my favorite place of relaxation! No two numbers alike, and all of them topnotchers! Consider the list. There are Wiliams and Warner, eccentric musicians, with their amazing "slapaphone" which I choose to look upon as their sly dig at the queer folks who take such devices seriously. There is the wonderful Long Tack Sam troupe who are jugglers, magicians, contortionists, gymnasts, comedians, what not? Long Tack Sam is a real comedian. Just his smile is worth the price of admission. If China has any more at home like Long Tack Sam, let's have them! There are Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. I am not going to say all I think of Pat for fear you have not seen him and may doubt me. Suffice it that Pat is one of the drollest comedians we've had in years. Pat can make you laugh at a handful of sawdust. Everything is grist for mirth that comes to his mill. And how Pat can dance! He is fortunate in a most vivacious partner; one less high-spirited than Marion Bent might spoil some of his cut-ups. There is our old friend Nellie Nichols, still troubled about her nationality. Nellie is excellent in everything she does; best perhaps in her impersonation of an Italian immigrant woman. There are Emily Hooper and Ellsworth Cook in a dancing number. This is a conventional enough number; its merit consists in the cleancut way in which the partners present their clever steps. They dance smiles out of everybody in the audience. There is Una Fairweather, making her first vaudeville appearance as a singer, but acquitting herself like a bill-topper of many successful seasons. Miss Fairweather has a voice of velvety richness; her opulent tones satisfy the most exacting ear. She sings an aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," Tosti's "Goodbye," "Macushla" and "The Last Rose of Summer," thus showing the range of her artistry. The audience lets her go with reluctance. Miss Fairweather is to be congratulated on the start which she has made in vaudeville. She is bound to be a favorite on the circuit. There is Harry Beresford in a sweet little play of youthful love and loving old age called "Twenty Odd Years," written by Tom Barry. It is a most appealing playlet, its sentiment mingled with comedy. Harry Beresford does a splendid piece of acting as the old man and is ably supported by a young couple. There is Walter Kelly, the famous "Virginia Judge." No need to say anything about Walter. We all know how he dispenses justice to the colored folks, and to the Irishmen who got into a fight with the Englishman who attempted "a bit of a joke" with them. There is only one Walter Kelly. May his shadow never grow less! And finally there is Jack Dudley and his two cute little girls who do the most hair-raising acrobatic stunts. I have set the numbers down catalogue fashion because I do not care to say that this act is more important or better than that act. This is vaudeville for every taste. Thank heaven, mine is catholic enough to enjoy them all.

—E. F. O'Day.

Third Week of "So Long Letty"

"So Long Letty," the Morosco "comedy with music" at the Cort, begins the third week of its successful engagement Sunday night. This frothy entertainment has attracted a capacity house at every performance, an extraordinary record for a home-made product. That standing room will again be the order of things during the coming week is indicated by the large advance sale. The cast reads like a list of San Francisco favorites. Charlotte Greenwood, of course, takes first honors. Sydney Grant and Walter Catlett do clever work. May Boley is as funny as ever. Rock and White contribute eccentric dancing. Bronson and Baldwin sing and coquette as happily as ever. Nella Wilson is stunning in a smaller role. The chorus of California beauties has made a small-sized hit of its own, the bathing girl number having particularly caught on with the occupants of Row 1.

One More Week of War Films

The motion pictures of the German battlefields now being shown at the Columbia have already been seen by no less than 35,000 people, and interest seems to be on the increase. The pictures are being shown daily from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. The second and final week will commence this Sunday. The pictures were taken by Edwin F. Weigle, staff photographer of the Chicago Tribune. They will be seen for the last time on Saturday, October 30. Seats are 25 cents.

"On Trial" Coming

A play without a laugh or a love scene. A hero without a big speech. It can't be done, cried the critics. And then Elmer L. Reizenstein, a boy not yet full-grown, did it, and the biggest theaters in New York and Chicago were not large enough to hold the audiences. With the original Chicago cast and massive scenic equipment it is now on its way to the Columbia, opening a limited engagement Monday night, November 1.

The Victor Herbert Concerts

On Monday morning the sale of seats will open for the final big music festival of the Exposition, the series of orchestral concerts under the direction of America's greatest composer-conductor, Victor Herbert. It has been many years since programs of this character have been given in San Francisco. Music that all love to listen to—this is what Victor Herbert will give when he raises his baton in Festival Hall on Monday night, November 1. Six evening concerts will be given, and a Sunday matinee is announced for November 7. Manager Will L. Greenbaum has taken into consideration the admission fee at the gate and has announced a modest scale of prices. Here are specially attractive features on the programs, each of which will consist of ten splendid numbers: Monday night, November 1, two gems from "The Jewels of the Madonna;" Chabrier's overture "Gwendoline;" works by Sibelius, Van der Stucken and Johann Strauss and the following by Herbert: Three excerpts from "Natoma," Overture to his latest success "The Princess Pat," "Irish Rhapsodie" and his orchestrations of Fritz Kreisler's "Liebesfreud" and Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water." Tuesday night (San Francisco Day) will have works by Bach, Dvorak, Ochs, Hadley and Moszkowski, "The Romance of Pierot and Pierette" by Burgmein and "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" by Tschaikowsky. Of course there will be some jolly Victor Herbert numbers too. Wednesday will bring a Suite "Korigane" by Widor, the "Suite Algerine" by Saint-Saëns, "Scenes Neapolitaines" by Massenet, works by Smetana, Dvorak, Delibes, etc., and three Victor Herbert works. Thursday night will be devoted entirely to works of Wagner and Liszt. Mr. Herbert's six years with the greatest of all Wagnerian conductors Mr. Anton Seidl, as assistant director, is a guarantee that we shall hear the exquisite numbers from "Tristan und Isolde," "Meistersinger," "Tannhauser" and the "Siegfried Idyll" as Wagner himself would have loved to hear them. Lovers of Liszt will be delighted with the "Mazeppa," "Les Preludes," "Galop Chromatique," "Polonaise" No. 2 and Herbert's own orchestral arrangement of "The Love Dream." Friday night will be a Victor Herbert program, the first part being devoted to his more serious works such as "Festival

THE SAN FRANCISCO QUINTET CLUB

Who give their first concert of the season in the ball room, St. Francis Hotel, next Thursday night

Grand March," "Love Scene" for string orchestra, two numbers from his famous "Suite Romantique" and the "Triumph" from his suite "Columbus" with obligato on the grand organ. The second part will include numbers from "Mlle. Modiste," "Naughty Marietta," "The Fortune Teller," "Babes in Toyland," "The Lady of the Slipper" and "The Only Girl." Saturday night's offering will include works by Maillart, Nevin, MacDowell, Tschaikowsky, Mendelssohn and Herbert, and by special request he will include Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie." A big special program is being prepared for the Victor Herbert farewell on Sunday afternoon. Tickets will be on sale Monday at Sherman, Clay and Company's, the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street, and at Festival Hall box office. Address mail orders, requests, etc., to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. Complete programs are obtainable at all the offices.

S. F. Quintet Club

Next Thursday night, October 28, at 8:45 in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel, the San Francisco Quintet Club will start its second season of public concerts with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the eminent composer, as "guest pianist." The program will consist of a Sonata for flute, violin and piano by Bach, a Quartet for two violins, viola and 'cello by Mozart and a Quintet for piano and strings by Mrs. Beach with the composer at the piano. The members of the club are Louis W. Ford, violin; Emil Rosset, violin; Clarence B. Evans, viola; Victor de Gomez, 'cello; Gyula Ormay, piano; and Elias M. Hecht, flute. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's, and also at the newsstand of the Hotel St. Francis.

"The Rainbow" at Alcazar

Belasco and Mayer have secured the first release for stock of "The Rainbow," the charming play written for Henry Miller by A. E. Thomas, and played successfully for a number of seasons by Miller and Miss Ruth Chatterton, both of whom are now starring in "Daddy Longlegs." This is a play of simplicity, tenderness and sympathy. Bert Lytell will be seen in the Henry Miller role. He proved in "The Pit" and "When We Were Twenty-One" how admirably he can portray a character of that type. Jane Urban, the dainty little actress who is temporarily filling Miss Vaughan's place, will be ideally cast in the role of Cynthia Sumner, the daughter, originated by Ruth Chatterton. E. D. Hales, Henry Shumer, Phillips Tead, Alexis Luce, William Amsdell, Helen Sullivan and Jane Darwell will all be in the cast, besides several specially engaged players.

Original Dances at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a show for next week which will include six entirely new acts. Muriel Worth and Lew Brice who come direct from the Palace Theatre, New York, where they proved one of the greatest sensations of the season, will present a dancing act which has never been equalled. It is remarkable for novelty and originality. The Primrose Four, the most popular and successful singing quartet in vaudeville, have stocked themselves with a budget of new songs. They introduce a lot of clever comedy. Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty offers "Bright Bits of Variety," a melange of patter and songs. Fogarty's comic methods are original. There are few women on the stage as beautiful and as exquisitely gowned as Ethel Kirk who before entering vaudeville was a successful musical comedy prima donna. Bertee Beaumonte and Jack Arnold, late of "Miss Nobody from Starland," will present a miniature musical comedy called "The Doctorine.". Mignonette Kokin is always a successful and popular feature of any bill she appears in, for the charm and vivacity of her personality are well known and her impersonations are always clever. Monsieur Galetti who as a trainer of monkeys is without an equal, will present his troupe in an act called "A Day at the Races." Harry Beresford and his company in Tom Barry's comedy "Twenty Odd Years" and Nellie V. Nichols, the favorite singing comedienne, will enter on the last week of their engagements.

Frank Fogarty to Remarry

Frank Fogarty, "the Dublin Minstrel," is to be married again. His bride will be Grace Edmonds who created the leading role in "Oh! Oh! Delphine" and is now in "The Only Girl." Mr. Fogarty's first wife was Helen Trix who toured the Orpheum circuit last season. They agreed to disagree and secured a divorce about a year ago. The matter was kept very quiet and, in fact, it was not generally known that Frank Fogarty was married. He expects to be married to Miss Edmonds before Thanksgiving.

Valeska Coming

Valeska Suratt, one of the most spectacular figures in the theatrical world, will be seen here at the Orpheum soon. She opened her tour at the Orpheum Theatre, Los Angeles.

The Bendix Symphony

But a few more of the delightful symphony concerts of the Exposition Orchestra will be given at Festival Hall, less than a half dozen in all, and for those remaining particularly at-

MURIEL WORTH AND LEW BRICE
Who will present their newest original dances next week at the Orpheum

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
The clever comedienne in "So Long Letty" at the Cort Theatre

tractive programs have been prepared. This Sunday at half past two the soloist will again be Senorita Paquita Madriguera, the young Spanish pianist whose playing won the audience of August first. This little Castilian wonder of fifteen plays like a mature woman and Paderewski praised her warmly. Her selection will be Saint-Saëns' Pianoforte Concerto, No. 2,

PAQUITA MADRIGUERA
The young Spanish pianist who will play with the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon

in G minor. Max Bendix and his eighty artists play Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor and Benjamin Godard's "Scenes Poetiques." Seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

Marie Price in Concert

Marie Partridge Price, lyric soprano, who is well known in musical circles here, will give a concert in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel Monday evening, November 8. She promises a very interesting program, including two numbers of Bach never given here before, in one of which there are obligatos for two flutes, while the other calls for three flutes. Mrs. Price will be assisted by Emilio Puyans, Louis Newbauer and Elias Hecht. Uda Waldrop will be at the piano.

Girl Show at Pantages

What is billed as an "all star girl" show will be offered at Pantages next week. The four Rennes are pretty girls who have a lively revue "Thro' Five Continents in Twenty Minutes." The girls have five changes of costumes. Malvine Renne is the singing star, while Rosette Renne is the bright light of the dancing numbers. Sol Berns, Hebrew monologist, a great comedy favorite with Pantages audiences, is back again. "Musical Leaves from Melody Lane" will be the offering of the Mattrom sextet, four girls and two men. The Four Gillespie girls wear stunning gowns and have pleasing vocal selections. Comedy pantomime will be presented by the famous Bimbo family. A big feature will be a spectacular equestrian novelty presented by Dockrill and Holland. They have a miniature circus. The usual high class motion pictures will wind up the program.

Special Dances at Techau's

The Pall Mall Cigarette and Candy Dances at Techau Tavern strike a popular note and bring to this cafe the elite of the dancing public. The former derives its name from the presentation, as souvenirs, to the gentlemen, of large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes; the latter to the fact that each lady receives a beautiful souvenir box of mixed French candy from Foster and Orear's candy palace. Miss Stone is still delighting large audiences with her dancing which possesses a dash and verve wholly delightful. Miss Stone is ably assisted by the Tavern corps de ballet in classic creations by V. Vestoff, who arranges an entire change of program weekly.

"You say they're a crazy couple?"

"Yes, she's a raving beauty and he gets mad when she looks at anyone else."

There are lots of people who say just what they think. In fact they are more numerous than popular.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks [illegible] last week. Railroads have been nibbled at, not bought. Later on, the real buying will come. We hear a syndicate has taken over the holdings of the Southern Pacific owned by the Pennsyl- [illegible] and the Pennsylvania Steel, if sold as we believe they have been, will bring into the Pennsylvania in the neighborhood of $70,000,000. The very bearish feeling of last week has received a rude check and people are beginning to realize that there is no use playing a bull market for reactions. What more could anyone want to buy stocks on, we would like to know—the biggest crops, highest prices, steel companies running full, railroads earning big money, the currency system revised so that the bi-yearly money squeeze is a thing of the past, business back to normal, as shown by last week's clearings, which are equal to those of 1912, and railroad rates advanced, both passenger and freight. We have had inflation in some of the war stocks The situation, as yet, in the railroad stocks has been the soundest. Most liquid investment that the world has ever produced! We have taken back from Europe in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000 of railroad securities since the war started and they are much higher than when they started selling. Bituminous coal roads will show their earnings during the next two weeks, and we think they will be record breakers.

Wheat—The week has been characterized by a rapid and exceptional advance in prices, induced to a considerable extent by congestion. The large estimates of the crop cultivated an expectation of eventually lower prices, which found expression in a rather extended short interest. The vicissitudes which the winter wheat crop has had to endure, however, have restricted shipments and prevented stocks from accumulating, thereby removing what otherwise might have been a weight on values. Unsettled weather in the Northwest this week created a fear that there might be a repetition of the condition which has prevailed in the Southwest, and this apprehension brought about general covering by shorts. This fear was made acute by a falling off in the receipts of spring wheat and corresponding strength in the Northwest markets. At the same time, the clearances for the week have been made larger than expected, indicating that export sales were greater than was thought. Conditions in the Argentine are more favorable, but in Europe, advices are to the effect that there is likely to be a larger demand than was at first anticipated. As to the future course of prices, much depends on the foreign demand, and in some quarters it is expected that this will be of quite considerable proportions. Naturally the amount of winter wheat available will be an important factor in the situation, particularly as it becomes revealed what injury the quality has sustained from the prolonged unfavorable weather conditions. The situation is rather a mixed one and suggests caution until we are further along.

Corn has recovered a part of its recent loss, sympathizing somewhat with the action of wheat and being also influenced by the rather severe weather of recent days. Apparently quite a short interest had accumulated on the sustained decline, and the correcting of this position has been in progress. In addition to this, there has been an investment demand of fair volume, which has contributed an absorbing power and lent firmness to prices. The primary movement is about equal to last week's, but it has been said that country offerings show a disposition to become less. Argentine shipments to Europe continue large. Prices have had such a decline that a position on the long side may be the safer until the crop is made or a considerable recovery takes place.

Cotton—The cotton market the past week was a scalping affair on a range of about 30 points The news on the whole was more bullish than otherwise, but the bullish sentiment seems to be on the wane and what ordinarily should have caused a continuous advance was forgotten quickly and when the market did not respond, the local professional element, who have been against the market of late, proceeded to hammer prices whenever the market acted tired. Light frosts in the northern part of the belt and heavy rains throughout Texas and the cotton States generally have given the crop a poor outlook both as to quantity and quality. Crop experts in the fields have sent in damage reports and have also reduced their estimates as to the size of the total crop. Port receipts have been fairly large and compare very favorably with receipts two years ago, but the demand is good and prices in the South are around the 13 cent level. All things considered, the price looks low to us and we believe cotton can be bought on any weakness.

Gramercy—I'm surprised that he has separated from his wife. Why, he owes a debt to her he can never pay.

Park—I guess that's so. Her extravagance has driven him to the bankruptcy court.

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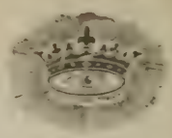

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Jacob S. Meyer, Rooms 622 and 623 Balboa Building, corner Market and Second streets in said City and County, which said office the undersigned select as their and each of their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
SAMUEL SAVANNAH,
Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1915.
JACOB S. MEYER,
Attorney for Executors,
622-623 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned MINNIE CONLON, Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John S. Hogan, attorney-at-law, number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

MINNIE CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. CONLON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JAMES T. GRAHAM, Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at number 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

JAMES T. GRAHAM,
Administrator of the estate of HONORA GRAHAM, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, A. D. 1915.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
68 Post St., San Francisco, California. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, Deceased.—No. 19614, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HUGO A. WATERMAN, administrator of the estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Henry A. Jacobs, Esq., Room 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

HUGO A. WATERMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 2, 1915.
HENRY A. JACOBS, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administrator,
900-907 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.—No. 19,576; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

CECILE LILI AUGER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 2nd, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Ralph McGee, Room 604 Mills Building, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased.

JAMES KIRKLAND,
Administrator of the estate of W. W. Kirkland, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 23, 1915.
RALPH McGEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
604 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1915.
W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.—No. 19638; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., Rooms No. 202 and 203 in the Bank of Italy Building at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

CALLEGGERO RESTIVO,
Administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.
JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Estate,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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The Clockwinder Talks With President Wheeler

Read The November Lantern

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Governor Rebuked

The unexpected happened last Tuesday when our darling Panjandrum at Sacramento received a long overdue rebuke at the polls. It might have been made more emphatic, but it will suffice. Considering the apathy of the people it was really a signal defeat the Governor and his insatiate band of taxeaters suffered at the polls. The politicians who got the machinery of government into their hands by means of the contrivances that make politics a continuous performance have so wearied the people of the business of politics that it has become impossible to arouse general interest in any kind of election. And as the non-voters are rapidly increasing in number the alert politicians of the machine are becoming more strongly intrenched in power. Affecting to be eager to make it easy for the people to rule they are all the while inventing new devices to bewilder voters and destroy every vestige of every organization but their own. The consummation toward which they are working they were confident of achieving last Tuesday; and so powerful is their organization, and so feeble the organized opposition, that it seemed futile to attempt the frustration of their designs. Surprising therefore was their defeat. It is the first rebuke the Governor has received since the dear people took him to their hearts. Doubtless he appreciates the significance of it, for it was by the destruction of party government in California that he expected to smooth the way to a seat in the Senate.

A Lunatic World

More than once civilization endured a wave of what seemed like universal madness. The first arrived with the breaking up of the Roman Empire, the second with the revival of classical learning in Italy when science and philosophy had no place for religion in the Christian sense. In that day science was a thing that developed madness on one hand and clairvoyance on the other. That was the time when Marsilio Ficino lectured from the professorial chair on the occult virtues contained in amulets composed of teeth and claws of animals. Of the lunacy of that period one is reminded by the chaos and psychological barbarism of the present. We seem to be in the midst of a thousand confusions and hallucinations. In Europe the world is reeling, and here we are thinking of saving it by petition. Why should we laugh at Marsilio Ficino and his amulets when we have a Don Quixote Jordan in Washington bothering Woodrow Wilson on the verge of a honeymoon with a Peace Congress memorial setting forth the urgent necessity of calling in the neutral nations to put out the fire? Cervantes with his hero laughed chivalry away. We have a hero with whom we would frown the tumult of war to silence. And in this mad age a Jordan looms up among our intellectual giants at Washington like a Koh-i-noor in a tiara of paste jewels.

A Characteristic Job

That obscure under secretary by whom the Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo was accompanied on his trip to this city is a busybody very much in need of rebuke and discipline. This we know from what occurred at the customs house during the ceremonies at which the Federal brigade paid tribute and homage to the distinguished Cabinet officer. The obscure under secretary instead of standing by and enjoying the flow of felicitations went poking his nose through the building in quest of material for criticism. He found that though the plans and specifications provided for a fine concrete basement there was nothing beneath the first floor but sand. Also he found that the contractor had neglected to put in electric clocks though an appropriation of $8,000 had been made for them. The building has been wired for electric clocks but no electric clocks are there. Of course there are clocks in the building, but they were purchased on requisition out of the loose change at Washington. When the busybody under secretary was making these little discoveries the Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo was felicitating the taxeaters of the Federal brigade on the luxurious quarters Uncle Sam has provided for them. Doubtless he was displeased when he read in the newspapers of the trivial discrepancies between plans and performances brought to light by his busybody subordinate. For Mr. McAdoo knows very well that it is customary for politicians to loot the treasury and that there is more or less looseness in all public work; and he is sensible of the advisability of keeping such matters dark, especially at this time when he is eager to put through his gigantic scheme for the establishment of a government merchant marine whose losses the taxpayers will have to make good.

American Prodigality

Many millions of dollars worth of Panama Canal bonds are to be sold to enable the comic opera dispensation at Washington to pull through; for there is a prodigious deficit to be made up. Our Democratic statesmen would have us believe that more money than usual is needed because we must make adequate preparation for defense against possible foreign aggression. This is true enough, but the loud pedal is put on preparedness in the hope that we may not hear anything of the utter failure of the financial policies of the Administration. Besides funds must be available that Mr. McAdoo, the gallant son-in-law, may be able to become the world's greatest mercantile marine magnate at public expense. This country appears to have entered an era of prodigality unprecedented in the world's history. It is not only in Washington that statesmen are breeding birds to throw money too. The politicians of New York and other States are doing the same thing. In extravagance California has surpassed them all, and the indications are that in the matter of public expenditures San Francisco will soon make the average American city of the first class look like an eighteenth century New England village. There is no talk of retrenchment anywhere except in private business affairs. Business men are notably lacking in that confidence in the future which is a characteristic of the average public servant. The average public servant is a man who proved himself a mediocrity in some profession or a failure in some business or a professional job chaser who never had any funds to handle in his life, but in the handling of public funds the average public servant has the self-confidence of true genius. Take for example (an excellent example, by the way) a San Francisco Supervisor who talks about a ten or twenty million dollar proposition as though it were of no greater magnitude than a deal involving the purchase of a peanut stand. And yet we lose patience with German diplomats who laugh at the kind of government Americans are getting!

The Resentful I. W. W.

Human conduct is more largely guided and governed by loose, obscure sayings than most of us imagine. There is many a proverb that crystallizes for some folk a complete philosophy of life in half a dozen words. Take for example the proverb that God helps those who help them-

selves. For many this is a favorite axiom. They strive to help themselves to as large a proportion of this world's goods as possible, or, if they are easily satisfied, to maintain themselves in that station of life to which they were born. Whatever be their measure of success they feel they have earned God's help and received it. There are other people who feel that the world owes them a living; others that feel the world owes them a means of livelihood so long as they are willing to work; and if they go under in the fight they feel that they have been bitterly wronged somehow. While some hide their bitterness and plod on doggedly, making no sign, others become resentful unruly members of society. It is these latter that predominate in that turbulent band of wanderers known as the I. W. W. from whose depredations this State has been suffering of late. The I. W. W. are not all tramps and loafers. Among them are many toilers who have learned their philosophy of life from soapbox orators and from newspapers of the Bulletin brand. They have been taught to believe that the world owes them a living and a certain measure of independence. Doubtless among them are to be found men who were once ambitious and hopeful of some day enjoying a moderate share of prosperity. In other days when men of tireless, unremitting toil, Spartan endurance and brave persistence failed despite endless scrapings and pinchings to keep body and soul together, they fell by the wayside and that was the end of them. Now such hapless stalwarts are resentful, and they become criminals. But they are not so much to blame as society thinks. Their resentfulness is the result of much respectable teaching. The country is full of college professors and newspapers of the Bulletin type advising the I. W. W. of the obligation of society to give them not only a decent living but a goodly share of the general prosperity. How this function is to be performed by society we are never told. Apparently it is the theory of the teachers that the obligation will be attended to spontaneously as a result of general irritation and dissatisfaction. Meanwhile our sympathies are with the I. W. W. whose resentfulness it is easy for us to understand, for we have made a study of some of their pompous and prosperous critics. Yet we are willing to concede that the I. W. W. must be summarily dealt with if the established order of things is to go on smoothly—the established order under which the prosperous merchant and the Robber Barons of the corporations support a contemptible press that converts the poor into criminals.

No Prospect of Peace

Months ago we were told that the Teutons could not fight successfully on two fronts. Since then we have seen them fight with considerable success on three fronts. Moreover we have seen them, while holding their conquests in the West, carry out in the East a gigantic strategy which has never been equalled. We have seen Marshal von Hindenberg attempt a scheme so grandiose that it dazzled imagination. He attempted nothing less than an envelopment of the active Russian armies by closing in on them from remotely distant points. And now Russia must reconquer Poland before she can begin again from the points she occupied in August, 1914. Two months ago an eminent English authority told us that Germany had "shot her bolt." Since then she has been more than holding her own. Indeed since her triumph of diplomacy in the Balkans it has seemed as though she had brought despair to her enemies. Undoubtedly she has filled the people of England with the gravest misgivings, the consequence being that there is much injurious criticism of the Government. Yet there is not the slightest token of a disposition in either England, France, Russia or Italy to listen to peace proposals. Of all the belligerents Germany alone is agitating for peace. Now the indications are there will be no peace until either the Teutons overcome their enemies or succumb from exhaustion. This is a frightful prospect; and in the cloud effects there is no silver lining. We see nothing but an appalling wastage of human life, crushing sacrifices of money and material and unalloyed horrors.

The German System

The war will go on to the bitter end for one very obvious reason—the ineradicable conviction among the Allies that Prussian Militarism with all its peculiar force of aggressive nationalism, which is now called Kultur, is intolerable. This conviction has been growing stronger ever since the first week of the war; for during the progress of the war Europe has been improving its knowledge of the Prussian system and the whole theory of government by which the German spirit has been refashioned in forty years. We mean that most elaborate system of education which grips the boy when he first enters the public elementary school and does not release the man even when he has finished his term of military service. With a rigor to which ancient Sparta supplies the only parallel Germany has applied the old Aristotelian doctrine that a State can make its political conceptions incarnate in the persons of its citizens, and it is this theory and all the ideas that have flowed from it and become crystallized in the teachings of Bernhardi and others that the Allies are now fighting. The theory was shaped for the purpose of creating a people supremely capable of enduring the test of war, and it has met with an obvious measure of success. Also it has met with an obvious measure of failure. It led to a degree of preparedness that the Allies did not begin to appreciate until the end of the first year of war. Even now it is not fully appreciated. Every week new light from some source is thrown on the world-wide intrigue that was carried on for years with a view to facilitating the aims of the militarists at the psychological moment. It may be said without exaggeration that not until within the last year have the people of France and England formed an intimate acquaintance with the Germany that has been evolved through the cult of the House of Hohenzollern, a cult that appears to be in the nature of an ecstatic and mystic religion, a species of fanaticism without paralled in history. The conception of twentieth-century Germany now prevalent may be very inaccurate. The conception may be due chiefly to a professorial gospel of absolutism and a military gospel of duplicity intended rather for academic discussion in the classroom than for a practical guide for the decisions of the council chamber; but whatever the truth the conception is widespread and it is this conception which accounts for the deep, world-wide hostility to Germany that many Germans of old Germany in this country have marveled at. This hostility is what the German system has led to. It is the one important thing that was not foreseen by the professors and theorists. And it is the thing that will doubtless lead to reaction in Germany. The German has trusted his government absolutely. He trusts it still, but the despatches from Berlin that tell us of food riots would seem to indicate that the day of disillusion is dawning. When the German realizes that his Government is not the infallible intelligence he supposed he will again remember that he is something more than a metaphysician. He will turn in disgust from a system which is concerned chiefly with materialism. With his aggressive nationalism somewhat shaken the German will again become the amiable, lovable individual that he was in the old days. Those of us who are aware that the movement of a century ago, which the Germans call the War of Liberation, was a movement of antipathy for the Kultur of Frederick the Great, are not laboring under the delusion that the German is the sort of person whom the Kiplings are describing in the midst of war.

After forty, then what?

At forty, sometimes before, you will require two different kinds of glasses, one for reading and another for distance. Are you going to be bothered with two pairs or are you going to wear the newly patented "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals? These double vision glasses are ground from a single piece of perfect optical glass and combine both reading and distance glasses in one lens—not necessary to have two pairs of glasses. Think of the time saved and the many inconveniences eliminated by wearing "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals. They have the appearnce of a regular pair of glasses.

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore

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Varied Types

CCLIII—HALL McALLISTER

By Edward F. O'Day

He blew into the office on a gale of good humor. His high animal spirits warmed the place at once. He was so glad to see you, so full of old times and new plans.

"Dear old Rincon Hall!" he cried. "How well I remember every room of our old home there! I've just been going over the ground. All changed! A cheap lodging house where we used to live! It makes you feel old!"

He doesn't look old. I hadn't seen him for fifteen years. He was a young lawyer then, but not practicing seriously. I recall him in his office in Sansome street—the "stony-hearted Sansome street" of ante-fire days. Handsome then as now, a good dresser, more interested in a new cotillon figure than in probate procedure, with a laugh the easiest, most natural, most heartening you ever heard. The law might have spoiled that laugh; the stage hasn't.

I regarded him with some awe in those days. He was his father's son, bore his father's identical name. That was much to a hero-worshiper, and I had been taught to regard the elder Hall McAllister as a hero, a giant of the bar, a Cicero of our little Rome.

He had come in to get a copy of Bonnet's play "A Friend of the People." Ashton Stevens had told him of it.

"Frank Michael, dear old Frank, wants to read it when I'm through. May I send it to him?" he asked breathlessly.

The playwright extended the permission. (Fancy a playwright refusing to allow anybody to read his play!)

"You are getting to look more like your dad all the time," remarked the playwright.

"I'm not as tall," answered Hall McAllister. "Father was over six feet."

"You'd never think so from Aitken's statue," I remarked.

"Bob never saw father," he answered; "he did that statue from photographs and descriptions, so it's really good considering. Bob's become a great man in New York. Gets twenty-five hundred for a portrait bust. Think of it! And he deserves it. A mighty able fellow."

We talked of the senior Hall McAllister for a while, of his legal ability, of his poker playing.

"Father said to me once that he was thinking of quitting the law and playing poker for a living," said Hall with a burst of laughter. "Well, the money would have gone just the same. Father did what they all did in those days—bought mining stock. Billy Metson told me that if I still had some of that old stock I wouldn't have to work for a living. The new methods have made some of those old low-grade mines profitable.

"And father's old partner, Tommy Bergin, has passed away. What a character he was! I remember Bob Tobin—Bob's dead too—telling me a story about him. Bob called on the old man one night, and they had a dispute about some date in history. Old Tommy insisted he was right—went for the encyclopedia to prove it. He didn't come back, so Bob went into the library. There was old Tommy, sound asleep with his head on the encyclopedia!"

All this time Hall McAllister was running over the leaves of Bonnet's play, as though aching to read it, a subtle flattery to a playwright.

"I know I'm going to enjoy this," he said. "And I may be able to say a good word to a manager in New York. You never can tell. Paul Armstrong used to say anybody could write plays, but it took a genius to get one produced. He was right. I know by experience.

"Before I left New York I brought a play to George Tyler and asked him to read it. He pointed to a pile a yard high on his desk. 'I've got to read all those first,' he said; 'but leave it here and I'll try to get to it before you get back.' It's a hundred to one shot that a producer won't read your play when you submit it in the ordinary way. It's got to be called to his attention in some special way. But one day you meet the right man at the psychological moment, and the trick is turned. It was that way with my sketch 'The Ferret.' I had a hard time with it, but one day I got Wilton Lackaye interested. He had a big success with it, wants to play it over the Orpheum Circuit. A London manager needed a curtain-raiser. 'The Ferret' happened to fit. It ran for four months.

"It doesn't do to be discouraged. Think of Clyde Fitch. He wrote plays for twelve years before he got one produced. But after 'Beau Brummel' it was easy. All the managers wanted his plays. He supplied the demand, and everybody accused him of turning them out by machinery. He replied that he wasn't writing them—he was simply digging them out of his trunk. They had been collecting there for twelve years!

"Of course the managers make mistakes. They're human. George Cohan admits he turned down 'Within the Law.' So there's always hope. Some day I'll hit it off. And you will too, Jack. Not that I haven't had encouragement already. There was 'The Ferret.' And there was a play of mine in rehearsal when the manager got into a silly quarrel with somebody or other, and it was all off. Some day I'll get that play into the hands of a sane manager!"

He bubbles confidence. You can't imagine Hall McAllister cast down. Yet there isn't an ounce of brag in his nature. He is really modest, unaffectedly modest, modest in an inconspicuous way, if you know what I mean. And he has the courage of his convictions, as his father had. He didn't like the law, so he quit it and went on the stage, gave up fine prospects to learn a new way of life. Now that he has been drawn by playwriting, he has given up the stage and is concentrating energetically on success in that most difficult game.

"Things are looking up in the theatre," he said with infectious optimism. "Every actor in New York has work, or is about to get it. The reports from the road are all good. The movies have hurt the gallery, but nothing else. And they've done good—they've eliminated a lot of trash from the stage. The good plays draw just as well as they ever did."

"Well," he said, jumping up, "I must be going. I've got to call on Judge Hunt and Judge Seawell. Judge Hunt was office-boy in father's office, and tells some great stories about him. And of course Judge Seawell is an old dear.

"Thanks for the play, Jack. I'll 'plug' it in New York all I can. A little button-holing helps some times. We can't tell them our own plays are great, but we can say it about the other fellow's, can't we?

"Well, so long! I'm going to stop off in Chicago to spend a day with Ashton Stevens. I'll give him your regards, shall I? So long!"

And so Hall McAllister blew out of the office, and seemed to take the sunlight with him.

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Good morning!
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Perspective Impressions

There is to be an Anti-Cigarette convention at the Fair. It ought to be a good show, but we shall not attend as smoking will probably be barred.

The men we know who refrain from cigarettes do so for one of two reasons: either they find that cigarettes do not agree with them, or they prefer a pipe or a cigar. What other objection can be urged against cigarette smoking in adults?

There are employers who will not employ cigarette smokers. We are unreasonable enough to suspect that these employers are hypocrites.

Many a man is horrified at a nicotine stain who will not scruple to tempt his neighbor's wife.

Cigarette smoking, reasonably indulged in, is quite harmless to man and woman. But if you tell that to a crank it will upset him more than a whiff from your favorite "pill."

So Ambassador Dumba has received from Emperor Francis Joseph a mark of nobility. Perhaps it was a rosette of the equestrian order.

Says Rolph: "If the $43,000,000 is spent water from Hetch-Hetchy will be brought only to the county line."

Which shows that those dear lovable asses, the dear people, are vouchsafed the truth in installments.

Before water is piped from Hetch-Hetchy we shall probably spend forty-three million more in buying and repairing Spring Valley.

According to the Examiner the election held last Tuesday cost at the rate of a dollar a ballot. But it was the Governor's election, held wholly for his political purposes. So why consider the cost?

Also it was held as a special election because the Governor figured that if he allowed his pet propositions to go before the people at the general election his machine might not be able to offset the vote of the crowd.

The people of San Francisco would have been saved nearly fifty thousand dollars by holding the two elections on the same day, but that would have been bad politics.

Has anybody heard of a gentleman by the name of Bryan of late?

New Jersey having turned down suffrage the President will have to guess again.

And then we shall enlarge the great political machine by putting another army of taxeaters on the pay roll to run the plant.

Meanwhile assessed values will continue to rise and actual values will continue to fall untill the average home becomes a liability too burdensome to bear.

From the Examiner of Tuesday: "She uttered the ultimatum in a soft, musical voice which indicated her southern birth." Presumably harsh unmusical voices are indicative of northern birth.

German newspapers are complaining that Great Britain's submarines are violating international law in the Baltic. Is it still considered a serious offense to violate international law? Evidently the employers of Lieutenant Fay don't think so.

The Word of a Pope

By Vincent McNabb

The sudden revival of the Papal Question is an unexpected and startling phenomenon of the Great War. Europe, and indeed the whole group of nations who call themselves Civilization, had long since been agreed that the Holy See was almost as dead as the Roman Empire. When these nations gathered together at The Hague to discuss problems and procedures of international justice and peace they had no place for the Pope. They neither wanted him nor did they miss him. They dreaded lest his presence might interrupt the peaceful flow of those discussions and agreements which the Great War has shown to be as valuable as scraps of paper.

When the war broke out everyone thought of himself or his country; no one of the ploughboy, Pius X., who sat in what is significantly called the Throne of the Fisherman. But the old man in the Fisherman's Throne thought so much of those who thought only of themselves that his fatherly heart found relief in death.

Then came the horrors of dishonored treaties, broken neutrality, scientific massacre, and a successful preparedness that startled not only the fears but the conscience of Europe. Vast great forces for evil seemed to grow out of the earth; unearthly powers seemed to be begotten of the very air. Nations that had just given each other, with an elaborate display of friendliness, the kiss of peace, were clutching each others' throats. The waterways of Europe were dyed red with a bloodshedding that spoke more of bitter things than the blood of Abel.

Suddenly it seemed to many that this frenzy which had laid hold of the most educated (!) nations of Europe was not the delirium of an over-wrought brain, but was the wild outburst of a will controlled by another will more powerful and more evil than itself. It was not mania, it was diabolical possession. It would not yield to fire and the sword; it could be driven out only by that spiritual power whose exorcisms demand prayer and fasting.

As if by common consent, men on both sides of the war began to talk about the Holy See. Some were anxious that it should keep neutrality; others were angry that it was keeping silence. It became clear that the Papal Question, which few statesmen had connected with the Great War, had assumed proportions that made the successor of the Fisherman almost as important as any of the belligerents.

This sudden recognition of the Holy See was to the credit of the nations. It was a return to reality; it was that tragic effort towards sanity by which alone over-wrought brains can keep their waning reason.

It was an almost despairing confession that what was the matter with the world was a decay of morals. The nations had sinned, and were reaping the dark fruit of sin. The broken treaties, the destroyed towns, the charred libraries, the looted sanctuaries were the wage, the sweated-wage, the blood-sweated-wage of sin.

Some weeks ago I had this borne in upon me at a Social Study Summer School. Almost every speaker sought to identify the Deity with their own particular way of ending the war. I felt no little anger at their efforts, for it seemed to me that, in one way or another, all of them wanted the aid of God's power, and few of them wanted to do God's will. As a means of leading them toward reality, I proposed that during the coming year they should study the great natural virtue of Justice; I suggested that Plato had set it down as one of the four pillars, or Cardinal Virtues, on which nations no less than individuals must rest. No one paid any attention to the proposition. A little later on a quiet thinker said to me: "Your proposition was bound to be in vain. They do not understand what the ethical virtue Justice means."

When men grew anxious or angry about the attitude of the Holy See it was a sign that they were beginning to recognize its power. Useless things beget no emotions. On the other hand, the emotions, enkindled by the silence of Benedict XV, were a sign that salvation was not connected with mere victories in the field, but with those moral forces symbolized by the White Priest on the Hill of the Vatican.

By the men who began to look toward a spiritual solution of the present evils it was not thought that the reign of God's Law would banish international misunderstandings or even war. Yet it was felt that many, if not most, wars would have been prevented if nations had been minded to keep the simple law, "Thou shalt not steal."

It was startling beyond measure that all the men who turned wistfully towards an ethical leader fixed their gaze on the Pope! No one thought of the Patriarch of Moscow, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or any Lutheran Superintendent, or even of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. All these spiritual leaders, no matter how valuable, were too national to meet the needs of the moment. There was only one whose See and whose interests were found in all nations. He was, de facto, if not de jure, the only international tribunal in the world.

If other spiritual leaders spoke, their voice would be of little avail. His Grace the Archbishop of York spoke; and such a whirlwind of anger met his words that he had to undo them by a virtual withdrawal.

Whilst men, by their anxiety or their anger, were urging statesmen to something which brought back memories of Canossa, the Holy See was quietly exercising the subtle, powerful, spiritual forces which were at its disposal.

Let it be granted, or let the possibility be granted, that these spiritual forces have not been used as they might. One may well ask, Is it to be expected that power so vast and so subtle can be exercised without some excess or failure, some hesitation or untimeliness in the utterance? In the far less complicated strategy of the battlefield, is there one general who has made no mistakes? Has the strategy of Berlin been infallible? A year of giant effort has given it not one of the prizes prepared for by years of thought and toil.

For more than a century every word spoken by the Holy See has been greeted with little else than contempt. What reasons have the nations to blame the occupant of the Holy See for not now speaking a word? Is it a new crime that he should have taken their advice? Assuredly the nations are a little hard to please.

But, indeed, Benedict XV has spoken a word which, like the words spoken a hundred years ago, may make muskets drop from the fingers of men fighting against Justice.

In writing to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris to disown the fantastic account of his interview with M. Latapie, Pope Benedict enclosed the letters addressed by Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, to the Ministers of England and Belgium. He thus makes his Secretary of State's letters his own.

The portion of the letter to the Belgian Minister dealing with the invasion of Belgian neutrality is most significant.

"As regards the neutrality of Belgium, I must assure you in the most categorical manner that the Holy Father did not give M. Latapie the reply which he has dared to imagine and state in his article. . . . The German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, openly declared, on August 4th, 1914, in Parliament, that, in invading Belgian territory, Germany was violating the neutrality of Belgium contrary to international law. . . . Hence the invasion of Belgium was directly included in the words of the Allocution spoken in the Consistory of January 22nd, by which the Pope condemned injustices . . . . Germany, on the Chancellor's own admission, invaded Belgium with the consciousness of thereby violating her neutrality and so of committing an injustice."

This is a word of such moment that the other words concerning "the restrictions placed upon the liberty" of Cardinal Mercier and the sufferings of the Belgian people are almost of lesser moment.

It is some centuries since the spiritual penalties of the Holy See have been current in Western Civilization. An appeal has been made away from the Crozier to the sword. But the sword has served Europe so ill that men are stealing back to the Rock of Peter, and finding support in its strength and in its shade.

French Writers Killed

By Pierre Chavannes

The French newspapers have just announced the death of Paul Acker, the vigorous novelist who wrote "Soldat Bernard." Acker was an Alsatian, born at Saverne (Zabern), and he has died in Alsace as the result of a motor car accident whilst on military service. There is scarcely a week in which some new name is not added to the already long list. French literature is paying a heavy tribute to the war. For example, the Revue Critique des Livres et des Idées, which has of late years been one of the strongest influences which have shaped the intellectual youth, had on the outbreak of war thirty members of its editorial staff called to the colors; of these, according to the Humanité, eleven have been killed and eight wounded, whilst two are missing—in all, twenty-one out of thirty—and this was before the last fights in Artois and the Argonne! One of the finest chapters in the history of French literature is being written today in letters of blood; "intellectuals" and writers of all opinions are in the firing line. They are doing their duty, inspiring others with their courage; and some of them, as is known, have died with a sublime and simple heroism. They have laid down their lives quietly and gladly for the sake of the country and the culture which have nourished them, some of them harking back to the past, others saluting the future. But what a frightful catastrophe! Charles Péguy, Louis Pergaud, E. Psichari, Alain-Fournier, Pierre Gilbert, Léon Bonneff, Francois Laurentie, Robert d'Humiéres, Art Roë, Emile Despax du Fresnois and many others! We shall never know what aspirations and what treasures have gone with them. Take Alain-Fournier, for example. His first novel, "Le Grand Meaulnes," which so strangely blended actuality and dream, stamped him as a fine, perhaps as a great, writer. But more has been said of two of the others: Psichari and Péguy, each of whom in his own way has illustrated in his person the spiritual and intellectual change that had come over a part of France before the war.

Ernest Psichari, in his character and life as in his books, was a perfect type of what they call "la jeunesse nouvelle." He was the eldest of the grandsons of Renan, whose Christian name he bore, and he was born among the upper, highly educated and republican, bourgeoisie. He early threw up a literary career for "action," and, faithful to a strong French tradition, sought the life of action in the profession of arms. He got himself sent to the colonies, and it was when he came back from the Moroccan campaign that he wrote that "Appel des Armes" which made his name and disputed the Grand Prix de Litterature with the work of Romain Rolland. In France literary events easily become social, and even political, events. Two opposed spirits, two conflicting political schemes of things, were here face to face; and everyone realized it. On one hand was Romain Rolland, the musical spirit, essentially internationalist and humane, sharing in several cultures, an individualist and a revolutionary, religiously inclined, but free from dogmas or exact creeds, who had begun as an author with plays about the Revolution, and had continued with the dozen or so volumes of "Jean Christophe"—who, with his sensibility, is as much Germanic and Swiss as he is French. On the other hand was Psichari, a logician, a nationalist, a soldier, liking even the limitations of nationalism, rather a Catholic than a Christian, and liking also the restrictions and the disciplines of Catholicism. He foresaw and hailed the "holy" war "which would medicine our sick hearts." His book told the story of a son brought up on democratic anarchism who, under the healthy influence of military life, rturned to political orthodoxy and traditional religion. Psichari himself, it is said, was on the point of taking holy orders when the war broke out. He died nobly the death he asked, at Virton, in Belgium, at the beginning of the great retreat. His battery had been ordered to keep the enemy in check whilst the army was falling back. They were expected to hold their ground for a few hours, and they did so for a whole day; and when the last shell had been spent officers and gunners were killed on the guns they had rendered unusable.

This grandson of Renan's, a lieutenant of colonial infantry who intones the Creed and dies on a gun-carriage, is certainly an extreme case. A more accurate picture of the French officer may be found in the novels of Art Roë (Lieutenant-Colonel Mahon), especially in "Pingot et moi: journal d'un sous-officier d'artillerie," in which the brilliant young officer (Art Roë, who was killed at Wisembach, was one of the leading experts on gunnery) put into a most agreeable form his ideas on the duty of the commander towards his men, on the bonds of friendship which should exist between them, and the necessity for a voluntary, and not merely a passive, obedience. An equally good idea of the colonial officer and his ideas is presented in the novels of Emile Nolly (Captain Detanger, killed at Blainville-sur-l'Eau in October), in his "Gens de guerre au Maroc," which contained an account of Gouraud's campaign and witnessed to the author's confidence in the army he had seen at work, or in "Le Chemin de la Victoire," which was published a year before the war began. But precisely because his case is an extreme one, Psichari illustrates excellently the state of mind of those young men who had traveled in Germany or had been awakened from their intellectual diversions by the thunderbolt of Tangiers or the threats of Germany. If one may so put it, the war had affected the soul of France before it had begun; it had stimulated that sort of return upon oneself, that reaction, that instinctive assumption of a defensive attitude, which is taken by men who are threatened with a mortal blow. Certainly there were only a handful of enthusiasts and youths who prayed for the war; but many more, these latter years, lived and thought under the great shadow that the coming struggle, like a storm cloud, threw across their path.

The case of Péguy is no less significant. Péguy greatly influenced the intellectual flower of the university men, not merely because he was a powerful writer, but because he was a superbly honest man, filled with a passion for independence, frank to the point of roughness, and always going uncompromisingly for what he believed to be the truth. He inherited from his ancestors, peasants of the Beauce and vine-cultivators of the Loire, their calm stubbornness, their simplicity of heart, and a strong foundation of mysticism. His mysticism found its expression in Socialism; and while he was

(Continued on Page 11.)

The Spectator

"Prexy" Wheeler and the Clockwinder

With his feet on the table in the pendulum room the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was entertaining Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the State University.

"Speaking about Mr. Hearst," said the clockwinder, "did you read last week's Leader?"

"No," said President Wheeler, "not last week's. Is there something about Mr. Hearst in it?"

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "something about Mr. Hearst and something about Judas. The editor of the Leader quotes several verses of the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew wherein Judas gives back the thirty pieces of silver which he received as the price of his betrayal."

"What has that to do with Mr. Hearst?" President Wheeler asked.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "I don't know, but I see that the Leader also quotes an Examiner editorial wherein Mr. Hearst reports that he didn't keep the money he received from Mr. Morgan for printing the advertisement of the Allies' war loan."

"Ah, I see. Very clever."

"I thought you'd see it," the water front sage observed.

"But why did you wish me to see it?" the distinguished scholar asked.

"Oh, for no particular reason; but we were talking about the Greek Theatre that is called Hearst's. Now it wouldn't sound well to call it Judas' Greek Theatre, would it?"

President Wheeler was looking out the window in a moment of abstraction.

"Or the Benedict Arnold Greek Theatre?"

"Why the B. Arnold?"

"Well, Ben betrayed his country, as you probably remember, and I see that some folks have come to regard Hearst as a first cousin to the man who lured poor Major Andre to his doom."

"I have to catch the next boat," said President Wheeler.

Arnold and Hearst

"Just a moment," said the clockwinder. "The next boat is just pulling out. Sit down a minute and we'll talk about Mr. Hearst."

President Wheeler hesitated. "I don't like to talk about Mr. Hearst," he said.

"You don't have to. I'll talk about him."

"I don't mind confessing however that I am curious to know how anybody can conceive a resemblance between the author of the Greek Theatre and the revolutionary personage whom you have mentioned."

"Well," said the bilge water cynic, "there is this marked difference between them,—Arnold tried to make it hard for his country in time of war, and Hearst is trying it in time of peace."

"But Hearst isn't guilty of treason."

"Quite true. To make it treason under our laws we must first have war. Legally it is not treason, but morally what is it?"

President Wheeler did not make reply.

"Here is a man using all his power to create a public sentiment in favor of deliberately affronting several powerful nations by violating the rules of neutrality. Here he is in furtherance of an anti-American propaganda trying to create friction between this country and Japan, preaching peace one day and propagating international hatreds the next."

"Well," said President Wheeler, "at least he's expressing his honest sentiments."

"Do you think so? Sit down and I'll tell you a story."

President Wheeler sat down.

The Clockwinder's Story

"Once upon a time," said the clockwinder, "once upon a time in Nevada there was a big law suit over some mining property. On one side was a British syndicate. The case was tried before a federal judge whose instructions to the jury on the facts were all in favor of the syndicate. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the syndicate. At once it was the general gossip of the town that the Britishers had bought the judge. This was stoutly denied by the officers of the syndicate, but one night one of them while entertaining some friends at a dinner imbibed a good deal of champagne. His friends twitted him about the lawsuit, and remarked that the judge's instructions must have cost a handsome sum. 'No,' said the Britisher, smiling blandly, 'I think you do the judge an injustice, but I don't mind saying that if he wasn't bought I'd put up a hundred dollars and travel a hundred miles to see him charge a jury some time when he is bought.'"

The clockwinder leaned back in his chair as though to give the story time to filter through.

"I don't see the point," said the great scholar.

"I was afraid of that," said the clockwinder. "But let me ask you. If it would be possible for anybody on earth to subsidize the distinguished author of the Greek Theatre in the interest of Germany, how much would you give to see him in action?"

President Wheeler said he had determined not to miss the next boat.

Bierce in France?

When shall we penetrate the mystery of the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce? Is he alive or dead? I cannot help cherishing the hope that my dear old friend is still alive. My hope was nourished the other day by a piece of news. Dr. B. F. Mason of San Leandro, a personal friend of Bierce's, has just received a letter from his cousin Colonel Charles W. Mason of Lincolnshire, England, containing a mention of Bierce's whereabouts. This is the second letter Dr. Mason has had from his cousin with news that Bierce is alive. The first letter, received some time ago, stated that Bierce was drilling British recruits at Salisbury Field in England. The letter just received states that Bierce has been transferred from Salisbury Field to the western fighting front in France. Dr. Mason has sent this letter to Bailey Millard who has written two or three articles about Bierce since his disappearance. The address from which Colonel Mason wrote to his cousin in San Leandro was: Care of Mr. Adam Noel, 149, Balham Hill, Balham, S. W., Lincoln, England.

The Two Lions

Who are the lions of the day in San Francisco? At this writing they are an old man and a boy, an electrician and a ball player, Tom Edison and Duffy Lewis. It is a fact, a remarkable fact, that the youngster who was the hero of the World's Series receives as much notice wherever he goes as the great inventor. They have the town between them—in more senses than one, for Edison is at the Inside Inn, at one end of the city, and Lewis is at the Palace, at the other. I know men well along in years who would rather shake Lewis' hand than Edison's; but as I also know boys who would rather see the genius of the laboratory than the genius of the diamond, honors are about even. But are these not two strange heroes for a city to have at one and the same time, Edison and Lewis?

The Occultation of Henry

Henry Ford made an error of judgment when he came here at the same time as Edison. Henry likes the limelight, but is not getting it. Edison overshadows him, as a Rolls-Royce overshadows a "tin Lizzie." It is with difficulty that Ford holds his own in the matter of publicity; most of that he has received came to him on account of his being with Edison. If I were asked what thing signalized Ford's visit, I should answer: the invention of a new Ford joke. It was Edison's. While watching the assembling of Ford cars at the Fair, Edison turned to Ford and said:

"Henry, pretty soon they'll be spawning them."

Our City and Vienna

Edison "did" the town the other night, and every place he went there was an ovation for

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him. The dancers in Pavo Real went crazy over him when he entered the room with John Tait. A little later he appeared with James Woods in the balcony that commands the Rose Room of the St. Francis. As soon as they saw him every dancer in the room stopped and began to clap and cheer. The musicians didn't know what had happened until they followed the gaze of the dancers. It was a very remarkable demonstration and continued for some little time. After it was over I asked Sam Insull of Chicago who used to be Edison's secretary whether anything of the sort had occurred elsewhere.

"Only once, to my knowledge," he replied, "and that was in Vienna."

Apologies to Tom Moore

A friend whom I did not suspect of "dropping into poetry" sends me the following "lines suggested on seeing an honest Ford abused:"

You may stripe, you may paint,
You may change as you will,
But the look of the Ford
Will cling to it still.

Lang of the Passion Play Killed

Alois Lang of Manitowoc, Wis., has informed friends in this city that his cousin Anton Lang was killed in battle, fighting with the German army on the Champagne front. Anton Lang is world famous as the Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play. According to letters received by Alois Lang his cousin was with the reserves. When asked at the time of entering active service how he could be a soldier and still try to be Christlike, Lang said Christ himself always taught men to obey the laws of the land. He joined the volunteer ski corps. He leaves a widow and three children. Lang played the greatest role of the Passion Play twice, the first time in 1900 and again at the last presentation in 1910. He was the natural choice for the next play five years hence. In private life, which means during the ten years that elapse between presentations of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, he was a potter. His shop and his bench were perhaps the most widely photographed and postcarded of all the German tourist spots.

Looked Like da Vinci's Picture

The Christus of Oberammergau is selected for his resemblance to the Saviour as painted by the old masters. Anton Lang's face and physique were such that he might have seemed to have stepped out of Leonardo da Vinci's canvas of "The Last Supper." Another requirement is that the Christus must lead a blameless life, and Anton Lang fulfilled this obligation. Many of the characters of the last Passion Play have gone before Anton Lang on the battlefield. Perhaps the best known of them was Franz Lang, who portrayed the "Right Thief" in 1910. It was so as well at the time of the Austrian invasion of 1809, and again in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. At that time old Joseph Mayr, the Christus, was drafted as an artilleryman in the Bavarian army, but Ludvig II, a fervent admirer both of the Passion Play and Mayr, intervened. He transferred the Christus to garrison duty in Munich. In the Franco-Prussian war thirty performers went to battle. Four were killed, two died in hospital and six more were never seen again. Father Mayr played the Christus until 1890, and in 1900 Lang was elected to succeed him.

Larry Meets a "Come-on"

Do you know what a "come-on" is? In the language of the showman a "come-on" is a person hired to lure customers to the box office. The "come-on" starts for the ticket window as soon as the "spieler" or "ballyhoo" has finished his talk, and usually draws others after him. The "come-on's" work is founded on a rule of human nature to the effect that an idle crowd is sheeplike and only needs a bellwether. The "come-on" is a feature of practically every show on the Zone. Sitting on the balcony of the Pagoda Club the other afternoon, Larry Harris watched the "come-on" of the Streets of All Nations just opposite. This "come-on" was a young woman in white, and her "come-on" work was marvelous. She kept the box office busy all the time.

"She's a wonder," Larry remarked to a friend, "and I'm going to talk to her if I have to tell her I'm a reporter for the Saturday Evening Post."

Larry went downstairs and crossed the Zone to the Streets of All Nations. Judge of his surprise when the "come-on" immediately called him by name.

Not a Bad Job

When he got a good look at her Larry recognized the clever "come-on" as a former maid of Mrs. Ethyl Hager Kellogg.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"O, it's easy work," she replied. "I'm only on from eleven in the morning till eleven at night. I'm kept pretty busy, but thank heaven, I don't have to see the show. Do you know who the Princess is in this show, Mr. Harris?"

Larry shook his head negatively, and the ex-maid whispered the name of a woman who was tried for murder and acquitted here some time ago.

"She was taken sick the other night," continued the "come-on," "and I went on in her place. They paid me a couple of dollars extra. You ought to see me in tights! Please don't tell Mrs. Kellogg, and remember, it isn't as bad as it might be—I don't have to see the show."

Modesty on the Zone

You've seen Elizabeth on the Zone, I suppose. She's a midget who knows how to be charming and witty in half a dozen languages. The other day one of the women in the audience said to her:

"Let me see your foot, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth swished her long train and exhibited a dainty little slipper.

"Let me see your leg, Elzabeth," the woman asked.

"This is not that kind of a show," answered Elizabeth.

A Banker Overcome

Charles Du Parc lives at the Pacific-Union Club, and is assistant cashier and assistant secretary of the Union Trust Company. As his name indicates, he is French. As the incident that follows indicates, he is very patriotic. Du Parc was at the Fair the other day. He strolled into a building without pausing to find out what building it was. There were rugs there, and they interested him. After studying them for a while he became curious. What building was he in? An attendant informed him that it was the Turkish Pavilion. The Turkish Pavilion! The building of a country at war with France! And a loyal Frenchman

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had strayed into such a place! Du Parc was so overcome by the thought that he fainted.

In Praise of Hard Boiled Eggs

"The hard boiled egg is the sine qua non, the essential, the foundation of the picnic luncheon. It makes the picnic luncheon worth while. The hard boiled egg is in itself a thing of beauty and of delicious utility, but eaten al fresco it is rapture. Mel, just open up that box and hand me a hard boiled egg so that I may chip its shell, season it with salt and pepper and consume it forthwith!"

The scene was a shady spot near Santa Clara. The company was a distinguished one, and the speaker was James Woods, manager of the St. Francis and member of the Police Commission. It was the longest speech Jim Woods ever made in his life. He was in the best of spirits and appetite. Never had his yearning for a hard boiled egg been quite so keen. I have said that the company was distinguished. I was not exaggerating. All the members of the Tuesday Club are distinguished men, and this was the Tuesday Club on a junket. The Tuesday Club lunches every Tuesday at a round table in the electric grill of the St. Francis. But this was last week-end, and the Tuesday Club was motoring to Del Monte for a day or two of golf. They had left their cars to picnic family style on the lunch which Louis Leib, the maitre d'hotel of the St. Francis, had put up for them at Jim Woods' request. There were present when Jim Woods made his "hard boiled egg speech" the following Tuesdayers: Melville Marx of the Columbia, his brother-in-law Fred Patek, Charles Stewart of that hotel, Chief of Police Gus White, the only Larry Harris, M. J. (Why?) Brandenstein, John Britton of the gas company, George Holberton of the same, and that most fashionable of hatters Paul Carroll.

Horrors! No Eggs!

Well, Mel Marx opened up the inviting box of comestibles, and began spreading them out on the grass.

"Hurry, Mel," counselled Woods, "I yearn like everything for a hard boiled egg."

"There are no hard boiled eggs here," answered Mel Marx; and it was even so. I draw a curtain over the rest of that luncheon on the grass beneath the spreading pepper tree. It was spoiled for Jim Woods. Lous Leib had forgotten to include hard boiled eggs. Hard boiled eggs played an important part in the talk of the Tuesdayers all the rest of the week-end; they refused to allow Woods to forget his grief. Last Tuesday when the Tuesdayers assembled for their usual luncheon it was discovered that Louis Leib had atoned. A huge candy egg occupied the centre of the table. The menu consisted of egg salad, chicken consomme with poached eggs, chicken hash with fried eggs, egg nogg and pastry in the shape of eggs.

Farley Buys The Geysers

In the seventies The Geysers in Sonoma county was a resort famous all over the country. Geysers were a greater curiosity then than they are today, and people from all parts of the continent went to see them when they visited California. But of late years The Geysers as a resort has been neglected. Now it is about to be revived. The resort has been bought for more than one hundred thousand dollars by Gilbert Farley who is busy making it attractive to motorists. The old way to The Geysers from Cloverdale was a winding road twenty-three miles long. Farley has built a new road along Sulphur Creek, decreasing the distance to be traveled by a dozen miles. The Geysers is now eleven miles by road from Cloverdale, and as Cloverdale is on the State Highway it will be seen that the old resort has been made easy of access for automobiles. Gilbert Farley came here from St. Louis some time ago. He settled down in St. Louis after a successful career on the stage and the concert platform as a singer of Irish folk songs. "Paddy" Farley as he was known, always had a lot of friends in San Francisco, and he used to come to California every year to sing at the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club on the Russian river. That is how he got to know and love Sonoma county. Farley is in the fifties but looks ten years younger. He can still sing Irish folk songs beautifully, and makes an ideal host. I prophesy that The Geysers will become popular under his ownership.

Sonoma Looking Up

This makes the second recent revival in Sonoma county. Some time ago the Petrified Forest near Santa Rosa passed into new hands. The sum of one hundred and fifty thousand is being spent there in improvements, I am told. Among other things a great deal of excavating has been done, and this has uncovered some petrified trees of larger size than any formerly known. With The Geysers and the Petrified Forest in new hands, and Luther Burbank getting all sorts of advertisement and attracting more tourists all the time, Sonoma county would seem to be coming back into its own. I rejoice in this, for it is a wonderful county. Southern California has nothing to touch it for varied beauty of land and water.

A New Press Club

Two or three meetings have been held by a number of well known newspapermen for the purpose of discussing plans for a new newspaperman's club. It is a matter for regret that quite a number of newspapermen in town are out of sympathy with the present Press Club. They feel that it has grown away from its good old traditions and has lost its distinctive character. There has been a good deal of politics in the Press Club for the past year or two, and it goes without saying that politics is bad for any club. The men who are organizing the new club have quite modest ambitions in the matter of quarters and membership. They are considering a location in the heart of town; but the rooms will not be large or elaborately furnished, and expenses will be kept down. Finances have always been the bane of newspaper clubs. Membership will be strictly limited to newspapermen, I believe.

Good Luck, Phil!

Phil Francis, formerly of Stockton, and until last week chief editorial writer for the Examiner, has been called to New York by W. R. Hearst. He has obeyed the call of his boss and of opportunity, and will become chief editorial writer of the entire string of Hearst papers. Hearst has a high opinion of Francis' writing ability, as well he may, and for some time past has designated him as the best man to write the "big smash" editorials, the editorials "with a punch" concerning matters of Hearst policy. Francis can not only put a punch into an editorial but a laugh or a smile as well; so he is a very valuable man. All his friends here —Phil has a great many—sincerely hope that he will make good. I understand that Ned Hamilton will attend to the writing of editorials in the local Hearst office from now on.

An Awful Prospect

The talk was of preparedness and war. The talkers were Eddie Graney and Jack Wolf.

"Jack," asked Graney, "if we got into war with Japan would you enlist?"

"Well," replied the genial Wolf, "I suppose I would. But it would be pretty tough to have a Jap shooting off my stomach some morning when he ought to be bringing me my breakfast."

To Live in California

Harry Woodruff, the well known actor who starred in "Brown of Harvard," was lured to Southern California for an engagement in the movies and is so enamored of the West that he is going to stay. He plans having a home in Hollywood which is the headquarters of the movie business in Los Angeles. Woodruff came to San Francisco last week and spent his first day in town with his old friends Frank Unger and Billy Barton at the Bohemian Club. He is, needless to say, enthusiastic about the Fair.

Putnam in San Diego

Arthur Putnam has gone to San Diego to be the guest of Scripps, the millionaire newspaper proprietor who lives there, and it is hoped that the pleasant climate and surroundings will bring him new strength and enable him to get back to work. Scripps is a great admirer of the San Francisco sculptor, and possesses some of his best work, among others his American Indian and his Junipero Serra. The Fair has done a lot to extend Putnam's fame, and when he narrowly escaped death by burning in his bungalow on the Ocean beach a short time ago there were many art lovers outside of California who rejoiced. Putnam's mother lives at Medford, Oregon, and he is immensely admired there. The Greater Medford Club hopes to secure for that city the beautiful mermaid fountain designed by Putnam for the South Gardens at the Fair.

An Interesting Picture

Away back in 1876 Charlie Robinson painted a picture of the Seal Rocks. It survived the fire some way or other, and Robinson discovered the other day that he still possessed it. Duncan Nicholl, the famous mixer of the pisco punch, the only saloon keeper in San Francisco who is permitted to have a back room for ladies (and I mean ladies), heard of the picture too. He immediately bought it from the artist, and it is to be installed in the old place of refreshment in the Montgomery Block I don't think there are many other pictures of local scenes equally old.

Delbruck vs. Hearst

Last Sunday Hearst gave the place of first importance in his papers to the peace proposals of Dr. Hans Delbruck. "I believe peace could be had within a very short time," Delbruck is

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quoted. But it is apparent that Hearst does not agree with him. In the same issue of the Examiner I read Hearst's letter to Max Ihmsen of Los Angeles about the project to keep the San Diego Fair open next year. "The war abroad is evidently going to continue for another year," Hearst says in that letter. So Hearst doesn't think that an early peace is in the cards.

A Worthy Candidate

I haven't made up my ticket for supervisors yet, but there is one name on it already—the name of Joseph Mulvihill. It strikes me that a man who has made a success in the milk business is the sort of man I should like to see entrusted with official responsibilities. The milk busines is a hard buiness. The milkman is in close relation with the housewife. Woe betide the milkman if he fails to give satisfaction! Mulvihill has a big milk business, and a successful one. The housewives approve of him, and that's enough for me. Mulvihill is secretary of the Grand Jury, which means that he is doing his duty as a citizen. It is not remarkable that he has the indorsement of all the parties. He's the kind of citizen we need on the board.

The November Lantern

The Lantern for November has been delivered to subscribers and to the news stands all over town. This makes the eighth monthly issue of the popular little literary paper. The circulation has been growing steadily every month, and the editors Messrs. Bonnet and O'Day, profess themselves greatly encouraged in their undertaking to provide intellectual people with sound reading. The November number is full of good things. Bonnet contributes an article on Nero wherein the career of the tyrant is approached from a new angle. The writer analyzes Nero, shows him to have been a combination of Beau Brummel and Oscar Wilde, and accounts for his remarkable popularity. O'Day has an article called "Two Poems of Passion" based on a rereading of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and Swinburne's "Laus Veneris." He tells why these warm poems pall on the reader of mature mind. The same writer discusses the career of William Doxey, the former San Francisco publisher, and draws a moral from it which he asks his readers to apply to A. M. Robertson of this city and Mitchell Kennerley of New York. "George Barrington —Thief" is a study of the master pickpocket by Charles Whibley. This famous eighteenth century "dip" wrote a line which is in every manual of quotations, and had a most extraordinary career of ups and downs. There is an exquisite, little known story by Alphonse Daudet; with poetry and epigrams thrown in to overflow the measure.

The Spirit of Germany

On Friday afternoon, November 5, at 3 o'clock, Paul Jordan Smith of the University of California will lecture at Paul Elder's Art Gallery on "The Spirit of Germany."

Gala Night at Tavern

The evening of Tuesday, November 2, will be a gala night at Techau Tavern, combining a Hallowe'en and San Francisco Day dance, with appropriate souvenirs and entertaining features. It will, in fact, be a regular New Year carnival moved forward on the calendar. Those who have not secured tables for this enjoyable occasion should waste no time about it because all San Francisco knows the delights of a Tavern revel and there will surely be many disappointed ones who have failed to secure accommodations. Every evening the Pall Mall Cigarette and Candy Dances are in full swing, with large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes for the gentlemen and fancy boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies for the ladies.

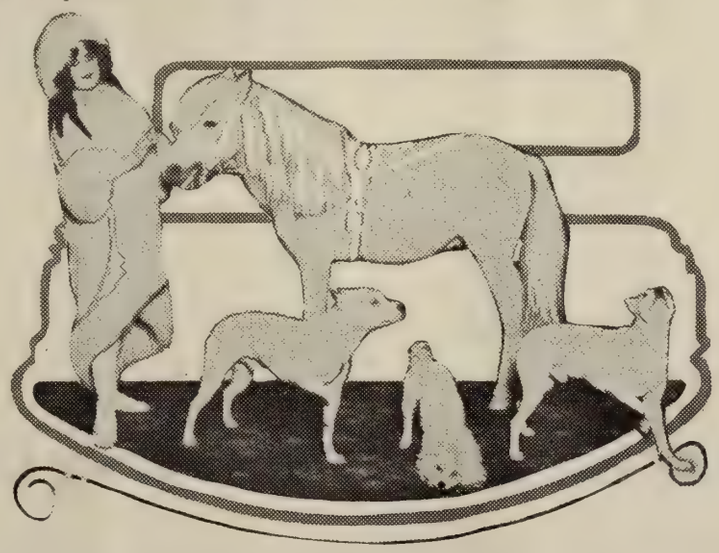
French Writers Killed

(Continued from Page 7.)

a pupil at the Ecole Normale Supérieure he published "De la cité socialiste" and a poetic drama, "Jeanne d'Arc," dedicated "to all men and women who will die their human death for the sake of remedying the universal ills of humanity by the establishment of the universal Socialist Republic." He had to leave school when he got married, which was against the school regulations. After having managed the "Librairie Socialiste" for some time he set up for himself in that establishment which the students of the Sorbonne knew so well; and in 1900 he began to publish the "Cahiers de la Quinzaine," in which he carried on all his campaigns and welcomed every true and original talent, however new it might be, discovering thus such writers as Sorel, Suarès, the brothers Tharaud, J. Benda, Spire and Vuillaume. He threw himself heart and soul into the Affaire Dreyfus. But in that struggle what really appealed to him was the fight for justice; he loved the "mystical" and not the "political" aspect of Republicanism and Socialism; all compromise repelled him, and the conduct of the Radical politicians after the victory disgusted him. It was the end of his beautiful dream, as of that of others among the intellectuals of l'Affaire who retired from the scene and immured themselves in silence. But it was not in Péguy's nature to keep his anger quiet, and he poured out a full stream of vigorous and picturesque invective against those who had denied his dream and threatened the soul of France. Then came the events of 1905. Péguy felt, like many other Frenchmen, that France was menaced with nothing less than extinction, and the mystical Socialist became a mystical patriot. Moreover, the atheism and anti-clericalism of the Radicals did not satisfy him. He saw in it nothing but sterility, the loss of old virtues, the triumph of luxury, money and pleasure, and he returned, as to perennially fresh springs of feeling and life, to the Christianity of his youth, the religion of the Catechism and simple folk. As in his boyhood, so now, it was Joan of Arc who haunted his thought; but it was to the Frenchwoman who had freed France, the Christian, that his devotion was now paid. His last works were addressed to Jeanne and to Ste. Geneviève, the patroness and liberatrix of Paris. They are singular works indeed, and provoked both sarcasm and enthusiastic admiration: "mysteries," epic and lyric poems, in which are slowly and at great length unfolded, with the solemnity and the repetitiveness of litanies or chants that men sing on pilgrimages, the riches and beauties of the Christian faith and the faith of a patriot dwelling in a child-like, naive and heroic soul.

Péguy, in spite of his age, had asked to be enrolled in the active army, and he was killed at the battle of the Marne. The bullet struck him full in the forehead as he was leading his men to the assault.

Renan said that the soul of a people oscillates between social cares and patriotic cares. Beyond all doubt intellectual France in the last few years has turned away from social and international preoccupations, and in a certain sense nationalism has reawakened. But France has been thrown back upon herself like this because of the growing danger in the East: the choice between life and death was before her, and she had to concentrate all her vital energies on the supreme conflict.



MLLE. LA. TOY

The beautiful French actress who with her pets will be at the Pantages next week

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Jacob S. Meyer, Rooms 622 and 623 Balboa Building, corner Market and Second streets in said City and County, which said office the undersigned select as their and each of their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
SAMUEL SAVANNAH,
Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1915.

JACOB S. MEYER,
Attorney for Executors,
622-623 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lily Lawlor's Return

Strange, is it not, that our old townies always come back to us, no matter how deep the roots they seem to have struck into other places. I hear that Lily Lawlor is returning to San Francisco. It is a good many years since Lily Lawlor called this city home, though she has been here a couple of times since she first left us about eighteen years ago. Since the war started she has been in New York, engaged in that fashionable avocation, the designing of interior decorations. When she gets here she will find things a good deal changed. Lily cut quite a figure here years ago, and there were always rumors of her engagement to this or that beau of society. She will find some of the men with whom her name was linked married men with families; others are still bachelors.

The Career of a Voice

Lily Lawlor's father was a hotel keeper in Honolulu. When he came to this city to engage in the same business Lily came with him, and so did her brother John William Lawlor who had quite a talent for water color painting. Lily was tactful, cordial and urbane, and made a great many worth-while friends in society. Her career may be described as the career of a voice, for Lily had a voice and vocal ambitions, and her life was largely motived by her desire to cultivate both. Perhaps her closest friend was Mrs. Gus Spreckels. Mrs. Spreckels and other friends encouraged Lily in her dreams of a singing career, and enabled her to go to Paris to have the finishing touches applied by the great Marchesi.

Admired by Santos-Dumont

In Paris Lily was like one of the Gus Spreckels family. She used to drive in the Bois every afternoon in the splendid Spreckels carriage. She drove out the day Santos-Dumont made the first of his famous attempts to fly around the Eiffel Towel. After his descent to terra firma the aviator noticed her and inquired the name of "la belle Americaine." So she met him, and he graciously permitted her to give a tea in his honor. Snobs in the American colony who had ignored Lily were glad to attend that tea. It made Lily's position, and she was soon at home in the drawing rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain. It was hinted that Santos-Dumont aspired to her hand, but nothing ever came of that.

In Local Society

Lily paid us a visit some twelve years ago, coming with Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Lurline, now Mrs. Spencer Eddy. With the glamor of her success in Paris she had no difficulty in becoming a personage here. Everybody was curious about her voice of which so much had been heard, and Mrs. Spreckels arranged a concert which was quite a smart affair. The voice proved to be a beautifully cultivated voice, but not an extraordinary one in any way. Lily had method, but not genius. It was a drawing room voice, not a stage or concert hall voice. She returned to Paris with Mrs. Spreckels, but did not stay there. New York seemed to offer her a field, and she essayed a career there. The first thing we knew Lily had become a friend of Mrs. Astor and was teaching the Four Hundred to sing at ten dollars a lesson. Later she returned to Europe, and had some success in London. I hear that the war brought her back to New York, but I seem to have heard of her there before Armageddon. It will be interesting to see how the years have dealt with Lily.

Palace Dinner Dances

Comes now Mine Host Roy Carruthers of the Palace with the enticing news that dinner dances will start at the hotel on Monday night. I can see the joy, the excitement, the smiles of pleasant anticipation the announcement causes. These dinner dances are something more than the name implies. They begin at dinner time—seven o'clock—but they continue through the evening until supper time, with no intermission, the last strain of dance music ceasing at one. So the Palace is to become a veritable temple of the dance six nights every week for the whole of the 1915-16 season. There are to be no dances on Sunday night.

The Re-decorated Room

I took a look at the dining room where the dances are to be held. The transformation surprised me. It has been re-decorated in old rose and gold, and has taken on a new and most delicate beauty. Truly it will be a pleasure to dance in such a room. A hard wood dancing floor has been put in, a floor which makes your feet restless the minute they touch it. A fine large space will be left open for dancers, the tables being ranged about this space on all sides. It is going to be a brilliant spectacle Monday night—that dancing room in its soft, warm colors filled with diners and dancers. When I heard that Jules Guerin, the color wizard of the Fair, had designed the new decoration I was not surprised.

Something New

Now for some details about these dances. They will be open to the public. They will be informal, although I expect that a great many of the guests at the opening dance Monday night will don the clothes of ceremony. A dinner will be served at two dollars a cover. Those who prefer service a la carte will be taken care of as usual. For the dancing there will be a special new orchestra of seven musicians assembled from various large Eastern cities. The excellence of the music may be taken for granted. Meanwhile, guests who do not want to dance as they dine will be taken care of in the Palm Court adjoining, which will thus become a new dining room. They will be regaled as usual with the music of Heller's orchestra. The list of reservations for the new dances is already quite large. The names of those who want tables Monday night include a great many local people of prominence in addition to many guests not only of the Palace but also of the Fairmont. The Palace is giving us something new, and I have no doubt of success crowning their enterprise.

A Master Recognized

As the Fair draws near its close the organ recitals of Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell attract crowds to the Illinois building on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons. These recitals will be remembered as unusually interesting events of our Exposition, the programs being composed with a fine sense of musical perception and of the public's appreciation. On the days devoted to Wagner and Russian composers the audience overflowed on to the stairs. Dr. O'Connell, it would seem, is not without honor in his own

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city. This is a pleasant fact to dwell on, for we have been too much disposed to neglect home-bred genius for that which comes from abroad. The Fair is broadening us. We are making comparisons, and finding, with surprise, that some of our own artists in painting, sculpture, architecture and music are worthy to be numbered with the best. Dr. O'Connell is one of these.

Death of Mrs. Lask

In the death of Mrs. Rebecca Lask last Saturday there passed away another early San Franciscan widely known and well beloved. In her charming home in Pine street near Hyde she dispensed characteristic California hospitality for more than thirty years to her friends and those of her children. Through her son George E. Lask, the well known stage manager, she had a wide acquaintance in the theatrical profession, many of whom became warmly attached to her for her keen intelligence and sweet, kindly nature. She was intensely alive to the enthusiasms of the ambitious and though the most unobtrusive of women, inspired others and gave encouragement by her genuine sympathy and gentle speech. Although eighty years of age she maintained to the last her love for music and English, French and German literature, her interest in the world's doings and her charitable activities. She was a familiar figure at first nights of theatrical and musical events and until a few weeks ago was indefatigable in seeing the Exposition. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends and her three very devoted children.

"The Vision of Glory"

"The Vision of Glory" is a stirring musical composition which has resounded throughout France during the past year. It is said to have inspired the French troops of today as did "The Marseillaise" during the Revolution. Hospitals ring with it, and its words and melody are heard in every French trench in Belgium, France, Alsace and Serbia. It was composed by Georges George, with words by Moncousin. It will be heard for the first time in San Francisco at the benefit for French victims of the war, at the Columbia this Sunday night. It will be sung by Madame Andre Ferrier and Lowell Redfield. Madame Ferrier will be dressed as Victory, and Mr. Redfield as a French soldier. This will be part of a big vaudeville program in which La Loie Fuller and her company will be seen in some of their best efforts. As may be imagined from the list of sponsors for this entertainment, there will be a crush at the Columbia Sunday night.

Mrs. Spreckels' Dolls

Those who attend this benefit will find something to interest them in the lobby of the theatre. This will be Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' unique collection of dolls of all nations which will be brought from her studio for display Sunday evening. This collection of dolls has been growing steadily for some time, until now it is one of the most fascinating imaginable. Not only are the dolls interesting in themselves, but they are clothed with additional interest on account of the prominence of those from whom Mrs. Spreckels has received them. There is an Alsatian doll contributed by Madame Catulle-Mendes. This brilliant writer is the widow of the great poet and the daughter of Theophile Gautier. Among other foreigners who have enriched the collection are Gabriel D'Annunzio, Calve who sent a doll that wears hair from her own head, President and Madame Poincare of France and Mayor Nathan of Rome. There

MARIE PARTRIDGE PRICE
Soprano who will give a concert in the St. Francis Blue Room Monday evening, November 8

are dolls from American literary lights including James Whitcomb Riley, George Sterling, Harry Leon Wilson and Robert W. Chambers. Among the players who have contributed are David Warfield, Raymond Hitchcock and Lilian Russell. "Diamond Jim" Brady presented one also, and so did Charles L. Freer, the Detroit connoisseur. Local people who have contributed to this collection are Mrs. Clara Darling, Mrs. H. A. Van C. Torchiana, Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. Erminia Dargie, M. F. Tarpey and ever so many others.

The Charity Ball

What is the height of the winter social season? It is a little hard to answer that question, but I venture the reply that it is somewhere about the third week of November. How do I arrive at that conclusion? Very simply: The Charity Ball for the Catholic Humane Bureau will take place this year on Friday night, November 19. This Charity Ball has come to be a social affair of prime importance in San Francisco. It is for one of the worthiest of charitable causes, and it is sponsored by some of the most distinguished matrons in our midst. A preliminary meeting to make arrangements was held the other day. Mrs. John B. Casserly was elected president of the Bureau in place of Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl who will not be here for the ball. Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe was chosen secretary, and Mrs. James Athearn Folger treasurer. There will be another meeting Monday morning at the home of Mrs. Donohoe in Pacific avenue. The affair will be given once more in Scottish Rite Auditorium. Boxes may be had from Mrs. Folger, 2889 Pacific avenue; and tickets (including supper, five dollars) are on sale at the Palace and St. Francis, or may be bought from the patronesses. The sale has started briskly already.

San Francisco Art Society

This is the name of a new association that is being formed here for worthy purposes. It is to consist of artists and those in sympathy with artists, their aims and their achievements. It hopes to foster the artistic spirit of the community, to found scholarships for the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and to entertain visiting art celebrities. Social intercourse is not to be neglected. There are also to be monthly lectures at the Palace Hotel, with dancing to relieve the strain of intellectual intensity. I understand that the following have been invited to act as patronesses: Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Wm. Babcock, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. Wm. Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. James K. Moffitt, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. F. W. Sharon, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Wm. H. Taylor, Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. J. A. Folger.

Setting Traps for the Rich

With the Exposition drawing to an end Oriental rug fakers from all parts of the world have been directing their course toward San Francisco in the hope of making a big clean-up as soon as the Panama-Pacific gates are shut. The same tricks have been played at the discontinuance of other expositions with much profit to the players, and there seems to be every indication of a repetition here in December on a very large scale. In other cities the fakers have engaged expensive stores temporarily and have put up for sale, sometimes at auction, large numbers of rugs, representing them to have come from the Shah's palace or some other equally attractive place for display

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at the exposition. Needless to say, enormous prices are obtained for the goods because they are foisted on the wealthy as very old and very valuable works of art, whereas in reality they have been turned out recently in the usual manner. The appearance of great age is given to them with the aid of a little sandpaper, and the colors are dimmed by passing the rugs through an acid wash. This performance has been engaged in many times. An expert explained that he likes to see the sale of Oriental rugs by legitimate established dealers, but he fears great harm will be done by the fly-by-night faker. "There is a most reliable firm in this city," and here my rug connoisseur became eloquent as he continued, "and they carry an excellent stock of the rugs. I mean the King Oriental Rug Company at 229 Post street," he explained as he asked me, "Why should people allow themselves to be swindled out of large sums of money through the impossible stories of these Oriental fakers when better rugs can be obtained at infinitely smaller cost from the King people who have been here many years, intend to remain here permanently, and who back up every one of their transactions with an excellent reputation that has required years to establish?"

At the Hotel Oakland

Mrs. Marcus Jonas was hostess at a dinner given at the Hotel Oakland, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Levy, Misses Adele and Helen Levy of Los Angeles. Mrs. L. Alkus was hostess at a luncheon and card party. The following ladies were present: Mrs. T. Straus, Mrs. Jeoffrey Citron, Mrs. M. Citron, Mrs. M. Hyman, Mrs. S. M. Lalsey, Mrs. Dr. Green, Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mrs. L. Wright, Mrs. Chas. Hall, Mrs. N. Birdburn, Mrs. Fred Walters, Mrs. L. Schuman, Mrs. L. Schwartz, Mrs. Chas. Bernon.

At the Cecil

Every afternoon between the hours of 3 and 5 the guests of the Cecil enjoy tea in the sun parlor of the beautiful Pompeiian room. Mrs. Edward McClernand, wife of General McClernand, entertained half a dozen friends informally at tea Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Raymond, wife of Dr. Raymond of Honolulu, asked a few friends to tea Thursday afternoon. Eleven tables were in play at the delightful bridge party given Monday evening by the management. These enjoyable parties will take place twice a month in the Pompeiian room. There were prizes for each table, and later in the evening refreshments were served. The decorations were carried out with rose colored chrysanthemums and pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Miller and Miss Marjorie Miller who have been making a tour of Southern California by automobile returned to this city the first of the week and will be guests during the winter.

At the Somerton

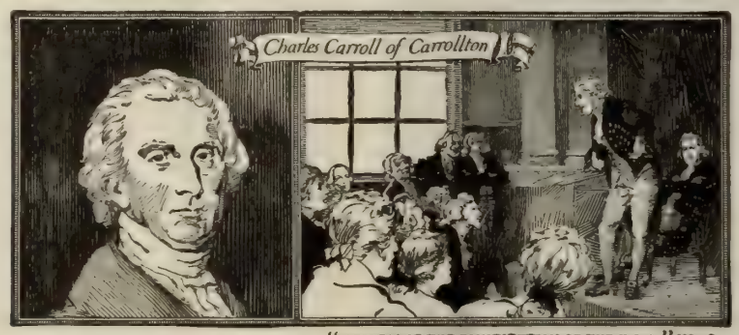
A coterie of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Church at dinner Monday evening. The pretty affair took place in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Church are from St. Paul, and will be guests for the coming fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Lee R. Thompson who have been occupying a beautiful apartment, returned Monday to their home in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Jordan, society folk of Washington, D. C., gave a dinner of sixteen covers Thursday evening. The private dining room was adorned with Duchess roses and palms. Prior to their departure for their home in Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Brock entertained at an elaborate luncheon Wednesday.

Society to Enjoy Hallowe'en

Hallowe'en parties have the attention of our smart set this week. Many functions have been announced in celebration of the event and from all indications some very enjoyable affairs will be given. From the old fashioned Hallowe'en party that was planned for the amusement of children only, the festival has developed into an event that is eagerly looked forward to by grown people, and society has set the fashion of distributing imported European favors on this occasion. A generation ago the only outward indication of the event was given by the children on the streets after dark clad in sheets and running around the neighborhood in their efforts to frighten the timid passer-by. When they had tired of this performance the fun was carried into the home where prizes were offered to the skillful youngsters who could seize in their mouths without the aid of their hands the apples that were floating on a tub of water. And although these games of several decades ago have almost become a thing of the past, still the same individuals are enjoying Hallowe'en parties, but they have changed the form of their amusement. I was reminded of this strikingly the other day while passing the Phelan building store of George Haas and Sons. There in the window were the grotesque "punkin heads" of former years and many other favors designed for Hallowe'en parties, but they have been greatly improved on since our present society people were children. There is a great variety of them at the Haas establishment, and from this I judge that Hallowe'en has lost none of its attractiveness for San Franciscans.

Notables at St. Francis

Among the notable arrivals at the St. Francis this week are Charles Fox of Marshall and Fox, the distinguished Chicago architects, who reached San Francisco Wednesday with his party in his private car; Manuel Quezon, Congressional Delegate from the Philippines; Samuel Insull, president of the Edison Commonwealth of Chicago, associate of the great inventor, and dominant interest in the electric light, surface and overhead traction, gas and other public service corporations of the Windy City.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 9

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland

"Father of Religious Liberty in America"

HISTORY proves, to their eternal honor, that the Catholics were the first in America to advocate the Freedom of all sects to worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble and none adored Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the hereditary rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies and when he proudly affixed his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Liberty. Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superiors. His hospitality was nothing short of royal and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley brews. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous brews have grown in popular favor, until 7500 people are constantly required to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sales of all other beers by millions of bottles.

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Gossip of the Theatre

A Jane Urban Performance

At intervals through the years that are gone we have learned with pleasure of the great success in Broadway of some actress or other whom we remembered in the obscurity of O'Farrell street. Perhaps we remembered that we perceived her talent in the bud. If so perhaps we preened ourselves on the keenness of our perceptions. Such is the conceit of human nature. As it is now, so it will remain, and therefore I recommend a trip to O'Farrell street and a visit to the Alcazar, where Jane Urban, whom some of us remember as a tot of six at the Tivoli, is now playing Cynthia in "The Rainbow." This is the play that warmed many hearts at the Columbia two years ago when Henry Miller introduced to us that charming young actress Ruth Chatterton. It was thought there was not another actress in the country who could play Cynthia as Ruth Chatterton played that exuberant, captivating maiden. But there is. Acting, I believe is the art of expressing a character through the medium of oneself. Apparently the average mime in a juvenile role holds that it consists in obscuring oneself behind a veil of affected mannerisms. That was what Mansfield did when he was a great failure in "Heidelberg," and what Mrs. Fiske did when she was a failure as a girl of eighteen on her last visit. The older one gets the greater the difficulty to be oneself and express the freshness of youth. Now Jane Urban plays Cynthia without any difficulty at all. She is herself, but she seems to have realized the great truth that not only the way to the Kingdom of Heaven, but the way to big things in art is to become as a little child. Also she has the good sense to avoid the fatal pitfall of infanticism and to forget what an engaging child she is. As Cynthia she brings on to the stage an ambrosial sunshine of girlish exuberance. She is a dainty, radiant maiden, with a beautiful laughing voice. From her eyes beam the lucent shafts of high spirit. There is vitality in the subtlety of her art, and perfect calm withal and complete absence of apparent endeavor. The Alcazar stock is giving a fine performance of "The Rainbow."

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Great Symphony Season

Most interesting are the plans announced by the Music Committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco for the coming series of Friday afternoon subscription concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre. This season's series of Friday afternoon subscription concerts which will not commence until after the close of the Exposition, will be conducted by Alfred Hertz, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, whose devoted enthusiasm and skill as a conductor have greatly contributed to the success of that institution. The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for the coming season will be larger than ever before; eighty musicians, individually and collectively of the first quality, have been engaged and rehearsals will be held daily during the concert season and for two weeks preliminary to the opening. The soloists of the season will include the most prominent of the artists visiting San Francisco during the concert season. With a conductor of such great genius as Mr. Hertz, with an orchestra of such skilled musicians, and with the support of a loyal and growing musical public, the Musical Association anticipates that the fifth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be marked by its greatest achievements. The concert dates for the first five Friday afternoon concerts follow: December 17th, 1915, January 7, 1916, January 14th, January 28th, February 4th, February 18th, February 25th, March 10th, March 24th, March 31st.

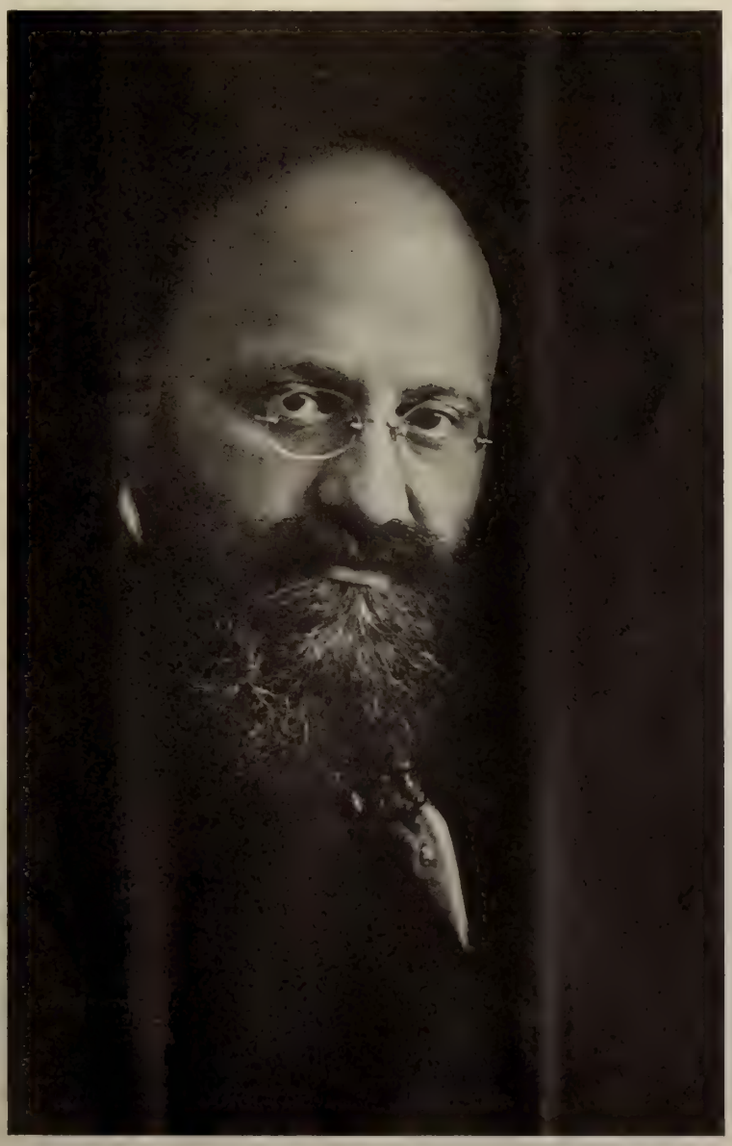
The program for the first concert: Overture Leonore No. 3, Ludwig V. Beethoven; Symphony No. 2, Op. 73, D major, Joh. Brahms; Eine Faust Ouverture, Richard Wagner; Le Carnaval Romain, Hector Berlioz.

The Innisfail Quartet

The Innisfail String Quartet, maintained by Mrs. John B. Casserly, consisting of Nikolai Sokoloff, first violin, May Mukle, violoncello, Nathan Firestone, viola, and Rudolph Ringwall, second violin, will give its first series of concerts at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter street, on Tuesday evenings, November 9 and 23 and December 7. To love and understand string quartet playing is the surest evidence of good taste in music, and as the Innisfail String Quartet plays with a unanimity, a finish and a subtlety of expression only attained by artists inspired by the greatest devotion to their art, it is anticipated that the concerts will have as patrons the musical elite of San Francisco. Tickets are on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company and Kohler and Chase and as the seating capacity of the Sorosis Club Hall is but three hundred, those who are tardy in purchasing tickets will be denied the pleasure of hearing the concerts. The program for the first concert follows: Quartet (K 428) E flat, Mozart; Quartet, Ravel; Quartet, Op. 51, No. 1, C minor, Brahms.

Herbert Concerts at Festival Hall

The series of seven concerts by America's greatest composer-conductor Victor Herbert opens at Festival Hall Monday night at 8:45. With sixty-five picked players under his baton Herbert will present a course of musical feasts. For the opening program he has arranged a list of works that include three numbers from the grand opera "Natoma," his "Irish Rhapsodie," a delightful solo for violoncello played by Horace Britt and the overture to his latest success "The Princess Pat." Tuesday night's concert will commence at nine o'clock to give everyone an opportunity of seeing the special San Francisco Day fireworks. A wonderful pro-



ALFRED HERTZ

Conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

gram has been prepared for this concert. Wednesday night Bohemian and French works will predominate, the composers represented being Tomas, Widor, Delibes, Dvorak, Massenet and Smetana, and of course there will be some delightful Victor Herbert numbers. Thursday night's program will be half Wagner and half Liszt. On Friday night the entire program will be devoted to compositions by Mr. Herbert, serious, romantic and light. A feature will be the "Triumph" from his Suite "Columbus" with organ obligato by Uda Waldrop. Saturday night's program will be a miscellaneous one. A specially attractive farewell offering is announced for Sunday afternoon—the only Victor Herbert matinee. Tickets are now on sale at popular prices and can be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and the Exposition office, 343 Powell street. The Victor Herbert concerts are under the personal direction of Will Greenbaum.

Tina Lerner to Play

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he has arranged for three appearances in this city of Tina Lerner, the brilliant young Russian piano virtuosa who is hailed as the successor to the great Carreno. Miss Lerner is still a very young woman, is gifted with genius and a winsome personality and makes her audiences love her. By arrangement with Mr. George W. Stewart, general musical director of the Exposition, Miss Lerner's first concert will be given in Festival Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 21, and will be exclusively an orchestral event. With the assistance of the Exposition Orchestra of eighty under the baton of Max Bendix she will render two of the greatest Concertos ever written. The orchestra will contribute delightful numbers. The event should be as memorable as the Kreisler program at the Greek Theatre. On Friday afternoon, November 26, and again on Sunday afternoon, November 28, Miss Lerner will appear in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Gadski Coming

Mme. Johanna Gadski has arranged with the powers that be at the Metropolitan Opera House to visit us during the final week of the Exposition. She will sing at the Cort on Thursday afternoon, December 2, and Sunday afternoon, December 6. On Monday night, November 29, she will sing in Oakland at the new Auditorium Opera House under the auspices of the music section of the Oakland Teachers Association, and on Tuesday night, November 30, will be the star at the first concert of the Berkeley Musical Association's season.

Mrs. Price's Concert

Musical and society circles are taking a great interest in the concert announced by Marie Partridge Price for Monday evening, November 8, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel.

The Exposition Symphony

The last symphony concert of the Exposition Orchestra in Festival Hall before the Victor Herbert season will take place this Sunday afternoon at half past two. Max Bendix and his eighty artists will play Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3, in A minor, Op. 56, popularly known as the "Scotch" Symphony. The concluding number will be the Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat Major, Op. 66, by Anton Dvorak. Another feature will be the "Requiem" for three violoncellos, by David Popper, the players being Messrs. Horace Britt, Victor de Gomez and Silvio Lavatelli. The vocalist will be Harold Parrish Williams, a baritone well known here.

New Ingenue at Alcazar

Next week Belasco and Mayer will introduce to the patrons of the Alcazar their new ingenue Margaret Boland, a charming, dainty actress who comes from a series of Eastern successes. Miss Boland brings youth, beauty and talent to her initial role, that of June in Eugene Walter's "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," dramatized from John Fox's novel.

Last Week of "So Long Letty"

"So Long Letty," the merry Oliver Morosco "comedy with music," begins the fourth and final week of its engagement at the Cort with the performance Sunday night. Capacity houses will obtain at all the remaining performances, for the sale is as strong as ever. "So Long Letty" has made the biggest hit of any musical comedy seen here this season. Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris are the librettists, and Earl Carroll the composer.

"On Trial" at Columbia

Perhaps the most talked-of play in the last twenty-five years is "On Trial," which Cohan and Harris's original Chicago players are to present at the Columbia for a limited engagement beginning Monday night. "On Trial" is a melodrama, but is said to be so well acted that one forgets the obviousness of the plot. The revolving scenic effects are among the big

CAROLINA WHITE
Late prima donna of the Philadelphia and Chicago Grand Opera company next week at the Orpheum

HAROLD PARISH WILLIAMS
The talented young baritone who will sing with the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon

features of the play. With the lowering of the lights, scarcely five seconds elapse between complete changes of scene, even of interiors, entailing the moving of heavy pieces of furniture and complete change of costume. The cast includes among others Lee Baker, Pauline Lord, Clyde North, Douglas J. Wood, Mildred Beverly, Charles Reigel, Maxine Hodges, etc. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"A Pair of Sixes" Coming

"A Pair of Sixes," a farce from the pen of Edward Peple who wrote "The Prince Chap" and other successes, is due at the Cort on Sunday, November 7, following "So Long Letty." It was "a knockout" last season at the Cort, scoring through its ingenious plot, clever lines and unique characterizations. Oscar Figman is featured in the cast which contains Kate Guyon, George Leffingwell, Rita Carlyle, Jack Raffael, Ethel Wilson, Richard Earle, Brice Kennedy and others.

Carolina White at Orpheum

Carolina White, late prima donna of the Philadelphia and Chicago Grand Opera Company, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. Her wonderful voice, splendid stage presence and handsome appearance have combined to make her one of the greatest and most successful artistes in grand opera in this country. Miss White was the first to sing in America the prima donna roles of "The Jewel of the Madonna" and "The Secret of Suzanne." The triumph she achieved in these operas is part of musical history. She has appeared in Europe with the leading operatic companies and is generally accepted as one of the finest sopranos. Her program will include arias from her favorite operas, and she brings with her as accompanist Enrico Barraja. Willie Weston who ranks among the foremost singers of character songs is also an excellent actor whose versatility is remarkable. His songs this season are the best he has ever had. Margot Francois and her partner will present a comic tumbling act on stilts. Attired in white with a stage draped in the same color the Flemings offer a series of classic poses which resemble creations in alabaster. They also do gymnastics. Brooks and Bowen who style themselves two dark spots of joy have met with great success as singers of their own compositions. They also excel as humorous story tellers. Don Fung Gue and Harry Haw Cheung will present a novel offering of songs and dances. The Primrose Four, Ethel Kirk, Billy Fogarty, Muriel Worth and Lew Brice will say farewell with this program.

Duffy Lewis at Pantages

Duffy Lewis, hero of the world series, has been engaged for a three-weeks' tour of the Pantages circuit opening on Sunday afternoon at the local playhouse. He will tell fans how he did it. Charlie Case, the comedian, will tell funny yarns. The Lombardi quintet, with Olinto Lombardi and others, will render gems from grand opera. Mlle. La Toy and her trained terriers and bull dogs, is a pleasing feature. The Santucci trio are "musical wizards." Howard and White have a ludicrous skit. The acrobatic Bottomlys; Bessie Harvey and her equestrian beauties, and comedy movies will finish the program.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market is a law unto itself. There has never been one like it—Erie going up four points in a day and the rest of the railroads going down, Union Pacific going one-half point between sales, Southern Pacific the same. Everything that used to be active has become dull. The stocks which were formerly dealt in 400 shares a day are now dealt in 20,000 a day. Notwithstanding this, the market in railroads is bound to come and bound to come big. The people who are buying Erie are buying it on facts. A lot of these other properties which are being overlooked will come to the front. We have called attention to Erie since it was below 30 and to its accumulation. We are calling the same attention to Norfolk and Western now, to Reading, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific and some others. They will come into their own before long. These war stocks may fluctuate but as far as the big volume of trading is concerned, we believe that to be a thing of the past. The margins required are too big to allow any except the right people to deal in them. They are luxuries.

Wheat—Wet weather in the Northwest, which cut down receipts, was the principal factor in the wheat market early in the week, and prices were strong and higher. Later in the week a return to dry weather and an increase in receipts took the edge off the market and prices lost all of their advance, closing the week at about the lowest figures. The increase in the movement should not be a matter of surprise to the grain trade generally, for it has long been known that a record crop was harvested and that it would in due time be distributed. There has been no dispute concerning the quantity which would eventually be offered by the producer, and therefore, by all rules of precedent, its effect upon speculative prices has been discounted. What is of more material consequence to the trade is its official grading and its appearance in sufficient quantity and within the legal limit of time to satisfy the demands of the December short interest. In the Southwest the wheat which would meet these requiremnts is said to be wanted at home by the local millers, and this theory seems plausible in the face of almost continuous rains, since it was stacked in July. In the Northwest the wheat was thought mostly of excellent quality, but this theory has been exploded by the low grading of the last week. Excessive freight rates have prevented its transfer to this market profitably, and without some change in the immaterial Chicago accumulation we do not believe that this break will be carried below the level from which it started a week ago for a 7 cent advance.

Corn—There is quite a variance of opinion concerning the prospects for this year. Take Missouri as an example, which was called almost total failure. She has raised, according to the Government, 217,600,000 bushels of corn, and the State report last issued says that the condition is 84, against 75.4 last month, and quality 89, with 87 per cent out of the way of frost damage on October 1st. Allowing that the crop there was spotted, the 15,000,000 difference between the State and national estimate would doubtless take care of the loss of acreage and the deterioration, leaving the State figures, 232,000,000, as correct. There has been considerable injury to the three northern tiers of Iowa, in Nebraska and possibly in the northern tier of Illinois, but we have not heard of any total loss, and the soft corn made by the touch of frost in early October will be used as fodder, together with the poor wheat and poor oats, to lighten the demand upon the corn that has not been damaged. Prices seem to fluctuate readily under the influence of both representations, and we predict a trading market for the present.

Cotton—The cotton market seems to be marking time and the market seems to be a scalping affair waiting for something to turn up to force it out of its present rut. The news seems to be all on the side of the bulls, judging from the crop reports and the low estimates published from day to day. Heavy general rain in Texas did not help the plant any and picking is said to have been completed in some sections for this year. The ginning figures given out by the Government were 5,713,000 up to October 18th and were considered as very bullish. This gave the market a quick upturn of $2 per bale, but the advance failed to hold, and the market reacted to the lowest figures on this decline. The market seems to be overbought and does not respond to the bullish news, and it looks as if a shakeout was in order before materially higher prices can be expected. We believe in ultimately higher prices and advise buying cotton on any break brought about through forced liquidation.

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NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 3667; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an Incompetent.

Notice of Guardian's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 19th day of October, 1915, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, the undersigned, ANNIE DOWD OLIVA, guardian of the person and estate of said MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 15th day of November, 1915, the following described real property, of said incompetent, to-wit:—

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a point on the southerly line of Vallejo Street, distant one hundred and sixty (160) feet easterly from the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence running at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet to said southerly line of Vallejo Street, and thence westerly along said last named line twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 241.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned guardian at the time of the sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; taxes for the current fiscal year to be paid by the purchaser; deeds, abstracts and instruments of title at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale at the office of F. H. Merzbach, attorney-at-law, Room 560, Mills Building, Number 220, Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, October 30th, 1915.

ANNIE DOWD OLIVA,
Guardian of the person and estate of Maurice Joseph O'Brien, an incompetent.

F. H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Guardian,
560 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, Deceased.—No. 19614, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HUGO A. WATERMAN, administrator of the estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Henry A. Jacobs, Esq., Room 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

HUGO A. WATERMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of ANNA WATERMAN, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 2, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administrator,
900-907 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.—No. 19,576; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

CECILE LILI AUGER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of BERNARD EUGENE AUGER (also called B. E. AUGER), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 2nd, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Ralph McGee, Room 604 Mills Building, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased.

JAMES KIRKLAND,
Administrator of the estate of W. W. Kirkland, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 23, 1915.

RALPH McGEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
604 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1915.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.—No. 19638; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., Rooms No. 202 and 203 in the Bank of Italy Building at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

CALLEGGERO RESTIVO,
Administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Estate,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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A New York Editor Discusses Hi. Winkelreid Johnson

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TOWN TALK

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An Impeachment

Dr. John A. Wyeth, formerly an ardent supporter of President Wilson, has issued articles of impeachment in the following terms:

"I impeach the Chief Executive of my country for the tragedy of Mexico. In the name of humanity I impeach him for the suffering to which the helpless women and children of that unhappy land have been and are now cruelly subjected; for the murder and robbery of defenseless natives and foreigners; for the failure to respond to the cry for help from our fellow countrymen resident there; for the unresented indignities and the unpunished outrages upon our soldiers, sailors and officials; for the insults to our flag, which a policy of vacillation has invited; for the Quixotic invasion of Vera Cruz, and the sacrifices it involved, and for the abuse of the executive prerogative in lifting the embargo on munitions of war to be used by one set of revolutionists and bandits for the extermination of others."

Dr. Wyeth appears to be unmindful of the President's glorious triumph—the salvation of his country from war. President Wilson is the most notable Pacifist of his time. And his pacifism is regarded by his countrymen as his most agreeable quality. There has been much belauding of him for his complete control of his emotions. Wise men have said that if he could keep us out of trouble in Mexico he would be elected to a second term, and most assiduously has he applied himself to the task of neglecting the agencies by which he might insure the protection of foreigners and establish and maintain a stable government in a land of chaos and anarchy. His recognition of Carranza is of course merely by way of experiment. Conditions in that part of Mexico which Carranza by military force now controls are appalling. The lifting of the embargo on munitions for the benefit of the pompous First Chief is regarded by some as a White House joke. President Taft put an embargo on munitions in March, 1912, when Francisco Madero was constitutional President by election and all the functions of the Federal Government were in operation. Conditions were chaotic only in Sonora and Chihuahua. Today there is no organized government anywhere in Mexico. Life and property are not secure in the capital or at Vera Cruz. And such is the temperament, such the limitations, of Carranza that even were he able to establish a government it would be impossible for him to direct it. We fear that our darling President has but added one more act to the comic opera.

Do Women Want to Vote?

Women want to vote, they have made a persistent fight for the ballot and they have vindicated their earnestness and sincerity. Therefore they should have suffrage. This in brief is the argument made by many of the leading suffrage agitators in the course of the campaign in several Eastern States. It was the McAdoo argument in favor of suffrage in New Jersey. It is not a very persuasive argument even though we accept the postulate. It might be said that all foreigners who declare their intention to become citizens would like to vote at once, but that would not be sufficient reason for allowing them to vote. As to whether women really want the privilege of voting that is a question that has never been determined. Here in California where they have the privilege the voters among them constitute a very small minority. We shall never know whether suffrage is wanted by a majority of women in any State until we give the women themselves the chance to vote on that question. Perhaps before long we may get some light on the question, for there is talk of submitting it to the people of the State of Washington where they have had equal suffrage for several years, and where property values have been cut in half as a result of prohibition.

Instruction for Aked

The Rev. Charles F. Aked of San Francisco received a little instruction in religion at the national council of Congregational churches in New Haven. Uttering his cant and claptrap in furtherance of the peace propaganda of which he is a shining light he painted a picture of men "being shot down like sheep." When Dr. Aked sat down the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston took the floor, and delivered a scorching reply that received tremendous applause. The Boston preacher took occasion to inform the reverend gentleman from San Francisco that the religion of their common Master teaches as a "central thought" that there are precious things which can be conserved only by dying for them. What these things are Dr. Aked has probably never learned. But whether he has learned them or not one should never size him up as the kind of man who would die for them. There are preachers who know of nothing more precious than their hide.

Redfield's Ethical Barrier

That intellectual giant of the Cabinet who presides over the Department of Commerce has devised a grand scheme for saving the country from a deluge of cheap goods after the war. Secretary Redfield would raise an ethical barrier to foreign competition. He says that the danger of foreign competition "should be met from an ethical standpoint and not from an economic standpoint at all." Give ear to the Lycurgus at Washington: "If foreign countries attempted to ship goods into this country at a greatly reduced price our consular agents could demand the right to investigate the means of producing the commodity to see if the manufacturer was selling at a lower price than he should." This of course would entail the necessity of employing a gang of taxeaters in Europe to inspect factories, warehouses and counting rooms; in other words to go about looking into private business abroad in the same way in which our politicians look into private business at home. There might be some objection to this procedure. Of this Secretary Redfield is not unaware. "If our agents were refused the right to make such investigation," he says, "our consuls could then refuse to sign the manifests." But even so cheap goods might get in anyway. "To meet this situation," says the amazing Redfield, "Congress could pass a law making it illegal for any one in the United States to buy or sell goods shipped into this country in an effort to undersell American manufacturers." In other words Secretary Redfield is in favor of ethical safeguards of the Wilsonian brand on both sides of the Atlantic. But imagine the arrest and prosecution of American citizens for daring to buy hats and coats at a smaller price than the one charged by home manufacturers! The economic menace might be met successfully by the tariff, but the tariff is not a matter of ethical considerations: and it happens that the Administration is concerned chiefly with morals, or rather with moral standards fashioned for the New Freedom.

Joy Among the Progressives

The election laws of the State are in a tangle whereat there is much jubilation among the taxeaters of the Administration. Governor Johnson's newspaper organs regard it as a great joke on the people that

complications have ensued from the defeat of their idol's scheme for the destruction of party government. The wicked reactionaries are to blame, we are told. The wicked reactionaries have misled the dear people. The wicked reactionaries ought to be ashamed of themselves. As to the honest reactionaries who are hopelessly old-fashioned who voted against the virtuous machine because they dreaded to break away from the traditions of the past, they are only to be derided along the lines of a sophomoric Bulletin editorial. Presumably to suggest that had we never lost faith in the principles of the dead, gone and much be damned Founders there would now be no cause for lamentation, is to convict oneself of fitness to associate only with the outcasts of Cimmerian darkness. We will venture to observe, however, that this lamentable tangle that titillates Governor Johnson and his wise followers occurred under the present notable and enlightened Government. Further, we will remind our readers that the tangle is obviously the result of patching the code at Sacramento. This is a job superintended by the Governor himself. To be sure there was some interference. The Governor proposed, but the referendum disposed, and hence the tangle. But what is this referendum? Who vouched for it? Was it not the great Progressive statesman at Sacramento? Vividly we remember that the distinguished gentleman who used to practice law in our criminal courts, and who learned the science of government by ear, and who is now our grand young Executive, went up and down the State a few years ago preaching the gospel of the initiative and referendum and assuring the dear people that any man who said they were not enlightened enough to govern themselves without the aid of the once beloved institutions of their country, was either an ass or a crook. Now it appears that the people in all their wisdom failed to foresee the tangle. We could write a book on the things the people have failed to foresee since they began following the lead of the half-baked country lawyer now at the head of their government. The absurdity resulting from the use of the referendum two weeks ago is not the only one which we have achieved under this benign dispensation. It has become apparent that shrewd, sagacious, Solomonic, though the people be, they have not the time to inform themselves about the laws that are submitted to them for inspection by the greatest Governor on earth. It was predicted that such would be the case. Against the arguments for the devices of direct government it was urged that while it might be well to give a superior people the power to rule, there was much in history that showed that you couldn't make the people rule except at odd intervals. And now we see that the dear people are less interested in seeing that laws shall harmonize than they are in crops and the price of butter, not to mention the tax rate and the high cost of keeping a Johnson on the job. Considering all the circumstances we are not a little astonished at the ululations of the Progressives. We almost suspect them of becoming reactionary.

The Cinching of the Merchant

From a paragraph printed in another column it appears that some of our brilliant merchants have been doing some thinking of late about the advertising rates they are charged by the daily papers. Among other things they have discovered there is discrimination in favor of peddlers who come to town and sell goods at auction. But the San Francisco merchant will not do much more than talk about it. The average San Francisco merchant is a coward. His cowardice is what chiefly is the matter with this metropolis, as we know from his subservience to organized labor. When the Examiner raises a rate in order to charge all the traffic will bear the regular advertiser does not dare to stay out. He may balk, as the Emporium did more than once, but at the crack of the newspaper whip the merchant comes crawling on his paunch. What is he afraid of? We do not know. But we assume that the merchant knows. The injustice done him it is hardly worth while to point out. But consider the Examiner's rate of $2.52 an inch on a basis of circulation of 125,000, which is according to the sworn statement. Now also according to the sworn statement the Examiner delivers only 39,000 papers by carrier in San Francisco. How much smaller the circulation of the others is we may estimate without going far wrong. For reaching 39,000 people the merchant pays $2.52 an inch. Assuredly he is not paying this exorbitant rate for love of the dear papers. Nowhere in the world are the daily papers of a city more abhorred than right here in San Francisco, where we have a government as cowardly as our merchants and always responsive to the crack of the newspaper whip.

Whitelisting the Drama

With the blacklist of the Catholic Church we are all tolerably familiar. It has been the subject of much criticism, the same kind of criticism that was directed against the University of Pennsylvania when a half-baked young instructor by the name of Nearing, who permitted himself to be reputed a professor, was dismissed for insisting on the supreme importance of his opinion. It is argued that the Index Expurgatorius of the Catholic Church is in restraint of freedom of thought. This is more or less true. The Catholic Church assumes a certain authority over the mind for what is deemed the benefit of the soul. This assumption is greatly prejudicial to the pride of intellect, a vanity that has done more mischief in the world than all the powers of restraint that were ever exercised. Now whatever fault may be found with the Index, there is this to be said of it—it is exclusively a blacklist. Of late we have had some experience of another Catholic Index, one that is exclusively, we believe, a whitelist, and we own that we prefer expurgation to commendation. This whitelist has not the authority of the Vatican. It is an American institution animated with the benign purpose of elevating the drama by putting the stamp of approval on what is good. It is not peculiarly a church institution. It is a self-constituted body within the church in this country which presumes to inform us of plays we may read or see without danger of corrupting our morals or our religious views. Unfortunately this Index is misleading, for a play may be at once innocuous in a sense and very bad in a sense. It may be innocent of heterodoxy from the religious standpoint, and abound in heterodoxy from the standpoint of art. Because a play is innocuous so far as morals are concerned is no reason why it should be whitelisted. There is many an innocuous play that deserves merely to be ignored. Certainly the drama is not to be uplifted by the public endorsement of plays that nobody wants to see, or by plays that utterly distort and misrepresent Biblical characters whom people revere. Lately we saw a play near allied to the typical white-slave drama, the protagonist of which tradition has taught us to regard as one of the sweetest women in the New Testament. And this play has been loudly heralded as a whitelist drama by an astute theatrical manager who availed himself of all the advantages which a well-meaning religious society put ready to hand. It is very doubtful whether in any but the teaching department the Church will accomplish much toward elevating the drama. The drama may be employed as in the Middle Ages for inspiring religious feeling, but not in the professional theatre. To be sure, there was a time when there was a very close connection between religion and the drama. The modern play was evolved from the ritual of the Catholic Church, and there was a time when the laity played a very important part in producing the mystery and miracle plays. In those plays Biblical characters were made to bear a vraisemblance. There were certain stock characters such as Herod, a blustering tyrant, Pilate, boastful and loquacious, and the bedel of his court putting him to bed and waking him up on the arrival of the Jews. There was the squire of cavalry who haggles with the Jews about the lease of land, Noah, the henpecked husband, and Herod's porter who suspects Judas. But nowhere do we find Mary of Magdala represented as the keeper of a brothel. If she may be so represented then the modern sacrilegious poets and playwrights who represent Judas in love with Mary and jealous of Christ may also be able to find justification and the approval of respectable authority.

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Varied Types

CCLIV—ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

By Edward F. O'Day

To the lover of books a manuscript ready for the publisher makes an irresistible appeal. It is a bundle of the most exciting possibilities. Within its leaves may be hidden the seeds of fame or infamy, of success or failure. Here is that which may crown a life's endeavor or dash the aspirations of many years. A manuscript may be rich with beneficence for mankind or malignant with germs of evil. Posterity may heap blessings on the hand which wrote it, or may wish that the hand had withered at its task. Manuscripts have changed the course of history. They have lifted man to the heights, have plunged him into the depths. The manuscript of a book that is greatly good or dangerously bad shapes more destinies than the decrees of kings or congresses.

I have just been turning over the pages of a manuscript that has been accepted for publication. This will not be a book of epochal significance, yet it will mean a great deal to California and will exert its influence far beyond our borders. It will carry inspiration to many breasts. It will yield pleasure to all who turn its pages. It will be a monument to the literary achievement of this State; a monument also to its author. It will do justice to many Californian writers for whom there has been scant recognition thus far; and by applauding accomplishment it will encourage endeavor.

The manuscript which it has been my privilege to inspect will be published under the name of "Literary California." The author is Ella Sterling Mighels who is already endeared to all students of our literature by reason of her invaluable "Story of the Files."

The new book is a Californian anthology of prose and poetry. It is a treasure house containing "infinite riches in a little room." It is crammed to an astonishing extent with good things which all of us except Mrs. Mighels had overlooked, forgotten or failed to appreciate. Its publication will fill us with a new, a deeper respect for our authors living and dead.

Mrs. Mighels was peculiarly fitted for this work which she has now brought to completion. Born near Folsom in 1853 it has been said of her that she was cradled in a miner's gold rocker. She grew up among the silver quartz mines and mills of Esmeralda county, Nevada. At sixteen she was the Sacramento correspondent of the Nevada State Journal. For three years beginning in 1884 she was an assistant editor of the great old Golden Era, a magazine which was founded in this city in 1853 by J. Macdonough Foard and Rollin M. Daggett and which numbered among its contributors Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, John R. Ridge, Joseph T. Goodman, Dan De Quille, Orpheus C. Kerr, Starr King, Henry Highton, Stephen Massett, Prentice Mulford, Ina Coolbrith, May Wentworth, Anna Morrison, Alice Kingsbury, Ada Isaacs Menken and ever so many other notable writers. Mrs. Mighels, therefore, is "in the tradition" of our literary history. But it was something more than this which equipped her for the laborious task she has recently concluded. Although a busy writer all her life she has always found time to help other writers with advice and words of cheer; and so lively has her interest always been in the good work done by her contemporaries that she cannot remember when she first began collecting their books, scrapping away their fugitive pieces and compiling the facts of their careers.

Mrs. Mighels' "Story of the Files," published in 1893 and now a scarce volume prized by collectors of Californiana, represents an immense amount of hard work. Many of the articles contained in it appeared in a local weekly paper during a period of six months. She spent two years preparing the book. The last six weeks of this preparation were peculiarly arduous.

"I was busy all day with other work," says Mrs. Mighels; "and I could not turn to my writing until seven at night. For six weeks night after night I wrote from seven in the evening until four in the morning."

On "Literary California" Mrs. Mighels has been busy uninterruptedly for ten months. How many volumes, how many magazines and newspapers, how many scrap books she has pored over in that time she finds it impossible to say. But it will indicate the magnitude of her task to state here that she has listed fourteen hundred California authors!

There are many beautiful things in this manuscript which the world of readers has pretty nearly forgotten. It is impossible for me to do justice in a short article to this feature of Mrs. Mighels' work. But how many of us knew Charles Elmer Jenney? He is one of the California writers Mrs. Mighels is trying to restore to his proper place. His volume of poetry "California Nights' Entertainment" was published, strangely enough, in Edinburgh, and the extracts which Mrs. Mighels is using are exquisite things. How many of us know of Virna Woods who wrote a remarkable poem called "The Amazons" and died before her rich poetical promise was fulfilled? How many of us appreciate the poems of Lilian Hinman Shuey (Mrs. Bailey)?

"Miss Coolbrith is the greatest of our feminine singers," says Mrs. Mighels. "I place Emma Frances Dawson close to her. Then come Madge Morris and Lilian Shuey, both in quality and quantity—we must have both. About two years ago Lilian Shuey wrote a poem called 'Panama' which was published in the Youths' Companion. All Californians ought to know it. How many do?

"How many know the fine poems of Charles Henry Webb—his 'If You Would Address' for instance? Everybody knows 'Hurrah for the Next That Dies' by Bartholomew Dowling, but how many know his perfectly wonderful 'Field of Honor'?"

Mrs. Mighels could go on asking such questions for a long time, but she is not querulous. Besides, her book will help us to remedy our defects. In turning over the pages I came across a fine "Song of an Absent Son" by Gabriel Furlong Butler. I had never heard the name, and asked about him.

"I don't know a thing about him," said Mrs. Mighels. "This was published in the Grizzly Bear, the Native Sons paper. I have tried every way to find out who Gabriel Furlong Butler is, but with no success."

Can any of my readers give the information to Mrs. Mighels?

There are many odd bits to be found in this manuscript. Here is a poem by the son of a great poet, Edward Pollock. I did not know that the author of

The air is chill, and the hour grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,

had a poet-son. Mrs. Mighels informs me that he lives in San Francisco. Here is a remarkably eloquent article from the Monitor of May, 1885, entitled "The Going Away of Archbishop Alemany." Here too is a quotation from a speech made by the great Stephen M. White at the World's Fair in Chicago:

"While the pioneer man was breaking the wilderness and suffering privation, what was the pioneer woman doing? The only church we knew was around our mothers' knees."

Mrs. Mighels wanted that carved on the Pioneer Mother Monument of her dreams. When a Pioneer Mother Monument which disappointed her and thousands of others was erected she did not press the matter, and instead of White's noble lines there appeared on the base what Mrs. Mighels calls "a namby pamby thing of Benjamin Ide Wheeer's, written to order."

But let us not review this manuscript until it has become a book! I have said enough, I hope, to excite interest in the forthcoming work, to whet the appetite of the lover of good books.

"I suppose I shall be met with swords and daggers when the book is published," says Mrs. Mighels with a smile. "So many were eager to get in, and I have left so many out!"

I do not think she is really worried about the reception of "Literary California." Her literary convictions are strong, and she has the indomitable courage of her high ideals.

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Perspective Impressions

And once upon a time Villa was Bryan's friend and Wilson's protege!

"Flirting," says a Hull House settlement worker in Chicago, "is the highest form of love." The next in degree we suppose is a divorce with an affinity in the background.

Considering the state of the Panama Canal it appears that the opening of our Fair was somewhat premature. Perhaps the San Diego holdover will be more timely.

A reviewer says the modern novel is doomed. Probably because the dailies are supplying us from day to day with fiction from the war zone.

True, the Government has no way of punishing aliens who manufacture bombs for the destruction of American commerce, but lots of things have happened in this war that were never dreamt of in our philosophy.

The story of Henry Ford's life is somewhat less interesting than the story of Alice Smith's life.

The President is going to be married late in December, and he is going to have his treaclemoon on the Mayflower. Respectfully submitted to Larry Harris for appropriate comment.

We admire Art Smith immensely, and won't be a bit displeased if he takes the utmost care of his life.

Gaby Deslys is in this country again. Will her press agents please omit mention of that tiresome story about King Manoel's infatuation?

There is said to be in Mrs. Galt's trousseau an "ignis fatuus" gown. We are quite ignorant of what such a gown looks like, and are content to remain so.

Have you noticed the disappearance of the grape juice concession on the Zone?

A Brilliant Correspondent

The Career of Dr. E. J. Dillon, the Best Equipped Journalist in Europe

By ROBERT McTAVISH

The war has brought a great flock of newspaper correspondents to the front—to the front in newspaperdom, not in the war zone. Most of the American correspondents are men not at all versed in European politics or European diplomacy. They know nothing of war, nothing of the mainsprings of European politics. Consequently they are bewildering American readers with correspondence that makes confusion worse confounded. There are very few correspondents in Europe who have access to the sources of authentic information, or who have real ability for the work in hand. Among the leading foreign correspondents is Dr. E. J. Dillon of the London Daily Telegraph. What he writes the statesmen of every country in Europe sit up to read. Dr. Dillon is more than a journalist; he is a diplomat, a statesman, a confidant of statesmen, a friend of monarchs, and is familiar with the intricacies and intrigues of all the European Courts. Dr. Dillon is the best equipped foreign correspondent in the world. He is the best trained journalist in Europe. There is perhaps no living statesman with so wide and so deep a knowledge of European affairs.

Dr. Dillon left Dublin (where he was born sixty-two years ago) as a youth, and made his way to the Continent. European languages—all of the living and most of the dead—seem to have come trippingly from his tongue from his babyhood upwards.

At the age of eight he was a student of Hebrew, and he is probably the only living journalist who has written leading articles in papers in England, Russia, France and Germany. He has graduated at three European universities and has studied at seven. His home has been, for very many years, "somewhere on the Continent," but chiefly at St. Petersburg (Petrograd), where he was the only private individual to receive an uncensored British newspaper. He married a Russian lady.

The doctor's entrance into journalism was in keeping with the precocity of his childhood. He had taken at Louvain (now the city of tragic memories) his Doctor of Oriental Languages degree, to go to St. Petersburg just about the time the professors of Russia had placed before the public a history of Sanscrit and Zend, two languages with which young Dillon was more than ordinarily familiar. Dillon, then only twenty-six, reviewed the book of the professors, and criticized it mercilessly. The university pundits consequently raged and declined to give him the degree (Master of Oriental Languages) he was striving to obtain. Nothing daunted, Dillon journeyed to Kharkoff, where he obtained his well merited distinction.

It was in 1890 that Dr. Dillon began his connection with The Daily Telegraph; and about the same time caused particular attention to be paid to a series of articles exposing the internal enmities of Russia, written by him under the pseudonym "E. B. Lanin," in the Fortnightly Review. He had previously contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette, the first British journal to take his writing, which was immediately marked in journalistic and literary circles for its faultless and scholarly style.

Brilliant journalistic feats and "scoops" are a commonplace of Dr. Dillon's life. The Dreyfus trial enabled him to turn out, single-handed, some five or six columns daily during its progress—a truly amazing journalistic feat for columns are wide and long in London papers. His findings of himself face to face with death in his eagerness to keep in close touch with events, are too many to be named. One of his closest shaves was in 1910, in Oporto (Portugal), when Don Manoel was dethroned. A fierce crowd, mainly of peasants, saw him as he was leaving a monastery. "He's a priest in disguise," they cried. The doctor's shout, in Spanish, of "Long live the Republic," saved his life, when some of the crowd had their fingers on the triggers of their leveled rifles.

In the great European crises of the last twenty years Dr. Dillon has played a prominent part in other capacities than as a journalist, though he has, of course, never forgotten to keep his fingers, through the medium of the press, on the pulse of the people. He knew Count Witte, whose death was recently announced, probably better than he was known by any other man. He was, through a series of clever interviews, the first writer to portray the character and outline the policy of the Russian statesman, whom he considered to be one of the two greatest men in Europe. When M. Witte signed the Russian-Japanese Peace Treaty (1905) it was with Dr. Dillon's fountain pen, which had been handed to him for the purpose by Dr. Dillon himself.

In like manner the Telegraph correspondent's pen was used, two or three years ago, to sign the Peace Treaty of Bucharest. Dr. Dillon played an important part in the crisis in the Balkans in 1910. Count Aehrenthal, the then Austrian Minister, and M. Isvolski, the then Russian Foreign Minister, were friends and confidants of the doctor.

In this present war campaign Dr. Dillon's pen has not been idle. Though his writing has not been so prolific as that of some other correspondents, we have at least found in it the stamp of a full knowledge of the deeper moves on the Continental chess-board. What he has written has been out of an experience gained during a life lived amongst the Continental peoples. His presence now, where, through intrigues, a people is being sorely tried, is a guarantee that when all is over we shall get an authoritative picture of what is yet veiled in seemingly impenetrable mystery.

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King Ferdinand of Bulgaria

A Cultured Egoist, One of the Picturesque Figures in the European Drama

There are only two living kings of Europe whom the pencil of the satirist has made familiar to their contemporaries. One is the Kaiser, and the other is Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It would be difficult to find on the summits of the same world two more sharply contrasted characters, but they have something in common, and this it is which has endeared them to the caricaturists. They are in an age of constitutions and democracies, governed and shaped, as it is, by impersonal tendencies and anonymous economic forces, the only two kings whose personality counts in the balances of destiny. Their wills, their intelligence, the intimate dreams of their secret imaginations, must be numbered with the armies, the banks, and the theories, among the forces that shape our age. They are self-moving figures on a stage crowded with automata and machines, and nature, whether to warn us or to seduce us, has set upon them both the outward signs of personality. Stripped of their crowns and their orders, and dressed in shabby mufti, they would both stand out in any crowd. The Ferdinand of the caricatures is a sinister figure, a human bird of prey, and there is something formidable in his aquiline nose and piercing blue eyes. But when he intends to please, the total impression is decidedly attractive. The strong face and the big frame are handsome. His play of expression can be humorous and winning. He will assume in a long interview a manner that is half-confidential, half-fatherly, and altogether flattering. The evident art of the man in talking may be theatrical, but it is accomplished. He talks well, and very indiscreetly, lifting all the while the veil of State secrets, giving full vent to his angers and dislikes, and pointing allusively to the dangers and mysteries of the past. He is, moreover, when he really lets himself go in his mother-tongue, which is French, a skilful phrasemaker and a graphic artist in words. He has the secret of the social egoist; he reveals himself without apparent reserve, and the appeal to the goodwill of the listener is so frank, so naive, that it seems churlish to refuse the sympathy for which he craves. Does he really desire sympathy, or is it only that he realizes that to seek sympathy is a subtle form of flattery? It would be hard to say; but the fact probably is that he is not merely the coldly ambitious man who is satisfied to do great things and accomplish large aims which themselves will be his monuments and his apologists. His ambitions are social; he seeks applause and sympathy, and would achieve great things chiefly for the consideration which they will bring him.

To understand the man, one must bear his record in mind. He has led the life that sometimes falls in modern times to a very strenuous statesman, but rarely to a prince. It called from the first hour for action, will, resource. An elected king, whose predecessor had abdicated in despair, he struggled where others reign. The omens were against him. Prince Alexander had been kidnaped, abducted to Russia, which had forgotten its earlier role of deliverer, and then ordered to resign his crown. Prince Ferdinand started with the full load of this same hostility on his own shoulders. Nor was foreign opposition the only danger; he had to meet a hostile party at home, and to face, as a Catholic and a non-Slav, the Orthodox opposition. If he leaned on Stambouloff and eschewed a policy of adventure, he roused the suspicions and hatreds of the Macedonians, who had only one use for a Bulgarian prince, that he should liberate Macedonia. If he played the autocrat, he estranged his stubborn, self-respecting, democratic Bulgars. If he imitated the liberalism of his predecessor, he risked the hostility of the existing Russian Court. The political dangers were grave, but behind them lurked the dark and bloody world of Balkan melodrama, the world of plots and murders and kidnapings. He brought to his task a great power of work. How much of the marvelous development of Bulgaria in his reign was actually due to him, and how much to the Bulgarian spirit of orderly toil, it would be hard to say, but certainly he did all that an ambitious and very able prince, possessed of large constitutional powers and a native personal ascendancy, could possibly do. His mind is modern, realistic, scientific, the sharpest contrast to the Kaiser's medievalism. A botanist of some standing, he had the knowledge to assist the agriculture of his country. In such work lay the best side of the man, and if he was vain of it, he had some right to his pride. He would talk as though he were the creator of Bulgaria. He seemed to stand like the aged Faust, on an eminence, watching the multitudes to whom he had given fruitful toil. He would speak incessantly of "mon oeuvre," as though Bulgaria were a kind of vast extension of his own well-kept botanical garden. The ambition was sensitively personal, but it was in some sense an ambition of fruitful service.

The pinnacle on which in his own imagination he stood, was none the less a dizzy one. If one tries, from fragments of King Ferdinand's talk, to guess the intimate form of his ambition, it clearly had a close relation to his standing as compared with other kings. An artist is jealous of other artists, a politician of other politicians. King Ferdinand, when his talk grew frank and indiscreet, would mock at the personal nullity of other sovereigns, especially Balkan sovereigns. He would pour out biting and whimsical phrases, each a sort of verbal caricature, of King Peter, King Constantine and the rest. One heard clearly enough the underlying thought. He seemed to invite the listener to look first on these portraits and then on this, and make the appropriate "Hyperion to a Satyr" comment. On what other throne sits a man of his intellect, his scientific attainments, his self-sufficing will? So, one guessed, ran the daily argument in the royal brain, and the conclusion followed, that his power, his standing, his scope, his territory, ought to correspond to these talents. Did he fail and lead his country into the abyss of disaster? That only proved, as he would put it with the revealing simplicity of egoism, that the Great Powers are jealous of "mon oeuvre." Extravagant, megaomaniac, and barely sane as this mood was, it was doubly dangerous because it was based on facts. For no one could dispute the king's talents, and his success up to the one fall of 1913, had been dazzlingly complete. He had come to think of himself as a magical manager of men, and in this department he assuredly had great skill. He thought meanly of Bulgarian politicians, and would spare no words of abuse in referring to his late Ministers. In one Cabinet, he would recount, how two Ministers (if memory serves us, but at least one) were men with lurid pasts. They had been, he declared, in the pay of the Russian secret police, and one had actually been hired to murder him. Were these notions diseased fancies? It may be so. The mania of persecution fastens readily on the megalomaniac in adversity. He certainly believed that he had survived the most monstrous plots, and the belief, when one recalls his predecessor's fate, was not unnatural. It inspired in him a fatal confidence in his own power to defeat the plotters. "Mithridates, he died old." He ruled by a system of day-to-day upscrupulousness, which may have been venial, and in that world excusable. He knew the skeleton in every Minister's cupboard, and he took pains to acquire the key. But in a man of his temperament, this daily success suggested a reserve power which might be turned on occasion to large ends. The habit of managing Ministers begot a contempt for public opinion, and good luck in defeating conspiracies suggested the power to weave them on the larger diplomatic stage. There was in this flattering estimate of himself an element of delusion of which King Ferdinand was probably not aware. With all his artistic charm he was never popular. With all his good work, he was never trusted. He survived partly by his own skill, but much more by the mistakes of his adversary.

The man who, for the third time, has drenched the Balkans in blood, will perplex historians by the paradoxes of his character. There was never a less soldierly chief of a nation of soldiers. King Ferdinand has never been able to overcome his physical timidity, and his men looked in vain for his presence in the danger zone. Cowardice of this type is often a consequence of intense egoism. The man who values his life over much, who pursues alluring ambitions, and thinks affectionately of the talents enshrined in his body, does not risk it lightly. Nature will often play the trick of creating a big frame, and mocking its great vitality by endowing it with an over-keen instinct of self-preservation. Some good has come of these physical fears. Sofia owes its good sanitation and vigilant system of public health to the king's dread of epidemics. Unluckily, the fear of bullets in kings does not necessarily induce a dread of war. This physical cowardice is compatible with the utmost boldness and even rashness in making plans which endanger other men's skins. These great abilities, this self-reliance, this versatile social talent, and those pleasant traits, a passion for flowers and birds, might have made, with his zest in work, a great and beneficent king in any corner of Europe less troubled than the Balkans. Here too much is fluid. It is too easy to create. The floating realm of the possible has beckoned its emperor. How does he envisage the Great Bulgaria that is to stretch from the Adriatic to the Black Sea? Not as a blood-stained battlefield; he will not look on the slaughter. Not as a province to be exploited; he is not, with all his faults, a financial Imperialist. He sees, as the warped idealist commonly does see, his madly magnificent dream. It is a very big garden, even bigger than Bulgaria, and one day it will be very orderly and green, and he will look at it and call it "mon oeuvre."

The Spectator

The New French Cabinet

The local French colony has been much agitated by the big change in the French Cabinet. It signifies according to some of the prominent representatives of the colony that the war is entering its most crucial stage, and that France has determined to put forth her best endeavors, for she is entrusting her affairs to her ablest statesmen and diplomats. They are men of long service. There is de Freycinet, who has been seven times Premier, besides holding a score of portfolios; Ribot, also a former Premier, and a distinguished Foreign and Finance Minister Bourgeois, another former Premier, who has also held as many portfolios as de Freycinet; Jules Cambon, who has distinguished himself as Ambassador at Washington, Madrid and Berlin, the brother of Paul Cambon, now Ambassador at the Court of St. James's; two other former Premiers, Doumergue and Dr. Emile Combes, the latter of whom, from 1902 to 1905, put through anti-clerical measures and enforced them so ruthlessly that he appalled their well-meaning initiator and sponsor, the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and Jules Guesde, the well known Parliamentary Socialist, who was a Minister without portfolio in the late Cabinet. Finally, General Gallieni, the defender of Paris a year ago, and Admiral Lacaze, are both men who stand high in their respective professions. Although both Briand and Viviani have the reputation of being Socialists, they have long since broken with the organized party—like M. Millerand, the Minister of War—and so the hopes of that party are solely centred on M. Guesde. The Cabinet of 1898 and that formed on September 26, 1914, had a much larger Socialist representation.

Dissatisfaction With British Control

It is believed by Frenchmen in this city that the collapse of the old ministry signified rather deep dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war by Great Britain than with the part that France has played. It has been said that the former ministry entrusted too much to British statesmen, and that blunders in the Balkans caused revolt. The sudden change, I am told, means that the people desired a ministry that would take a more aggressive position and at the same time reconcile all parties. Premier Briand is of course a "strong man," the kind the French admire. In his salad days he was an anarchist. When about 30 years old he edited a small anarchist paper and attracted some attention with his views favoring trial marriage, free love and divorce by mutual agreement. Since becoming more conservative he has developed into a very strong character, and has an enormous and powerful following in France. Briand is the sort of man who may be depended upon to demand for France a larger share in the determination of the joint policies of the alliance. Briand's strength has been shown by his scorn for parliamentary restraints; and his contempt for purely technical barriers have made him almost impossible in times of peace. He was, in fact, suspected for this reason, and was twice compelled to resign his position as President of the Council. To the world Briand is chiefly memorable as the man who put down the great French railroad strike of 1910—when the employes of the Northern Railway, playing their part in the great labor agitations of that period, decided to strike, thus crippling Paris and putting the climax to long years of labor disturbances. Briand, instead of surrendering to the labor unionists, whose political power was great, promptly issued mobilization orders for the railroad employes, thus putting them under military authority and changing the whole character of the problem. In a brief time French public sentiment rallied to Briand, the strike collapsed and the incident is a landmark in the domestic history of France in recent years. Subsequently, when challenged in the Chamber, Briand remarked that if there had been no law to justify his course he would still have acted. This frank statement was hailed with shouts of "dictator," it ultimately led to the fall of his ministry, it made his later tenure as Premier, after Poincare's election, short, but it supplied an index to the character of the man who has succeeded Viviani.

Cambon and Gallieni

Equally interesting and significant is the selection of Jules Cambon to direct the foreign affairs of France. Cambon for years had held the difficult post of Ambassador at Berlin. He fought through the great Agadir crisis. What Cambon thought of German purpose is clearly described in his contributions to the French Yellow Book. When he left Berlin, at the outbreak of the war, he was treated with gross discourtesy, actually "held up" for the money to pay for his special train to the frontier. Without question Cambon and his brother, Paul Cambon, French Ambassador to London, are the ablest members of the French diplomatic corps. No one is better equipped to deal with German diplomatic activities all over the world than the acute and astute ambassador who for years has been watching German statesmen in Berlin. His presence in the Cabinet is anything but an indication that the French are thinking of peace. The mention of General Gallieni as Minister of War raises new and baffling questions. Briand and Cambon may be expected to pursue more vigorously, more successfully, the general purposes of their predecessors, but will Gallieni consent, as has Millerand, to be in all essential details the servant rather than the master of Joffre? For the friends of the French this question is necessarily disturbing. For many months it has been generally believed that the French Parliament was at odds, theoretically, with Millerand, actually with Joffre, because of his complete neglect of the politicians. Without regard to parliamentary considerations he has made and broken generals. A few months ago he removed Sarrail, who saved Verdun in August, 1914, because it is alleged, Sarrail failed to follow instructions and provide his men with gas masks, thus enabling the Crown Prince to win a local success. Sarrail had strong political friends. He now commands the French force in Macedonia. In addition, Clemenceau and other extreme Republicans have resented the fashion in which Joffre has interfered with efforts to investigate the condition and care of the wounded. Like Joffre, Gallieni is an old African, a colonial soldier who served in the Sudan and Indo-China and conquered Madagascar. Rumor has reported that Gallieni felt some part of the credit that fell to Joffre for the Marne victory was due to him because of his action in sending troops by motor bus to the hard-pressed forces of Maunoury fighting along the Ourcq in the opening hours of the great conflict. As for Viviani, he is admired by anti-Catholics on account of his bitterness against the church. He prides himself on his atheism. In the days of the separation troubles he was quoted to the effect that he would put out the lights of heaven. But so great has been the revival of religious feeling in France of late it is not likely that he will take up his favorite topic.

"Hi Winkelreid" Johnson

The recent election, which some enthusiasts are pleased to regard as our Governor's Waterloo, aroused considerable interest in the East, where people have been amused to learn that there has been some talk of making Hiram Winkelreid Johnson, as the New York Times calls him, the running mate of Woodrow Wilson in the next campaign. New York editors have been watching his political career and their comments from time to time give one the impression that even at his zenith they were onto him despite the frequent celebration of him by the overnight hero makers of our emotional magazines. In the New York Sun office, where he has been dubbed Hi Johnson, our blustering little Governor has never been regarded as anything else but a Chautauqua statesman. So the rebuke administered to him at the polls was precisely what the Easterners have regarded as only a matter of time. Commenting on the election the New York Times

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says that Johnson has bestridden California like a Colossus, making the State a "paradise of his dainty devices," a Happy Valley of Innovations. "One thing only was wanting to her perfection," says the Times, "the elimination of the party symbol of designation so that the Johnson machine, beautifully organized, fat with patronage, would be the one party left." According to the Times the scheme was defeated notwithstanding that "it had received a sacred character from its origin, that it was defended on the stump by Governor Johnson. Down with it went nine constitutional amendments likewise urged by the same great authority. Evidently the electorate has been surfeited with novelty and virtue. It longs for rest. Its flagging powers are unequal to the task of living up to Johnson." The Times adds: "The terrible approach of Hiram Johnson to the Republican national convention of 1916 has been sounded early, long, and hard. He is to cow the reactionaries. He is to warn, to threaten and command, to take charge. Apparently he will first have to collect the disject members of his sovereignty. California has lapsed, backslidden from the way of perfection. If she is 'behind' at present, it seems to be for purposes of attack, not devotion."

Willis Turns to Poetry

"Since the Exposition committee decided that architecture is not one of the Fine Arts I've decided to go in for belles lettres," said Willis Polk to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "I'm writing a commemoration ode, and I'm out for a plaque."

"Commemorating what?" the clockwinder asked.

"The late election," replied Willis, a blush of modesty suffusing his classic countenance. "I'm interpreting in apt and well-chosen words the ear-splitting yell of joy that has gone up over the whole State. This universal paean of rejoicing demands a poet, and I'm responding with an ode entitled 'Cantat Populus Californiae.' I've just finished the opening stanza."

"I think I can stand for it," said the clockwinder. "Let 'er go."

Mr. Polk read:

"From too much Johnson venom,
From hate and spite set free,
In the hope that he's struck dumb
We thank the Gods that be,—
That no lie lives forever,
That fakers come back never,
That the time draws near to sever
That feeder from his fee."

"Well," said the clockwinder, assuming a critical air, "I don't know about that."

"What do you mean? Isn't it good?"

"Oh, I suppose as a literary effort it will get by with the reactionaries, but I don't think they'll give you a plaque for it."

"Why not? Gladhand Brown is my friend."

"I know but Matt Sullivan and Chester Rowell are on the State Commission. I think they'll charge you with plagiarism. It sounds like Edwin Markham."

"Markham? He never turned out such good poetry in his life. I don't mind telling you that I leaned on Swinburne a little."

"Swinburne? I never heard of him."

Melvin's Comment

Justice Melvin has a dry wit. The other day he heard a hunting story about a lawyer who writes very long briefs without elucidating many points. "Out of one hundred and forty-five shots," said the narrator, "he got three ducks." "I suppose," said Justice Melvin, "he thought he was writing a brief."

A Skull as Evidence

Wonderful are the things that are done to win damage suits against corporations. I mean the things that are done to stir the emotions of jurors. Damage suits are usually won by emotional appeal. A widow weeping in court often has a very strong effect in a case where the damages sought are for the death of a husband. Jurors frequently yield their emotions to little children, and when the plaintiff has but one leg or one arm to show to a jury he has a much better case than the man who lost but a finger. There was a case in Judge Hunt's court last week in which a very strong theatrical play was made. It was a most gruesome performance, but the emotion aroused was not according to the calculations of the attorney for the plaintiff. He represented a mother who was suing the United Railroads for damages for the death of a son. The question at issue was whether the boy had been killed by a blow on the head or had died from natural causes. There was a lot of expert and other testimony, but the attorney for the plaintiff was not satisfied. One day to everybody's amazement he appeared in court with the skull of the boy who was buried a year and a half ago. The skull had been severed from the trunk for the purpose of the trial. There was still some flesh upon it. William Abbott, the attorney for the defendant, was staggered by the spectacle. He tried to prevent the introduction of the skull as an exhibit, but in vain. Then he decided to rest his whole case on the skull, and pursuing this course he won. For the other side had insisted that the boy died from a fracture of the skull. As a matter of fact the skull showed no sign of a fracture. It proved to be conclusive evidence for the defense.

A Spinster's Confession

Paul Elder has sent me a pretty little volume of nineteen sonnets bound in lavender which seems a strange color to choose since these are "Sonnets of Spinsterhood." The author is Snow Longley. Reading that cognomen I could not help exclaiming as Byron did about Amos Cottle: "Phoebus, what a name!" I rang up Elder, and he assured me that it was not a pen name; he told me also that Snow Longley

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was a Los Angeles school teacher. I have read the sonnets not once but three times, and they have inspired me with respect for Snow Longley. They are indeed very sweet and good. Any revelation of self is interesting, and when the personality revealed is a kindly one the revelation is bound to appeal to the sympathetic reader. Snow Longley tells us in these sonnets that she is a spinster. She has missed the crown of woman's life—marriage and motherhood; and she is a little sorry for herself—not too much so. Like a sensible person she seeks other interests to fill her days. There is no bitterness in Snow Longley.

What She Tells Us

"'I walk lonely all my days," sings Snow Longley; "'twas not for me, the crown of motherhood." Duties help her to forget, but discontent intervenes at times. "Faint, far winds of passion" makes themselves felt. And she cannot help speculating a little sadly:

I wonder if these little loves atone,—
These little loves of mutual service born,—
For that great rapture which is not mine own?

There was a time when love came to her, but it did not tarry; and she cannot but regret the lost chance. She has learned to smile at her romantic dreams, has taught herself to taste the sweetness of life in spinsterhood. She rejoices in knowing that others love and are loved. She admits that she cherishes one illusion: "That love fulfilled is perfect happiness." Her peace comes from work. And yet—is it too late? She is not quite sure. Still she is not indulging hope too far. Her final word is:

Thank God I have not lost the human touch;
They only live who love or suffer much.

A Specimen Sonnet

Snow Longley does not follow the usual sonnet form. She prefers the Shakespearian scheme of three four-line stanzas with alternate rhymes and a rhymed couplet at the end. She handles this measure easily, gracefully. Here, I think, is one of the best of her sonnets:

Some women walk the way of life, unwed,
Nor ever lose the yearning for love's prize;
When early charm and time of hope are sped,
Still gleam's love's sweet expectance in their eyes.
And others strive to cozen time's decree,
Veiling with artifice the face of truth,
And evermore, with outworn gayety,
Flaunting the tattered banners of their youth.
But some few wear the crown that life bestows,—
A laurel leaf for every passing year,
Hid in their breasts a pale, remembered rose,
And in its heart the dew-drop of a tear.
On their calm brows I see this message run,
"Lo! I have loved and suffered—it is done."

Our Best Short Stories

The members of the California Literary Society which meets at the home of Miss Ina Coolbrith have started a very interesting symposium. They are compiling lists of the best short stories written by Californians, with a view of picking out the ten best. Miss Sarah Connell who is in charge of this fascinating project informs me that Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels is the first to submit a list. It contains the following:

"The Eventful Nights of the 21st and 22nd of August," by Ferdinand Ewer
"The Case of Summerfield," by "Caxton" Rhodes
"Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte
"Jumping Frog of Calaveras," by Mark Twain
"The Gentleman from Reno," by Noah Brooks
"Man in Frozen Block of Ice," by Robert Duncan Milne
"Sand or Big Jack Small," by Gally
"Marquis of Aguayo," by Harry McDowell
"M'liss," by Bret Harte
"Miss Golighty," by Yda Addis
"Man from Georgia," by W. C. Morrow
"Laughing Freda," by Flora Haines Loughead
"Ship on the Dry Land," by Adelaide Holmes
"A Memory of Adamsville," by Madge Morris
"Chumming with an Apache," by Bailey Millard
"The Sunlanders" and "The Fair Linquoche," by Jack London
"The Cat and the Cherub," by Chester Bailey Fernald.

I wonder if any of my readers have read all these stories, or nearly all of them.

"Mother-in-Law" Jim Woods

The title is not to be taken too literally. The genial manager of the St. Francis is a mother-in-law because he sired a jinks at the Family Club last Friday night. In the Family a jinks is a "row," and the presiding officer of a family "row" is, quite naturally, the mother-in-law. It was one of the best affairs ever given at the Family, which is saying a great deal, considering the talent which is at the disposal of that organization. Woods hit upon the idea of enlisting the services of members who had never been heard before at a club entertainment, and the result was a program that scintillated with wit and was fat with humor. One of the triumphs of the affair was the musical talent Woods enlisted. Victor Herbert wielded the baton over the club's celebrated orchestra which showed a flattering familiarity with his best work. Alfred Hertz and Josiah Zuro joined the orchestra for this night only, and played duets at the piano

Suffrage Boosters

What a wonderful thing is woman suffrage in California! How wonderful, we who are in the midst of things must go East to find out. Or at least we must read the New York papers wherein notable ladies from California have been interviewed in the interest of the grand cause. The kind of women who take an absorbing interest in politics have much the same intellectual habits as men whose principal business is politics. In the pursuit of partisan ends the methods of all politicians—male or female, are very much the same. When prohibitionists are boosting prohibition in the West they tell of the great success of prohibition in the East. The advocate of the recall in one State tells what a fine thing it has proved elsewhere. The direct contrary may be the truth, but the political partisan doesn't care. So it is also with the dear ladies who are eager to vote in order to purify politics and elevate society. In the New York Tribune of Friday of last week was a page devoted to suffrage. Ladies from California told the Easterners what a great success was suffrage in California. Considering the short time that women have been voting in California it would seem to persons of intelligence a little premature to pronounce the new order of things either a success or a failure. Thus far we know only that lunacy has been prevalent in California politics ever since women have been voting, but we are far from inferring that women are responsible for it. The truth appears to be that though women have been given the franchise they are not very eager to use it, the consequence being that as a result of the grant of the franchise to women we have only enlarged the kind of vote most desired by cunning and unscrupulous politicians.

Maud Younger's Testimony

Among the women interviewed by the Trib-

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

une was Miss Maud Younger, labor agitator, feminist and suffragist. She related that the women of San Francisco took up the task of remedying evils in the police courts. This is as far as she went on this subject. She did not tell of the scandals brought about by the activity of female crooks posing as reformers in the police courts. She did not relate that a judge had been unjustly recalled and that the dear ladies elected in his place a man who so covered himself with shame that he became eager to regain the obscurity of private life. This police court triumph is the most conspicuous thing achieved by women in San Francisco since they were given the vote. It was handled almost exclusively by women, though there were a few police court shysters in the background directing and suggestionizing. They made of a judge a marked man, and they picked out his successor and conducted the whole campaign. It was a campaign of hysteria aided and abetted by an unscrupulous press. Perhaps it would also be well to remind Miss Younger that the only California legislator who has been recalled was a protege of the dear ladies of San Francisco and that they made a desperate fight for him during the recall campaign.

Heney Helped Out

The writer of the article in the Tribune was a woman. She interviewed not only Maud Younger but the Hon. Francis J. Heney and she says that by combining the observations of both she finds the place for politics is in the home where "it thrives much to the edification of the man." As a result of what Frank and Maud told her she produced this alluring picture:

"In California women give sewing bees for the discussion of politics. Browning societies, of which there were many, have given way to civic clubs. Bridge parties have been replaced by meetings for the discussion of civic affairs, and over the back fence is decided the eligibility for re-election of police court judges. Husbands, tired business men, and stalwart workers coming home in the evening listen interestedly to a discussion of Mrs. Jones's principles and why she is voting the Democratic ticket, and find it more absorbing than a discussion of the clothes which wife may or may not have. It is even said, in certain circles, that the husband, greeted by his wife's neighbor who drops in of an evening, refrains from going out to the corner store to discuss events. It is quite as amusing to remain at home."

Hyatt on Feminine Charm

The daily papers have informed us that Edward Hyatt, our Superintendent of Public Instruction, does not think much of the Montessori system. Hyatt is very severe on Maria Montessori in the "blue bulletin" issued by the State Department of Education. Among other remarks I find this: "The impression made upon my mind was that a plump and nice-looking Italian lady had taken advantage of a sudden popularity to come over the pond and pluck the fat American goose." Hyatt met this "plump and nice-looking Italian lady" at the convention of the N. E. A. There also he met Mrs. Philip Snowden of London. He approves of Mrs. Snowden quite as much as he disapproves of Doctor Montessori. He finds her "blooming, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, a perfect type of the yellow-haired Saxon, graceful, fluent and earnest." He even speculates on her age: "about thirty-five years old (I guess)." His remarks are not important except insofar as they indicate a critical eye for beauty. The "plump, nice-looking Italian" fell short of his standard; the "blooming, red cheeked" etc., Saxon lady measured up to it. After that I am not surprised to find Hyatt speaking of David Starr Jordan as "the big man of California." He probably measures him by inches.

The Presumptuous Cook

Portola Day at the Fair was a grand affair, no matter from what angle you regard it. The good fellows who made our Portola celebrations successful were all there. There were good talks, and not too many of them, and the barbecue was immense. It is of this feature that I wish to speak. The barbecue arrangements were committed to the jolly members of the Corinthian Yacht Club who are without question the most experienced barbecuers in these parts. John H. Keefe than whom there is no more magical concocter of a clam chowder or a mess of frijoles in the West, presided as chief cook. Harry Hawks was carver. A dozen or so Corinthians in white aprons acted as waiters. The grub was free to all who came, and although the celebration was in the nature of a stag affair, one party of women wandered in to Zone Park and made themselves at home. Always solicitous for the comfort of the fair sex, Chief Cook Keefe approached these women in the midst of the barbecue and doffing his white cap hoped politely that they were being taken care of. The women surveyed him with haughty astonishment, and one of them voiced the general thought:

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Has built over fifty of the city's largest apartment houses; is prepared to retire and give all his time to city affairs.

J. EMMET HAYDEN
Supervisor for last two terms; for years well known restaurant man; led ticket of fifty-six candidates at the primary.

OSCAR HOCKS
Supervisor since 1903; recognized as sound legislator; was third at primary.

MANFRED S. KOHLBERG
Well known business man; for many years senior member firm Kohlberg, Strauss & Frohman.

CHARLES A. MURDOCK
Supervisor since 1907; former member Board of Education; Civil Service Commission, and State Legislature.

HENRY PAYOT
Supervisor for eleven years; former member Board of Education; formerly with firm Payot, Upham & Co.

ALEXANDER T. VOGELSANG
Supervisor for past four years; lawyer by profession; interested in many organizations for betterment of San Francisco; second at primary election.

JAMES S. WEBSTER
Resident of San Francisco forty years; in business here for thirty-four years; is prepared to retire and devote all his time to service of city.

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"The idea of a cook talking to us!"

Keefe retired, but it was a strategic retreat in quest of reinforcements. He returned, solemnly leading a squad of waiters with Carver Harry Hawks as his chief of staff. In his squad were such well known Corinthians as Charles Morrell, Alec Young, Lester Stone, Pete Mortenstein, Ross Wright, Willie Kid Nelson, Jerry Stack, Bruno Kufner, Fred Webster, Keegan Shober, Skiff O'Brien, Ed Landlais, George Dondero and Charles Volkman. Drawing up his forces, Chief Cook Keefe gave the word of command, and the squad volleyed:

"We trust you are being taken care of."

Whereupon the women seemed to understand that their dignity was not being outraged.

White Falls Down

As I stood before Robert Wagner's full length portrait of Stewart Edward White in the Palace of Fine Arts last Sunday I overheard the following conversation:

"That's White, the novelist of Santa Barbara. Looks very swagger in his riding togs, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but he came an awful cropper in 'The Gray Dawn.'"

Having followed 'The Gray Dawn' through many numbers of the Saturday Evening Post, at first with lively interest, then with disappointment and finally with fatigue, I am in a position to agree with that remark. 'The Gray Dawn' attracted me because it was a story of San Francisco. It bade fair to be a good story, but the promise of the first two or three installments was never fulfilled. The author seemed to lose all interest in his subject. He laid emphasis on characters that were almost lost sight of as the story proceeded. He involved his leading characters in intrigues which seemed important but proved inconsequential. He so crowded the stage with actors that they fell over one another and accomplished nothing. Perhaps he found that he had tackled too big a job. His history is not above criticism, his estimates of historical characters are often faulty. He does not state the case as between the Vigilantes and the Law and Order party with understanding. The concluding chapters of the story are a hodge podge of shrieking melodrama, improbability, incoherence and bad writing. The author of "Conjuror's House" cannot be proud of "The Gray Dawn."

Emending a Quotation

On my way home Monday night I bought the early edition of the Examiner, and one of the things I read was Ned Hamilton's editorial, "San Francisco Day! What It Celebrates; What It Foretells." Judge of my surprise when I came across this sentence:

It is not a decade ago—not ten years—since San Francisco represented to the world "the finest ruins to be gazed on anywhere."

A misquotation of Larry Harris' well known line! In what spasm of prudery had the Examiner left out the word "damndest?" I exonerate Ned Hamilton, for he does not misquote poetry. There was another surprise for me when I picked up the last edition of the Examiner to show the mistake to a friend. Behold, the "damndest" had been restored! The editorial page had been made over for the emendation. The spasm of prudery hadn't lasted very long.

Soothing a Temperament

Tom Powers of the Board of Public Works descended the stairs to the Crocker safe deposit vaults and sought out the presiding genius of that treasure cavern, "Happy Jack" Cunningham.

"I'm in trouble, John," said Powers.

"What's up?" said the Cerberus of the vaults.

"Well, we're giving an entertainment tonight for St. Anne's church, and I've got Willie Kid Nelson on the program."

"Do you call that trouble?" demanded Cunningham.

"He won't sing," wailed Powers. "He says the public is the bunk. Says he sang to 75,000 people during the campaign and asked them to vote for his friend Bill McCarthy for assessor. They applauded and he took that as a promise. The day after election he decided that there had been a lot of promises broken. So he says he won't sing in public any more."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Cunningham.

"That's where you come in," answered Powers. "This is for charity, and charity will cover a little white lie. I want you to go to Willie and tell him Bill McCarthy asked him to sing. I don't like to bother McCarthy himself, but you're his brother-in-law and can speak for him."

"I'll do it for Father Collins' sake," said Jack Cunningham.

So the persuasive Jack went to Nelson and begged him on behalf of Bill McCarthy to take the dear people back into his good graces. And that night Nelson sang "A Little Bit of Heaven" as he had never sung it before.

Two Worthy Candidates

I hope my readers are all in accord with me in the conviction that T. I. Fitzpatrick will make a good police judge, and Joseph Mulvihill a good supervisor. I look forward to the election of these men next Tuesday, and I do not think I shall be disappointed. T. I. Fitzpatrick has made a splendid record at the bar, and his mastery of criminal law gives him a peculiar fitness for the magistracy. A man with a record like Fitzpatrick's should be encouraged to ascend the bench. His elevation will mark a great step forward in the honest, clean, fearless administration of law in the Hall of Justice. As for Joseph Mulvihill—I pointed out last week that his success in the milk business is a guaranty of his fitness for the Board of Supervisors. He is the housewife's candidate, and I know no backing I'd prefer in any campaign. As secretary of the present Grand Jury he has done his duty to his city with conscientious thoroughness. We shall make no mistake in voting for these men Tuesday.

A Great Night at Techau's

Techau Tavern scored a great success last Tuesday night with its combined Hallowe'en and San Francisco Day dinner dansant. San Franciscans know very well what to expect when the management of this cafe announces a special event and all the tables were engaged some days ahead. There were more souvenirs presented than ever before—fun-making souvenirs and souvenirs for the Pall Mall Cigarette and Candy Dances. At these dances the ladies all received beautiful boxes of Foster and Orear's fine candies and the gentlemen were given large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Jacob S. Meyer, Rooms 622 and 623 Balboa Building, corner Market and Second streets in said City and County, which said office the undersigned select as their and each of their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
SAMUEL SAVANNAH,
Executors of the estate of ESTHER ROSE SAVANNAH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1915.

JACOB S. MEYER,
Attorney for Executors,
622-623 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Neutrality Not in Danger

Mrs. M. Esberg, the mother of Milton Esberg, was on her way by train from her home in Los Altos to this city a few days ago. Spying her, Miss Callahan of Menlo Park, an old friend, hurried to Mrs. Esberg and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Esberg, you're German—"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Esberg, "but I'm neutral."

"That's all right," said Miss Callahan, "but I wanted to get your recipe for sauerkraut."

News for Golfers

It will thrill the hearts of all our golfers to learn that there are plans afoot to bring the next big national tournament to California. This means that we shall have a chance to see the giants of golf, the men like Travis, Ouimet and Evans, exerting their skill upon the elusive little ball. The plan is to bring the tournament to Northern California, and have the matches played on the links at Del Monte, Ingleside and so forth. To carry out this project the sum of $8,000 is needed to pay the expenses of a special train, for these stars of golf travel in style. When Will Crocker broached the scheme at the Ingleside Golf Club recently it was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The big-hearted banker started the subscription with a substantial sum, Templeton Crocker followed his lead, and in a short time all of the required sum had been subscribed by our wealthy golfers.

Mrs. Wilson's Engagement

The engagement of Mrs. Mabel Cluff Wilson to Arthur Miles of New York came as a great surprise to all but her closest friends. And it was a pleasant surprise. Sorrow has laid a heavy hand upon Mrs. Wilson, and her friends are deeply touched by the news of the great happiness that has entered her life. Jack Wilson left three children, and his widow is keenly alive to the duties and responsibilities they represent. She is a most devoted mother, one in whom the maternal instinct resides in passionate profundity. I wish her a long life of the truest happiness. Mr. Miles is president of the International Nickel Company, a university man and a member of several clubs in New York. The wedding date is yet to be announced.

The Palace Dinner Dance

No wonder the handsome face of Roy Carruthers was wreathed in smiles Monday night! The first Palace dinner dance of the season was successful beyond his most sanguine expectations. Three hundred and eighty people sat down to dinner and devoted the evening to dancing. In addition to these some sixty came to swell the merry crowd after the theatres. In personnel, in gayety and in the matter of smart gowns this first dinner dance was closely akin to the most exclusive of the subscription affairs. It was one of the first chances our society women had to display the new Fall styles, and how they availed themselves of the pleasant opportunity! The newly decorated dining room was a magnificent spectacle. One does not readily realize how large this beautiful room is. As a matter of fact it is the largest room devoted to dinner dances in the United States. And it has the largest dancing space of any in the country. Everybody in the large throng was enthusiastic over the auspicious opening, and I noticed that a great many of them returned the following night. One of the attractive features of these dinner dances is the absence of formality. One does not have to dress for them if the inclination or time is lacking. I need not point out how this pleases busy men who find it hard to leave their offices early.

Some of the Dancers

I have not space for the names of all the prominent people who were there for the opening dance. I can only name a few. Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sharon gave a party for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sharon, Misses Marget Waldron, Miss Esther Sharon, Messrs. MacDonald and Lucio Norris. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop entertained Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burnham and Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker of Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Groos Jr. gave a party that included Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blethen, Mr. and Mrs. John Rounsfel. Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan entertained in honor of New York friends, Messrs. Willcox and Zeitung, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hueter were also with them. Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Rohner had a party of a dozen or so, and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bremer also had guests. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver entertained eight or ten at their table. Among others having parties were Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hale, George Haas, Mr. and Mrs. John D. McGilvray Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Newton Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brown of Oakland, W. E. Travis, and the Messrs. Herbert Law and Harry Fair. Harry Hunt had a party of twelve from Burlingame, and William Lange, L. L. Mooser, George Cohn and Joseph Harris entertained jolly parties. Tables were reserved by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hammer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Varney, Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Wilder, Senator and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Short and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Harris. W. F. Fairbanks, E. E. McCarthy, Mrs. George Wingfield, Daniel Aaronson, Bertram Abrahamson, Mrs. George A. McGowan were among others who entertained guests. Mrs. W. H. Ridenbaugh of Boise, Idaho, had a party of fourteen including Miss Ridenbaugh and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cunningham. Others I noted were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hanna and Miss Hanna, all of Los Angeles; also Captain and Mrs. Martin Crimmins, Mrs. McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer.

An Unjust Discrimination

With the approach of the winter season and the fashion announcements that furs are to be worn more than ever this season the fly-by-night peddlers from all parts of the country are heading toward this city in the hope of making a big clean-up before the dawn of 1916. Auction sales of furs are to be held in our midst and attractive announcements are to be sent out in the hope of inducing our wealthiest society matrons to make bids for the itinerants' goods that will be knocked down under the hammer at the very highest prices. The owners of these furs travel from town to town, staying a few days in each place and selling their goods through the rooms of some local auctioneer. Alluring display advertisements are published in the morning newspapers and crowds of rich buyers usually flock to the sales. And it is right here that I want to point out the great injustice that is done to our local merchants. A fur expert told me about the scheme a few days ago, and I must confess I was intensely interested. "Mr. Hearst," my informant explained, "seems to be trying to do everything in his power to aid these peddlers in

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plying their trade to the great disadvantage of our legitimate merchants who have earned an excellent reputation. The auctioneer can buy his display advertising in the Examiner for $1.20 an inch while the regular retail merchant must pay $2.52 an inch. This is a tremendous advantage when we consider also the fact that this fly-by-night peddler may be getting exorbitant prices for cheap furs. And what I fail to understand about these transactions is the attitude of those wealthy San Francisco women who buy at these auction sales when they could get infinitely more for their money from an established retail merchant." Here my expert became enthusiastic as he explained, "Do you realize that the best fur houses in the country are located here in San Francisco? Women are perfectly safe in buying from them because they back up every transaction with an excellent reputation that has required years to establish. And these local merchants have a big advantage over easterners in being closer to Alaska. But still some of our women are foolish enough to be misled by fake advertisements in Mr. Hearst's Examiner."

The Somerton Dances

Society is delighted with the idea of the Matinee dances that are to be given every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at the Somerton Hotel. The first dansant took place Wednesday of this week, and the ball room was filled with society folk who "dropped in" after the theatre for a cup of tea. The excellent music made dancing an irresistible impulse, and the afternoon proved a great success. The exhibition dancing by Mr. Arthur Norbury and his graceful partner Miss Anita Churcher who have just come up from Hotel Coronado where they have been dancing all winter, was enthusiastically received. They were given several encores when they danced the Rose Waltz and the 1915 Polka, and Miss Churcher was the personification of grace when she danced "The Butterfly" which is one of the latest dances direct from New York. Every table was reserved for the supper dance on Thursday evening, and a number of reservations have been made for the dance this evening. These dances will take place from 9 to 12 on Thursday and Saturday evenings, and one of the attractions will be the exhibition dancing by Mr. Norbury and Miss Churcher.

At the Somerton

Prior to their departure for Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harrington and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Moore of Philadelphia gave a dinner dance Wednesday at the Somerton. They have been guests at the hotel for the past month. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Pettybone and their pretty daughter Miss Margaret who have been sojourning at the Somerton, gave a farewell luncheon Monday and left the following day for their home in Kansas City. Fourteen covers encircled the dinner table presided over by Dr. and Mrs. A. K. Lewis Thursday. The decorations were Duchess roses and maiden hair ferns. The doctor and his wife are from Boston, and have been guests for six weeks. Another prominent couple are Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Pope of Concord, N. H. They were hosts at a luncheon of twenty Monday. The elaborate affair took place in the private dining room. Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Green of Utica, N. Y., are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. Mr. R. F. Taylor and his family motored up from Long Beach. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Morrison of Pittsburg are being entertained by the service set.

At the Cecil

General and Mrs. Arthur Murray, the Conger Pratts and Mrs. Jarius Moore of the army were the guests of Mrs. Heny C. Pratt at a prettily appointed luncheon Thursday at the Cecil. The table was adorned with a gold basket filled with chrysanthemums. General and Mrs. E. J. Woodruff who are making their home at the Cecil were hosts at a dinner Thursday. It was given in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and their daughter Miss Daisy Ryan have closed their home in Menlo and will reside for the winter at the Cecil. Colonel and Mrs. William Bowen, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Perkins, Captain and Mrs. Saffett and Miss Gladys Bowen enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. L. G. Caldwell at dinner Friday. The function was given at the Cecil and the table was ornamented with chrysanthemums.

Lord Aberdeen to Lecture

Lord Aberdeen lectures this Saturday night at Scottish Rite Hall on "The Reminiscences of a Viceroy." The proceeds will be turned over to Lady Aberdeen for use in connection with her charitable and philanthropic work in Ireland. The cause being so good, the lecturer so distinguished and his subject so promising, I am quite sure that there will be a large crowd in attendance. The lecture starts at eight o'clock. Reserved seats are one dollar.

Indoor Yacht Feast

Members of the Indoor Yacht Club gathered around the festal board at Blanco's last Saturday night in celebration of the annual Hallowe'en feast of the organization. Frank J. Hennessy, Commodore, was in charge of the loyal tars. With his aid and that of Paul Masson, extra dry vintage of 1908, the gathering was kept in a most congenial mood. And that reminds that while the Indoor Yacht Club has won victories on land, Paul Masson was awarded the only Grand Prize at the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego. As a testimonial to their superiority Cresta Blanca wines were the only ones served at the dinner. The feast was a delightful one, so I am reproducing my menu below:

Toke Point oysters half shell; celery en branch, Cal. ripe olives; consomme de voaille a la royal en tasse; filet of striped bass a la Normande; milk fed chicken a la I. Y. C.; asparagus mayonaise; aloyau boeuf a la broche; nesselrode pudding; gateaux sec assorted; fruit; demi tasse. Sherry, Cresta Blanca, Sauterne Souvenir, St. Julien Souvenir, Paul Masson vintage 1908 extra dry.

The Spirit of Belgium

On Friday afternoon, November 12, at 3 o'clock, Paul Jordan Smith of the University of California will speak on "The Spirit of Belgium" at Paul Elder's Art Gallery.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Good Morals and Melodrama

Is melodrama the last abiding place of good morals on the stage? The question occurred to me Monday night as I left the Columbia and freed myself from the spell wrought upon me by "On Trial." Down-to-the-minute playwrights who construct dramas with purposes, problems and punches have assumed the right to formulate their own codes of morality. These codes seldom have anything in common with the Ten Commandments. They are topsy-turvy systems of right and wrong. Vice is rewarded and virtue is punished unto the second and third generation. The villain is hardly to be distinguished from the hero; and the heroine allows herself to be "ruined" without forfeiting her own or her family's respect. But melodrama still sticks to the Decalogue. In melodrama it is still sinful to lie, steal, kill and indulge the carnal appetite. Virtue is still admirable and vice hideous. Evil is severely punished. There is no sophistry about the unwritten law. The higher morality is branded for what it actually is—the lower immorality. A child fresh from the Sunday school can still go to a melodrama without being bewildered. The morality of "On Trial" is sound. There is a murder, and the murderer goes free, but it is expressly stated that his liberators take no stock in the unwritten law. There is a seduction under promise of marriage, but the seducer is not excused; he is terribly punished. There is lying and stealing, but it brings retribution. So "On Trial" is healthy entertainment. And what gripping, thrilling entertainment it is! It is indeed one of the best melodramas ever written. The novelty of the presentation on a revolving stage contributes to its excellence; but its author must have been born with the knack of exciting goose flesh—he is a Kremer with genius. Don't miss "On Trial." It will be a long time before we have anything half so good.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Magical Victor Herbert

Of late we have met many conductors, all of whom the average person who loves music passionately speaks of respectfully if not with enthusiasm. I know comparisons are said to be odious. Therefore I will not make any. But I will venture to remark that we have not met a better all-round man than Victor Herbert. Doubtless there are conductors who can pull off effects in the Ride from "The Valkyrie," or let us say the Huldigung's March or the Kaisermarsch or the Fifth symphony of Beethoven, which Herbert cannot get, but on the other hand it may be doubted whether the conductors who do some things magnificently can do so many things as well as Victor Herbert. Herbert can do some things so magnificently that their rendering make other renderings seem by comparison commonplace. I mean such things as the Rubeinstein Melody in F and certain delicious waltz melodies. Under the Herbert baton there is never any uncouthness of tone and there is none of that machine-like regularity and accuracy that makes one think how scholarly the leader is and how perfect his control, thus preventing the release of emotions. There is at once richness, beauty and freedom when Victor Herbert is leading, and whatever he plays comes off magically.

—The First Nighter.

Final Herbert Concerts

The last three orchestral concerts under the direction of Victor Herbert will be given this Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon in Festival Hall. The playing of the special orchestra under his magic baton has been a revelation to our concertgoers. The Friday night program will consist entirely of works by Mr. Herbert, the first part being devoted to his more serious compositions and the second to numbers from his light opera successes such as "Mlle. Modiste," "Babes in Toyland," "Naughty Marietta," "The Only Girl," etc. Uda Waldrop has been engaged to play the organ part in the "Triumph" from the Suite "Columbus." Saturday night's program will include works by Tschaikowsky, Massenet, Maillart, Nevin, Kreisler, several of Mr. Herbert's own compositions and by special request Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie." The farewell program Sunday afternoon at 3:15 will be an array of musical gems. Rubinstein's exquisite tone poem "Kamenoi-Ostrow," Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodie" No. 2, Dvorak's "Humoresque" arranged for orchestra by Herbert, Wagner's "Traume," "Hungarian Dances" by Keler-Bela are among the offerings. There will be four Herbert compositions, the program concluding with his "America Fantasie" for full orchestra and organ. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powll, and on Sunday at Festival Hall.

Tina Lerner Concert

The opportunity of hearing world's soloists like Kreisler in orchestral recitals is very limited in the West. Manager Will Greenbaum announces that the brilliant and beautiful young Russian pianist Tina Lerner will give a program in Festival Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 21, on which occasion the accompaniments will be played by the complete Exposition Orchestra of eighty men under the baton of Max Bendix. Miss Lerner's exceptional powers as a player of great concertos have been demonstrated by her wonderful success here with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. At this special concert lovers of Chopin will hear Miss Lerner play the "Concerto" in F minor, a work that has not been heard in this city for over thirty years. Its difficulties are enormous, but Miss Lerner has won triumphs with this work with the leading orchestras of Europe. The young Russian artist will also play the entrancing Concerto in A minor by Grieg. The orchestra will play a splendid overture and one number between the two Concertos. The prices will be moderate, ranging from $1.50 down to 50 cents. Mail orders may be sent to Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. The box offices will open Monday, November 15, at the Exposition ticket office on Powell street and Sherman, Clay and Company's. On Friday afternoon, November 26, and Sunday afternoon, November 28, Tina Lerner will appear in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

S. F. Quintet Club

The second concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given next Thursday night in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis at 8:45. The program is one of unusual beauty and importance as two of the works will be heard for the first time here. The novelties will be a Sonata for flute, viola and piano by Leclair and the Quintet, Op. 30, for piano and strings by Goldmark. Lovers of the classics will be delighted to know that the String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 2, by Beethoven will be played between the two other works. Tickets are 50 cents and $1.00 and are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the St. Francis news stands. The third and final concert of the first series will be given Thursday night, December 10.

HOUDINI

The elusive American next week at the Orpheum

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stock When our letter stated, some weeks ago, that we thought the war stocks were through and that you would see the biggest markets in railroads that had ever been seen, very few people believed this. Look through the list and see the new high prices made: Pennsylvania at 61¼ is equal with dividend to 125½, the highest in a long time; Norfolk and Western sold two points higher than it has ever sold in its history; even Missouri Pacific, with its $50 assessment, was buoyant. Good railroad stocks, in fact, all railroad stocks, are liked as collateral. War stocks are discriminated against. The decrease of 150 points from Bethlehem Steel's high has revealed a good many ideas. Pennsylvania's statement was the biggest the company has ever put out, a large amount of which is due to efficiency. Study over the railroad statements of the last sixty days. Do they not warrtant higher prices? Norfolk's statement is due in about a week and we think it will be a record breaker. Hide & Leather, Pfd., wanted to go up, but was held back by the war stocks. Sooner or later, it will cut away from them. All those who wanted to take profits over the week-end had an opportunity, and the market closed buoyant.

Wheat—Rumors concerning the cancellation of the Canadian duty, weakness in foreign exchange and the doubling of primary arrivals caused a nervous action in wheat. The public seems just awakening to the fact that it is facing the most extraordinary conditions ever known in wheat, and that the price readjustment must be a matter of time, and in the interim violent swings are to be expected. Speculation is but another word for anticipation, and for that reason it is not illogical to believe that this wonderful crop abundance has been already discounted. This, if true, would not prevent the vicious changes induced by conflicting influences, but it would insure very much higher prices than those now prevailing, sooner or later. We have had four weeks of the heaviest movement ever before recorded, and the visible supply is now but 12,613,000 bushels larger than on the first of July last, with the stocks at milling and speculative centers ridiculously light. Europe has already taken 76,000,000 of wheat from North America, and is telling us through Mr. Broomhall that she is entirely independent of us for food supplies. The war is widening and now includes Roumania, which has always been a liberal exporter, and postpones, if it does not virtually prohibit, the distribution of Russian grain for another year. It will be fully four months before Australian or Argentine supplies will be available, and their volume is an unknown and unreliable factor at the present time. North America, until then, will be the only source of supply for Europe, and at the present rate of clearance will be called upon generously. We should caution against too much enthusiasm on the short side at these levels.

Corn—There are two factors opposing any speculative advance of consequence, the seeming determination of the packers to lower the prices for hogs and the probability of an excessive run of soft corn next month. That the cattle feeding industry is weakened is conclusively shown in the excessive marketings of unfinished stock, and this is another argument against the expectation of unusual prices this year. Still another is the magnificent crop in both quantity and quality in the South, prohibiting interstate operations, which have hitherto been very profitable to the growers and dealers in the North. A local statistician is predicting a very low average of quality, and if precedent is followed, this should be unfavorable to the theories of higher prices for the present. There is no longer a question concerning a free movement of the new grain, all interior advices reporting the farmers as preparing to haul to station elevators, and should the weather hold as now, our receipts will soon begin to increase materially, influencing prices downward.

Cotton—It has been a reactionary market in cotton the past week and while there has been any number of upturns from what seemed to be an oversold condition, prices failed to hold, and the market in turn made new low points from previous declines. There was really nothing new in the situation to account for the weakness. The bull news had become stale and with the market generally long and no short interest in it, local professional traders, who have turned bearish, began to make drives at the market, which uncovered a lot of stop loss selling, and this helped to depress prices from time to time. Stress was laid on the weakness of foreign exchange. Cotton cannot be shipped at a profit, with exchange breaking to new low levels. Such declines demoralize foreign trade and it was because of this demoralized situation that the Allies sent a commission to the United States to float a $500,000,000 loan. Once that loan was floated, it was believed that the foreign exchange situation would right itself. This it has failed to do, and the unexpected development has alarmed exporters of cotton. Sensing something out of joint in the trade situation, speculative operators have taken a position on the bear side and are helping the decline along. The question now uppermost in the minds of the trade is whether spot holders in the South will adhere to their pronounced determination to hold their cotton for higher prices or whether they will liquidate some of it. Of course, money is plentiful and bankers are willing lenders at six per cent.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
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NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 3667; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an Incompetent.

Notice of Guardian's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 19th day of October, 1915, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, the undersigned, ANNIE DOWD OLIVA, guardian of the person and estate of said MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 15th day of November, 1915, the following described real property, of said incompetent, to-wit:—

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a point on the southerly line of Vallejo Street, distant one hundred and sixty (160) feet easterly from the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence running at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet to said southerly line of Vallejo Street, and thence westerly along said last named line twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 241.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned guardian at the time of the sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; taxes for the current fiscal year to be paid by the purchaser; deeds, abstracts and instruments of title at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale at the office of F. H. Merzbach, attorney-at-law, Room 560, Mills Building, Number 220, Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, October 30th, 1915.

ANNIE DOWD OLIVA,
Guardian of the person and estate of Maurice Joseph O'Brien, an incompetent.

F. H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Guardian,
560 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the executors at the office of William A. Kelly, room 910 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
JOHN O'NEIL,
Executors of the will of John J. Murphy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 6, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Executors,
910 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1915.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.—No. 19638; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., Rooms No. 202 and 203 in the Bank of Italy Building at No. 550 Montgomery Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

CALLEGGERO RESTIVO,
Administrator of the estate of GIOVANNI RESTIVO, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1915.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Estate,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

L. GASSNER
FURS 112 GEARY ST.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Ralph McGee, Room 604 Mills Building, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased.

JAMES KIRKLAND,
Administrator of the estate of W. W. Kirkland, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 23, 1915.

RALPH McGEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
604 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.—No. 19768—N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix of the estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix, at 807 Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.

HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ,
Executrix of the estate of Samuel Schwartz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 6, 1915.

GARRET W. McENERNEY and
PHILLIP I. MANSON,
Attorneys for Executrix,
807 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. 11-6-5

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVI. No. 1212 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 13, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Battle Scenes in The Balkans

Our Venetian Council of Ten

The Clockwinder Talks Politics

Somebody Blundered in Gallipoli

A Grand Prix For Fair Oratory

What The "Drys" Did to Seattle

The Morals of Trade in San Francisco

The Hocking Case and The Law of The Sea

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Uncle Sam's Demand

What will the answer be to Uncle Sam's note to Great Britain demanding the recognition of neutral rights on the high seas? It is not to be gainsaid that our rights have been ignored. In order to punish Germany for its illegal acts England has been punishing us too. The question British statesmen must resolve is whether they can afford to sacrifice the friendship of the nation that is supplying the Allies with food and munitions. Doubtless they will manoeuvre for time. For this is a war of attrition in which military strategy is playing a secondary part. There is a gigantic siege of the Central European Powers by an alliance of the nations and empires outside their borders, in which all scientific ingenuity is devoted to a brutal apparatus of slaughter. The incursion into Serbia is merely the sortie of forces locked up in an iron ring that must be broken if the besieged are to save themselves from exhaustion. This iron ring wil be broken if England accedes to the demands made by this country as the champion of neutral nations, for if merchandise is shipped to Denmark it will eventually be sent to Germany. Unfortunately there is no more uncertain section of international law than that which deals with the clashing exigencies of neutral trade and belligerent necessity. The rights of neutrals are always in a condition of unstable equilibrium. However, it seems clear enough that there can be no sanction for a principle adopted by one nation by way of retaliation on another to the injury of an innocent third party.

The Hocking Case

The International News Service, privately conducted by William R. Hearst, tells us that when the owner of the Hocking learned of the attitude of Secretary Lansing with respect to his ship he expressed an inclination to send out another ship just "to see what the British will do." If the gentleman means a ship that has been transferred from German to American ownership since the outbreak of the war undoubtedly the British will try very hard to make a prize of her. But perhaps the gentleman does not care. Perhaps the gentleman is willing to lose the price of the ship if he is assured that Mr. Hearst will throw another spasm all over the front page by way of showing how eager he is to incite public opinion against Great Britain. The owner of the Hocking says: "I think it is time we had a show down as to the rights of a ship entitled under the laws of this country to fly the American flag." Evidently Mr. Hearst has not told the gentleman that we already have plenty of law on the subject. We presume Mr. Hearst knows what the law is, since it was pretty definitely settled in the course of a war that Mr. Hearst is popularly believed to have been instrumental in pulling off. In the Spanish war one of our cruisers captured off the Isle of Cuba, the Benita Estenger, a ship sailing under the British flag. It was a Spanish ship that had been sold to a British subject after the outbreak of the war. The ship was brought to Key West as a prize. The owner set up a claim for it. The case, apparently on all fours with the Hocking case, was tried by an American Admirality Court, which decided that the ship was a lawful prize. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, but despite the British registry the Britisher never got his ship back. Our Supreme Court sustained the decision of the lower tribunal, and the decision may be found in the reports of decisions (176 U. S. Reports). The rule there set down is a very old one. All transfers of ships from belligerents to neutrals after the outbreak of war are viewed with suspicion. According to French usage the transfer is not recognized at all. The English custom is to recognize a transfer provided a bon fide sale can be proved, but the onus of proving is on the owner. Now of course in the Hocking case the presumption is very strong that it was not a bona fide sale for the reason that a man is not likely to put good money into a ship when he knows that he may be buying a law suit which he will have to go to Europe to prosecute. If the owner of the Hocking is telling the truth he may get redress, but not from our State Department. The State Department must not be expected to settle disputes of this kind. As to the talk about the flag it is nothing more than inflamed rhetoric. A flag is a general test of the enemy or neutral character of a ship, and it is final evidence against a ship but it is not final evidence in its favor.

A Grand Prix for Oratory

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition is doing much for science, art and public taste. If we were asked to name the things it has developed and served to cultivate more than all others our answer would be the science of the glad hand and the art of public speaking. If we were asked to present the Grand Prix for the most graceful, durable, flexible and calorifacient hand we should incontinently confess ourselves hopelessly stumped. But the Grand Prix for the crack orator, how easy it would be to make just award of that! There is a host of competitors, but exalted above them like the tower of jewels shimmering in its splendor above the lowliest kiosk in the Avenue of Palms stands our versatile contemporary Mr. M. H. De Young. Mr. De Young was our choice for Director-General of the Exposition. Our faith in him we believe he has vindicated by the force of his eloquence. He has proved himself the happiest, readiest and wittiest orator of the board of directors. He has addressed all nations, and shown himself familiar with the history and culture of each. We know that Mr. De Young is a much traveled man, but none of us supposed he had absorbed so much information in his voyages over the earth. There is no single speech of Mr. De Young's which can convey a satisfactory idea of his powers of mind. He enriches every subject to which he applies himself, and all his speeches are notable for the clearness and distinction of his views. We have followed him closely in the Chronicle, exclusively in the Chronicle, because such is the parochial jealousy of our newspaper publishers that they can find no space for the speeches of our foremost journalist. This jealousy, we believe, is especially acute in the Examiner office, for Mr. Hearst has an exaggerated notion of his own powers as a public speaker. Unquestionably he has some facility, but his speeches like his editorials have the fuliginous odor of the diminishing, midnight wick. We observe, by the way, that Mr. De Young is now signing all his more important editorials, which reminds us of the uproar in the days of Governor Gage when a law was passed requiring the signing of editorials. The Examiner was furious, as Mr. Hearst wished it to be understood that he wrote all the editorials in his paper. That was when he wrote none. Having since learned to write there is nothing too trivial for him to sign, but however trivial the article he makes it ponderous with a weight of type.

Damned Both Ways

There were two objections to the Constitution that was beaten by the New York electorate last week. One objection was that if a weak man were elected Governor he would be clay in a boss's hands. The other objection was that if a strong man were elected Governor he would become

a boss himself. Obviously an imperfect Constitution whichever way you look at it. Not at all the kind of Constitution to appeal to this day and generation; for we aspire to perfection. We are all idealists like President Wilson. That is one reason why there is some intolerance of the Federal Constitution. It does not safeguard us against either a Roosevelt or a Wilson, and we see that since the former brought it somewhat into disrepute, it is less satisfactory than formerly. After all a Constitution depends in a large measure on the estimation in which it is held by the people from whom it emanates. The Constitution of this State, always an imperfect instrument, became more so when we began tinkering it to satisfy our fastidious Progressive patriots. Before we lost respect for it we had a Pardee for Governor and we called him "Weak Brother." We amended it and got a Johnson the first rattle out of the box. Of the two which is preferable? Personally we prefer Johnson, the "strong man," notwithstanding the costliness of him. There is something to admire in strength of purpose, in the man who is contemptuous of opposition, serenely, stolidly certain. Strength of mind is the staple of saints and sinners of any magnitude. The mob stands in open-mouthed admiration of mere strength of purpose. Thus do weak minds pay homage to what they regard as the incarnation of the quality they are most conscious of lacking. The strong man becomes an object of genuine awe and reverence. Hence the popularity of Governor Johnson, who has certainly shown his contempt of opposition. But of course this is not the only secret of his success. He has proved himself in many instances strong in his friendships as well as in his hatreds, which furnish the only sign of his weakness. Governor Johnson has had the courage to do things for his friends in defiance of criticism, and we can forgive much in a man who exhibits this finest of human traits. Under another kind of Constitution he might make an excellent Governor—a Constitution that he had no hand in making. Governor Johnson has failed in the degree in which he has been permitted under an amended Constitution to vest himself with power. His government illustrates the wisdom of having a Constitution that distributes the powers of government and provides only for what are technically known as institutional checks and balances. Neither a weak nor a strong Governor can do much harm under the old-fashioned system of a truly representative democracy.

The Morals of Trade

Speaking to the Home Industry League the other day Mr. Marshall Hale talked of the merchant in glowing terms of praise. "The standards of the merchant," he said, "have been raised in this country until today merchants are as prominent in civic life as any other citizen." There was a time not long ago when we assumed that merchants were above the average in integrity, so many of them were ardent reformers and denouncers of graft. We remarked their prominence in civic life, and we thought of the days in Babylon when merchants as a class were regarded with suspicion and banished to the outskirts of the city. In all countries, even in modern times, merchants have been regarded with contempt. When Napoleon wanted to speak contemptuously of England he described it as a nation of shopkeepers. In this country where merchants have prospered as never before they have won respect and they have gained great prominence. Here they have advertised as never before, and the newspapers, no longer depending on income from circulation, but relying chiefly on the support they receive from merchants, pay them the tribute of their esteem. The big advertiser has his wife's social affairs celebrated by a grateful press, and he is mentioned "among those present" on all possible occasions. Is he to make a speech? If so a reporter must be on the spot to take it down. And so the merchant has developed into a personage, his importance measured by the number of inches of space he buys in the leading dailies. We have been suggestionized into taking the merchant quite as seriously as a Hale or a Weinstock takes himself. And this is quite as it should be in this democratic country of ours. We educate men for mercantile pursuits as we educate them for the professions, and as a class they are deserving of esteem. Besides there has been considerable improvement in the ethics of business. Among merchants there is much less of fraud and unscrupulous mendacity than there was in Spencer's day. But, as Spencer pointed out, competition makes it hard for a merchant of good intentions to preserve his integrity. Of this we have been reminded by Horace B. Cheney, a silk manufacturer, who addressed the national silk convention in New Jersey the other day. He complained that a number of firms were advertising and selling mercerized cotton and artificial silk as pure silk, and urged that legislation be sought which would put a stop to such "violations of the moral law of the silk industry." Mr. Cheney told of a firm that was selling goods as silk which were made with a cotton warp with an artificial silk filling. He told of a firm that was selling "silk poplin rubberized raincoats" which are "made entirely of cotton." He mentioned a number of other articles on the market including sweaters and hosiery made of mercerized cotton or artificial silk but sold as silk. As a result of the disclosures made by Mr. Cheney an effort is to be made to improve the morals of trade by means of legislation.

Some Careless Advertising

Mr. Cheney excited our curiosity. He talked about some of the very same frauds that were complained of by Spencer back in the eighties of the last century. Spencer said it was a very common manoeuvre to raise a false belief in cheapness, to sell second-rate articles as first rate, to practice frauds unblushingly as a matter of business. He even wrote of the practice of weighting silk with rubbish. After reading Mr. Cheney we read another authority quoted a little while ago in Current Opinion, on the subject of department stores and their methods. Then came to our attention the speech of Mr. Hale, the same Mr. Hale who was recently shocked by the ravages of the lottery business. About the same time we found Mr. Hale advertising silk hosiery for women at seventy-five cents a pair. "After searching investigation," so reads the advertisement, "we have decided that this hosiery is worthy of being made a permanent feature of Hale's hosiery business." Further: "This exquisitely woven, soft, brilliant and luxurious hose is made of absolutely pure-dyed thread silk entirely free from loading or weighting." For the purpose of investigation a pair of the advertised stockings was bought and submitted to experts. The experts do not agree with Mr. Hale. One or two doubted that the article was genuine silk. One who is recognized as an expert by silk manufacturers was positive that it wasn't the kind of silk that comes from the silk worm. Singularly enough, the manufacturer does not assert on the printed label attached to the hose that it is silk. He merely pronounces it "double-knit, pure dye." Consulting other advertisements we found that our merchants are very careless in their appeals to the dear people. Here for instance is the Edison Shop advertising the new diamond disk phonograph records as "re-created music—not a mechanical reproduction, but the voice of the artist." The newspapers are a little careless too. Here on one page of the Call is the announcement that Drs. Steele & Steele, beauty doctors and "skilled specialists," will leave for Los Angeles in February. On another page is an item making it clear that they cannot be sure where they will be in February since they have been arrested for manslaughter, one of their patients having died from an illegal operation.

Marvelous invention has many unsuccessful imitations

Like all other great and wonderful scientific successes the "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocal has its imitators. If the "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals or double vision glasses were not an unqualified success there would be no questionable imitators. The "Caltex" is ground from a single piece of clear white optical glass and combines both reading and distance glasses in one lens. As ground by us the "Caltex" is the most perfect double vision glass being made in the world today.

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Varied Types

CCLV—R. C. McCORMICK

By Edward F. O'Day

R. C. McCormick is the proprietor of a hotel of three hundred rooms in the about-to-be dry city of Seattle. He is an owner of valuable improved property in the business section. He knows conditions in Washington, and he knows conditions in this city. He came to the Pacific Coast forty years ago, and has been in business in Nevada, Idaho and California as well as in Washington. For ten years he had a home in Los Angeles and a big vineyard near Riverside. He disposed of both.

"I saw what was coming in Southern California," he says, "and I decided it was no place for me."

What does this man who escaped from Los Angeles say about conditions in Seattle? I sat with him in the lobby of the Plaza where he is stopping and obtained from him some important data on the effect of prohibition in a big city.

"Has it occurred to you," he asked, "that Seattle is the biggest seaport in the world that has ever gone dry? It was a great triumph for the drys, but a lot of them are repenting their victory already, although the law does not go into effect until January.

"The law is closing three breweries in King county alone, the Rainier, the Independent and the Clausen. It is putting all the brewery workers out of jobs. Mind you, these men are not paupers by any means. They are mostly Germans, frugal men with families and bank accounts. But they are facing unemployment. I should say that between three and four thousand workers will be out of jobs in Seattle alone. There is a saying that when you put four men out of work they take a fifth with them. So perhaps I am understating the case. The fact is, this thing is so far-reaching that nobody can tell how many it will effect. The first people you think of are the bartenders, the bar porters and so on, but don't forget the icemen, the laundrymen, the soda water men. Don't forget that saloons are heavy buyers of electricity, and that after the first of January three hundred and sixteen saloons will be vacated. It is hard to comprehend how many people will be affected by prohibition in Seattle.

"Of course we are feeling the effects of it already. Look at our building permits this year. There has been a new moving picture theatre, and the country court house has been finished (the contract was let last year). And that's all of any importance. The papers don't publish the building permits any more. They're ashamed to.

"The liquor license was a thousand dollars a year. That means a loss of $316,000, a very serious loss of revenue to Seattle. To make up this deficit the supervisors raised the taxes between four and five mills. The mayor vetoed this, and the supervisors repassed it by resolution. Now the mayor has taken the matter to the Supreme Court.

"There is no market for real estate. Ninety days after prohibition was voted rents began to tumble. Today they are just one-half of what they were two years ago. Nobody wants to invest money, because nobody knows what the final outcome is going to be.

"And yet Seattle's trade with Alaska is very good this year. There is a good 'offshore' demand for lumber. The banks have plenty of money. But there is no confidence anywhere. Business has received a stunning blow, and I don't know when it will recover.

"As a member of the hotel men's association I had occasion to find out whether we'd be allowed to use sherry and brandy for cooking. We referred the matter to our lawyers, and found that this would be forbidden. You know, you can't make good consomme without sherry, or mince pie without brandy. And we'll have no more banquets in Seattle. Without wine a banquet becomes a 'feed.' How many people go to a banquet for the 'eats?' In other words, the days of good fellowship are over in Seattle.

"We made a poor fight against prohibition. We subscribed a lot of money, but it was misplaced. The campaign was badly handled. And there was too much confidence among the wets. The 'cow counties' of Washington east of the mountains were dry already, but the wets didn't think Seattle could possibly go dry.

"In the mean time the preachers were busy. They were preaching politics from the pulpit all the time. Every Sunday service was a political meeting. The preachers swung the election.

"Among those who voted for prohibition in Seattle were a great many property owners who followed the lead of the preachers. Now that they have seen what prohibition does to their property and their purses they are not so ardent any more. They are sore at themselves and sore at prohibition when it is too late.

"I don't see what we can do now. Perhaps if we could divide the State at the summit of the Cascade Mountains we could make Seattle wet again. Won't you have to divide California to settle this question? I don't pretend to know. I am only asking. It seemed to me when I lived in Los Angeles that the South was dry and that there was no getting away from its being dry. In the same way the North is wet.

"You've got to start in early if you want to save California from prohibition at the next election. You know, if the drys get California in addition to Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado and Arizona they'll have the whole West. And they want it. All the guns of prohibition will be trained on California next year. Billy Sunday started the campaign. Next you'll have William Jennings Bryan who is working now for the Anti-Saloon League, and the whole 'flying squadron.'

"I think I know what the result will be. There are no people anywhere with more civic pride than the people of California. In the North at least they will vote for the prosperity of the State. But don't overlook the fact that many voted against prohibition here the last time because their civic pride would not stand for the absurdity of a dry World's Fair. Your people know, fortunately, that there is no State in the Union which would be affected so much by prohibition as California. Think of the vineyards alone, what a lot they mean to the State. I used to have a vineyard in California, and I know what a lot of labor a vineyard requires for pruning, cultivating, picking, shipping and so on. I think there is enough unemployment on the coast right now, don't you?

"Your trouble is our trouble. You have too many politicians who will do anything to get votes, too many theorists, too many schemers. Which reminds me of a friend of mine from Ireland. Some years ago I was making a trip up the Nile. There was my friend, a linen manufacturer from Belfast, and two other men. Our wives were busy seeing old temples while we played bridge. I said to my friend from Belfast:

"'What ruined this country? Why is it such a poor country? Why are the natives so miserable?'

"'Too much education, Mack,' said the man from Belfast.

"I was rather surprised. I asked him what he meant.

"'In ancient times,' he said, 'the people went in for education. Education is a good thing, of course, but you have to show judgment in giving it to people. The Egyptians showed bad judgment. They became too educated to work. All they did was scheme how to avoid work. And this is the result.'

"My Belfast friend knew more about linen than he did about history, but there was merit in what he said about the schemers. We have too many of them nowadays on the Pacific Coast. They are too educated to work, so they scheme. And we suffer from their schemes. The most profitable scheme they have is prohibition. They put their scheme through in Washington. I hope they won't succeed in California."

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Perspective Impressions

Reading some of those egg laying claims made by farmers we are driven to the suspicion that while the hens may be grand layers the owners are grand liars.

Lady Aberdeen has proved, says one of the gushing bavardes, that a British aristocrat can be just as charming as an American commoner. Thus does snobbery put the reverse English on anglomania.

A Chicago woman whose brain is a mess of batter advocates doughnuts as a cure for crime. You don't have to shoot holes in that theory.

"Have something to say," Robert W. Chambers advises young authors. There was a time when the author of "The King in Yellow" had something to say, but he has talked himself out.

The latest specimen of sociological inefficiency is to be found in Sing Sing, the management of which has gone to pieces under the benevolent direction of Warden Osborne.

Warden Osborne was expected by our Feminists in trousers to prove that the average convict is a much misunderstood gentleman susceptible of reformation by appeals to his gratitude.

Massachusetts is again in the Republican column, and to put it there the voters elected a man distinguished for his aversion to all the arts of the demagogue.

Samuel Walker McCall, the new Governor of Massachusetts, is a man of Presidential calibre. Twenty years in Congress, he made a record of brilliant achievement and uncompromising independence.

Somehow or other, in the midst of this world war we can't work up much enthusiasm over the Japanese coronation.

Note of skepticism: We do not think that the American Federation of Labor will have much to do with the formulation of European peace terms.

Now that President Wilson has found justification for preparedness in the Old Testament we shall expect Mr. Bryan to retort with "Resist not evil" from the New.

The Examiner professes to be eager to revive the veneration and respect which the courts used to enjoy. We wonder if that was before or after the recall with the help of which the Examiner has been raping the blind goddess in the sight of men.

A Fearful Charge

Proof Conclusive of the Heroism of the Australians in the Dardanelles, but Proof Also That "Somebody Blundered" in Sending Them into a Death Trap

By ROBERT McTAVISH

The following is from an article describing the charge of the Australian Light Horse Brigade in the recent fighting in the Dardanelles, a charge directed against the very center of the Turkish positions. It was written by the official press representative with the Australian forces. This was a frontal attack—something we had been led to believe was practically obsolete nowadays against a strongly held position—and it was delivered up the slopes of a hill forming the apex of the triangle held by the Turks. Reading between the lines it would seem that "somebody blundered" in sending the brave Australians to slaughter. I quote:

The attack on the left-hand side of the apex was to be made by the Eighth Light Horse, with the Tenth Light Horse following. The first line was to carry, amongst other things, two scaling ladders made for the occasion. The fourth line would carry picks, shovels, and a dozen sorts of engineering supplies, but it was to fight like the others if necessary.

In order to help the men to get out of the trench like a flash, pegs had been driven into the side of the trench and footholds cut. As the moment for the charge came near the first line got its foothold on these, and the second line stood in the trench behind it ready to give it a leg up. And then, at 4 o'clock to the moment, the bombardment by the guns began. Every gun on land and shore that could be brought to bear emptied itself as fast as the gun's crew could load into the maze of Turkish trenches on the backbone of the ridge in front of the apex of the Australian position.

The men were standing there in the trench without the least sign of excitement, hitching up their packs, getting a firm foothold below the parapet. The colonel of the Eighth, Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. White, insisted on leading his regiment. Ten minutes before the start he walked into the brigade office and held out his hand to the Brigade-Major. "Good-bye, Antill!" he said. A couple of minutes later he was at his place on the parapet with his men.

"Three minutes to go," said the colonel. Then simply, "Go!" They were over the parapet like a flash, the colonel amongst them, the officers in line with the men. I shall never forget that moment. I was making my way along a path from the left of the area and was passing not very far away when that tremendous fusillade broke out. It was the greeting of the Turkish rifles and machine guns as the Light Horse cleared the Australian parapet.

One knew that nobody could live in it. Many fell back into the trench wounded before they had cleared even the parapet. Others wounded just outside managed to crawl back and tumble in before they were hit a second and third time and killed as they certainly would be if they remained lying out there. Practically all those that were wounded were hit in this way on their own parapet. Colonel White managed to run eight or ten yards before he was killed. The scaling ladders are lying there yet about the same distance out. Exactly two minutes after the first line had cleared the parapet, the second line jumped out without the slightest hesitation and followed them.

No one knows how it happened. And probably no one will ever know. But some either of that first line or of the second line managed to get into the extreme right-hand corner of the enemy's trench. They carried with them a small flag to put up in the enemy's trench if they captured it, and the appearance of this flag was to be the signal for a party of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to attack up the gully to the right.

By this time a French 75—a gun captured by the Turks from the Serbians in the Balkan War—was pouring her shell at the rate of about one in ten seconds into the neck. Machine guns, far too many to count by their noise, were whipping up the dust, and it was next to impossible to distinguish anything in the haze. But in the extreme southeastern corner of the Turkish trench there did appear just for two minutes the small flag which the Australians had taken.

No one ever saw them get there. No one will ever know who they were or how they did it. Only for those two minutes the flag fluttered up behind the parapet, and then some one unseen tore it down. The fight in that corner of the trench whatever it was, was over; and it can only have ended one way.

In the meantime, ten minutes after the second line, the third line had gone over the parapet as straight and as quick as the others. The attack was then stopped, and, fortunately, was stopped in time to prevent a small part of the third line reaching the fire zone.

It was all over within a quarter of an hour.

That night after dark one or two maimed figures appeared over the parapet and tumbled home into the trench. They were men who had fallen wounded into some corner where there was a scrap of cover and had waited for this chance to get back.

From them we know all that will probably ever be known of what those Light Horse men found facing them as they ran through the dust haze.

There is no question that the charge of the Light Horse pinned down to that position during its continuance and for hours afterwards every available Turkish soldier within call. The Australian machine guns were able to get in some good work amongst those crowded Turks, and those who know say that their losses must have been an ample set-off to the Australians'.

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Battles in the Balkans

Described by a Correspondent of the London Chronicle Who Says the Germans were Staggered by Serb Resistance

I went north into Serbia by the last train through before the Bulgarians cut the line, and at midnight on October 18 I left the Kraguyevatz front, having been allowed, during my stay, to be with the front line of the Shoumadia division. That division is composed of men of the Morava valley, the garden of Serbia, and is commanded by Colonel Bugidor Terzich. This is the flower of the Serbian army, a division which never before in all its fine history has retreated. Its commander is one of the heroes of Kumanovo, and the man who has seen, perhaps, more service in the Balkans than any other military leader. While with this division I gathered a fairly complete story of the German attack.

The great bulk of the attacking forces are on the Danube line. Field Marshal Von Mackenson soon found out, however, that he was up against the most serious piece of work he had had to do in the war. Never indeed was a line of battle so gallantly and stubbornly defended. Against Rham three furious attacks had been directed before success was achieved. Semendria held out against three onslaughts, and only succumbed to the hellish artillery fire with which the fourth was accomplished.

To obtain a footing at Zabrijie three attacks were necessary, and all these efforts resulted in heavy losses to the Germans and compelled von Mackenson to send an urgent request for reinforcements. At Belgrade the bombardment commenced on October 5. From behind the Zemlin batteries the .42-centimetre guns rained hell on the city, huge shells throwing up debris to the height of five-story houses.

Every square yard of the city was systematically searched by machine gun fire. When crowds of refugees were streaming out of the city German airmen appeared and dropped bombs on them, but there was no panic until that rain of death and terror. Attack after attack on the city itself was driven back, but at last the enemy gained a footing therein.

Then the most formidable part of the Germans' task began. They had to win the capital street by street. It is no exaggeration to say they had to pay a price for every paving stone. Prisoners have told me that it was appalling work. Every street corner seemed to be a citadel. On October 8 the street fighting continued fiercely, and before the Germans were masters of Belgrade the Danubian city was a ghastly mass of smouldering ruins strewn in grimmest horror with a covering of dead.

Here is a little story which shows the heroic spirit of the Serbian people:

Near Palanka I met a little comitadji of fifteen years, who in his street (Emperor Duschan street) with five comrades and a supply of hand grenades kept a German company at bay for two hours. He had sustained three shrapnel wounds, but was smiling and eager to fight again. His chief promoted him corporal on the field of battle.

Once in possession of the city the Germans opened a terrible fire on the Serbian positions behind it. The line of trenches were searched, one by one, with a fire of fiendish accuracy. Facing Belgrade and Semendria the river bank was often one long continuing line of flame, but the capture of the hills behind the two places named was also a frightfully expensive business. Every one had to be covered with dead to be won, and indeed after twelve days' violent onslaught von Mackenson had succeeded in obtaining little more than a foothold on the southern side of the river. On the Drina front he found his task equally heavy. Time after time his attacking forces were driven back with appalling losses, and Captain Milanomanovich, who was wounded in that region, told me the Germans at times were staggered by the opposition they encountered. In the encounter in which he was wounded the Germans had launched a force of 500 men across the river, but not a single man of that body returned alive.

After about ten days of severe fighting, von Mackenson concentrated his forces on the positions beyond Belgrade and Semendria, his object evidently being to drive south from the former place to Kraguyevatz (important on account of its arsenal), while at Semendria the army was to ascend the Morava valley, the historic highway to Europe by which the Turks invaded Hungary in their progress to the gates of Vienna.

This army was evidently intended to join hands with the Bulgarians and their united forces were to turn the Serbian right, while the Belgrade army enveloped the Serbian left.

At Malakrehna a strong force of Serbian infantry which had been concealed in the forest attacked and drove the Germans out of a position they had dearly won, and while the enemy retreated Serbian cavalry got in among them and did heavy execution, the enemy leaving three guns on the field. The German left had to retire six kilometres as a result. On the same evening, however, the enemy advanced again in great force and partially made good the lost ground.

From my point of vantage, a little hill called Ossoie, I could plainly see the position of the German cavalry. Ralwa and Avalla heights were plainly visible. During a morning or two the heights nearer at hand (Etichaelovatz) on both of which the Serbians were in position, had been subjected to perhaps one of the most appalling deluges of shells of all sizes that the war has yet seen. An officer who had clung with his men to Verbovatz until it was folly to stay longer told me the hill and its neighbor had been simply blown out of existence. Fair green hills had been altered to shapeless masses of iron shard on which nothing could live.

With the hills in the possession of the Germans the retreat of the Shoumadia division and of those to the right and left became necessary, and on the afternoon of the 19th I saw this movement carried out with coolness and calmness which makes it one of the finest feats of the war. The men of the Morava valley, fighting on and for their own fair beloved corner of the earth, were more than magnificent. A long line of victories has made them a superb fighting force, but in this steady, stubborn, cool retreat they rose superior to all their splendid battle traditions.

The Germans were throwing out forces to right and left. Their cavalry was advancing across the plain, and the artillery from the farther side of the river was searching the woods in front of the advancing forces. Tall columns of shell fumes sprung up in eerie fashion among trees like figures on a chess board. Slowly, yard after yard of ground was yielded, one section after another supporting its neighbor into safety.

To say that the men of Morava were as cool as on parade does not adequately describe their spirit. They were infinitely cooler. They were as gay as on a holiday. They knew they had done their duty and were doing it. They knew that as a result they had so hampered the Germans in their advance that if the progress became no more rapid the German plan was foiled. How steadfastly that Serbian battle line moved south to its new position! As I watched the Germans took Poscharevatz, and a cloud of dust on the left told of the blowing up by the Serbs of the Lubejevo bridge.

It is now reported that the Germans have entered Palanka, near which they were at that time, but the Morava advance is unimportant, and all reports of their joining up with the Bulgarians are unfounded.

Near Palanka I visited the headquarters of Colonel Terzich, who received me in a most cordial manner and bade me stay to dinner with him.

"I wish you would tell the people of the outside world," he said when I left, "that Serbia will keep on fighting during all these dark days, for we hope always to be worthy of the valuable friendship of the great nations allied in the cause of freedom and right."

To sum up the story of the operations on the northern front it may be said that German progress has been lamentably insignificant. The little that has been won has been gained solely by almost unbelievable artillery strength. It has been established that von Mackensen's army does not consist of more than 150,000 men, but it is provided with artillery which would be considered ample were his army composed of a million men. Into Belgrade alone 50,000 shells were poured.

It is interesting as showing that Germany is getting toward the end of her resources in men that the invading army in Serbia is a scratch force gathered from all quarters. I have spoken with prisoners who had come from the Flemish, French, Italian and Russian fronts, and from garrisons in Germany and throughout the conquered territory. Many of the prisoners are young men of eighteen, who left their homes but a few months ago. It is an army fighting without reserves. The progress von Mackensen has made has involved a cost out of all proportion to the results secured, and is hopelessly behind expectations. Had the Bulgarians not entered the war the German army would never have crossed the Danube, and it was only the German attack which has permitted the Bulgarians to succeed to the extent they have done.

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The Flight From The Germans

By Stephen Graham

I sit in an immense waiting-room thronged with people. It is terribly hot and noisy and depressing. Children are crying everywhere, babies at the breast, babies on all fours crawling among bundles, children of all ages—they are terribly hungry and sleepy. The parents sit about with careworn, anxious faces and strained eyes, or, curling themselves uncouthly about bundles of quilts and clothes, sleep, snore. It is a rainy evening, and the rain beats against the station windows. Thousands of fugitives are waiting at every station, platform, barracks, camping ground. Twenty thousand fugitives arrive every day, and they may not stay.

They are assigned to provinces in the depths of Russia, given free passage in goods trains, and moved away so as not to impede the rear of the Russian army; also to relieve Kieff of the tremendous destitution and to give the unfortunate wanderers a better chance of starting life afresh. They arrive by the trains, depart by the trains, arrive in their carts, go on in their carts. From the banks of the Dneiper you look down on a never-ending procession of slowly moving cart-tilts, the fugitives leaving the city, going on. . . . . You go into the country, and find the carts wandering along the endless roads and lanes, all the peasant's goods in a cart, his chairs, his tables, his ikons, a cow tied by a rope and following behind. Ask the peasant where he is going, as often as not he does not know.

There are splendid faces among these people, broad, calm, potent faces. There are fine families—a pity to see them rooted up. What suffering! What mental tension! Every family group I see on this great station has the same expression, that of people who have given up everything and are standing on the threshold of new life, all the money they possess collected in one purse, all their material possessions in the bundles round about. There are unwontedly large family groups, with old aunts and grandmothers and grandfathers, people who ordinarily never stir abroad from the refuge of home, but now sitting with dishevelled grey hairs and eyes unnaturally excited and very sad. There are people who have barely slept for five days —worn-out, heavy-eyed, silent.

There is unusual kindness among these people, and there is a certain amount of official tenderness shown them by police and soldiery. No one grumbles. Every one asks his neighbor's story, tries to calm the children, gives food. The folk say their prayers and have farthings with which to buy candles to burn before the station altars. Even the Jews, secretive in their devotions, may be seen saying their prayers—at least, such is the aspect of one venerable Israelite at this moment. He has sought out a blank corner of the white wall, and, with his face to it, his brow on his forearm, mutters to himself. His wife the while has just made off with two chairs reserved for two officers to have their supper. Even the officers are wounded and are sufferers. All are sufferers. The old Jew reminds me of those beating their heads on the wall at Jerusalem.

Kieff has one central station and is a vast terminus, with rows of platforms looking, as a rule, very bare and uninhabitable. Now the trains coming into the station find these platforms piled as high as themselves with all manner of packing-cases and bundles. As the train slows down the astonished passengers hear the great vocal hubbub of the station and see the throngs of multi-colored fugitives. I have now given up my place in the vast waiting-hall and am sitting on a sack on one of the platforms. Here are all the pitiful details of broken-up homes—beds, cradles, chairs, tables, sofas, perambulators, packing-cases enclosing Singer sewing machines, the money-making machine of the miserable Jewish home, red boxes innumerable and corded baskets.

On the other side of the Dneiper and safe from the Germans stand series of goods trains laden with all imaginable shapes of copper, huge boilers, cisterns, tanks, cylinders, receivers, separators—broken, torn, twisted, rusted, unable to be packed together, being so variously shaped. Then also samovars, kettles, agricultural machinery, wheels, trucks with nothing but wheels, church bells, little tinkling bells, huge bells that would boom and sound over a city. They are ornamented with representations of Jesus, or of Mother and Child, scrawled over in white chalk or colored paint with the name of the church and town whence they have been taken. All silent now, morose-looking and wet on the miserable trucks.

I read in a paper that in Germany there are only enough shells to last three months, but orders have been given to take down all the church bells, and it is thought that with the bells captured in Russia they will have enough copper to last out a year. A new arithmetic! How many shells can be made from a church bell? Generally speaking, the Germans have been teaching us many such propositions in arithmetic.

It is sad to see the loads of riven church bells. There is some consolation in the trainloads of German spoils. Many entire German trains are to be seen mounted on Russian goods trucks, narrow-guage carriages with familiar German names inscribed on them—Munster, Hannover, Essen, Düsseldorf. And glum prisoners in Prussian blues always passing in.

Near me sits a Pole who is telling his story. He was sole owner of a factory under Government supervision near Bialystok. Every implement, the whole stock-in-trade of the factory, has been removed to Moscow, put into trucks, and taken off by their own steam engine. "What losses!" moans the Pole, who has come to Kieff to find his children, sent beforehand by themselves.

"Oh," says one, "you are in the nature of a Government servant. You will receive compensation."

"They cannot compensate me," he replies. "For one thing, I have lost my wife. She died of fright. . . ." And he went on to tell how his wife, who was nervous, fell in a fit when the first German shells began to burst near.

Factories, institutions, universities, academies, schools, hospitals, have all been—in the official phrase—evacuated, that is, removed from western Russia to the interior. The University of Warsaw has gone to Rostoff; Urieff University to Yaroslaff. Factories have gone in all directions, and, aided by the Government, have started again. Even far-off Omsk advertises in the newspapers for refugee factories, and will gladly afford them facilities. As regards the schools of regions taken by the enemy or threatened, the children have to follow to the new towns where they reopen. Consequently parents have little choice as to the place in which they would take refuge. The education of the children is in Russia the last thing a family will forego. Not that the question of the education of the children affects many of the refugees; they are mostly peasants, and their children have no "course" in front of them in any case.

With the peasants are the long-haired village priests, looking very woe-begone, harried from their parishes. Many clergy have found refuge in the great monasteries. The famous Petcherskaya Monastery at Kieff has several thousand guests, "evacuated" monks and priests, and fugitive peasants turned pilgrims. On this great settlement, high above the Dneiper, all is holiday. Scores of minstrels and fortune-tellers and beggars beguile the crowds; every altar and shrine gleams with candles; the music of church services does not die down except at meal times, when multitudes of people sit down at public tables erected in the open courtyards of the refectories; at many stalls there are peasants' wares in the caves and galleries where the old saints and fathers lie in their coffins, constant crowds. Even Jews turn up at the monasteries seeking food or refuge, and are not refused.

The great calamity, the great confusion, is, however, not without its humorous occasions. Numbers of poor people have made up their minds to get rich through this muddle. Porters refused to help with luggage for less than five roubles till the police stepped in and fixed a sixpenny tariff. Cabmen asked tremendous fares till they also were brought to reason by the authorities. No one will give change for paper money. Iots of people have bought railway tickets to re-sell.

I went to the town office of the railway company to get a ticket for Minsk. The broken windows witnessed to the impatience of the crowd. Probably less than half the people leaving Kieff know of the town office. It is so in Russia. Nobody knows anything of official arrangements, no notices, nobody to tell you where to go. Directly you ask a Russian a simple question about ways and means of his own country he ceases to be an ordinary simple human being and becomes an oracle, expressing himself in the vaguest possible way. In fact, he has nothing to say. Outside the town office of the railway they were keeping what was called in big letters the "Zolotaya otchered," the golden turn. Anyone who had brought in gold would get his ticket earlier. If I had gold my turn would be No. 464. I had none so my turn would be No. 2,712—"Come next Friday." No chance of leaving Kieff for ten days. Two students of the university were busy writing down names, voluntarily, gratuitously. As I was going away, one of the inevitables in a Russian crowd said to me, "Do you want a ticket? I can get you one."

"How?" I asked.

"I'll sell you my turn for ten shillings; it's coming in half an hour," said he. He had a whole series of turns written down by the two students a week before. A profitable business. "All right," said I. "Here is the money. Buy my ticket and bring it to my hotel."

A dark Jewess with tears in her eyes implored me to buy a ticket from her. She had decided to remain in Kieff. I could have the ticket for three roubles extra.

"Yesterday's ticket," whispered my man to me. "She has several."

"Sorry, auntie, I have already arranged," said I. Then to my man, "You will bring the ticket to my hotel, won't you?"

"Yes, barin. You'll give me an extra shilling for the journey, won't you?"

"All right, all right."

Poems About San Franciscans

I—ON A PEN OF THOMAS STARR KING

By Bret Harte

(Thomas Starr King was born in New York City on the 17th of December, 1824, and died in this city on the 4th of March, 1864. The son of a Universalist clergyman, he entered the ministry in 1845, and for eleven years was pastor of the Hollis street Unitarian Church in Boston. He left Boston for San Francisco in 1860, and immediately took his place among the dominant personalities of this State. His voice was raised for the Union at a time when the outlook was dark and much depended on the way this State would go. He was one of the men who saved California to the Union. In 1862 he commenced the erection of a Unitarian church on Geary street near Stockton. This church was dedicated on the tenth of January, 1864. It stood next door to City College, where the Starr King Building was before the fire and where the Whitney Building is now. Its fine organ was paid for from the proceeds of Starr King's lectures. Here as in the East he was very popular on the lecture platform. He was among the first to call attention to the beauties of Yosemite. Shortly after the new church was dedicated Starr King died of diphtheria. He was buried in the church, and when the structure was sold in 1887 the remains were moved to the new church at Franklin and Geary where they now rest. In 1890 a statue of Starr King, the work of Daniel Chester French, was erected in Golden Gate Park. It had cost $50,000, and the money was subscribed by people in all parts of California.)

This is the reed the dead musician dropped,
With tuneful magic in its sheath still hidden;
The prompt allegro of its music stopped,
Its melodies unbidden.

But who shall finish the unfinished strain,
Or wake the instrument to awe and wonder,
And bid the slender barrel breathe again,
An organ-pipe of thunder!

His pen! what humbler memories cling about
Its golden curves! What shapes and laughing graces
Slipped from its point, when his full heart went out
In smiles and courtly phrases?

The truth, half jesting, half in earnest flung;
The word of cheer, with recognition in it;
The note of alms, whose golden speech outrung
The golden gift within it

But all in vain the Enchanter's wand we wave;
No stroke of ours recalls his magic vision;
The incantation that its power gave
Sleeps with the dead magician.

The Spectator

Our Venetian Council

Walking down Market street Wednesday morning the clockwinder was hailed at every fifty paces by somebody who wanted to know how he felt about the election. To all and sundry he replied that he was "deelighted." To Mr. Tom McCann, the boulevardier, who remarked that it looked to him like a triumph for organized labor, the clockwinder said that it looked to him like a swat at the Municipal Conference.

"By the way," McCann asked, "what is the Municipal Conference?"

"There you are," said the clockwinder, turning to Willis Polk, the distinguished architect and publicist who happened along at that moment, "here's Tom McCann asking what is the Municipal Conference. Tom is probably the best informed man in town on things worth knowing in the life of our parish, and he doesn't know what the Municipal Conference is."

"Well," said Polk, "you know so much, what's the answer?"

"Listen," the clockwinder replied, "I don't know, but I think it's something like the Council of Ten in Venice in the days when it was the proper thing to drop a fellow's name in the Lion's Mouth if you wanted him to cease being an eyesore to you."

"Why do you think that?" Polk asked who was pop-eyed with astonishment.

"Well, I haven't heard of them casting anybody into a dungeon, but I heard of what they did to Eddie Wolf. They summoned Eddie before them, and after cross-examining him promised to put him on the ticket. They they dug up Max Goldberg, Eddie's co-religionist, and used him as a stick to beat Eddie's head off . But it didn't work."

Why They Were Suspected

After coming out of a deep brown study Mr. Polk observed that the mysterious Municipal Conference appeared to have the confidence of the daily papers.

"That's one reason, I think," said the clockwinder, "that the people swatted it so hard. The people are waking up to the fact that anything that has the confidence of our dailies is deserving of suspicion. All through the campaign men were asking, 'Who are these fellows?' Nobody knew. They advertised the names of the candidates, but they kept their own names dark."

"Maybe they are Rudolph Spreckels," Polk suggested.

"No, they ain't Rudolph. I'm sure of that. Rudie couldn't keep it to himself so long. But I'll bet they're a bunch that voted for direct government, to put the convention system out of business. I judge that from the color of their candidates, most of whom were against conventions and bosses.. This is the sort of thing that happens under direct government. A little bunch gets together and has a convention of its own, an air-tight affair that gets its authority from itself and that nobody knows anything about. These fellows ran things for awhile, but the people got wise. The people don't like the Venetian republican system. They like things open and above board. If we are to have conventions let us be frankly reactionary, and go back bag and baggage to the old system."

Give Us Light!

"What do you think of the board?" Polk asked.

"It's a vast improvement on the old," said the clockwinder. "It has more red blood in it, and it is not likely to be bossed by the Bulletin and Examiner. "I'm sorry to see my friend Vogelsang go, but I'm deelighted at the election of Mulvihill, Wolf and Dick Welsh. We have had too much Hetch-Hetchy politics of late."

"What do you mean by Hetch-Hetchy politics?" Polk asked.

"I mean the kind that has had devotion to Hetch-Hetchy as a test of virtue. It has become a sort of tradition that if you weren't for Hetch-Hetchy you belonged body and soul to the special interests; and the dear asinine people are just waking up to the fact that Hetch-Hetchy is the biggest white elephant that ever trampled over a community. I hope the boys in the new board will do a little inquiring about Hetch-Hetchy, and show the thing up. Let us find out what has been done, and what is likely to be done. Surely the new boys are not concerned about the political reputations

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that have been made by the apostles of Hetch-Hetchy."

McCabe and the Clockwinder

Mr. Al McCabe, the Governor's secretary, paid a visit to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock to get his views on the State election. They talked it over in the pendulum room. The clockwinder blamed the defeat of the Governor's pet measure on Frank Jordan, the incorrigible Secretary of State.

"The Governor has a great machine," said the water front philosopher, "but that fellow Jordan knew more about the political game when he was a child in arms than John Francis Neylan could learn if he worked at it for one hundred years. It made me laugh when I saw Neylan trying to explain away Jordan's figures on the cost of Johnsonian government. It was a great mistake ever to incur Jordan's hostility. He began keeping tab on you fellows ever since you tried to squeeze him, and when he turned loose with his figures the whole State sat up and took notice. The farmers were throwing conniption fits all the way from San Diego to Siskiyou. I think if Jordan were disposed to organize them he could march an army of them into Sacramento singing the Marseillaise."

"Is it as bad as that?" McCabe asked in alarm.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "and it will be worse before the next election. Wait till they get a chance to swat Johnson again."

They Discuss "Votes for Women"

Secretary McCabe was inclined to switch the conversation. He said he was glad it was raining.

"So am I," said the clockwinder, "the rain will keep the State prosperous no matter what the politicians do."

"What do you think," McCabe asked, "of this talk of giving the ladies a chance to vote for woman suffrage?"

"I think it's a good thing. Don't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I haven't talked to the Governor about it yet."

"I've talked it over with my wife," said the clockwinder, "and she's for it. She was an enthusiastic suffragette a few years ago, and she has voted at every election since the State gave her the ballot, but she's had enough. We can't afford a limousine, and she's tired walking to the polling place. She says she'd rather stay home and darn stockings. She never knew that politics could keep a woman so busy, or that candidates were such awful bores."

"But what's the use of having another suffrage fight?" McCabe asked.

"It won't do any harm, and it may do a lot of good," the clockwinder replied. "Besides I'm naturally chivalrous, and I'm for giving the ladies whatever they want. When I voted for suffrage I thought they wanted the ballot, some of them made so much noise about it. I had forgotten what Edmund Burke said about one grasshopper in a field making more noise than a whole herd of cattle chewing their cud. I've learned since that the big majority of women don't want to vote and won't vote; that the bulk of the lady voters are the ones we have converted into taxeaters by putting them to work as clerks in the polling places and the sisters, cousins and aunts of the men at the City Hall."

"I don't think that's so," Secretary McCabe remarked.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "the official records show that the women of California are not availing themselves of the blessed franchise. And anyway I'm for having another campaign for the purpose of getting light on the question whether the female of the species really wants to vote. The women suffrage campaigners all over the country are demanding the ballot in the interest of the sex. Some of the States have taken their word for it, but let us hear from the sex. The women of California can vote intelligently on the question, because they have had experience. We gave them the ballot. Now let them tell us whether they like it or not. If the good sisters in the East who have suffered defeat really believe they are the spokeswomen of the sex they will not object to a test vote in California."

"I must find out," said Secretary McCabe as he was taking leave of the clockwinder, "how the Governor feels about this matter."

Tourists in Los Angeles

"I was on my way from Arizona to San Francisco," says a charming woman of my acquaintance, "and I stopped at the Van Nuys in Los Angeles. While sitting in the lobby I noticed a queer looking couple. Their faces spoke of years of hard work on the farm; their clothes spoke of the general merchandise store. And when they talked, their voices proclaimed them as Kansans or Iowans. They passed me, and I heard this:

"'Well, I wonder what-all the mail will bring us today?'

"'Let's go and see.'

"They went to the desk, and received from the clerk a good-sized box. My curiosity was aroused, and I was glad when they came and sat where I could satisfy it. They opened their box, and judge of my surprise to find that it contained sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, a glass of jelly, a paper of tea and other things. The couple were delighted and commented excitedly on the food as they examined it. I wanted more information about all this, so I went over to the desk. The clerk laughed as I approached.

"'I see you're interested in that couple,' he said. 'They're from Iowa, and they get a box of food from home every day. They have an alcohol stove in their room for coffee and tea. Did you ever hear of anything like that?'

"I told him I hadn't; but then, I don't go to Los Angeles very often."

From Dry Seattle

There has just come to my desk the first issue of a new Seattle paper called The Crucible. The editor of The Crucible announces that he is going to "burn out the dross of superstition," free the public schools "from priestly interference," stand for "liberty of thought and free speech" and all that sort of thing. The Crucible, judging from its first number, has a great deal ii common with the malodorous Menace; but it goes farther than the Menace. Its longest article is called "The God Pest" and begins with these words: "Among all mental diseases which man has systematically inoculated into his cranium, the religious pest is the most abominable." The Crucible is very vulgar, very nasty and very silly. I wonder whether ther is a field for it in Seattle? I wonder whether the sort of people who vote to make a State dry are the sort of people who revel in the sort of stuff The Crucible prints?

A Stevenson Memorial

A bronze memorial tablet to Robert Louis Stevenson has just been unveiled at Lake Saranac, New York. It was placed on the veranda of the Baker cottage where he stayed one bitter winter, writing "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Wrong Box" and some of his fine essays. The tablet is the work of Gutzon Borglum and shows Stevenson in fur cap and coat. Those who have seen it say that it reveals more of the real Stevenson than the sick-a-bed figure of the St. Gaudens memorial at Edinburgh. We of San Francisco are interested in Stevenson memorials because it is our boast that we led the way in publicly celebrating this

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great writer who dwelt in our midst in 1879 and again in 1888 while the Casco was being equipped to take him to the South Seas. The drinking fountain in the Plaza, designed by Willis Polk and Bruce Porter, was the first monument erected to R. L. S.

What of the Others?

Which suggests to me that we San Franciscans have been less prompt in honoring other writers with, perhaps, more claim than Stevenson on our appreciation. We have no memorial to Bret Harte who lived and wrote in this city for a long time before seeking elsewhere the rewards of the fame he won here. We have no memorial to Mark Twain who lived in San Francisco longer than Stevenson did. We have done nothing to honor Joaquin Miller who was identified with San Francisco long before he made his home on The Hights in Oakland. And coming down to a more recent time, we have done nothing to show our appreciation of Frank Norris. In the case of Miller, Indiana has pointed out our duty to us. A tablet commemorating Miller's birth has been unveiled at Liberty in that State. Indiana did not recognize Joaquin until he had been generally acclaimed, but she is making amends. And in the case of Mark Twain, Hawaii of all places has reminded us of our remissness. Mark Twain lived in Hawaii for six months during 1866. Recently the Hawaiian Promotion Committee cabled the Fair people asking them to set aside November 30 as Mark Twain day. On that day there will be a Mark Twain celebration in Honolulu. This week we celebrated Joaquin Miller Day at the Fair. The time was opportune for some speaker to call attention to the fact that San Francisco has other writers to honor with memorials besides the beloved Robert Louis.

The "Old Boys" of Lincoln School

Now for "Lincoln Day" at the Fair. The Lincoln Grammar School Association, under whose auspices this Saturday is to be celebrated as Lincoln Day, is composed of Lincoln school "old boys" who graduated from that institution not less than thirty-eight years ago. Old Lincoln school with its statue of "Abe," scroll in hand, was a landmark in San Francisco in the days before the 1906 disaster. It was completed and opened in 1865, shortly after Lincoln's assassination. It was always a school for boys only, and averaged about one thousand pupils. Its first principal was Ira G. Hoyt, afterwards State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and there is no doubt that the standard of education which he set stamped its effect upon the after lives of most of the pupils who attended the school. Charles B. Turrill, the historian and bibliophile, who knows more of San Francisco history than almost any man living, declares that the text books in use in those days were better than the text books of today. Be that as it may, old Lincoln school boys are to be found today at the head of all kinds of leading enterprises, commercial and professional. Among those who have world-wide reputations may be mentioned David Belasco, the well known theatrical manager and playwright; Josiah Royce, now professor of philosophy in Harvard University, who contributed the work on California to what is known as the American Commonwealth Series; John Hays Hammond, the well known mining engineer and expert; Harry Webb, another well known mining engineer, for some years connected with the DeBeers Syndicate in South Africa; last, but not least, John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

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Some More of 'Em

Hold! On second thought I can recall to memory a few more of the "old boys" whom it would be a sign of senility to forget. There is the incomparable Alec Robertson, the San Francisco bookseller and friend of the California writer; Phil Bekeart, the well known sportsman and clubman, who, by the way, was born in Coloma where Marshall discovered gold; Robert Aitken, the sculptor, who, however, was a Lincoln boy of a later date and so not eligible to membership in the association; Alex Goldstein, merchant of Fresno and San Francisco; Dr. Hirschfelder, of local reputation; Rudolph Herold Jr.; Thomas P. Burns of the United States Sub-treasury; Chas. E. Miller, the well known yachtsman, late of Miller, Sloss and Scott; George H. Pippy; Chas. Jackson, of Napa soda fame; Geo. W. R. King, son of James King of William, now assistant auditor of the Territory of Hawaii; Harry Fisher, auditor of the Territory of Hawaii; Louis Haas; Harry Sherwood; Eugene Hoeber; Geo. R. Burdict; Constant Meese; and many others. Historian Turrill declares that seventy-five per cent of the mercantile and manufacturing industries in San Francisco have been shaped by Lincoln school boys. The boys who attended the school had Lincoln's example ever before them, for in going in and coming out every day they passed a great statue of Lincoln that stood before the entrance. This statue was erected on the first anniversary of the martyred President's death, April 16, 1866. There is a movement on foot among the members of the association to get together a fund for the purpose of replacing this statue which, of course, was destroyed in the fire. It is proposed to erect the new statue in San Francisco's Civic Center.

Lincoln Day Program

This is the program for Lincoln Day: 1:30 p. m., parade of U. S. troops; Col. S. N. Foote, marshal; 2:00 p. m., review of troops in front of tower of jewels; 2:30 p. m., exercises in Festival Hall. Program: 1. Band concert; official band P. P. I. E. 2. Introductory remarks, John A. Britton, chairman of the day. 3. Address of welcome, Hon. Hiram W. Johnson, Governor of California. 4. Organ solo, Wallace Sabin, official organist P. P. I. E. 5. Address, Hon. James Rolph Jr., Mayor of San Francisco. 6. Presentation of plaque, Chas. C. Moore, president P. P. I. E. 7. Acceptance by J. K. Wilson, ex-principal Lincoln School. 8. Vocal solo, Miss Van de Mark. 9. Gettysburg Address, Gen. N. P. Chipman. 10. Address, Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam, U. S. N. 11. Vocal solo, Miss Van de Mark. 12. Address, Benjamin I. Wheeler, president University of California. 13. Organ postlude, Wallace Sabin.

Paging Miss Keller

Years of patient endeavor have enabled Helen Keller to overcome the dumbness with which she was born, but she remains deaf. This did not occur to a young Examiner reporter who was sent to the Palace Hotel to interview Miss Keller last week. Miss Keller was not in her room when the reporter called. Thinking that she might be in some part of the hotel the reporter had her paged!

George Sterling's List

I mentioned last week that the members of the California Literary Society which meets at the home of Ina Coolbrith were engaged in selecting the best short stories written by Californians, and I gave the list submitted by Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels. Comes now George Sterling to criticize Mrs. Mighels' list and to make a few suggestions of his own.

"The idea," exclaims Sterling, "of compiling a list of our best short stories and not including any by Ambrose Bierce! To my mind the greatest short story in the English language is 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' and after that comes the 'Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge' by Ambrose Bierce. Mrs. Mighels includes 'The Jumping Frog.' This is not a short story at all, but a humorous anecdote. I see no real literary value in it. Milne's 'Man Frozen in a Block of Ice' is a childish and unconvincing story. It strikes me that the only stories in Mrs. Mighels' list which have an enduring literary value are those of Harte, Morrow and London. The London stories she mentions are far from being his best. To my mind his best story is 'The League of the Old Men.' If I were making up a list of the best Californian short stories I'd include the 'Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge, the 'Death of Halpin Fraser,' 'The Mocking Bird' and two others by Bierce, 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' a couple of Jack London's and a couple of Jimmy Hopper's."

James D. Phelan, Patron

By the way, Sterling's "Yosemite, an Ode" has just been published by Robertson in a

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beautiful volume with a cover in color after a painting by Brouer and illustrations after photographs by Dassonville. I shall have something to say of this ode later. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that it is dedicated to James D. Phelan. This makes three volumes of genuine poetry which have been dedicated to Senator Phelan. The late Louis Robertson dedicated his "Beyond the Requiems" to Phelan. Herman Scheffauer dedicated one of his volumes to Phelan. And now comes Sterling. I know of no other Californian who has been so highly honored. Senator Phelan is a sincere patron of the arts, and in these dedications he has received distinguished and enviable recognition.

Peters' Exhibition

"The prince of darkness" they call Charles Rollo Peters in the Bohemian Club. It is clever but it is not true. Moonlight is not darkness, and Peters does not even confine himself to moonlight, as the exhibition in his recently opened gallery shows. These pictures impress us with Peters' versatility as we have not been impressed before. Here are some of the wonderful nocturnes—"Round Lane, Dorset" is in his best manner—but here also are the magic of sunlight on the Marin hills and the witchery of twilight on the water. It is a show which is well worth study, and I am glad Peters is holding it right now so that picture lovers who miss his work in the Palace of Fine Arts may have a taste of his quality. The "sold" tag on several of the pictures indicates that the exhibition is a financial as well as an artistic success. Interest is added by the presence of some canvases by Constance Peters, the wife of Charles Rollo.

Pastels of the Fair

Lucile Jouillin finds her best medium of expression to be pasted; she is therefore happy in the depiction of World's Fair scenes, for our Exposition is in pastel colors. She has about two dozen pastels on exhibition in one of the Post street galleries, all of them Exposition pictures. They are all pretty and appealing. Here is the Forbidden Garden of the California Building, the Palace of Fine Arts, a scene in the wonderful Italian Court and many other beautiful bits seen in the full light of the sun, in the waning light of afternoon and at sunset. In the midst of all the agitation to preserve this or that Fair structure the thought comes that after all the true preservation of the beauty of the Fair will be accomplished by our artists who find inspiration there for their brushes. Lucile Jouillin is to be numbered among these Exposition perpetuators.

Douglas Likes The Lantern

The editors of The Lantern have received an appreciative letter concerning their little "periodical of lucid intervals" from George Douglas, the literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. Douglas whose judgment on literature is greatly respected by thousands of readers writes as follows:

"I thoroughly enjoy The Lantern. It is literature on the half-shell. Some day some of it will come back at me curried, stewed, or just warmed over and served up in books, but then there will be no credit in recognizing its quality. You cannot miss a good book, sooner or later it comes to light, but you may miss a good magazine article, and you will be missing many if you overlook The Lantern.

"What a privilege it must be to exercise that editorial freedom in the choice of subject. And what a privilege to subscribe to a periodical whose very time of issue cannot be anticipated. As for the contents there is no guessing what they will be. All that one can be sure of is the unexpected both in entertainment and information.

"San Francisco is already in literature and if it keeps The Lantern The Lantern will keep it there from issue to issue."

A "Small Time" Upheaval?

Marcus Loew of New York and Aaron Jones of Chicago, two magnates of "small time" vaudeville, to use the slang term applied to the cheaper circuits, are at the St. Francis Hotel, and the wise ones of the Rialto are speculating on the possibility of a new coast-to-coast combination. Marcus Loew controls twenty-eight theatres in New York and fourteen outside that city. Jones, Linnick and Shaffer who are connected with Loew in booking matters have eleven theatres in Chicago and eight nearby that city. Both Loew and Jones like the looks of things theatrical on this coast, and are eager to break in. Loew started to buy out the Considine interests in the S and C circuit some time ago. It was an interesting deal. Loew was to pay John W. Considine a million dollars for his interest, and was to pay another million

MME. JOHANNA GADSKI

Noted dramatic soprano coming to Cort Theatre early in December

for the stock of the miscellaneous stockholders. He actually paid Considine $400,000, and looked to the profits of the circuit to pay the balance. But hard times hit the theatres, and the profits were very small indeed. So Loew forfeited the $400,000 he had paid Considine and the deal was off. Times are better now, and it is thought that he and Jones will make some sort of combination which will bring them back into coast theatricals via the S and C.

A Literary Curiosity

"Mrs. Martin," I read in the Examiner's report of a lecture at the Exposition, "devoted most of her time to a discussion of the Bubyait of Omar Khayam." It must have been interesting. But what of this Bub? Is Bub a younger brother of Rube?

First Tramp—Say, pardner, if we only had an automobile, we could take life easy.

Second Tramp—We could. But poor fellers like us would git de electric chair fer doing it.

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69456; Dept. No. 13.

In the Matter of the Application of the AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, a Corporation, to Be Dissolved.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the American Barium Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, November 10, 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT SWEENEY and
ALGERNON CROFTON,
Attorneys for Applicant,
Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Prosperity Is Coming

"If prosperity doesn't hit this city with a bang within the next six month, all the calculations of the wise are at fault," says George Lewis of Shreve's who has just returned from a business trip to New York. "New York is full of money, and everybody is spending with a lavish hand. Sherry's has opened a branch in Wall street. Tiffany's can't supply the demand for high priced jewelry. I wanted to get a lot of high priced wrist watches, and one of the manufacturers told me he had forty ready. But he added that he always gave Tiffany's the first call on his output. I saw him again later in the day, and Tiffany's had taken them all. I tried to match pearls for necklaces, and couldn't. All the good pearls are sold. Brokers' clerks sleep in their offices all night. I know of one broker who telephoned to a client at three in the morning, and couldn't get him. 'If you don't attend to business,' he told him later, 'you'll have to suffer the consequences.' Prosperity has come so fast that it has turned people's heads. But the best of it is that they all say we'll get our share of it before long."

Lotta, Rich but Simple

It does not seem to be generally known that Lotta owns a great deal of property in this State in addition to her gilt-edged Boston realty. She owns lots in Hyde street near Turk, Turk near Hyde, in the Richmond district and at the northwest corner of Broadway and Octavia. At least she owned all this property some time ago, and I doubt that she has disposed of it. She believes in holding on to her real estate. She also owns lands and houses in the interior of the State. One of the wealthiest women ever on the American stage, she is nevertheless a very simple person. At the St. Francis Hotel she is unaccompanied by any maid, and rarely seeks the services of the hotel help. She is used to doing for herself, and shrinks from ostentatious service of any sort.

The First St. Francis

Lotta's present visit to the St. Francis, by the way, recalls the fact that at the time she appeared here on the stage in the early fifties the "first class" hotel of the city was also named St. Francis. This structure was erected in 1849 at the southwest corner of Dupont and Clay streets, and was considered an imposing structure for those days. It was destroyed a few years later in one of the first important fires of this city.

How Much Does Your Baby Weigh?

As long as your baby gains steadily every week he is well. During his first year he should gain as follows:

1 to 3 months: *Gain 6 to 8 ozs. a week.*
3 to 6 months: *Gain 4 to 6 ozs. a week.*
6 to 9 months: *Gain 3 to 4 ozs. a week.*
9 to 12 months: *Gain 2 to 3 ozs. a week.*

He should double his weight in six months and triple it in a year.

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Mrs. Ryer in New York

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer is following up her successful season at Newport with a season in New York. She is occupying an apartment at the St. Regis with her daughter Doris, and 'tis said that she intends to make quite a splurge. Her success is already confidently predicted. Mrs. Oelrichs is one of her sponsors, and Tessie can do a lot for you, if she wants to, as other San Franciscans have learned one way or another. Miss Phyllis De Young who was the guest of Mrs. Ryer at Newport was pictured in the society section of one of the New York papers lately. It was a splendid picture of this handsome and charming girl, but unfortunately it was captioned "Mrs." Phyllis De Young.

ANITA CHURCHER AND ARTHUR NORBURY
Whose exhibition dancing at the California Building Wednesday evening, November 3, proved a source of enjoyment

St. Paul Humor

From an eastern society journal I learn that St. Paul is laughing over Mrs. Will Peet's latest jest. Mrs. Peet of St. Paul, it is explained, is a niece of Bayard Taylor; and the writer thinks she inherited her sense of humor from the great traveler. All Californians know something of Bayard Taylor's work in prose and poetry—he got some of his inspiration here—and I leave it to them to decide whether Mrs. Peet has inherited her waggish way from him. Mrs. Will Peet, it seems, was ill at a St. Paul hospital lately. She was told that two of her women friends were coming to visit her. When they were ushered in she said very seriously:

"Do you know what has really been the matter with me all this time?"

They answered that they had been told that her malady baffled the doctors.

"Twilight sleep!" she exclaimed, and drawing down the bed coverings she disclosed to their amazed eyes a tiny darkey baby. She had borrowed the child from her laundress for the purpose of shocking her friends.

For the Aberdeens

One of the most successful dinners given in honor of Lord and Lady Aberdeen was that tendered by Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland in their beautiful Washington street home which has come to be known as the "Petit Trianon" owing to its resemblance to the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette. Covers were laid for twenty-four, and the guests of honor delighted those whom the Koshlands had invited to meet them, they were so simple in their ways and so full of genuine interest in San Francisco.

The Charity Ball

The fifth annual Charity Ball for the benefit of the orphans of the Humane Bureau will take place on Friday, November 19, at Scottish Rite Hall. As usual it will be one of the very smartest functions of the season and everybody who is anybody in society will be there. A feature of this fashionable ball is the supper which is served at midnight. A great many reservations of tables have been made, indicating that there is no falling off in interest—rather the reverse. Tickets including supper are five dollars, and may be had at the Palace, the St. Francis, the Fairmont or from the patronesses. Boxes may be had from Mrs. J. A. Folger, 2889 Pacific avenue, West 765. Reservations of tables may be made with Wheeler and Hayward, 1561 Bush street. The officers of the Humane Bureau and the active women in charge of the affair are Mrs. J. B. Casserly, president; Mrs. J. A. Folger, treasurer; and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, secretary. The floor committee consists of Thomas Driscoll, John Casserly, Joseph Donohoe, Andrew Carrigan, E. J. Tobin and Judge Thomas Graham.

The patronesses: Mesdames Bernard Breedon, John Baumgartner, John Brooke, E. F. Bates, Edward Barron, J. B. Casserly, Andrew Carrigan, C. Templeton Crocker, George Cameron, Charles Clark, Martin Crimmins, Thomas A. Driscoll, Christian de Guigne, Heskett Derby, John Drum, J. A. Donohoe, Edward L. Eyre, J. L. Flood, E. O. McCormick, R. P. Merillion, Herbert Moffitt, Eugene Murphy, Percy Moore, J. C. Nolan, Wm. S. O'Brien, B. P. Oliver, Richard Queen, Dent H. Robert, Stanley Stillman, Rudolph Spreckels, E. J. Tobin, Joseph S. Tobin, Bernard Ford, J. A. Folger, Thomas Graham, Frank Griffin, John Gallwey, R. Y. Hayne, W. G. Hitchcock, D. C. Heger, Wm. Hopper, John R. Hanify, Wm. Irwin, J. H. Keefe, C. F. Kohl, T. B. Lacey, Walter Martin, Garret McEnerney, C. C. Mohun, D. T. Murphy, E. B. Thomas, Geo. Whittell, Baldwin Wood, Andrew Welch, E. Mejia, T. I. O'Brien, Joseph O'Brien, F. M. Pickering, D. A. Ryan, Harry Stetson, James Shea, Wm. Sproule, Clement Tobin, the Misses Morrison,

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The Yachting Jacklings

Dan Jackling and his bride simply can't get enough of yachting. They have their own yacht the Cypress of course, but that doesn't satisfy their yachting needs. At last accounts they were on their way to New York to charter a yacht for a cruise to Florida. They will take a party of friends with them, visit Cuba and the Bermudas and then steam to Colon. As the slides in the canal have blocked traffic they will have to surrender the yacht on the Atlantic side, but after crossing to the Pacific side they will find the Cypress waiting for them and they will come yachting home.

The Somerton Dances

Gaiety reigned supreme Thursday evening at the Hotel Somerton where a number of the officers and their wives from Fort Scott and the Presidio entertained at the supper dance. Over a hundred civilians supplemented the army list. These dances are very popular, and the exhibition dancing of Mr. Arthur Norbury and Miss Anita Churcher is a drawing feature. This charming couple were encored again and again when thy danced the Pavlowa Gavotte, and their other number, the Brazilian One-Step, delighted the large audience. Miss Churcher received enthusiastic applause for a solo dance "At the Well." She appeared in a fancy dress costume especially designed for the occasion. Some of the navy folk are coming down from Mare Island this evening for the dance, and a great many reservations have been made at the Somerton for tables. Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Morris of Omaha gave a dinner Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lewis were hosts Thursday evening at a theatre party.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Ahearn entertained a coterie of friends Sunday at the Cecil. Another dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Highley. A dinner of ten covers was presided over by Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Thayer Monday. Mrs. Joseph L. Frasier entertained a party of eight at dinner Sunday. The management of the Cecil gave an enjoyable bridge party Monday evening. The prizes were especially pretty. A number of closely contested rubbers were played.

The Beringer Club Concert

The Beringer Musical Club which has proved such an excellent factor for culture among the younger musical element of this city, will give its thirty-fourth recital under the direction of Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer at Century Club Hall on Thursday evening, November 18. An excellent program is being prepared and music lovers are looking forward to the event with much pleasure. Helen McKinlay, the Misses Eleanor Alberti, Louise Cameron and Zdenka Buben will be heard in piano compositions by Schumann, Schubert-Liszt and Chopin, and Mrs. H. J. Widenmann, Miss Flora Flynn and Miss Irene De Martini will sing selections in French, Italian, English and German. As a novel feature, students of the Santa Rosa Ursuline College which institution is affiliated with the Beringer Conservatory of Music, will also be heard. The Misses Katharine Meyer and Clara Farnlof will appear in piano selections and Miss Violet Marcelle will sing numbers by Rubinstein and Dell 'Aqua. Joseph Beringer will preside at the piano.

JOSEPH BERINGER
Pianist, director of the Beringer Musical Club

Off to New York

Mrs. Richard B. Mulcahy and Miss Kathryn Plover departed for New York last Wednesday. Mr. Mulcahy will join Mrs. Mulcahy in New York during the holidays.

At Del Monte

Among the arrivals at Hotel Del Monte for the week ending November 7 were: Mrs. H. B. Bunnell, New Haven, Conn.; N. T. Cowen, Miss Catherine C. Cowan, Amherst, Mass.; Mrs. Douglas H. Duer, Amherst, Mass.; Mrs. J. S. Means, George F. Getz, Charles E. Fox, Mrs. Fred M. Schmidt, Mr. Fred Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Castle, all of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Plunkett, Mrs. Robert D. Evans, Miss A. N. Hunt, Miss Belle Hunt, Miss C. L. Flint, Miss E. H. Flint, Oliver Ames and family, Mrs. H. Eugene Bolles, Mrs. Wm. F. Howe, all of Boston; Mrs. Ward Barron, Mrs. J. D. Harvey, San Francisco; Mrs. Bayard Dominick and maid, Mrs. James Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Roberts, Emil Rueff and family, Mrs. Wm. Spiegelberg, Miss Spiegelberg, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brooks, Detroit; Albert Hansen, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Rogers, Miss Alice Rogers, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Daicey, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Howes, Brookline, Mass.; Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Hatch, Rockford, Ill.; Richard Philipp, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fraser, Halifax; Mr. and Mrs. W. O. McCullough, Los Angeles; A. D. Porter, Miss Porter, Miss Higley, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cotton, Cora E. Horton, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Thorp, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. H. S. Ehret, Miss Ehret, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Harrington, Mrs. Edward Brooke, Miss Margaret Pope, Wm. Sidebottom, all of Philadelphia; E. H. Day, Birmingham, England; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fortune, Eugene, Oregon; Mrs. Sidney T. Ogden and chauffeur, Montclair, N. J.; Miss P. Van Wyck and maid, Summit, N. J.; Mrs. A. E. R. Arnold, Albany, N. Y.

The Tavern Ballet

One of the most remarkable ballets ever featured in San Francisco dances nightly at Techau Tavern, interpreting each week an entirely new program of dances created by V. Vestoff, late of the Pavlowa Russian Ballet. The dances are based on classic themes and are most engaging in their graceful combinations of color and motion. The corps de ballet are all expert toe dancers who would grace the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and won their way to instant favor with Tavern patrons. The Candy Dances are, if anything, more popular today than when they were first featured at this cafe. Each lady receives a handsome souvenir box of the finest candies, especially selected for these occasions from the candy palace of Foster and Orear on Grant avenue. The gentlemen are equally well remembered in the Pall Mall Cigarette Dances at which they are presented with large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes. These dances occur nightly.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Tina Lerner's Three Concerts

Tina Lerner, the genius of the piano, will be heard in this city under the management of Will L. Greenbaum during the week of November 21. On that Sunday afternoon she will give an exceptional program of concerted music with the Exposition orchestra in Festival Hall. It will be a Tina Lerner concert, not a symphony concert with Miss Lerner as soloist. The artist accompanied by Max Bendix and his men will render the Chopin Concerto in F minor which, though one of the most beautiful of all of Chopin's works, has not been given in this city in over thirty years, and the Grieg A minor Concerto. The orchestra will play the Overture "Sakuntala," a minuet by Bolzoni and Volkman's Waltz from "Serenade No. 2." Tickets will be ready on Monday at Sherman, Clay and Company's, the Exposition box office at 343 Powell street and at Festival Hall. The prices will range from 50 cents to $1.50. Mail orders should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman and Clay's. Tina Lerner will also give two delightful piano recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Friday afternoon, November 26, and Sunday afternoon, November 28. On Friday Miss Lerner will play Chopin's B minor Sonata, op. 58, Papillons by Schumann, Variations A minor, Paganini-Liszt, Aloeste by Gluck-Saint-Saens, Brahms, "Intermezzo," Weber's Rondo Brilliant and works by Borodine, Scriabine, Liadow and Tschaikowsky. On Sunday the feature number will be the seldom played Liszt "Concerto Pathetique" for two pianos, the assisting part being rendered by Vladimir Shavitch. There will be also a Chopin and a Liszt group and works by Debussy, Dohnanyi, Cesar Franck, Rosenthal, etc. These concerts will start at three o'clock. Tickets will be ready at Sherman, Clay and Company's Monday, November 22. Mail orders to Manager Greenbaum now.

Two Gadski Recitals

Madame Johanna Gadski, the great dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan, has arranged to visit San Francisco before the close of the Exposition, and will give two concerts here under the direction of Manager Greenbaum. They will take place at the Cort on Thursday afternoon, December 2, and Sunday afternoon, December 5. Her visit will be a very short one, as her duties at the Metropolitan are such that she must return immediately to New York. As only two recitals are to be given Manager Greenbaum invites mail orders at once.

Maud Powell Coming

An interesting announcement from the Greenbaum office is that Maud Powell is coming early in December. This world-famous violinist will be heard in the Cort on the afternoons of December 12 and 14.

S. F. Quintet Club

The third concert of the season by the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given in the ball room of the St. Francis on Thursday night, December 9. The program will include the Debussy String Quartet No. 1, Brandts-Buys Quintet, and Brahms Piano Quartet Op. 26.

Last Week of "On Trial"

The best evidence of the success achieved by "On Trial" at the Columbia is the immense attendance and the universal expressions of satisfaction. Cohan and Harris have seen to it that every part in the extensive production is well handled, hence the perfection of the performance which runs smoothly and keeps the auditor riveted to his seat. The story is told in an unique manner and all laws of playwriting have been successfully upset by the author who has achieved a positive triumph. The final week begins with the performance on Sunday night, November 14. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Battle Cry of Peace"

Never has a film attracted so much attention as has "The Battle Cry of Peace" at present being shown at the Vitagraph Theatre, New York, in its third month. This patriotic photo spectacle, termed "a call to arms against war" was written by F. Stuart Blackton who took as his base Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America." He has utilized the facts and statistics in the Maxim book and built around them an absorbing story. An orchestra of twenty will be heard in conjunction with the picture each afternoon and night during the engagement at the Columbia commencing Sunday, November 21. Orchestra seats at night will be 75 cents and $1, the balcony seats 50 cents. The afternoon prices will be 25 cents and 50 cents. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

"A Pair of Sixes" at the Cort

"A Pair of Sixes," the rip-roaring Edward Peple farce, will be the Cort's attraction for a single week beginning Sunday night. Through its previous visit "A Pair of Sixes" is well known here for its mirth-provoking powers. Oscar Figman who is very popular here, is the featured member of the cast. Kate Guyon, Jack Raffael, Rita Carlyle, George Leffingwell, Ethel Wilson, Richard Earle, Hilda Graham and other clever folk are in the company which Producer Frazee has assembled. Tonight will see the final performance of "So Long Letty."

"Bird of Paradise" Returning

Richard Walton Tully's most popular play "The Bird of Paradise" is due for a return engagement at the Cort beginning Sunday, November 1, immediately following "A Pair of Sixes." It will be remembered what a success was achieved by this delightful Hawaiian romance on its two previous visits. This time the leading part of Luana is played by Carlotta Monterey, a "discovery," and a charming young actress. Oliver Morosco promises the same elaborate production as before.

Evelyn Vaughan in "Kick In"

Evelyn Vaughan will return to the Alcazar Monday night, fully recovered from her operation. She will appear in Willard Mack's New York success "Kick In." Mack and his talented wife Marjorie Rambeau were seen in a one-act play of the same name at the Orpheum a few seasons ago. It is that play which Mack made into a four-act thriller. Opposite to Miss Vaughan will be Bert Lytell. "Kick In" will introduce to Alcazar audiences the new second woman of the Lytell-Vaughan players, Miss Margaret Armstrong, a clever and beautiful actress.

Mazie King at the Orpheum

Next week will be the last of Houdini, the "Genius of Escape." Tom Barry's romance of yesterday "A Breath of Old Virginia" with Genevieve Cliff and a clever cast is sure to prove a success. It is the first comedy of the "switch-back" variety produced in vaudeville. When the story is finished a most unusual finale is presented. Genevieve Cliff has been a prominent stock star in the East and played the principal role in Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine." Mazie King as a toe dancer has few equals. Not many years ago she astonished the world by descending the steps of the famous Metropolitan Tower in New York upon

SCENE FROM "BREATH OF OLD VIRGINIA"

Presented by Genevieve Cliff and company next week at the Orpheum

her toes. The dance known in this country as "The Capital Stairs Dance" and in London as the "Escalade Dance" is Miss King's creation. Her present vaudeville offering consists of all the modern dances done upon her toes. She is assisted by Ted Doner. Sherman, Van and Hyman are three young men who entertain with melodious nonsense. Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent, a talented and versatile young couple, call their effort "Song Sketches at the Piano." Robert L. Dailey and his company in the successful comedy "Our Bob," and the Bison City Four in new selctions will be pleasant numbers. Dainty Marie, the Venus of the Air, one of the most symmetrical women in existence, clever as she is attractive, will be a special feature. She sings and dances bewitchingly, and on a flying trapeze is the personification of grace.

S. F. Composers' Day at Festival Hall

One of the most interesting concerts of the Exposition period will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half past two, when the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians will play a program made up entirely of works by San Francisco composers. For several weeks past Paul Steindorff, Herman Perlet and John Manning, a committee chosen by the Music Department of the Exposition, have been busy with manuscripts submitted by local musicians and from the long list a particularly attractive group of compositions has been culled. The first number of the afternoon will be "Rosa," an overture by Philip I. Jacoby conducted by Herman Perlet, after which each selection will be conducted by the composer in person. The numbers will include "Papillonage" by Earl Sharp, the Andante to "Cherry" by Fr. W. Warnke-Mueller, the "Jig" from "St Patrick of Tara" by Wallace A. Sabin, the Introduction to "Perseus," Theodore Vogt's music drama written for the Bohemian Grove jinks of 1905, a "Lullaby" and "Madrigale Rustico" by Dominico Brescia, "Lamia" by Frederick Zech, a movement from "Suite Orientale" by Herman S. Heller and the Intermzzo from "Maimundus" by Ulderico Marcelli. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, mezzo-soprano, will sing "Lines of Francesca" by Albert Elkus; Harold Pracht, baritone, will be heard in "Brahma" by Mrs. Mary Carr-Moore; and Lowell Redfield, baritone, will sing a song by Axel Raul Wachtmeister, "Awake, My Beloved." The song composers will conduct their works. Great interest is manifested in this concert and there is a large demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street.

A Brilliant Recital

Musical and society circles are manifesting great interest in the concert recital announced by Miss Helen Petre, soprano, Frank Carroll Giffen, tenor, and Kajetan Attl, harpist, to take place in the Colonial ball room of the St. Gertrude Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. William 22, at half past eight. Each of these artists is well known in San Francisco and they have a host of friends who are preparing for a musical treat in the program which has been prepared. Among the patrons for the evening are Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Brenner, Mrs. Winifred Bonfils, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Arthur Fosbery, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Hazel King, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newton Lynch, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. W. McKinstry, Senator James D. Phelan, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. M. Sloss, Mrs. Harry Scott, Dr. Harry Tevis and Mrs. Clinton Worden. Many box parties are being formed and a brilliant audience is assured.

Handcuff King at Pantages

Hardeen, the "King of Handcuffs," is the top line attraction on the new bill at Pantages. Hardeen is a brother of Houdini and many of his tricks are patterned after the baffling feats of the former. Irene West and her eight "Royal Hawaiians" in native songs, dances and music will be a big feature. Howard and Field and their singing and dancing dining car minstrels is a star specialty. Alexander Patty and company have an act styled "The Upside Down Man" in which Patty does odd stunts like playing the violin while standing on his head. The Longworths present a dainty musical act called "Bits of Mirth and Melody." Mabel Johnston, lady ventriloquist, and the Florence sisters, dancers, are other acts.

The First Two Symphony Soloists

At a meeting of the Music Committee of the Musical Association, which maintains the Symphony Orchestra, held at the offices in the Head Building Tuesday afternoon, with E. S. Heller as acting chairman and J. B. Casserly as acting secretary, it was decided to engage Louis Persinger, concertmaster of the orchestra, as soloist at the concert of Friday afternoon, January 14, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the great Russian pianist, as soloist at the concert of Friday afternoon, February 4. Mr. Persinger has for several years been recognized as one of America's most gifted artists. His initial tuition was re-

MISS HELEN PETRE
Soprano who will be heard in concert recital with Frank Carroll Giffen and Kajetan Attl, November 22

"A PAIR OF SIXES"
Scene from the clever farce at the Cort

ceived from Hans Becker and he was graduated publicly from the Royal Conservatory at Leipsig. After a concert tour of America he went to Brussels to become a pupil of Eugene Ysaye. As a concert artist Mr. Persinger made an enviable reputation in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, Leipsig, Dresden, Breslau, etc., and has appeared as soloist with the leading symphony orchestras of America. Ossip Gabrilowitsch is a musician by instinct as well as by education, a composer and pianist of the very highest type. Four times the great Russian has visited America, and each time his playing has made a profound impression. The sale of season tickets for the regular subscribers will open Monday morning and will close Saturday, December 11. Seats will be allotted new subscribers after the orders for guarantors and regular subscribers have been filled, new subscribers being given preference in the order of their application. Any seats allotted guarantors and subscribers and not taken up before December 3 will be placed on public sale. Tickets and all information may be secured at the offices of the association, 711-712 Head Building.

Innisfail String Quartet

The Innisfail String Quartet organized by Mrs. J. B. Casserly, a music lover of taste whose standards are high, with no other motive than that of providing good music for San Francisco, will give the second of its series of concerts at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter, on the evening of Tuesday, November 23, at 8:30 o'clock sharp. The program: Quartet, E flat major, Op. 74, Beethoven; Quartet No. 2, D major, Borodin; Quartet, Op. 10, Debussy. Seats are on sale now at the box office of Sherman, Clay and Company and Kohler & Chase.

A Great Hippodrome Show

Six new vaudeville acts and three moving pictures are on the bill for the matinee commencing tomorrow at the Hippodrome. Capacity houses have been the rule at the popular O'Farrell street playhouse in recognition of the high standard of vaudeville and feature pictures presented. The High School Four, all San Francisco boys, will make their debut. A surprise is in store for this singing quartet's many friends. "Bought," one of the most sensational motion pictures ever released, will be shown in five reels. "Bought" is a Shubert production and features Frederick Lewis and the emotional actress Ethel Grey Terry.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—We have had the first real reaction in railroads since the recent movement started. A good many caught onto the rise when it was near the top and on the weakness of industrials, have been selling out. This heaviness in the latter group has encouraged the bear party, who are very sure of their position. Some of the war stocks, like Crucible Steel, got support noticeable in this stock below 75. There is a market for Bethlehem Steel finally for those who want to sell it. We are asked, every time the market gets weak, what causes it. We have been asked this on an average of six to eight times a month for the last six months. If a market had no reactions, it would breed a panic. We cannot expect stocks to go up all the time. We started to bull Norfolk around 105 and when it got near to 110, it broke back to 104; it then went up to 118 and broke back to 114. It then went up to 121 and broke back to 117. It then went to 122 3-8 and is back to 119. Railroads and some of the industrials are being bought on their real value. When such is the case, the holder need not feel nervous, although we will admit three or four point reactions are not pleasant. One would be fortunate if he could catch all the fluctuations, but this is impossible. There have been a good many stop orders in the industrial list and as the market in this class of securities becomes limited, they have made bad breaks when selling orders were executed. Financial and industrial conditions are better instead of worse.

Wheat—As compared with last week, prices are ruling at a higher level, although the advance is of moderate breadth. Notwithstanding, the market is regarded as demonstrating a great deal of strength when the heavy receipts are taken into consideration. The primary movement is liberal and there are signs that the receipts of winter wheat will be greater. The clearances for the week are again of large proportions. The export demand is supposed to be principally for Canadian wheat, but at the same time there has recently been thought to be a quickening of the demand for our wheat. Foreign conditions bespeak eventually a considerable foreign demand, as it is said that the Australian and Argentine crops will not wield an influence in the situation until well along in the coming year. Reports indicate a reduction in the acreage seeded to winter wheat. The market at recent levels has given a demonstrative movement that is significant and that may be taken to mean that such prices have a tendency to accelerate the demand, both domestic and foreign, and at the same time restrict offerings by the country.

Corn is practically at the same level, values being steadied by a continuation of the moderat demand and a lightening of the shipments from the Argentine. Besides this, however, there is a little more freedom in the movement, and new corn is being shipped in slightly larger volume. A report was recently issued, indicating that the yield would be greater than generally anticipated, and this had some effect on sentiment, causing liquidation. Should receipts become liberal, prices are likely to suffer a decline.

Cotton—Owing to about two weeks of open weather and non-appearance of killing frosts, crop estimates have been raised materially. In this we cannot concur except so far as Oklahoma is concerned. Reliable reports from Texas state that favorable weather has not augmented the crop and the last Government report verified these views by saying that boll weevil has destroyed all chances of a top crop. In the Eastern belt the crop was through making 30 days ago, and the open season has not added to the yield. There is no reason to expect the total crop will exceed 11,500,000 bales including linters. Admitting exports fall 1,500,000 below last season, which is doubtful, and figuring American consumption at 7,000,000 bales, this would compel us to draw 2,000,000 bales from last season's carry-over. While we admit there is ample cotton for all needs, it does not follow that holders will sell at higher prices. We believe cotton is worth 15 cents in the South and those who buy contracts now with the idea of holding will realize large profits. The next ginning figures are expected to be large, owing to favorable weather and plentiful labor. We are fully satisfied, however, that with the exception of Oklahoma, these figures will repeat the largest percentage in history of the total yield.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

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For the 6 months ending June 30, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared

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NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 3667; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an Incompetent.

Notice of Guardian's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 19th day of October, 1915, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, the undersigned, ANNIE DOWD OLIVA, guardian of the person and estate of said MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN, an incompetent, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 15th day of November, 1915, the following described real property, of said incompetent, to-wit:—

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a point on the southerly line of Vallejo Street, distant one hundred and sixty (160) feet easterly from the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence running at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet to said southerly line of Vallejo Street, and thence westerly along said last named line twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 241.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned guardian at the time of the sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; taxes for the current fiscal year to be paid by the purchaser; deeds, abstracts and instruments of title at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale at the office of F. H. Merzbach, attorney-at-law, Room 560, Mills Building, Number 220, Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, October 30th, 1915.

ANNIE DOWD OLIVA,
Guardian of the person and estate of Maurice Joseph O'Brien, an incompetent.

F. H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Guardian,
560 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the executors at the office of William A. Kelly, room 910 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
JOHN O'NEIL,
Executors of the will of John J. Murphy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 6, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Executors,
910 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, Deceased.—No. 19114; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. W. Sanderson, Room 420, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

EMIL E. McCARTNEY,
Administrator of the Estate of LEONORA S. McCARTNEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1915.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Administrator,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, Deceased.—No. 19727; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, Administrator of the estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said PATRICK A. HARRAN, the said Administrator, at the office of Louis Ferrari, his attorney, 1029 Hearst Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office, the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 13th, A. D. 1915.

PATRICK A. HARRAN,
Administrator of the estate of Maria M. Harran, deceased.

LOUIS FERRARI,
Attorney for Administrator,
1029 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Ralph McGee, Room 604 Mills Building, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased.

JAMES KIRKLAND,
Administrator of the estate of W. W. Kirkland, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 23, 1915.

RALPH McGEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
604 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.—No. 19768—N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix of the estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix, at 807 Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.

HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ,
Executrix of the estate of Samuel Schwartz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 6, 1915.

GARRET W. McENERNEY and
PHILLIP I. MANSON,
Attorneys for Executrix,
807 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. 11-6-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

Our National Sin

Some men have instinctive aversion to cant of all kinds, since cant, even though it be but a euphemism or phrase assumed for an effect by way of conciliating opinion is insincere talk. "Cant," says Carlyle, "is a double-distilled lie, the materia prima of the devil from which all falsehoods, imbecilities and abominations body themselves." Clearly a good thing to hate is cant. Assuredly to be intellectually honest we must avoid cant. In the long run it is better to make a practice of calling a spade a spade at the risk of vulgarity than to indulge in euphemisms for the sake of refinement. For any kind of insincerity breeds all kinds of dishonesty. Cant is an insidious evil, that corrupts the body politic. By inducing "the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment," which is one of the definitions of cant, a whole people may be debauched. Something of the kind has happened in this country by reason of the ridiculous affectation of a consuming passion for certain ideals. Even our cultured President is infected with the deadly virus. We have heard him canting about Mexico. And we know the result. The fever is passing, but the President is not yet convalescent. Speaking on preparedness in New York recently he said: "We have it in mind to be prepared, not for war, but only for defense, and with the thought constantly in our minds that the principles we hold most dear can be achieved by the slow processes of history only in the kindly and wholesome atmosphere of peace and not by the use of hostile force." This is a fine specimen of sublimated cant. Talking on the same subject our first President, a man given to great oaths and mighty deeds, observed that in time of peace we should prepare for war. President Wilson perceives the wisdom of the observation, but having the flabby, insincere sentimentality of the Pacifists in mind, in time of peace he would prepare for defense. In his philosophy only affirmative militancy is war. Slaughtering aggressors, it is desirable we should understand, is but the righteous arbitrament of big guns, a modified peace, as it were, which, by the way, from the standpoint of each of the belligerent peoples in Europe, is precisely the present state of affairs west of Suez.

Just Petty Larceny

The other day our virtuous contemporary The Bulletin defrauded many a citizen out of two pennies by means of a top line across the front page announcing that the belligerent nations of Europe were "ready to quit." The one pretext for this announcement was an assertion made by Chancellor David Starr Jordan in Washington while urging the President to call a conference for the purpose of stopping the war. Doubtless Publisher Crothers would have us believe that he is innocent of intention to steal, but unfortunately his previous reputation argues to heaven against him. Publisher Crothers is not our most guileless citizen. Publisher Crothers is not so unsophisticated as to have faith in the faith of the Quixotic professor from Palo Alto. We mean the faith Chancellor Jordan has in his own judgment. Chancellor Jordan says the belligerents are willing to quit, but at the same time with his usual inadvertence he lets us know how far from authoritative the statement is. He explains that it is made at the dictation of the Jordan judgment, which received some assistance from that darling Quixote in skirts Jane Addams. On the day after the pleasant announcement Georges Clemenceau, former Premier of France, declared that the French would be ready to quit when they got their feet on German soil. A somewhat similar sentiment prevails in England. Of the Russians it is believed they will be ready to quit when they get through "coming back." Of Jordan himself it is believed he will be ready to quit whenever peace is declared provided the rulers of Europe will hail him as the man who ended the war.

From Homer to Wilson

"It would be wrong," says a distinguished suffragist, "to compare the people of New York who defeated the suffrage proposition with the Pagans of old. The Pagans of old had more respect for women than many Christians of the twentieth century." Quite true. Plato, for instance, who proclaimed equal association for all women with men. But, come to think of it, he said they should have opportunity according to their physical strength. However, Plato was more liberal than some of the Early Christians. "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection," wrote St. Paul to Timothy. In Homeric times the wife had considerable freedom and respect, but even Homeric heroes gave away their daughters as bribes or prizes, each woman being reckoned, as in modern Zululand, at so many oxen or copper cauldrons. In later times the Hellenic tendency was to exalt woman, and she assumed so much influence that Aristophanes in one of his plays set up the cry "Votes for Women" in mockery. Suffragists call our attention to the evidence in Cicero's letters to his wife of the respect in which women were held in ancient Rome. Cicero's letters are very charming. Pliny's letters are more so. Pliny's letters might have been written by a sensitive and passionate lover of today. But there were some prominent Romans whose sentiments were perhaps even harsher than those prevalent in New York and New England. There was the Roman general who proposed in the Senate that pro-consuls should be allowed to take their wives to the provinces. "It is true," he added, "we should all be glad to do without such plagues if only we could." And there was Juvenal who wrote: "So you would marry, Posthumus? What fancy plagues you to take a wife—so long as there are ropes to hang yourself with, high windows to throw yourself down, and bridges over the Tiber so conveniently near?" Juvenal never could have been induced to vote for "Votes for Women." Juvenal probably had about as much respect for the intelligence of women as is exhibited by the newspaper editors of today who advocate suffrage and publish columns and pages of matter which they conceive to be of special interest to women. Read Dorothy Dix and you will get an accurate idea of what the Hearst conception is of the mental calibre of his feminine readers.

The Peace Personality

Before long the Palace of Peace at the Hague will be swept and garnished, and plenipotentiaries will enter in to discuss the terms on which the nations of Europe are to resume commercial and political relations. In all probability some statesman will dominate that Congress by his wisdom and fine personality. We may confidently look for another Bismarck or another Disraeli at the Hague; for it is times such as these, times of great calamity and confusion, that have been productive of the greatest minds. Somewhere at this moment may be found the mind that will be most distinguished at the Hague for genius and capacity; but where? It would take a man with the eye of a Napoleon to discover a Bismarck, for it is only the gods that are known to one another. "Voilá un homme!" said Napoleon after seeing Goethe, at once recognizing that indescribable sign. Men of undoubted distinction have come to the front in this great crisis; Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, Bethmann-Holweg, Venezelos and Sir Edward Grey. All have certain gifts, as statesmen and diplomatists they have considerable power; but we can discern among them no trace of that dominating genius which struck the blows that resound through history. We mean that indescribable, imponderable force that baffles analysis, which we call personality, that mysterious power that men idealize and glorify when they see it exhibited whether by a Lincoln, a Napoleon or a Bismarck.

With the Russian Foreign Minister Sazanoff we have no acquaintance except through the correspondence that preceded the war, but if we were told that there was a dominating personality among the diplomatists now active we should hazard the guess that given the opportunity Sazanoff would prove himself the man.

The Birth-Rate Question

A little while ago it was taken for granted that the evil of race-suicide was too elementary a point to insist upon. War has somewhat shaken this conviction in some minds. Now we are told that it is only in the philosophy of the militarist that a low birth-rate is deplorable. As though it were proof that race-suicide is desirable we find that enthusiastic student of degeneracy and the vagaries of the sexual instinct, Mr. Havelock Ellis, calling attention to a statement made last November by Eduard David, a member of the Reichstag and a student of the population question. According to Mr. David it would have been impossible for Germany to wage the present war if it had not been for the high German birth-rate during the past half century. By way of further strengthening his thesis Mr. Ellis points to the French, who have the lowest birth-rate of all the belligerents, as the people who above all others have outgrown the old illusions about the glories of war. He regards it as significant that the French have the highest civilization and the lowest birth-rate. Apparently Mr. Havelock Ellis is of the opinion that the war has made it clear that progress, roughly speaking, is incompatible with high fertility. This is one of the theories of the Eugenists who point to the humble herring, a marvel of fertility, as a warning against unrestraint in production. They would have us believe that only by a limited and regulated birth-rate can we improve the race. The theory is not at all new. It was held among the ancient Greeks, who argued that the Trojan War was the earliest divinely appointed remedy for over-population. The Greeks practiced race-suicide, and we know what became of their civilization.

Cut-Rate Bill

From Lincoln, Nebraska, has come forth an impassioned appeal to every person who subscribes to the Commoner. It is in the form of a letter. The author represents himself to be unalterably opposed to preparedness and to be determined to resist the efforts of manufacturers of munitions "to lash the country into a panic over the prospect of war." He adds: "I am endeavoring to keep in touch with the people through the Commoner;" also, "I take this opportunity to inclose a statement showing the time to which your subscription is paid." Further, he advises every subscriber to solicit subscriptions among his neighbors. To this cogent advice he adds this grateful and important news: "The regular subscription price is one dollar per year, but when your own subscription is accompanied by four others, whether they are new or renewal subscriptions, the subscription rate would be sixty cents each for five subscriptions." The letter which embodies this evidence of supreme generosity and unparalleled devotion to the interests of the people is signed "W. J. Bryan." "Farmer Bill" is a wonder at making hay while the sun shines, but in this instance, we believe, the great orb that favored him through the years is extremely reluctant in the neighborhood of Lincoln, Nebraska. Indeed its slanting beams give warning that quick advantage must be taken of vanishing opportunity. Unpreparedness will soon be unpopular even on Chautauqua, and there will remain for Bill's milking only the grapejuice cow.

A Sinister Figure

The literature of controversy has been growing steadily ever since the outbreak of the war. The books that have been written by the literary men of the several belligerent nations on burning issues and in disparagement of their enemies would fill a very large library. There is more fury and ferocity among the literary men of Europe than is to be found on the firing line. Now in this connection it is interesting to note that England is the only country where literary men can be found disloyal to their native land and eager to give comfort to her enemies and material for argument in her disfavor. Prominent among these Englishmen is Frank Harris, a man who has won great distinction in the world of journalism and literature. He is at present attracting some attention by reason of his book "England or Germany?" recently published in New York where he is now living. In this volume he shows a strong bias in favor of Germany. Why this should be we may not find it hard to conjecture if we consider his career. Frank Harris was once editor of that somewhat heavy and solemn magazine the Fortnightly Review. He was next but one in occupancy of the editorial chair to John Morley. Later, to be precise, twenty years ago, he became the editor of the Saturday Review, the toriest of all the Tory journals of England. He made it a brilliant paper, having on his staff such men as George Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, D. S. McColl and Arthur Symons. After his connection with the Saturday Review Frank Harris's descent on the horizon of journalism was rapid. He was editor in succession of the Candid Friend, Vanity Fair and Modern Society, the organ of snobs who are eager to be in touch with the backstairs gossip of the royal households of Europe. Of late years he has been involved in litigation, and he closed his career in England about a year ago with a short spell in a London prison, having been convicted, we believe, of libel. Naturally Frank Harris feels that he has a grievance. But he was never very fond of England. Thirty years ago he abjured allegiance to England, and was admitted to the bar in Lawrence, Kansas. The truth is that Frank Harris is a man of a very repellant character, as one may learn from his book on notable men with whom he was on intimate terms. Also the truth is that he has cut a very sinister figure in the world of politics and of affairs generally. Disloyal to England, an American citizen by adoption, Arnold Bennett has said of him that he never knew hatred of America quite so fierce as Frank Harriss's. Consistently through the years the Saturday Review has sneered at and vituperated the United States, but it was never so bitter in its denunciation of this country as during the time when Frank Harris was its editor. It was during that time a London journal observed that the Saturday Review would never be satisfied until it had embroiled England and the United States in war. That was ten years after Frank Harris had sworn allegiance to the United States. Today Frank Harris is in the United States advocating German civilization and German aims, and denouncing English laws and English prisons, and his articles are being circulated by the German press bureau. Let us go back again in the career of Frank Harris and see what he used to think about Germany. It was when Frank Harris was editor of the Saturday Review, after he had made it the most vital and stimulating weekly journal in the English-speaking world that the Saturday Review began manufacturing public sentiment in England against Germany. This fact has lately been recalled by an English journalist who regards Harris as a link connecting the age of Bismarck with the cataclysm of August, 1914. This journalist has gone to the files of the Saturday Review and other papers, and he asserts that it was Harris who started the cry in the English press that Germany was the enemy and would have to be destroyed. He has found an article published in October, 1896, in which it was said that the name of Germany had become a thing of dislike and distrust. The paper in those days abounded in abuse of the Kaiser, who was always alluded to as "William the Witless." Every week there was systematic abuse of Germany. In a leading article in September, 1897, referring to German rivalry the editor summed up in these terms: "A million petty disputes build up the greatest cause of war the world has ever seen. If Germany were extinguished tomorrow, the day after tomorrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city; must they not fight for 250 pounds of yearly commerce? *Germaniam esse delendam.*" The Saturday Review represented a very small section of public opinion, but it was filed in Berlin. When Prince Bülow was writing "Imperial Germany," intended as an official corrective of Bernhardi he quoted the *"Germaniam esse delendam"* passage in proof of the intention that the destruction of Germany was a long-settled British design. And today the worst of the old Saturday Review articles are printed in a German *dossier* which is in circulation along with articles written in New York by Frank Harris.

Varied Types

CCLVI—HENRY A. JASTRO

By Edward F. O'Day

According as you happen to be on one side or the other of the political fence in Kern country, Henry A. Jastro of Bakersfield is a foremost or an undesirable citizen, a public-spirited man or a wicked reactionary, a help or an obstacle to progress; you either admire Jastro immensely or you hate him with all the venom at your command; you want to heap honors upon him or hang him in effigy; you smile approvingly when his name is mentioned or you froth at the mouth. It is is a curious situation in the politics of Kern county, and it has continued for quite a long time. But while the hostility to Jastro is formidable enough, it is not as widespread, it is not as powerful as one might judge from the noise it makes. There is not an even balance between Jastro's friends and foes. Henry A. Jastro has a respectable number of political enemies in Kern county; he has a remarkably large number of friends.

The noisiest, busiest, bitterest of his political enemies is District Attorney Barclay McCowan. Barclay McCowan is the idol of Kern county reformers. He went to Bakersfield about three years ago to make his political fortune and sized up Henry Jastro as the proper man to attack. He constituted himself the residuary legatee of old squabbles that had started years before when Truxton Beale had political aspirations in Kern county and found Henry Jastro, the leader of the Democratic party in Kern county, unwilling to help him gratify them. When he had made himself an outstanding figure in politics (according to some), a confounded demagogic nuisance (according to others), Barclay McCowan was admitted to the bar and ran for district attorney. That was last year. He was elected. Now one of the two Kern county bar associations is taking steps to have him disbarred, charging him with malfeasance in office.

Kern county has the anomaly of two separate and distinct bar associations. The younger of the two was started by McCowan and consists of ten or eleven members. The older association has some forty members. It is the latter which seeks to disbar the district attorney. The charge is made that he solicited money from the defendant in a criminal case, offering in exchange to have the indictment quashed.

The allegations in the petition for McCowan's disbarment may lead to the downfall of a reformer. If they are proved they will show that Barclay McCowan was not what he professed to be. Of course it is quite within the possibilities that they will not be proved. It may all be a frame-up to ruin McCowan. I asked Jastro about the matter. He has been in town collecting a championship and an armful of prizes for cattle exhibited at the World's Fair. Considering all the mean things that McCowan has said about Jastro it is interesting to find Jastro discussing McCowan in dispassionate terms.

"He has done some very strange things since he has been district attorney," says Jastro. "At times I have thought him a very honest man; at other times I have thought differently. Some times I think that he is not quite responsible. Certainly he is no lawyer. He has accomplished nothing in office. He hasn't convicted a soul outside of those who pleaded guilty.

"He came to Bakersfield from San Francisco. I have been told that he came there as a Burns detective, that he had been a Burns detective in San Francisco during the graft prosecution. I do not know whether this is true or false. Only today I was told that he had a bad record in Alaska. I don't know whether that is correct either. But since he has been in Bakersfield there has been nothing but turmoil. He has kept the county in an uproar ever since he took office. The man is a nuisance. He had no standing with our bar association, so he started one of his own. Its membership consists of himself, the deputies in his office and three or four friends.

"I've been in politics for more than a quarter of a century, and speaking locally, of the men I have had a chance to study, I must say I don't take much stock in these noisy reformers. I never saw a reformer who stuck. They were all lacking in sincerity, and when the people realized that they were not sincere in what they advocated their downfall began.

"I have been their favorite target for a long time. It all began in a political difference between Truxton Beale and myself. Beale was a friend of Fremont Older of the San Francisco Bulletin, a man I have never met, and the Bulletin has been the mouthpiece of those who opposed me politically ever since.

"Bitter? No, why should I be bitter? I laugh at these attacks. They have never lost me a single friend.

"I have been on the board of supervisors for twenty-four years. I've been chairman of the board for twenty-one or twenty-two years. I manage the Tevis and Haggin interests in Kern county. We are heavy taxpayers and are naturally interested in seeing that the county funds are properly spent. It has been my aim to see that the county received one hundred cents' worth of value for every dollar spent. That's why I'm on the board. I'm not saying this to justify my actions. They are an open book and need no justification.

"We had a so-called reform grand jury in Kern county and they investigated me for months. Finally they reported that I should be ousted from office. The charges were that election precincts were not properly divided and that the county advertising had not been done on time. I was tried on one charge before Judge Allen of Tulare who said from the bench that the bringing of the charge was an outrage. I was tried on the other before a judge from Ventura who decided about the same way.

"Some of these reformers have been giving us a bad name, but what is the truth? Kern is the best governed county in the State. We have a lower tax rate than any other county; it is and has been the lowest rate in the State for years. We have better county buildings, better roads than almost any other. Our schools are considered the best in the State. Our Union High School ranks with the best and is accredited to the University. It is the only high school that has its own farm for teaching agriculture. It has a manual training department that contains every conceivable piece of machinery. The domestic science course provides girls with every facility for learning housekeeping. I'm proud of Kern county. I've lived there for forty-four years, married there, raised a family there, and expect and hope to die there."

This is the "bad man" of Kern county politics, the leader of "the ring." Ask those who know Henry A. Jastro and they'll tell you that he's one of the biggest men in California today. He went to Kern county from Los Angeles as a boy in 1871 to engage in the cattle business. Bakersfield couldn't be called a town in those days; it was merely a settlement with a swamp on one side and a desert on the other. There was a no-fence law then, and you could herd your cattle wherever you wanted to, so it was an attractive place for a cattle man. In the course of time Haggin and Tevis began putting their millions into Kern county, and Jastro became manager of their vast interests, a position he has occupied now for twenty-odd years. Jastro says he is astounded at the courage of these two men in investing so much money in that country—they put more than ten millions into it, and the event justified them. Today Jastro handles their farming interests, their stock interests, their water business and what not. When the country was new he experimented with all sorts of crops including hops, rice and cotton. Jastro indeed was the first man to raise cotton in California on a large scale. That was about '82. Colonel Baker after whom Bakersfield was named, Sol Jewett, Livermore and Chester and some others had experimented with cotton, but Jastro put in a big crop. He brought negroes from the South to harvest it, but he had trouble with the contract labor laws and never replanted. That first crop, however, was a splendid crop and he got a good price for it. But Jastro's great interest is in cattle. He was president of the American National Live Stock Association for six years. The Tevis and Haggin cattle has been a feature of the live stock exhibit at the Fair. Jastro is going back to Bakersfield with the championship for a car load of steers, five prizes for car load lots and three prizes for single entries. Get him started on live stock and you can't bring him back to politics.

"The live stock exhibit at the Fair," he says, "is doing a great deal for cattle raisers in an educational way. And the same thing is true of the entire Fair. It is doing more for the cities and farms of California than any other agency that was ever at work. We owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to the management of the Fair."

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Perspective Impressions

The State's hop crop is larger than last year's. Seeming to show that even Dame Nature is helping to discomfit the drys.

Archeological note: That Committee of One Thousand was dug up again by the Examiner one day last week.

Baron Shibusawa, official representative of Japan, has offended the Hon. William R. Hearst by refusing to discuss the policies of his emperor in the Hearst papers. Such is the gravity of the offense that Mr. Hearst may insist that it is a casus belli.

Heinrich Albert of the German Embassy, who is charged with handling propaganda funds, is as reticent as Baron Shibusawa on the subject of his country's private affairs. But Hearst has nothing to say about Heinrich Albert. Perhaps Hearst doesn't want Heinrich Albert to tell all he knows.

We wonder how much of the forty millions spent in this country for propaganda has been devoted to the organized campaign for the provocation of trouble with Japan in order to halt the exportation of munitions.

Also we wonder how much of the money has gone into the jeans of the pulpiteers and professors who are trying to pull off peace at any price.

The high school children of Joliet, Illinois, prefer Arthur Brisbane to Shakespare. There are certain involuntary residents of Joliet who probably have higher literary ideals.

A lad at the University of Missouri lost a leg while being initiated into a fraternity. The amputation was accidental, however, and will not be used as a precedent in future initiations.

Some folk appear to be of the opinion that when a wrong is abolished something good will automatically take its place.

War has raised the price of meat in Europe, but there has been a drop in radium. You can buy radium for $84,000 a gram and the pound may be had for $13,438,000.

Despite its proximity the distance to Constantinople appears to be quite as long as to any of the other important capitals which at divers times the belligerents purposed visiting.

Mr. Taft is for Mr. Root for President. The objection to Mr. Root is that intellectually and morally he is too remote from the kind of people whose natural impulse it is to bestow their affections on a Wilson or a Roosevelt. Besides Mr. Root has the old-fashioned idea that a man shouldn't chase after the Presidency like a poundkeeper after a dog.

The Refuge

By Ethel Wedgwood

Silence and darkness lay over the seaport. The streets, lighted only by the misty October stars, were empty. At the quay two boats lay alongside—the outer was the mail, just come in, four hours late—the inner flew the royal flag. A porter, past military age, shouldered the trunk of the solitary passenger from the mail boat, and they went with echoing steps up the dim avenue of houses from the harbor to the town. Suddenly the porter spoke, as if thinking aloud: "That's bad for me; I don't like it; that ship has been waiting since noon to take off the Government. They're going; we know it." "Where will they go?" asked the passenger. "To England, surely." The passenger thought of the lamplit cities on the far side of that strip of haze, and made no reply; the dead-eyed facades of this fashionable watering-place seemed foreboding a strange, troubled world.

Two women passed them, talking: "What would you have? One could not let them lie there in the open street; you would not leave a dog so; and they fighting and marching all day. Pay! who should pay me? I give them hot coffee in the morning for the love of God." The voices passed away down the street.

They reached the park and town hall, and came to the huge pump-rooms which rose darkly, like a mosque, above the square. Upstairs, in its vast ballroom, lay 500 wounded men, and here only shone a little light. They turned down a side street, and stopped before a small hotel—black and lifeless like its neighbors. After much knocking, bolts were hesitatingly withdrawn on the inside, a match was struck, and the proprietor's face, white and selfish with apprehension, peeped out. Then the door opened a few inches wider to admit the guest and his baggage, the bolts jarred once more, and the street was again silent.

* * * * * * *

The great stone steps, the palm garden and the many galleries of the pump-rooms are still dark; but above, in the extempore hospital, the electric lights are full on; and people are hurrying incessantly up and down between the long rows of beds, glimmering with white bandages, whose occupants are not asleep. Bouquets of flowers stand as arranged yesterday on the neat tables; but many of the beds are disordered and empty; and on the floor lies a pile of clothing, tumbled pell-mell from the ransacked store. It is like a ruined ant-heap. Those nurses who had gone to rest were roused soon after midnight with the message: "The Germans are within four miles; the last boat goes at five this morning; every wounded man who is not on board by then will fall into their hands;" and, hastily groping with half-burnt matches for shoes and aprons, they hurry back. Now to and fro they go, snatching garments from the pile, pulling socks on to feet that can still wear them, ripping sleeves to slip over tortured arms; and, over all, carefully buttoning the soiled dark-blue military great coat; for who knows to what weather these fever-stricken men will be exposed before they next find a bed? The patients, war-stunned and exhausted, are unquestioning and phlegmatic—towards fate. Some smoke, some doze stupidly, and ever and again comes a hoarse bass voice: "Water, please!" Backwards and forwards go ambulance men, volunteers all of them. Arriving from heaven-knows-where, they halt their stretcher by a bed, lift the sick man gently and patiently, and disappear with their load into the court below. Then they too move on, and are replaced by other chance helpers.

Dawn comes almost unnoticed; and still the beds are not all emptied; and still the last boat is going; and down the road the troops are marching off westwards; and ambulances and stretcher-bearers grow rarer. Stray soldiers from passing regiments drop in, beg a shirt or socks from the heap, or look into the kitchen for food: "Help yourself; take all you can; the Germans will get the rest." A group of washer girls arrive for their daily routine; they are quite gay, and seem the only beings untouched by panic. In a recess, remote from the door, are four beds, from which four pairs of eyes follow each passerby. "Don't be afraid," says a stretcher-bearer. "We won't forget you there in the corner." "No, don't forget us." Suddenly from another bed comes an agonized cry: "No, no! I won't go! I was born in Belgium, and I'll stay here. My bowels are ripped open; leave me in peace!" The washer girls gather round coaxingly; the bearers reason, and at last, with an outburst of sobbing, the man lets himself be carried away.

But no more ambulances are to be had. Only two English ones are taking their final trips; and the last boat is going. Down in the court a dozen wounded are still waiting prone on their stretchers on the ground, covered with brown blankets. A doctor, all unnerved with the night's work, dashes up from another hospital: "I have still three left, three wounded men; for God's sake don't abandon them! In God's name implore these ambulances to take them—I don't know English! For Pity's sake!" His eyes are running with tears.

Then, overhead, comes a forerunner: a great grey bird of ill-omen, with glittering wings outspread. It hovers menacing over the Hydro and the prostrate staring faces; and each moment is filled with the imagination of the coming crash, and the bleeding horror of those mutilated forms. Slowly it sails over, and drops two bombs into the sand dunes.

And the last boat is really going!

* * * * * * *

The shore has been left behind with its anxious thousands mobbing the gates of the pier, and, inland, steadily advancing, four, three, two miles off, the troops of the invaders. The third-rate channel steamer, commandeered as a hospital ship, throbs through the waste of sea like some homeless creature, with its cargo of misfortune. The benches and floors of the saloons and the gangways are crowded with wounded—sitting, lying, staggering. On the open decks

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are laid the stretchers, whose occupants shiver under the coverings hastily snatched from their hospital beds; while down below the heat and smell are noisome. A man, who wears a mask of white wool in place of his eyes, is head-to-tail with one whose jaw is shattered. Close by, on a mattress, a woman is asleep; and her husband, beside her, nurses their day-old first-born. All want water; but the only water is that in the stale lavatory tanks, whence the captain's young daughter patiently draws it a hundred times on her rounds. For food there are nine or ten loaves of coarse bread; and many on board have not eaten since last night. Cans of milk and stores of provisions are in the town they have left; but in the consternation no one thought of shipping any. No on has even remembered to unlock the state cabins to shelter the sick.

Presently the rain begins to fall on the uncovered stretchers, and a chilly wind flaps the blankets and whirls the thin black cloaks of a little group of nuns. The grey air blots out both what is past and what is ahead. A young soldier, painfully dragging himself with a nurse's support, asks her softly: "Sister, are we going to England?" "Yes." Sure?" "Pretty sure." "Good; if we are going to England it's all right." Hours drag on—a lifetime—and, at last, a white town is Dover. But even so, the refuge is not assured. A dozen other vessels have come in with similar freights; and after a brief parley alongside, the ship's engines are reversed and she stands out into the harbor again, to wait her turn. Then, indeed, a murmur of dismay runs through the uncomplaining crowd: "They won't have us! They are sending us back!" So till sunset they wait, hearing the cheery voices on shore, but not understanding what they say.

It takes an hour and a half to disembark; and all the while the rain falls upon the sick and weary throng, standing, bearing what is left of their military kit, while stretcher after stretcher pushes its way through and down the single gangway. A soldier, burning with fever, says to the Englishwomen beside him: "You are cold," and wraps her with the cape of his great coat. "Yes, friends, we're cold and ill and hungry and very tired; but there is food when we get ashore, and beds, and good friends, and no noise of cannon."

Then a veteran says, thoughtfully, between two puffs of his pipe: "Do you think the Germans will ever get to England?"

British Inefficiency

By Robert McTavish

Ever since the outbreak of the war the newspapermen of England have been complaining of the stupid Government censorship. Government officials thought it of the very highest importance to imitate the Japanese in their war with Russia. Consequently correspondents received rough treatment.

In Germany, on the contrary, foreign correspondents have been taken by the hand and shown everything that the shrewd German staff thought likely to impress them with the might of the German army. They have been entertained and carried about from place to place, often on to the battlefield. They have been sent up in airplanes, and given interviews with generals and public men. When their messages have been written special arrangements have been made for transmission.

In England the chief effect of the activities of the censorship is the maintenance of ignorance. Not only has it prevented the transmission of news that would inevitably reach neutral countries in course of time, but it has suppressed Ministers' speeches and commanders' reports, and it has, above all, made no effort to disseminate promptly reliable intelligence of the doings of the Allied armies or the great work of the British fleet.

Had the Government officials understood their business they would have created at the beginning a press department which would have been a Ministry of Moral Munitions. Its head would have been empowered to choose the most competent working British journalists, aided by equally competent Allied journalists, to deal positively and constructively with the problem of news, and to solve it by the organization of all existing resources. This should have been done, not merely with the intention of withholding dangerous information, but of giving, with the strictest regard for truth, all information that could be given without detriment to military, naval and political operations.

By reason of this neglect Great Britain and the cause of the Allies have suffered among neutral peoples, and the Germans have been steadily gaining prestige. At Buenos Aires the Germans have three papers to popularize the cry, "Gibraltar for the Spaniards." In Spain the Germans have freely used the same methods with great effect. An English writer says that a Hamburg journal printed and scattered broadcast over Spain an edition of "British atrocities on land and sea," with gruesome photographs showing the effects of "British dum dum bullets." A very common device in these countries, he says, is to insert the date-line "London" above messages which never emanated from England at all.

According to the London Times it was not German diplomacy but the German Press Bureau that won the great triumph in Bulgaria. For months the refrain of all the articles supplied to the Bulgarian press—with inflated figures of the German armies, the number of German women making munitions, and the number of factories and mines at work—was "We are winning, we are winning, we cannot be beaten." This refrain beat itself into the brain of the Bulgarian people; and when King Ferdinand spoke the word, the German press missionaries had a largely converted people ready for him. "The Whitehall attitude," says a French writer, "was to fold its arms and to trust the Bulgarians to reach by themselves a just appreciation of the shining virtues of the Allies and of the iniquity of the Germans." The people of England were no less in the dark about the Balkan situation than were the Bulgarians about the British fleet and army.

By these means the Germans helped to turn the tide of faith and opinion against the Allies. They are now working in Rumania and Greece, where, as they did in Bulgaria and in the United States, they have bought a number of newspapers, and the results obtained justify their idea that it is a part of the science of warfare to affect the views of neutral nations through newspapers. In Holland, Switzerland and Scandinavia the same work is going on. Not only have the English done little or nothing to counteract these efforts, but their press bureau and censorship have done much to hamper the work of correspondents who would gladly have done their best to counteract them. By British shortsightedness and negligence the English have permitted the enemy to neutralize what were once regarded as the immense moral assets of the Allies.

London journalists are just beginning to find out how the Allies have suffered as a result of the employment as censors of men who know nothing of the highly specialized industry of handling news. Men who have never been on horseback might as well have been set to play polo.

Poems About San Franciscans

II—THE ART OF WILLIAM KEITH

By Ina Coolbrith

(William Keith, the famous San Francisco painter, was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1839. He was educated in Scotland and studied portrait painting in Munich. He went to New York in 1851 and worked there as an engraver for eight years. In 1859 he came to San Francisco and continued as an engraver for some time. The vignettes in the scarce volume of Poems by Charles Warren Stoddard published in this city were from his hand. Then he took up landscape painting and started on the road to fame and fortune. Keith made his home in Berkeley, but he was essentially a San Franciscan and had his studio at 424 Pine street. He died in Berkeley in 1911.)

Here, vast and awful, the Sierras rear
Their everlasting summits to the sky;
The mighty waters of the sunset lie
In all their changing opalescence; here
The brooding melancholy of the sere,
Dun autumn woods; the laughing leafery
Of budding boughs, blending each tender dye
With the lush green of the awakening year.

This is not painted canvas,—this is life,
Creation, earth, in all her varying moods!
These hills a-thrill with motion and with light,
These forest-ways, with dream and mystery rife!
Here nature's heart throbs through the solitudes!
Here nature's soul looks from the mystic height.

The Spectator

The Clockwinder Advises Percy

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was shrieking with laughter just as the door of the Pendulum Room was opened, and there stood the Hon. Percy Long. The gale of laughter almost carried Mr. Long off his feet.

"Come in, Percy," said the clockwinder. "I'm not laughing at you this time. But this is a funny coincidence—your happening along just as I was reading of another chapter in the Hetch-Hetchy fiasco."

It was Tuesday morning, and the clockwinder had a copy of the Examiner in his hand.

"I was reading this editorial," said the clockwinder, "the one under the caption 'City's New Fight for Hetch-Hetchy.' Have you read it?"

"Not yet," said Percy.

"It starts off with a reminder that the Examiner predicted the other day that further hard fighting would be necessary before the city would get water from Hetch-Hetchy. Then it goes on to say that the folk along the Tuolumne are attacking the city again, and it demands that the Federal authorities throw them down and stand in with us. Isn't it a scream? The Examiner predicted it the other day. That's good, isn't it? I predicted it before we spent any money at all. Now I suppose we are going to throw more good money after bad."

"It's no laughing matter," was Percy's comment, made with profound solemnity.

"Not for the taxpayers," said the clockwinder. "And it'll be no laughing matter for you politicians when the taxpayers get wise to the whole rotten business. While predictions are on I'll make one myself: they'll be a-hanging a lot of Dan Deevers in the morning."

Percy smiled. "You don't mean me, do you?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose you only took orders from the Taylors, the Rolphs, the Murdocks, the Payots, the Jennings and the rest of the small-fry jobholders who have been throwing our money to the birds. But if I were you, Percy, I'd duck. If you're wise you'll get hold of Eddie Wolfe and Mulvihill and Dick Welch, and put them wise to what the wax figures in the board have been doing in the last seven or eight years. You owe a lot to the dear people, you know. They've been spending a lot of money on you trying to educate you in the law."

A Flat Rate Inquiry

It was evident that the clockwinder's observation was not gratefully received by our perennial city attorney, but he managed to contrive a ghastly smile.

"Oh," he hastened to say, "if the new supervisors want any help from me I'll give it to them."

"Yes, Percy," said the clockwinder, "I know you will. Especially if by helping them you can kick a slat out of Mission Jim. By the way, I see Jim lectured for Father Crowley's school on "What I Saw in Ireland and Scotland." Of course being friendly with Oscar Hocks he thought it well to forget what he saw in Perfidious Albion. Hocks is neutral, you know."

"I wonder if that was the reason," said Percy.

"You might ask Father Crowley, but let me take you back to the supervisors. Have they consulted you yet about the telephone company?"

"Not yet."

"I think they will. I hear they want to know why there aren't more flat rates in San Francisco as in Oakland and other coast cities where you can go in almost any store and telephone without charge."

"Are they going after the telephone company?"

The clockwinder smiled. "I've got to wind the clock," he said, "but I'll give you a tip. Keep your ear close to the Pendulum Room, and after a while you'll know almost as much as my friend Willis Polk."

Willis the Club Sharp

Going down stairs on his rubber soles Percy passed Willis perspiring upward.

"Any more poetry?" the clockwinder asked, raising his key aloft in a threatening manner.

"Not a line," said Willis, "Billy Bourne told me that poets were ineligible to membership in the Pacific-Union Club, and I promised to quit."

"By the way, what about this new club you and Jack London are organizing? Is it to be a grapejuce club?"

"Not on your life!"

"Then Jack London must have fallen off the water wagon again. Jack must be a typical prohibitionist."

"What do you think of our new club scheme?"

"I think the clubmen of San Francisco are like the nonconformists of the Middle West. You know every time one woman in a nonconformist church in the Middle West is displeased by the cut of another woman's dress she organizes a clique and starts a new church. There are some jay towns where they have a church for every fifty people. I believe, Willis, that you resigned from the Bohemian Club."

"Yes, I did, and they won't accept my resignation."

"That's because they like you so much. You're a whole club in yourself. Let me give you a tip. Go up to the Bohemian Club, go into the library where you will find Thackeray's Book of Snobs with the leaves uncut, cut them, read and inwardly digest, especially the chapters on club snobs, and then perhaps you'll not take club life so seriously."

A Judicial Cut

"That was a neat little sum that was taken away from my friend Matt Sullivan the other day," said the clockwinder.

"Who robbed him?" Mr. Polk asked.

"Oh, he wasn't robbed. It was taken away by due process of law."

"You don't say so!"

INVESTMENT SECURITIES
Established 1858
SUTRO & COMPANY
410 MONTGOMERY STREET
Detailed Information in Regard to Any Security Will Be Furnished Upon Request
MEMBERS
The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

"Judge Sturtevant took it away from him. Matt got a verdict in a damage case in Sturtevant's court for twenty-five thousand. The other side moved for a new trial on the ground that the amount was excessive. The judge might have cut it down a little without hurting Matt's feelings, but he preferred to grant the motion."

"Was the verdict against the United Railroads?" Polk asked.

"No," said the clockwinder, "if it had been against the United Railroads Matt could get square by starting a recall."

Clairvoyants, Beware!

When Senator Phelan was mayor of San Francisco he made a determined effort to suppress the lotteries. He was balked by the Examiner which was then publishing the lottery lists and charging the lottery dealers an exorbitant advertising rate. Mayor Phelan was responsible for an ordinance which made it illegal for newspapers to publish lottery lists. The Examiner went into court and had the ordinance declared invalid. That was a long time ago, and many people have forgotten all about it. The Examiner kept on publishing those lottery lists for years. But one day a spasm of virtue convulsed the Examiner, and presto, change! the lottery lists appeared no more, the lottery dealers were anathema, the whole superlatively wicked traffic must be destroyed like Carthage of old. Tuesday morning there was an editorial in the Examiner advocating jail sentences for lottery ticket pedlers, but suggesting that these poor old men and women be given probation provided they "peach" on the higher-ups of the lottery business. All of which I set down here for the benefit of the clairvoyants. To the crystal gazers, the fortune tellers, the psychics and the rest I wave a warning hand and bid them beware!

Clairvoyants in the Examiner

The Examiner took the money of the lottery people for years; went into court when necessary and vindicated its right to take their money. The lottery people were not "swindlers" then in Examiner parlance; they were Examiner advertisers. And after taking their money for years the Examiner suddenly turned and landed on them like a ton of bricks. It is a way the Examiner has. The Examiner is now taking the money of the clairvoyants. Do the clairvoyants get my drift? One of these days the Examiner will wake up to the wickedness of peering into the future at so much per peer. Then the clairvoyants will be swindlers too. The Examiner will turn and swat them. The Examiner will call the attention of all the world to the vicious influence of the clairvoyants. And the poor clairvoyants will wonder what has happened to them. They will consult their books and add up ruefully the enormous sums they paid the Examiner in advertising.

Four Columns of Ads.

Turn to last Sunday's Examiner, first page of the classified advertising section, page 65. Look at the four columns on the right hand side of that page. There you will find the clairvoyants in advertising array. There are the men and women who claim supernatural powers, who call themselves "psychologists," "metaphysicians," "psychics," "ordained graduate mediums," "masters of strange power," "healers," "wonder of wonders," "astrologers," "crystal readers" and all that sort of rot. They promise "ironclad guarantees;" they will make no charge unless they tell you all about your past, present and future. They will help you pick out a wife or an investment; instruct you how to win love; they arrange happy marriages and reunite the divorced. They'll do anything under the sun, moon and stars for you at a trifling expense. They will read your future by means of "Egyptian eggs" or cards or crystals. "I follow the lead of no living human being," says one. "I am the king of psychics," says another. The Examiner charges thirty cents a line for this advertising, four dollars and twenty cents an inch, eighty-four dollars a column. I have warned the clairvoyants as to what is coming to them one of these days when another spasm of virtue hits the Examiner. I am not warning them out of any warm feeling I bear them, but merely to shed a little light on methods in the Examiner office.

The Artist and the Tailor

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor, lown.

That was many ages ago. If King Stephen ruled in this day of the high cost of living he could not buy his inexpressibles so cheaply. Tailors have learned how to charge for nether and other garments. There is, exempli gratia, James D. Hahn the Oakland tailor. Hahn is an artist who regards a suit of clothes as a masterpiece. If you don't think so, ask Xavier Martinez. Hahn began making clothes for the Piedmont painter shortly after the fire of 1906. It was a time of stress for artists and tailors as well as ordinary people. Martinez needed clothes, Hahn needed customers. The painter and the tailor struck a bargain. Martinez painted a chef d'ouevre in oils and exchanged it for one of Hahn's masterpieces in tweed. Now Martinez knows little about tailoring, but Hahn knows a good deal about painting. He recognizes a good picture when he sees it. The pictures of Martinez appealed to him. He was perfectly content to supply a suit of clothes every time Martinez brought him a canvas. In the course of time he accumulated quite a few exemplars of the Piedmont artist. A tailor who knows art is an arresting phenomenon, much more so than a painter who does not know the commercial value of his pictures. Still I should not have gone to the trouble of acquainting you with this arrangement between Martinez and Hahn were there not a sequel to the bargain. Henri Murger has made you familiar with such incidents. But there is more to come.

A Verbal Agreement

There is so much more to come that Martinez from whom I have this narrative feels incompetent to handle it single-handed. He tells me he is going to a lawyer with his troubles. If so we shall have a law suit with the interesting possibilities of Whistler's suit against Ruskin. A painter suing a tailor seems like an incident from topsy-turvydom. It is usually the tailor who sues the painter. Martinez tells me that after having acquired a more or less adequate wardrobe from Hahn's shop he and the tailor struck another bargain. Unfortunately it was a verbal agreement. Hahn was hungry for more pictures. Martinez needed money as well as clothes. It was agreed that Hahn should pay Martinez fifty dollars a month and that Martinez should supply Hahn with pictures. Hahn was to have the privilege of selling the pictures, but in case he did he was to divide the proceeds "fifty-fifty" after deducting the monthly advance to Martinez. This arrangement continued for some time with more or less satisfaction to both parties. But Hahn did not bestir himself to sell any of the pictures. Perhaps he liked them too well. Perhaps he was thinking of the unearned increment.

SHOP EARLY

FOR the pleasure and convenience of our customers who recognize the advantage and philanthropy of early Christmas Shopping, our thousands of beautiful Christmas Gifts are now on display.

We are also delighted to tell you, that in spite of the war in Europe, our Stock of Novelty Gifts from that continent is larger than ever. But as we shall not be able to obtain further shipments **the advantages of early buying are greater than usual.**

Roos Bros. INC.

"THE GIFT CENTER"

Market at Stockton
SAN FRANCISCO

A Picture Sold

When the new gallery of California art was opened in the Park Museum Charles Rollo Peters asked Martinez to send some canvases. Martinez like Peters had refused to hang in the Palace of Fine Arts, but he had no objection to hanging in the park. There was a difficulty, however. He had no pictures in his studio, to speak of. He bethought him of Hahn. The tailor allowed him to select five canvases and send them to the Park Museum. You have no doubt seen them there. They are among the best in that exhibition; some say the best. All went well, according to Martinez, until a few days ago when Ernest Haskell the etcher came and told Martinez a bit of news. Haskell had induced a Seattle connoisseur to buy one of those pictures for three hundred and fifty dollars. Haskell thought he was doing Martinez a good turn; he learned from Martinez that he was doing Tailor Hahn a good turn too. Bethinking himself of the verbal agreement Martinez waited upon the tailor. The tailor met him with a check in his hand and a request for an indorsement. Martinez indorsed the check. This part of the story is very sad as Martinez tells it. He says he was several kinds of a fool to indorse that check, for it was a check for three hundred and fifty dollars payable to Martinez! Having indorsed the check, Martinez reminded Hahn of the verbal agreement. He suggested that Hahn deduct fifty dollars and split the remaining three hundred two ways. The answer, according to Martinez, was that times were hard, this bromide being coupled with a refusal to divide. When Martinez told me this story he was on his way to tell it to a lawyer. And when he had finished rehearsing it to me he imitated King Stephen, only he called the tailor harder words than "lown."

Sterling's Yosemite Ode

That must be an earth-bound soul which is not lifted up in Yosemite. The poetry in you may be under chains of wordliness, fettered by the habits of a life-time devoted to material gain, shut up, denied nourishment—but if the poetry is there, Yosemite will set it free. This is the testimony of so many that it cannot be gainsaid. Yosemite would make singers of all who see it if all had the singer's gift. Since very few have the precious privilege of expression, Yosemite sets free their poetry in other ways. It moves some to tears, some to prayer; it strikes some to an eloquent silence. For all it has its inspiration. Happy the poet who can put what it inspires into words. George Sterling is of the fortunate few. What Yosemite means to him he is telling us in his latest work: Yosemite, Ode, published by A. M. Robertson.

A Stately Performance

This new work of George Sterling's is a stately performance. It has the dignity of an organ voluntary summoning the devout to worship. There is majesty in its progress. Its movement is slow or rapid according to the tempo of the poet's thought, but it is always a firm forward movement. Sterling is sure of himself, as sure if not surer than when he wrote his splendid "Beyond the Breakers." Perhaps it would be more correct to describe his movement in this Ode as a flight into the empyrean with occasional swoops toward earth. He is not afraid of the upper air; he breasts it confidently, as Shelley did. Although he might be at home there if he cared, he is learning more and more to appreciate his foothold on terra firma, and this is not weakness but strength—the strength that is humanizing the ethereal Sterling more and more as he grows older. You will grasp my meaning when I say that this Ode will commend Sterling to many who read "A Wine of Wizardry" and remained cold.

"Beauty's Utmost Throne"

The Ode begins with an invocation to Beauty, a noble hymn of not too impassioned fervor. His apostrophe to Beauty leads him to his theme, for in Yosmite, he sings, is Beauty's "last secrecy and utmost throne." Here, he says, Beauty and Sublimity meet. It is high praise, but many travelers from the ends of the earth have expressed the same thought, not of course in the beautiful language of this canticle. And then Sterling proceeds to a description of the valley. This is a difficult task, a task to daunt even a poet; Sterling is equal to it. A lesser singer would attempt too much here and achieve guide-book excellence merely. Sterling the artist has the painter's gift of composition, and that is a matter of elimination as well as inclusion. His eye sees masses and his brush suggests instead of detailing. So it is the soul of the valley he paints, the soul animating and ennobling its physical features. He shows us the valley by morning light, at noon, in the golden afternoon, at sunset, by twilight and by night. There are magnificent lines here, the parts of a magnificent whole. Whom have we that could do this description better or as well as Sterling has done it? It is sad to think that John Muir is not alive to speak with authority of this achievement.

Sterling's Vision

When we have watched with Sterling through the drama of the day's birth and death, he bids us stay and see the morning star. He has a meaning to read into the morning star. That meaning he has been unfolding throughout the Ode; now he enforces it. He has had things to say about "the monstrous Scheme" of this world. He has expressed a yearning for the happy time when "self and night" shall "die in Brotherhood." It has pained him that the many are downtrodden. He makes his aspiration quite clear now; he visions the coming of the "young armies of the Comrade State." This I take to be Socialism, a poet's Socialism. The beauty of nature is to help solve hard problems that vex the world today. We are to take beauty as we receive a sacrament. I confess that I am not in sympathy with this strain in the Yosemite Ode. It is no doubt a noble strain, but it does not speak to any trouble in my breast. Perhaps the reason is that I do not ask myself, as Sterling does, "Do mortals come and go? And is the passing and returning all?" I have said that some are moved to prayer in Yosemite. In the presence of such grandeur my prayer is the one-hundred-and-forty-eighth Psalm.

The Exposition Ode

Sterling's Exposition Ode was written some time ago, was published in a local paper and must be in many scrap books. Now it appears in book form simultaneously with the appearance of the Yosemite Ode. This book too bears

The Angel

"Train of Comfort"

An appropriate name for this excellent train.
Experienced travelers have named it thus.
A train that is fast, with a service that is of the usual Santa Fe Standard.
Dining car under Fred Harvey management.
When you go to Los Angeles take the Angel.
Carries a through sleeper to the San Diego Exposition.

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One Pair of Glasses does work of two

It is no longer necessary for people who need glasses for both reading and distance use to have two pairs. By wearing the new patented "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals two pairs of glasses are not required. Both reading and distance corrections are combined in one single lens, doing away with the changing of glasses. They save time, temper and inconvenience; anyone can wear "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals who requires two pairs of glasses. Remember the name "Caltex."

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the imprint of Robertson; indeed, Robertson has published all of Sterling's volumes, and there are an even half-dozen of them now, a notable accomplishment for a poet who is still young. This Exposition Ode has the most sumptuous dress so far accorded anything of Sterling's. Here is Sterling in a limited edition, if you please, and "the type distributed!" Living poets are not often honored thus. A word to collectors—this book is going to be in the "scarce" category soon. Collectors will understand.

Rising to the Occasion

Our World's Fair could not but quicken the heaven-born afflatus in Sterling. An exposition of the arts of peace in the midst of war! Something of encouraging presage for the future in a present of bewildered questioning. The uttermost West upholding the standard of civilization while elder nations are combatting the recrudescence of barbarism. A subject made for George Sterling! He has risen to the occasion, and after a fashion that betrays no effort. In this Ode he is superb. He is inspired, but inspiration has not overmastered him. He is captain of his thoughts, as a poet must be if he is to be perfectly comprehensible; overwrought verses sin against poetry, though immature poets do not know it. Sterling is wrapt, but serene. There is no hectic flush here, but a strong, healthy glow. These lines are like the breakers on a coast that is unvexed by storm; they roll powerfully forward, surge, rear, break—it is a rhythmic motion, free yet controlled, and it makes its music as it moves.

A Trinity of Odes

I have not quoted from the Yosemite Ode; I shall not quote from the Exposition Ode. It is customary to do so in writing of poetry, but the custom may be disregarded when passages, however magic in themselves, lose something of their significance by detachment from the context. Read these Odes for yourself, and read them through without interruption when your mind is free to concentrate upon the poetry. Judge then if I am not right in saying that these two odes, with the Ode for the Browning Centenary, give Sterling an unassailable place among the great ode writers of the language. (If you do not know the Browning Ode, go to Sterling's "Beyond the Breakers" and read it. It will make you think more of Sterling than you thought before—and of Browning.) And as you read the Exposition Ode, absorb some of Sterling's horror, his aggressive hatred of greed and luxury, of the sufferings greed and luxury bring to the weak and innocent. Envisage the dream-picture which the fairy city of our World's Fair paints for his imagination. And then ask yourself this: Is it not well that San Francisco, after triumphantly achieving a World's Fair, had a Sterling to immortalize it in verse?

Bruce Nelson's Pictures

I read in a statement issued by John E. D. Trask that Bruce Nelson was one of the California artists whose pictures had been selling at the Fair, and this reminded me that I had not yet visited Nelson's exhibition in one of the downtown galleries. Nelson paints at Monterey. He is a young man, but this is not his first exhibition. Nelson exhibited a year ago and was immediately tabbed as a painter of unusual promise. Those who have attended this second show are pleasantly surprised at the strides he has made in his art in twelve short months. Nelson is fulfilling his promise, and it is only a question now of how far he will go. Personally I regard him as one of the best of the younger men, and I look forward to the time when his name will be a household word in the homes where art counts. There are eighteen oil paintings in his exhibition, all of great merit. Those that appeal most to me are two gems of the Bay of Monterey, "Over the Village" and "The Fishing Fleet," three pictures in which Nelson has overcome the great difficulties that surround the painting of rock, "The Shore," "Afternoon Surf" and "The Sunlit Sea," and finally a poem in oils which he calls "Between Showers." Nelson's brush makes water real, it paints trees that have breezes stirring their foliage; in other words, Nelson is a master of technique. But he has also imagination and poetry and—most indubitably—sincerity. He loves nature, and his landscapes make you love it more than before.

A Poet Sees the Fair

Clark Ashton Smith came down from his parents' farm near Auburn last week and had his first view of the World's Fair. Smith is a shy youngster, and it was with great difficulty that his friends in this city induced him to make the trip. But the persuasions of George Sterling and Albert M. Bender the bibliophile, finally got the better of his timidity. George Sterling acted the part of cicerone for his brother bard. Smith was impressed by the Palace of Fine Arts and by the courts, but the Fair exhibits as a whole left him cold. He was interested in the pictures and statues; the rest of the Fair, he said, had too much of the advertising display about it. The Zone he dismissed with a shake of the head.

The Catalogue de Luxe

The monumental de luxe catalogue of the fine arts department of the Fair which is expected to set a new standard in this sort of work, will soon be off the press. Miss Helen Wright of the Congressional Library has compiled the data for the biographical sketches of American artists. As there are three thousand of these her task has been an immense one. John E. D. Trask contributes the introduction and the chapter on the art of the Argentine. Leonce Benedite, director of the Luxembourg, deals with the French section. Florence Wheeler Ayscough of Shanghai treats of Chinese art, a subject on which she is an authority. Umberto Boccioni the Milan futurist, deals with this much discussed feature of the gallery. Japanese art is discussed by H. Shugio, Japanese commissioner of fine arts at the Fair. Dr. Gregory Boloni of Budapest handles the Hungarian exhibit, and Dr. Leon Guerrero of Manila the art of the Philippines. The rest of the book is the work of J. Nilsen Laurvik, an art critic whose work is known to art lovers through his articles in the Boston Transcript, the New York Evening Post, the New York Times and the leading magazines. His contribution makes a complete critical study of American art retrospective and contemporary. He also writes of the art of Holland, Italy, Norway (his native country) and Sweden. The graphic arts are treated by Robert B. Harshe.

Clean but Economical

John G. Barker, manager of the Hotel Plaza, is authority for the following yarn:

"The other day," says Barker, "a very respectable looking man registered and took one of our lowest priced rooms. That is to say, he took a dollar-and-a-half room without private bath. He remained six days and on leaving received a bill for nine dollars. He inspected it carefully, and said to the cashier:

"'I took a bath the other day, and you've forgotten to put it in the bill.'

"'That's all right,' said the cashier. 'Baths are free.'

"'Is that so?' he said; and then he pulled out his watch. 'I've got a little time to spare, so I guess I'll go up and take another one.'

"And he did," concluded Barker.

THE ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital ..... $ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,600,000
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DENVER & RIO GRANDE R.R.
SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

An Important Conference

Between the Saloon Men of the City and the Police Commissioners

On Friday evening of last week the strongly organized Buffet Owners' Association which comprises the leading saloon men of the city held a meeting in the assembly room in the Phelan building. It was attended by the Police Commission. President Nicholas Ahrens was in the chair. Secretary Daniel Rosenblum made the following address:

We are engaged in a business that has always been open to criticism. And we know that wherever there is much smoke there must be some fire. We know that when the business of selling alcoholic beverages is not under proper restrictions there is always danger of abuses and evils. At the same time we feel that while the sale and distribution of liquors through the licensed saloon is an economic necessity it will continue only so long as it is conducted along lines in nowise deserving of the disapproval of that great power—Public Opinion.

It would be folly to suppose that moral sentiment could be disregarded in any business. No amount of political influence would justify any business man in defying moral sentiment. Reliance on political influence is a thing of the past. We who have given this subject much thought with our ear to the ground can hear the rumble of the storm of anti-saloon sentiment that has been generated by enemies of the saloon business. We have no disposition to maintain an attitude of indifference. On the contrary we are desirous of defending ourselves. We are resolved to do whatever is essential to the preservation of our business. We wish to make the business generally deserving of public respect. This we cannot do unless we realize that the growing sentiment of antagonism is not without cause. We must acknowledge that in our business there is much that is radically wrong. All saloons are not conducted along the same lines, but we are all judged alike. There are saloons conducted with indifference to moral sentiment, and for the evils that are incident to the business in such places you are blamed and you suffer.

Something must be done to change the trend of public sentiment. You, the members of this association, must use your influence and your best efforts to swing the pendulum the other way. This you can do only by united action. It is for you to recognize the evils that have been tolerated, the abuses that have been suffered, and to do what is in your organized power to remedy and correct.

All reforms for the improvement and regeneration of our business must come from within ourselves. We must not wait for the Puritanically inclined to obtain measures for our reform. They are hostile to us. Any legislation they may initiate will be designed along the line of fanatical restrictions intended for the annihilation of our business. They would not be satisfied with anything short of the complete destruction of industries representing millions and millions of invested capital and employing many thousands of men and women.

Our enemies are not concerned about the principal evil that results from drink—the evil of intemperance. By their intemperance they have destroyed all the good that was ever done by temperance movements. However, we recognize the evil of excessive indulgence. That is the evil which all men complain of who are honest in their antagonism to the saloon business. Now the first and most important duty before us in our campaign for reform is the duty of discouraging drunkenness. This cannot be accomplished in a day or a month, but gradually this movement of education can make its power felt. Its success depends on you and you alone.

Now we come to the great issue: the serving of intoxicated persons. You all know the feeling of disgust that we have when seeing a man or woman staggering under the influence of liquor. If we, who are in the business feel this way, what must be the thoughts of those who are not in the business and whose opinions lend strength to those who are bitter against us.

Gentlemen of the San Francisco Police Commission, to you I say we would enlist your aid in this matter. You can require that on every license there be printed in large letters across the face the following: "No intoxicated persons allowed to be served." Also you can notify in writing each and every holder of a retail liquor licence of any description that you will hold him to account for any disregard of this restriction and that any violation of the same will be punishable by a censure for the first offense, suspension of license for the second and cancellation for the third.

If this plan would be put in force, Mr. License Holder would soon wake to the fact that the solution of this evil was in his hands. His employe could be made to know that his future employment depended on the strict and safe conduct of the business in the absence of his employer.

It can be safely said that all the harm that results from the sale of liquor can be traced to the serving of patrons when they should be refused. In this connection it would add greatly to the benefit of the business if no license be granted to any applicant who was known to be himself a man who over-indulged.

Another matter that should be considered is the spread of so-called social clubs that are nothing more than a "blind" for the liquor business. It is in these places that many a man is intoxicated much to the injury of the saloon business. We hope the Police Commission will take cognizance of these places.

Another great evil from the effect of which we suffer is the sale of liquor by the glass under the Federal license only. This is commonly called the Blind Pig. This animal thrives through the unintentional support of the breweries and the wholesale liquor merchants. If they would refuse to furnish any one who was unable to show a municipal license and who was doing a retail business, this evil would soon diminish. We would suggest that the Board of Police Commission instruct all wholesale dealers to refrain from supplying these illegitimate places.

Another evil we would call your attention to is the chop house, which as the clock strikes two immediately assumes all the characteristics of a saloon. Most of these places are run by aliens who have an utter disregard for your rules and restrictions.

Gentlemen of the commission, we are not laboring under the delusion that we can revolutionize conditions in a day, but we feel sure that we can do much through our organized efforts that will be conducive to the betterment of our business. We wish to improve it to such an extent that our enemies will be unable to contrive grievances to our disadvantages.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, May 1, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$17,441,770.14
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par	2,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds at par	100,000.00
Other Bonds	3,489,280.34
Other Assets	400,381.31
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	968,755.73
Cash and Sight Exchange	21,282,629.36
	$46,182,816.88

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus	1,500,000.00
Undivided Profits	389,544.24
Circulation	2,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	968,755.73
Deposits	36,824,516.91
	$46,182,816.88

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"Penelope" Peeved

Kate Douglas Wiggin has honored us with a visit. So has Alice Hegan Rice. Now Kate Douglas Wiggin is in private life Mrs. George V. Riggs. And Alice Hegan Rice is, as everybody should know, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Mrs. Riggs—Mrs. Wiggs. Is it any wonder that people get the two names confused? Meeting Mrs. Riggs who used to be Miss Wiggins a lot of people insist on crediting her with the authorship of "Mrs. Wiggs." If this has happened once in San Francisco during her visit it has happened fifty times. It doesn't please Mrs. Riggs to be complimented on Mrs. Rice's book. In fact it riles her. And when the mistake creeps into the newspapers, as it has, her patience is strained.

"Surely," she said to one newspaperwoman who went to interview her, "your papers should have literary editors who know about these things."

The fact that Mrs. Rice's visit coincided with Mrs. Riggs' has only added to the confusion. I have not heard that Mrs. Rice worries about the mistake so often made. But Mrs. Riggs certainly does.

She Issues a Statement

Mrs. Riggs worries so much about this trivial error that she has been induced to write a short sketch of her life and to send it to the Examiner for publication. I do not know which of Mrs. Riggs' friends persuaded her to take this step. Whoever it was, Mrs. Riggs ought to pray to be delivered from that friend. Perhaps it was not a friend but a newspaperwoman with a sense of humor which she was willing to satisfy at Mrs. Riggs' expense. "I am your very own California product," writes Mrs. Riggs. The words have a gushy sound, and that is unfortunate, for Mrs. Riggs surely did not intend to gush about herself. "My literary work," she says farther along in the sketch, "began soon after I left California, which had developed in hard work and adversity every gift of mind and heart I possessed." While Mrs. Riggs is too modest to say so, we all know that her gifts of mind and heart are many and rich. Then Mrs. Riggs gives us a list of her books—"The Birds' Christmas Carol," the Penelope books, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and so on—laying particular emphasis on the fact that she did not write "Mrs. Wiggs." "I do not wish to snatch any laurels from the brow of another," says Mrs. Riggs. Why should she? She has plenty of her own. "Nor do I want to be forgotten by my own San Francisco," she adds. Bless you, Kate, we haven't forgotten you. But I'm afraid you've forgotten discretion in issuing this statement. It wasn't necessary. It merely arouses the suspicion that somebody has gotten "a rise" out of you.

Mrs. Kohl at the Horse Show

Mrs. Frederick Kohl's beauty was one of the sensations at the New York Horse Show at Madison Square Gardens last week. Mrs. Kohl was a member of the Crimmins box party one afternoon, sitting between Mercedes Crimmins and John Drew. Mrs. Kohl was promptly labeled "a beauty" and "stunning." Out here we all heartily agree.

The Ryers Here

It looks as though Mrs. Fletcher Ryer has given up her project of a New York season for her daughter Doris. Mrs. Ryer is back in town with her daughter and is registered at the St. Francis, for the winter I am told. Perhaps Mrs. Ryer and Doris had a surfeit of eastern society at Newport; perhaps they are willing to rest upon the social laurels they have won there. Or it may be that they couldn't bear to think of missing the opportunity to see the Fair again before it closed.

"Bishop's Road House"

There was decided originality about the party which Mr. and Mrs. Roy N. Bishop gave last Saturday night at their home, 2297 Franklin street. The guests were invited to spend the evening in "Bishop's Road House," and when they arrived they found the Bishop home transformed into one of those stopping places so dear to joyriders. The conventional furniture had been moved out of the drawing rooms and was replaced by tables and chairs. The decorations were of the roadhouse variety. There was a bar from which orders were filled, and there was music supplied by a piano and banjos. A typical cabaret show was provided and was interspersed with dancing. If you ask any of the following they will tell you that they had the time of their lives: Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Hammer, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Dr. and Mrs. Walter S. Franklin, Dr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Rohner, Mrs. George Wingfield, Lewis Hobart, Roy Carruthers and Roy Ryone.

The New Welch Home

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch have come up from their country place to spend the winter amid the social animation at the St. Francis. Mrs. Welch who is a member of the De Laveaga family, is taking the keenest sort of interest in the new town residence that her husband is building in the Western Addition. This house which has a beautiful outlook over the bay, will be one of the most distinctive and delightful homes of hospitality in San Francisco.

Miss West and the Maccabees

One of the greatest tributes ever paid to a woman was the reception tendered Miss Bina M. West, organizer of the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees, by the citizens of Port Huron and the State of Michigan on October 22, when the corner stone of the new $200,000 building erected for the association, was laid. United States Senator Charles E. Townsend, Attorney General Grant Fellows of Michigan, Congressman Crampton and a number of notable men and women from nearly every State in the Union came to Port Huron for that day and cheers and applause were heard from the thousands along the entire line of march, and the ovation was a well deserved triute to the "First Citizen" of Port Huron. During the corner stone ceremonies, Grand Master Lusk presented Miss West with a beautiful sterling silver trowel and invited her to assist in spreading the mortar. The oldest Grand Master in Michigan and probably in the United States, Judge William T. Mitchell, aged 99 years, assisted Miss West down the steps, accompanied by Grand Master Lusk, the youngest Grand Master in Michigan. This is probably the first time in Masonic history that a woman has participitated in the actual laying of a corner stone.

Rabbi Wise Arrives

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, one of the most distinguished philanthropists and students of sociology in America, has arrived at the St. Francis. During his visit to the Exposition he will be the guest of honor at numerous important functions. He is the brother of Otto Irving Wise, the well known attorney of this city.

The Prosperity Ball

Society is to play an important role at the Prosperity Ball at the Civic Auditorium on December 1 under the auspices of the Home Industry League. Many surprises have been arranged by the management and if predictions come true the fete will be one of the gayest of the Exposition year. It falls during Electrical Prosperity Week and for this reason the decorations will have a brilliance heretofore unequalled. The ball proper will be preceded by a dinner dansant in one of the banquet halls and a dinner

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cabaret in the other. The doors, for this reason, will be open at 4 in the afternoon. Dancing in the main ball room will begin at 8:30 o'clock. The dancers will be in costume and will represent the many industries of California. Unmasking will take place after the grand march which is set for 10:30 o'clock.

At the Somerton

Captain and Mrs. J. H. Allen gave an elaborate supper Thursday evening. It was one of many affairs that evening, for there were suppers and dinners galore. The supper dances under the direction of Arthur Norbury and Miss Anita Churcher are very popular, and the ball room is crowded Thursday and Saturday evenings. The officers from Mare Island with their wives have the habit of coming to town over the week-end, and Saturday evenings entertain their friends at these supper dances. The exhibition dancing of Arthur Norbury and Miss Churcher is very popular. Their original Fox Trot danced at the Wednesday matinee dance and also Thursday evening was highly praised. Miss Churcher charmed her large audience when she danced "Moment Musical." Paymaster and Mrs. W. T. Webb, U. S. N., entertained ten friends at luncheon Monday. Dr. Goddon and his mother Mrs. E. E. Goddon were hosts Thursday evening at a beautifully appointed dinner.

At the Cecil

Mrs. William Hobart Garlick of Cincinnati is visiting her mother Mrs. William Franklin Morris at the Cecil. Thursday evening Mrs. Morris gave an elaborate dinner in compliment to her daughter. Among the guests were Mrs. William Chappell and Miss Harriet Caswel, who were schoolmates of Mrs. Garlick at Miss Head's. Mr. and Mrs. John Charles, prominent society folk of Los Angeles, have been the motif for much entertaining. They have an apartment at the Cecil, and for the past few months have been giving a series of informal dinners and luncheons.

An Engagement Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herrscher have announced the engagement of their daughter Emma to Mr. Julius Charles Friendly of Portland. They will receive their friends at the Palace Hotel from two until five o'clock on Sunday, November 28. The wedding will be an event of the early part of January.

A Dainty Little Fairy

Dainty Andrea Dibble, the pretty little daughter of Mrs. Ellen F. Dibble of this city, danced her way into the hearts of the public last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the opera dansant "The Dollies Frolic," given by seventy-five children under the direction of the Wyatt sisters in Festival Hall. Upon the tenth of December little Andrea will again appear in a fairy opera, dancing and singing as little Bo-Peep. One hundred little tots will enact the favorite "Once Upon a Time" fairy stories of Andersen, the Grimms, Lange and others at Scottish Rite Auditorium on that date. Andrea, though only seven years of age, is an accomplished ball room and fancy dancer, and is a charming little actress.

Thanksgiving's Evolution

Almost three centuries have elapsed since the Puritan fathers were saved from almost certain starvation at Plymouth Rock by the sudden appearance of a flock of wild turkeys, and great have been the changes since that time in our methods of celebrating this popular holiday. Originally a day for giving prayerful thanks in commemoration of the feasting of our rugged ancestors on a flock of the pompous American birds, Thanksgiving gradually has been taking on the appearance of a Yuletide celebration. Much of the former sombre aspect of the day has been done away with until now it has become the occasion for great merriment and for sending timely favors to one's friends. This was brought strikingly to my attention the other day while passing Haas' Phelan building candy store, and it served to remind me that this cherished old Yankee holiday will occur again next week. Among our society maids and matrons the occasion will be hailed with joy as many pretty romances and pleasure-laden functions will be recalled by the distribution of keep-sake novelties like the little toy turkeys filled with finest dainties of the confectioner's art.

Young woman teacher going to New York immediately after holidays will act as chaperon to young girls returning East to school, or companion to elderly person for moderate fee. References.—Town Talk, box 99. Advt.

Japanese Editors Dine

Since leaving San Francisco the visiting body of editors from Tokyo have been dined by the Los Angeles Japanese Daily News at the Hotel Alexandria in that city at a banquet that was given also in honor of Ujiro Oyama, Vice-Consul to Los Angeles. The dinner was an excellent one and from all accounts the guests enjoyed themselves immensely. I have received copies of the menu from many banquets during the past year, and it has struck me very forcefully that at all the affairs in the Alexandria Paul Masson champagne, vintage of 1908, and Cresta Blanca wines are the only ones used. Our sister city in the south is usually quite reluctant to acknowledge the superiority of anything from this part of California, but evidently the surpassing qualities of Paul Masson champagne over anything else that is produced here has convinced the people of Los Angeles that these beverages are the only ones that should be used at real swagger functions. The same conclusion was evidently reached by the San Diego Exposition people, too, because they awarded these wines first prize over all competitors.

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A TRIBUTE TO BINA M. WEST

A scene in Port Huron, Mich., the day the cornerstone of the $200,000 building erected for the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees was laid

Gossip of the Theatre

At the Orpheum

Houdini, the "justly world-famous self-liberator" as he calls himself, is a man with an instinct for the show business. He has contrived a very cunning, a very elaborate and a very simple "act." You see Houdini playing a star part in a "movie." In the picture he is a miracle of agility. Then you see Houdini on the stage with a background of expensive paraphernalia, attended by solemn-visaged assistants whose manner aids in giving you the impression that the pregnant moment has arrived. You find yourself sitting through a drama, of which Houdini is the chief protagonist. Houdini talks to you. He talks to you of Houdini, the wonderful man whom you saw a few moments before escaping from a French prison in the "movies" and swimming the Seine in handcuffs which he got rid of under water. You learn from Houdini that Houdini is going to do something more wonderful, and he puts you on the tiptoe of expectancy by impaneling a jury before your eyes. He lures men out of the audience onto the stage, and before they know it they are figuring in the Houdini drama at no cost to the dramatist. He tells you about a miracle he saw in an Egyptian temple, a miracle that could be performed only by a priest of the temple with celestial aid. Houdini was prepared to perform it without help from above or below. And he does it with his sleeves rolled up, and the men from the audience are clearly mystified. And you are entertained. There is never a dull moment while Houdini is on the stage. Houdini does some wonderful tricks, but it is his whole performance that counts, the general effect that he achieves by his presence, his talk, his paraphernalia and the grouping of his men. On the bill with Houdini is Dainty Marie, a moving picture in tights and something of a monologist. Dainty Marie does some very graceful posing while swinging on suspended rings. There are two accidents that might happen to Dainty Marie. One of them I thought of—the breaking of the ropes. The other a gentleman behind me thought of, but he was reassured by a friend who told him they were of very strong material and double-stitched. There is a clever little drama at the Orpheum this week "A Breath of Old Virginia," the author of which makes use of the principal employed in "On Trial," the principle of back action as a substitute for forward narrative.

—T. F. B.

Tina Lerner at Festival Hall

This Sunday afternoon will be Tina Lerner Day at Festival Hall. The young Russian virtuosa will play a program of piano music with orchestral setting assisted by the entire Exposition Orchestra of eighty players under Max Bendix. She will play two of the great masterworks for piano and orchestra, the difficult Concerto in F minor by Chopin and the romantic Concerto in A minor by Eduard Grieg. The orchestra's contributions to the program will be Goldmark's Oriental Overture "Sakuntala" and two charming works by Bolzoni and Volkman. Tickets at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, the Exposition ticket office on Powell street and Festival Hall. Music students should remember that for one dollar they can secure admission to the Exposition and a reserved seat at the concert.

Tina Lerner's Recitals

Tina Lerner will give two recitals of piano music at Scottish Rite Auditorium under direction of Will Greenbaum. The first will be Friday afternoon, November 26, at 3 o'clock. The program will include Chopin's Sonata in B minor, Schumann's "Papillons," "Scriabine's "Poeme," the Paganini-Liszt "Variations" and numbers by Borodine, Brahms, Weber, Liadow and Tschaikowsky. The second will be Sunday afternoon, November 28. The program will include the "Prelude, Fugue and Variations" by Cesar Franck, two numbers from Debussy's "Suite Bergamasc," a group of five Chopin gems, six famous Concert Etudes by Liszt, Henselt-Godowsky, Chopin-Rosenthal and Scriabine and the first public performance here of Liszt's "Concerto Pathetique" for two pianos with Mr. Vladimir Shavitch assisting. Tickets at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

The Gadski Concerts

Mme. Gadski is one of the principal singers at the Metropolitan, but she will make a short concert tour previous to opening her season and will be heard at the Cort in two fine programs assisted by Mr. Paul Eisler as pianist and accompanist. To accommodate out-of-town music lovers the first concert will be given Thursday afternoon, December 2, at the Cort. The diva will sing a group of Schubert songs, a group by Robert Franz, gems by Hugo Wolff, Eugen Haille, Richard Strauss, Liszt and Brahms, and songs in English by Saar, Paul Eisler, Gilmor and Bohm. The program will close with two Wagnerian numbers rarely heard in concert, the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkuere" and the Scene from Act I of "Tristan und Isolde." The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 5. Mail orders may now be sent to Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay. The sale will open Monday, November 29.

"The Battle Cry of Peace" at Columbia

In preparing the nine-part photoplay "The Battle Cry of Peace," the Vitagraph company brought to bear all its forces and the cast contains some of the most prominent people in films. Charles Richman heads the list and is ably supported by L. Robert Lytton, James Morrison, Mary Maurice, Louise Beaudet, Harold Hubert, Capt. Jack Crawford, Evart Overton, Belle Bruce, Norma Talmage, Lucille Hammill, Katherine Franck, Tefft Johnson, Harry Northrop, George Stevens, Thais Lawton, Lionel Braham, Frank Holland, Joseph Kilgour, Paul Scardon, William Ferguson, William Humphrey. The picture was made under the direction of the author J. Stuart Blackton and the well known director Wilfrid North. Blackton took his facts and statistics from Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America." The film will be seen at the Columbia commencing with the matinee Sunday, November 21. An orchestra of twenty will be heard.

"Bird of Paradise" at Cort

Commencing Sunday evening, November 21, Oliver Morosco will offer Richard Walton Tully's Hawaiian romance "The Bird of Paradise" at the Cort. This will be the play's third visit. Tully has woven a story of intrigue and love out of the life in the islands. Morosco will introduce in the leading role of Luana this season Miss Carlotta Monterey, a native of California who will make her first appearance. She will be supported by Hooper L. Atchley, Jane Haven, Richard Gordon, Robert Morris, James Nelson, Laura Adams, John

EDDIE FOY AND THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS
Next week at the Orpheum

Burton, Fanny Yantis and a score of others including the quintet of native Hawaiian singers and players. The stage pictures are said to be wonderfully faithful. One of the most realistic is Mt. Kilauea in eruption. A holiday matinee will be given Thanksgiving Day.

A Great Concert Program

An unusual and attractive program has been prepared for the concert by Miss Helen Petre, soprano, Mr. Frank Carroll Giffen, tenor, and Mr. Kajetan Attl, harpist, at the St. Francis Monday evening. The three artists are well known. Miss Petre has sung by command before King George. Mr. Giffen is renowned as a lieder singer, and Mr. Attl is harpist of the Exposition and San Francisco Symphony Orchestras. Miss Petre will sing an aria from "Louise," "The Violet" by Mozart, "Floods of Spring" by Rachmaninoff, songs by Sibelius, Bemberg and Brahms and "Le Songe" by Glucke. Mr. Giffen will render songs by Caccini, Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Martini and Weckerlin, "Todessehnen" by Brahms, "Das Wandern" and "Wohin" by Schubert, songs of Schumann, a Scot folk song, a song from the French Crusades, two Hungarian folk songs and numbers by Hatton and Reynaldo Hahn. Mr. Attl will play Smetana's Symphonic Poem for the harp, the Marionette Dance by Tedeschy, a Muzarka by Ed Schuecker and some Bohemian folk songs arranged by himself. Mr. Gyula Ormay will be accompanist, and Mr. Herbert Riley, 'cellist will also assist.

"Broadway Review" at Pantages

"The Broadway Review," the latest of J. C. Frazee's rollicking musical hits, will be the stellar attraction at Pantages next week. There are ten in the cast with Billy Batchelor as the featured comedian. Don Adams, Jack Cahill and Don Romine are the other principals. Excerpts from all the big New York successes are shown. Ed Vinton with his remarkable dog "Buster" is a feature. The tricks "Buster" does are different. Alexander and Scott are fashion plate comedians in a singing skit "From Virginia." Charles King, Virginia Thornton and company will be seen in Charles Farrell's dramatic episode "The Greater Price." Lottie Horner, for several seasons leading soubrette with Kolb and Dill, will appear with L. E. Rosebrook in songs. Al Prince and Helen Deerie in per patter, and Wills and Hassan, acrobats, round out the program.

The S. F. Symphony

The sale of season tickets to subscribers for the ten Friday afternoon symphony concerts continues until December 11, at the offices of Manager Frank W. Healy, 711 Head Building. The demand is greater than for any previous season, so it is inadvisable to defer getting them. The music committee is giving much attention to the programs, and in variety and contrast they will compare with the best of the leading symphony orchestras of the country. Louis Persinger, concert master and violinist, will be assisting artist at the January 14 concert. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, renowned Russian pianist, will be assisting artist at the February 4 concert. Alfred Hertz, the new conductor, reports an orchestra able to cope with the most exacting programs. The Association has in the past four seasons spent nearly two hundred thousand dollars in assembling and training its musicians. This year, having increased the guarantee fund, it promises still greater attainment in proficiency. Musicians of great skill have been added, and rehearsals will be held daily. The program for the first concert will include the Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major.

The Innisfail Quartet

With the full understanding that there is to be a deficit, Mrs. J. B. Casserly who organized and maintains the Innisfail String Quartet, announces the second concert of the Quartet for next Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock sharp at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter street. Facing the considerable expenditure and possibility of small financial return, Mrs. Casserly, a musician of taste and opinion, nevertheless persists in providing the best music for us. That it will be but a short time before the excellent work of the Quartet is known to the general public and the concert hall crowded is proven by the fact that in all the years of music in San Francisco no such enthusiasm as that manifested at the first concert has ever been shown at a string quartet concert in this city. At the concert Tuesday night the program will contain the quartets E flat major of Beethoven, D major of Borodin and the Debussy quartet. Nikolai Sokoloff first violin and director, is an artist remarkable for the finish and purity of

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FRANK CARROLL GIFFEN

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CARLOTTA MONTEREY

As Luana in "The Bird of Paradise" coming to the Cort Theatre Sunday, November 21

his play. Rudolph Ringwall, second violin, was one of the most valued members of the Boston Symphony. The viola, Nathan Firestone, has been connected with the San Francisco Symphony since its organization. May Mukle the 'cellist, is a distinguished English artist, whose position in London has been a most enviable one.

Eddie Foy at the Orpheum

The Orpheum offers next week Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys as its headline attraction. Foy has a complete theatrical company in the family. This season the Foys are presenting one of the quaintest and most mirth-provoking acts in vaudeville. The Five Annapolis Boys are credited with having the best solo voices of any quintet before the public. They are Frank Thorndyke, Fred Barnes, Harry Webster, Joe Gallagher and Wilbur Levering. "On a Cruise to the Land of Harmony" is the operetta they present. Ben Beyer and Company, just back from the war zone, present a cycling novelty with comedy. Olga is a discovery. She is an attractive girl who styles herself "The Modern Dancing Violinist," and the title describes her act. Mazie King assisted by Ted Doner; Sherman, Van and Hyman; Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent; Dainty Marie, the Venus of the Air; and "A Breath of Old Virginia" with Genevieve Cliff and company are the other attractions.

Bess—Writing your will, dear? You seem so serious about it.

Tess—No; I'm writing my won't to Jack's proposal.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Market is entirely in the room. All attempts to bring the public back into the war stocks have failed. They have been offered down and bid up and have made as big fluctuations as they did before, but no interest is taken in them. Copper stocks have struck new high prices and look as if they would sell still higher, the metal selling at 18¾c. The price of lead has responded and all other commodities of the same character are advancing. A few belated holders are getting out of their rails. There is no pressure to sell, with few buying orders put in until the market breaks. It is just the way the market acted before it took its last good rise in railroads. There is everything in the world to put them up and very little to put them down. People have been spoiled by the war stocks and it will take a little while for them to realize that you cannot expect five to twenty-five point fluctuations every day, and that the time has come for buying on merit and not on tips on tales of war orders. October earnings will be shortly coming out. Baltimore and Ohio will be the first to publish. Their statement will be good. We think Pennsylvania and Norfolk will be better. C. & O. stands out as a purchase; so does Third Avenue; so does Norfolk & Western. We favor the constructive side of the market on all minor setbacks.

Wheat—Prices are ruling at a fair advance over last week, and this despite the fact that the primary movement closely approaches the quantity of last week and is considerably in excess of last year. The clearances for the week indicate that the proportion may exceed that of recent weeks. The export demand seems to center principally in Manitoba wheat, but there is an idea that sales of domestic wheat may be larger than is generally thought. The European situation seems calculated to add strength to our prices in view of the developments in the Balkans and it is assumed that the demand later on will not be of a meagre character. Reports relative to the sending of winter wheat indicate a considerable reduction from the acreage of last year, besides which there are surrounding unfavorable conditions. Notwithstanding the recent large movement, the stocks of wheat do not appreciably increase, as compared with last year, a condition which makes the short side at times rather untenable and one which makes congestion quickly apparent. We believe that until this condition undergoes a material change, purchases on normal reactions are proper.

Corn has had some advance, notwithstanding that weather conditions have been favorable and that there has been some slight increase in the movement. While there is a prospect of a large crop in bushels, there is some skepticism as to the percentage which will prove to be of good quality. It is said that the feeding demand is recently much larger, besides which the moderate but constant export inquiry lends a more substantial tone to values. Sentiment of this kind has also found some support in the fact that there appears to be consistent strength abroad, more particularly since the Argentine shipments have grown lighter. The market shows a good undertone in view of the fact that we are confronted by a new crop and the export demand is likely to take on a sufficiently important volume to make purchases on declines safe.

Cotton—During the early part of the week, the market underwent severe and drastic liquidation due to the free circulation of all kinds of bearish news and aggressive hammering by local shorts. Later, however, a part of the decline was recovered, on the issuance of absurdly large crop estimates by Cordill and Neill. Their figures were regarded by the trade as being so improbable that instead of having bearish effect, the market actually advanced upon their publication. We believe the final figures will show Cordill's report to be fully 1,000,000 and possibly 1,500,000 bales too high; still it will be seen that even his estimate is bullish. On the decline there was not only a good demand from domestic spinners, but for export. However, very little cotton changed hands as holders refused to sell on a parity with New York contracts. The technical position of the market from a bullish standpoint is strong and there are practically no weakly-held contracts left. The recent buying has been largely by the trade and spinners, whereas the selling has been mainly by speculative shorts. We favor the bull side, out and out, for much higher prices.

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Carl Sword, manager of the Hotel Oakland, was signally honored recently by the Olympic Club of which, for a year before assuming his present duties, he was manager. A committee composed of James Woods, manager of the Hotel St. Francis and a director of the club, Paul T. Carroll, moving spirit of the annual Portola Festival, and A. R. Coney of the Italian-Swiss Colony, waited upon Mr. Sword at the Oakland, and after luncheon presented him with a $500 ring, a beautiful diamond with sapphire ornaments, on behalf of the Olympic Club. This tribute, never before earned from this organization, is valued by Mr. Sword more than any other possession, as it represents the sincere appreciation of an internationally famous club, including twenty-five hundred athletes, some of whom hold world records.

New Gifts at Techau's

Being desirous of providing some new and pleasing souvenir which would be prized by the ladies who attend the dances at Techau Tavern, the management, with its customary disregard of expense, has selected as a most appropriate gift, beautiful and tastefully designed boxes of Lyon's Perfection California Glacé Fruits. There is no finer confection to be secured at any price nor one more typical of the Golden State. Large boxes of Pall Mall Cigarettes are still presented to the gentlemen on these occasions.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Ralph McGee, Room 604 Mills Building, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of W. W. KIRKLAND, deceased.

JAMES KIRKLAND,
Administrator of the estate of W. W. Kirkland, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 23, 1915.

RALPH McGEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
604 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67980.

FREDA M. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ORRAN OTTO ALEXANDER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of August, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OLSCHEWSKI & OLSCHEWSKI,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
324 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the executors at the office of William A. Kelly, room 910 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
JOHN O'NEIL,
Executors of the will of John J. Murphy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 6, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Executors,
910 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 67126; Dept. No. 10.

DORA E. FEENEY, Plaintiff, vs. ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting To: ARTHUR J. FEENEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, to-wit: failure to provide and desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this third day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN T. FLEMING,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 9-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, Deceased.—No. 19727; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, Administrator of the estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said PATRICK A. HARRAN, the said Administrator, at the office of Louis Ferrari, his attorney, 1029 Hearst Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office, the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 13th, A. D. 1915.

PATRICK A. HARRAN,
Administrator of the estate of Maria M. Harran, deceased.

LOUIS FERRARI,
Attorney for Administrator,
1029 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69456; Dept. No. 13.

In the Matter of the Application of the AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, a Corporation, to Be Dissolved.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the American Barium Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, November 10, 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT SWEENEY and
ALGERNON CROFTON,
Attorneys for Applicant,
Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.—No. 19768—N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix of the estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix, at 807 Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.

HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ,
Executrix of the estate of Samuel Schwartz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 6, 1915.

GARRET W. McENERNEY and
PHILLIP I. MANSON,
Attorneys for Executrix,
807 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. 11-6-5

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Cash and Sight Exchange	17,952,064.27
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVI. No. 1214 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 27, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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War and Inspiration

Paris in War Time

No Cursing in Flanders

The High Cost of Optimism

Personality of a Great Rabbi

Should Infants be Treated as Vegetables

The Clockwinder Talks With Gallagher

A Gambler Who Reformed For Revenge

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVI | San Francisco, November 27, 1915 | No. 1214

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

Should Infants Be Treated as Vegetables?

The other day a Chicago physician passed judgment on an infant monstrosity and pronounced sentence of death. Thereupon the newspapers interviewed medical men of prominence that they might let us know the general sentiment of the profession regarding the "Baby Bollinger" case, as it is called. We find that there is a great body of opinion in favor of vesting physicians with the power exercised by the Chicago doctor. This is not at all astonishing. We are living in a scientific age that dreams of human perfectibility. The biologist is showing us the way. Hitherto the type and character of our citizens have been the offspring of chance, but scientists have come to the conclusion that we can eliminate this chance by an act of the legislature. The world has been going in strong for paternal government under the guidance of the philanthropist, and the State is assuming all responsibility for children from the cradle to the grave, feeding, clothing and educating them. Why not go back a little and provide for the breeding of them? This is the Eugenic idea. This is the result of Mendelism. Mendel discovered that the dwarf pea, half-bred of a tall ancestor, breeds true to dwarfness. As a result of this discovery the horticulturist is enabled to "fix the type." Science has conquered the vegetable kingdom: Why not preside over the race of men and fix the type of human kind? Science suggests: "Let us consider man as a vegetable." Now this is precisely the attitude of the learned men who approve the sentence of death passed in Chicago. There is of course this minor objection to the grant of supreme power over human life to the cold, hard-as-flint, unemotional scientist,—his judgment may sometimes be at fault, his heart may not always be in the right place. Further, even though honest he may not be trusted to discriminate discreetly. Besides there are a thousand and one motives on which the family doctor may act. Where a big estate is at stake, to mention one contingency, it may be made profitable to him to find that an infant has been doomed to imbecility. Assuredly it must be obvious to any person of average intelligence that if the ultimate desideratum is to be the welfare of society and mankind it is better that an occasional monstrosity should come into the world than that we should make every doctor a court of last resort. So obvious is it we are a little astonished to find Professor Gay and Professor Moody of the State University affirming their approval of the practice in the "Baby Bollinger case." We commend to the consideration of these good Christian gentlemen the observations of a Jew —Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, who is now trying to save the life of a defective infant in Mount Zion Hospital.

War and Inspiration

"War," says a writer in the London Times, "does not inspire good literature." This observation is almost in flat contradiction of Ruskin's assertion that the arts "never reached any vital strength or honor but in the service either of great and just religion or of some unselfish patriotism and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion." As a matter of fact some of the finest things in all literature were inspired by war. Even now genuine contributions to literature are coming from the trenches. And surely no critic will contend that Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter is not literature. Homer, Dante, Hugo, Balzac, Tolstoy—to mention a few of the immortals—were inspired by wars. If there had never been a war how many great pieces of fiction we should never have read! War has given a color of its own not only to literature but to all the arts. Of late literature has been deficient in one thing that war is already reviving. We mean pathos. Self-conscious writers with a thesis on their minds make very little demand on our tears. The key to tender sensibilities possessed by Scott and Dickens was long ago thrown away. Instead of making misery pathetic writers of fiction have thought it better to inveigh against a society wherein disease and destitution are tolerated. Besides we have flattered ourselves that we are so highly civilized it would be humiliating to confess to primitive emotions. But war has come, there is a universal heartache, and nations are in tears. We are living in a world of sorrow. It is throbbing with pain. Millions are overcome with a sense of loss and irrevocable change. Anguish, sickness, suspense, bereavement—all the simpler motives and impulses to the deepest emotion are racking the world. Is there no inspiration for the literary artist in this vast Golgotha?

A Whine from Hearst

If back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes, surely when the peerless reviler finds himself reviled he is unreasonable to regard himself as a legitimate object of universal sympathy. Here is the Hon. William Randolph Hearst whining in the Examiner because, as he says, he has been "roundly abused and grossly maligned" for urging the necessity of doing something "to put an end to the war before it has put an end to civilization." It is too bad that any man should be "roundly abused and grossly maligned," but with Mr. Hearst whose words have cut a swath through the feelings of thousands of his compeers one finds it hard to sympathize when one finds him complaining that his sensitive soul has been seared by the same verbal vitriol that he has been spreading abroad for a generation. He also complains that he has not been given credit for right motives. At once we are reminded of Mr. Hearst's remarkable facility in challenging motives. If we have one weakness of memory it is made manifest by our inability to recall a single controversy of all the innumerable controversies wherein Mr. Hearst has been engaged in which he neglected to attribute corrupt or unrighteous motives to his adversary. As a poisoner of the wells of controversy Mr. Hearst has never been equalled in all the history of controversy. As to his own motives they are perverse in this,—that usually they make it impossible for any sane man to accept them at their face value. Usually a Hearst motive gives the impression of some sinister phenomenon. And to make matters worse Mr. Hearst has the bad habit of celebrating his own motives with a view to sanctifying his actions. As a consequence even his good actions induce the suspicion of mean motives, as, for instance, when soliciting funds for the families of the men of the Maine he incurred the indignation of the beloved Grover Cleveland who denounced him for making the sorrow of those families serve for the glorification of himself. Even now when we find Mr. Hearst posing as a champion of civilization, we see not only that his motives are under suspicion but that the impression is widespread that he has played the part of a traitor to his country with pecuniary profit to himself. We feel sorry for Mr. Hearst because he has made his mark in history. He has made of himself a personage in the annals of his times, the kind of personage that posterity will not be likely to celebrate as a champion of civilization either in peace or war. There is salvation for Mr. Hearst only through repentance. But if he is ever to win confidence he must change his tactics. Even in such trivial matters as his campaign against the lotteries his motives will be suspected if in his greed he permits himself to promote at the same time the business of the clairvoyants. It is not conducive to confidence in him for the Examiner to boost the clairvoyants in the advertising columns and complain in the news columns that lottery "grafters are reaching out for dimes, quarters and four bit pieces of weakling suckers." If Mr. Hearst doesn't watch out somebody will be mean enough to suggest that he is standing in with the clairvoyants in a campaign against the lotteries so that the "suckers" will have more money to give the fortune tellers who profess to be able to locate the bucket at one end of the rainbow. This is a suspicious world.

wherein a Hearst cannot switch even to a prohibition propaganda without causing evil minds to wonder how much there is in it.

No Cursing in Flanders

A distinguished surgeon who lately returned from Belgium reports that he remarked while there how seldom there was any swearing among the soldiers. Doubtless he remarked it because he had read that in the days of Uncle Toby the English army "swore terribly in Flanders." For it is incredible that any man who has mingled with the rank and file of humanity for years should have missed hearing from normal lips the kind of flowers of rhetoric that formerly blossomed in Flanders. Cursing and swearing are far less common among English-speaking people than they were twenty years ago. They are a vice of language in which only clergymen were ashamed to indulge a quarter of a century ago. Gentlemen swore everywhere but in the presence of ladies, and even in polite society a picturesque oath occasionally escaped from lips not sufficiently guarded. Habit was stronger than the leash with tongues that were nimble in the use of the familiar terms of vituperation. Nowadays oaths are a kind of technical language used in times of stress by those of us who like italics. But through long neglect swearing has degenerated. It is no longer artistic. The oath of many colors with which men used to embellish conversation is as inaccessible as some of the lost masterpieces of Greek literature. Now it may be worth while reflecting that the unpopularity of swearing is not the result of any prohibition movement. There was never a crusade against swearing of the kind that is prosecuted against the Demon Rum. By the silent processes of time the evil habit of swearing has been cured. Spencer in one of his essays calls attention to the fact that by those same processes drunkenness was made unfashionable in England. Once upon a time the average English gentleman regarded it as a mark of manliness to get drunk before going to bed. With the refinement of manners gentlemen began to perceive that drunkenness was a species of beastliness. But then along came the Puritan to make a profitable profession out of agitating for prohibition, and now drunkenness is most conspicuous in towns like Portland, Me., where the blind pig has been substituted for the saloon.

The High Cost of Optimism

Occasionally the Examiner is inspiring in its optimism; never more so than when discussing ways and means of consuming public funds. The Examiner never loses faith or confidence in any of its schemes for enlarging the scope of municipal ownership. For years our optimistic contemporary has been thrilling us with the prospect of having the waters of Hetch-Hetchy piped through the streets of San Francisco. At first this colossal engineering feat was urged as a means of punishing the owners of Spring Valley. We were going to put Spring Valley out of business, and we were going to have the greatest water system in the world, and it wasn't going to cost us anything. The system would pay for itself. All we had to do was buy certain lands, lay the pipes and take out the plug. We went ahead and bought the lands only to find that we did not own the water. We spent thousands of dollars lobbying in Washington, and then learned that certain farmers have rights which are not to be denied. The farmers have first call on the water. However we voted a bond issue to put the scheme through. The taxpayers have been assured that for forty-five millions they can sprinkle their gardens with Hetch-Hetchy. At intervals the feline poked his head out of the bag. Three weeks ago Mayor Rolph cut the strings, and we had a peep at the whole cat. According to Mayor Rolph, after spending forty-five millions the last pipe laid will reach only to the county line. But so sanguine is the Rolph mind we are not sure that his estimate is not a bit under the mark. Remembering that a few months ago it was found that our engineering department had greatly underestimated the cost of a little stretch of road in the Hetch-Hetchy valley we are inclined to speculate in terms of proportion as to what the difference will be between the estimated and actual cost of the whole enterprise. At this time we are permitted only to know that Rolph and Hearst are working with all their might and main to put the taxpayers in a little deeper. To that end the Examiner hastens to give us the assurance that the city can build a railroad and dam and bring 50,000 horse power to San Francisco "without adding one cent to the taxes of any citizen." This is characteristic Examiner optimism. It reminds us of the assurance that the municipal street railway system was to make so much money that the taxpayers would not have to pay any taxes at all. Our taxes have been steadily rising ever since our politicians began taking orders in the Examiner office, and real estate has been as steadily declining. Optimism has been mighty costly in San Francisco.

A Shining Example

In our modern experience there is no man more unpleasantly familiar to us than the civic patriot whose talents have been dedicated to the business of rescuing the pillars of State. He is the people's vociferous friend. He is a preacher who finds sermons in cant and evil in everybody but himself. He abuses his fellows without stint or shame. Now this individual, wherever we find him traducing his neighbors, whether in Washington or Oshkosh, is true to type. The more vicious his vituperation, the more persistent his pretensions, the more certain we may be of his innate meanness and hypocrisy. And God has made this type so well defined that the impostures of the self-righteous civic patriot would be in vain were it not for the devil who is always putting the people in need of chastisement. But the devil cannot save his servant from exposure. It is the fate of every Sulzer to be unmasked in time. We knew that Battle Bob La Follette had to be disclosed to us some day. And now we know why former Senator Stephenson was kept lagging superfluous on the stage so many years. He was the chosen instrument of "Battle Bob's" exposure. Now in his eighty-sixth year, he has given us a volume of his recollections that includes among other things the things he experienced in his personal relations with the man who did Andy Furuseth's bidding in the Senate. From the former Senator's narrative we learn that during the years when he was financing La Follette's cause and electing him to office "Battle Bob" conceived that the old gentleman was rendering a great service to his country. It was only after Stephenson refused to contribute to a fund to defray the expenses of La Follette's Presidential campaign and spent one hundred thousand dollars to elect himself to the Senate that the author of the Wisconsin idea perceived the moral turpitude of "debauching the electorate." Stephenson's narrative is at once interesting and instructive. The old gentleman is something of a philosopher and his reflections are worth while. For example:

For almost seventy years I had dealt with all sorts and conditions of men. I had blazed trails with them through the forest, spread my blanket beside theirs on snow, logged with them in the winter camps and shared with them the dangers of log driving and sailing vessels on the lakes. Thousands I have taught the way of lumbering. In my employ I have had and now have grandfather, father and son working together. I have also known men of large affairs—merchants, railroad builders, manufacturers, capitalists—to whose energy and foresight the developed country is a monument. None of these has suffered loss through me. It remained for me in these later days to discover how quickly, in the come and go of politics, convictions can be discarded, principles can be abandoned and obligations overlooked, and how readily the gauge of political progress veers to the currents of political animosity and ambition.

The finishing off of the old gentleman's education in the high school of politics cost him in the neighborhood of one million dollars, the bulk of which was consumed by his teacher the Hon. Robert M. La Follette.

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CCLVII—RABBI STEPHEN WISE

By Edward F. O'Day

"I'll bet you a box of cigars," said Otto Irving Wise, "that you can't keep 'Dick' in his chair for five uninterrupted minutes."

Thinking the feat not impossible and remembering Otto Wise's sound taste in havanas I cried "You're on!", and just then "Dick" burst into the room.

"Dick" is Rabbi Wise of the Free Synagogue of New York. He is called Dick because his given names are Stephen Samuel. He is the younger brother of Otto Irving.

Dr. Wise came in like a cyclone and proceeded to give a good imitation of a dynamo. The hard grip of the hand and the broad smile of greeting lasted but a second, and then he was corrugating his fine brows over a pile of letters and telegrams.

"Shall I dictate answers to these now?" asked Dr. Wise, looking at Otto.

"Mr. O'Day has only four minutes to spare," answered Otto who has the cunning of the serpent.

"Five minutes at the very least," I corrected him, remembering Otto's excellent judgment in weeds.

Rabbi Wise sank into a chair, and I breathed more easily.

"Were you pleased with your success last night?" I asked him.

"Greatly pleased," he answered. "It was a splendid gathering, nobly responsive. "You were not there?"

Indeed I had been there. There had been in me such an eagerness to hear the spiritual leader of American Jewry as is not often aroused by visiting greatness. I had been deeply stirred by the opulent organ tones of his basso profundo voice as he told of the war-born woes of the Jews of Palestine. He is a commanding figure on the platform, and what is quite distinct from that, an attractive figure, with all the graces of the orator born. He kindled the imagination of the three thousand Jews who sat at his feet; he moved their hearts. Within an hour's time he conjured from their pockets twenty-two thousand dollars for the alleviation of their distressed brethren in Palestine. It was a grand lesson in charity. I had never seen anything like it before.

"Why is it," I asked Dr. Wise, "that of two brothers one is an intense radical, the other an intense conservative?"

The rabbi looked at his brother the lawyer. and smiled.

"It is a difference of nature," he answered; "but Otto is not yet lost utterly. I have hopes of converting him."

"Perhaps you will both attain the happy medium some day," I suggested.

"There is no golden medium for me," Dr. Wise replied. "I am not a middle-of-the-roadster. I study and revere the past, but only for its bearing on the present and the future. With Otto here the past is the goal; it is my point of departure. I have a profound trust in democracy, and yet I do not expect the millennium as a result of the initiative, the referendum, the recall. Democracy is making strides, but it must be guided and enlightened. It must be taught to use its powers for good. The direct primary, unfortunately, has thus far strengthened the hand of the political boss. But we must plead for higher and higher standards, and not despair."

This was not too radical, but perhaps Dr. Wise was tempering the wind of his radicalism to the two shorn lambs of conservatism who listened to him. After all, we must not get into the habit of throwing this word "radical" like a missile. Men are to be judged by their fruits, and this man has borne rich fruit. They revere him in our neighbor city of Portland where he occupied the pulpit of Beth Israel for six years from 1900 to 1906. He drafted the child labor law of Oregon, and was conspicuously active in its enforcement. He initiated legislation for a juvenile court, for the indeterminate sentence, for the parole of first offenders. When he left Portland to return to New York, the city of his youth, the prominent citizens gave him a banquet. The Governor of Oregon was there, and the Mayor of Portland, and many other officials. The hope was expressed that some day he might return to them, and stay.

It is not likely that he will. New York was an earlier love. Born in Budapest in 1872 on St. Patrick's Day (the Jews and the Irish, by the way, have a mysterious community of feeling), Stephen Wise went to New York as a boy. He was graduated from Columbia, and occupied the pulpit of the Madison Avenue Synagogue from 1893 till 1900. Then he spent six years in Portland. He was called to New York by the trustees of the Temple Emanu-El. The pulpit of Emanu-El was vacant, and the trustees were looking for the right man to fill it. Perhaps a hundred rabbis had preached here during the vacancy. The day after Rabbi Wise spoke to the congregation of Emanu-El the trustees waited on him. They told him he was the pastor they wanted. In the course of the conversation it came out that the trustees were in the habit of controlling the utterances of the pastor of Emanu-El, and that Rabbi Wise would have to submit to this condition.

Do you know what Emanu-El means to Jews? It is the wealthiest Jewish church corporation in America. Its house of worship is a four-million dollar structure. Among its trustees are the Schiffs, the Strausses, the Untermeyers, the Marshalls—the most powerful Jews in the country. Its pastor is considered by virtue of his position the spiritual leader of his people. To hold that pastorate is the supreme worldly ambition of an American rabbi. And here was a young man of thirty-four who could have that pulpit for the asking.

Rabbi Wise declared that he must be free to utter his views on any subject he chose to discuss. He declared that he would not subject his independence to any board of trustees. He declined the call to Emanu-El.

That experience was the inspiration of the Free Synagogue. Rabbi Wise founded this institution in 1907, and declared that it was to be "as free as the ancient prophets of Israel." That declaration he has made good. There are many Jews who will tell you that the spiritual leadership of American Jewry has passed from Emanu-El to Carnegie Hall. For it is in Carnegie Hall that Rabbi Wise preaches every Sunday, and more than two thousand worshipers are present at every service. He has half a million pledged for a synagogue. When he has a million the synagogue will be erected. Having seen him raise twenty-two thousand dollars in sixty minutes I am confident he will get that million before he is much older.

I am interjecting these facts. My mind did not stray to them while I faced Rabbi Wise. When you are talking to a bundle of electricity like him you stick to the matter in hand.

"Don't you think we shall ever have to fight for our country?" I asked him, having read about his remarks at the Commonwealth Club where he voiced his opposition to preparedness.

"We may," he answered, "if we do not attempt calmly and in a peaceful spirit to reach a better understanding with Japan. Why not preparedness for peace? Don't you think we should spend more time thinking about peace and less time thinking about war? If there is one thing this war has demonstrated it is the racial will to live. This war has shown that no race can monopolize the desire to perpetuate itself. This love of race is stronger in men than love of wife and husband, of parent and child. It exists in little Serbia as well as in great France or Germany. It exists in my people. Four thousand years ago they had a couple of caravans. See what the will to live has done for them. It exists in Japan. This country, in its attitude toward Japan, is too much under the influence of Californian sentiment. There is something hostile to Japan in the air here. Here is a problem of peace, for it can be solved peacefully if we put our minds to it."

Dr. Wise jumped from his chair. There were duties pressing. Over the telephone, while he talked, there had come some more subscriptions to his fund for the Jews of Palestine. I know not how many matters were claiming his attention that morning. I know not how many addresses he had to make before nightfall. He is an indefatigable worker. Five hours of sleep are all he allows himself. He has the look of a deep student, especially in the eyes, but of a healthy, an athletic student. As he sprang from his chair he radiated energy and a smile. In repose his face has a sort of shy, wistful melancholy. In his pictures he is stern, frowning. But when he talks his pale face lights up, and when he smiles he warms you and makes you smile too.

As he jumped up Elder Brother Otto took out his watch.

"Six minutes," he said, looking at me. "You've won!"

I'd have smiled at that, only I was smiling already. You cannot take Dr. Wise's hand in greeting or goodbye without answering his smile.

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Perspective Impressions

Why should anybody be astounded to find Greece slippery?

"Something to worry about: Professor David Starr Jordan will lecture here tonight."—New York Telegraph, November 14.

The sentiment is admirable, but why demote our only chancellor?

To stop school children from "playing hookey" Chicago will install moving pictures in the class rooms. Pretty soon youngsters who are eager to learn will have to stay away from school altogether.

Some people are so enslaved by custom that not to have turkey on Thanksgiving fills them with melancholy.

Long engagements are conducive to many embarrassments as the President is now finding out.

The habit of watching and waiting is so strong that it had to be indulged even between the popping of the question and the tying of the knot.

"I fear the Greeks," said Laocoon when he saw the wooden horse, "though they come with gifts in their hands." For ways that are dark the Greeks still remain peculiar.

The physical monstrosity who was sentenced to death by Dr. Haiselden is certainly better off than the doctor, for the doctor is now writing the story of his own life which reads very much like the story of an ass.

If Dr. Haiselden is really for race betterment somebody in whom he has confidence should put him onto himself, and advise him that this is no case wherein to refrain from an operation.

Warden Osborne says the worst scoundrels in Sing Sing are lawyers. To which a lawyer might proudly reply: Corruptio optimi, pessima.

It would be to the advantage of the Allies to have England begin conscription in Parliament.

Says the Examiner: "Lottery agents still ply their trade." And the Examiner is still an agent of the clairvoyants who will tell you just how to get rich without buying a lottery ticket.

C'Est La Guerre; Que Voulez-Vous?

By Madeline L. Doty

I wanted to see France. The land of the battlefield would be revealing. Germany is grim, bitter, reckless and determined; England busy and outwardly normal. What should I find in a country in the hands of the enemy? It was ten p. m. when I reached Paris. London at night is dark, but Paris is black. There was not a ray of light in the street when I stepped from the cab to my lodging place. Silent, dark and motionless lay the city. In that one swift glance I knew Paris was not Paris.

The next day I began to explore. I wandered up and down streets, in and out of shops, and drank coffee at sidewalk cafés. The streets were filled, taxis clattered past, the driver's whip snapped, but it was a totally unfamiliar Paris. The lightness, the color, the gaiety, the brilliant women, the smiling men, the wit, the bubbling laughter and song, had vanished. The Opera House sparkled in the sunshine, hurrying people crowded the Avenue de l'Opéra, the sidewalk cafés of the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens were filled, but with a sober, sad, black-clad people. I saw that practically every woman was in mourning; even the street women wore black. And the men? Grey-haired men drove cabs, white-haired, bent-shouldered waiters served drinks; but straight, upstanding young men there were none. I say none, that is not true. A one-legged Turco, scarcely more than a boy, went hustling by on crutches with an empty red-trouser leg flapping aimlessly. Paris is full of cripples. Legless, armless, blind men, all young, passed in a steady stream. As I watch that procession of cripples and women in black, intermittently comes the hoot-hoot of a speeding automobile. Before that sound all gives way. Great grey auto-ambulances emblazoned with red crosses rush suffering burdens to hundreds of hospitals all over Paris. Then comes a whirring, rushing sound. All eyes are turned upward. Like great birds, five or six aeroplanes dip and dive and skim over the spires of Paris. Paris does not fear Zeppelins. Her own aeroplanes are too active.

For France is awake—France is alert. She is proud and heroic. She says nothing and fights bravely on. But the heart and life of Paris are being crushed. It is impossible to see this and remain idle. I offer my services as assistant nurse at the American ambulance, and am accepted.

I am of the Peace Society, but there was no peace talk. When the enemy is in the backyard it is like having a burglar in the house. In such a crisis, to dilate on the treatment of burglars is useless. The householder has but one desire, to drive the invader out. It may be that in so doing he will smash himself and his house, but as the Frenchman says with a significant shrug: "C'est la guerre. Que voulez-vous?" How often that phrase struck my ears. In the operating room, at the death bed, or when I shuddered at sight of hundreds of little white crosses in a meadow, telling of a bloody battle, I hear the voice of the soldier proclaiming: "C'est la guerre. Que voulez-vous?" In all the city there is only one topic of conversation—war. In all the city, activity centres around the wounded, the needy and the necessities of life. While the men of the earth destroy, patiently the women struggle against the tide of destruction. In hospital, business and home they labor to save, to build, to create. The women are very busy, for in a house of mourning there is work to be done. The shops are crowded. Supplies must be bought. But these tragic-faced women buy quickly. There is but one color to choose—black. Gay dresses and evening wraps may be bought for a song. Who is there to buy?

Wherever I go my little red cross, sign of the hospital, wins favor. A torn skirt is humbly mended on bended knees, and when I offer a fee, the money is pushed back into my hands with the words: "pour les blesses." No service is too great. For out of the suffering of war has come gentleness. No cross word is spoken. Ready hands help one another. Strangers talk in the street. I see weeping women stop to tell each other their story. Vainly I search for signs of heartlessness or gaiety. The Montmartre district is closed. The paint is peeling from the front of the Moulin Rouge, and the theatre door sags on its hinges. The Folies Bergére was open, and I went there. It was a dreary performance—no lightness—no gay little jokes, no evening dresses in evidence. Even the street women, clad in black, plied their trade cheerlessly.

I remembered the conversation of my neighbors in a restaurant. Unknown woman to soldier home on leave: "Can't you stay over this evening?" Soldier: "No." Woman: "I don't want any money; I want to be with you and talk." Soldier: "Why?" Woman: "Paris is so boring—there are no men."

Promptly at eleven the Folies Bergére closes. There are no side shows, no bar, no visible supper resorts. When I reach the Metro, I find to my consternation it is closed for the night. No way to reach Neuilly and the hospital, which is just beyond one of the Paris gates. Taxi after taxi refuses aid, until a driver, who lives at Neuilly, agrees to take me home. I breathe a sigh of relief. The night before I had had an experience with black Paris nights. When I stepped from the Metro, shortly after ten, all lights were out. I groped my way to the Porte Maillot, for there a policeman with flickering light stood guard. But when he was passed there was total blackness; the blackness of a lonely country road at midnight. Only by the curb-stone can I tell when I have walked a block. How many blocks are there between the gate and my lodging place? I do not know. I am as completely lost as if in a desert. I stand on the corner and listen. Presently there comes a masculine tread. Then out of the darkness I speak—"I don't know where I am or where I live." All Paris is kind. My unknown, unseen friend conducts me to my front door. Next day I change my boarding place to one at the entrance to the Metro.

At eight every morning a hospital car takes me to the American ambulance, where I work until six. It is a busy life. At first I turn in horror from those swollen, red, raw, pus-flowing wounds occupying the place of an arm or leg or a portion of a face. But in twenty-four hours I am dressing these wounds, self-forgotten.

On the second morning as I hurry down a long hospital corridor, I see a familiar face. A short, dark-haired, dark-eyed young man is coming towards me. He is one of the wounded, and his right arm is gone. His eye catches mine. He stops bewildered. Then comes recognition. It is Zeni Peshkoff—Maxim Gorky's adopted son. Eight years ago when this man was a boy, I had known him in America. I

grasp the left hand, and my eyes drop before the empty right sleeve. But Zeni Peshkoff is still gay, laughing Zeni. He makes light of his trouble. Not until later did I understand how terrible is the suffering in the arm that does not exist, or see how he struggled to use that which is not.

The wounded do not like to talk war. Their experiences have been too terrible. They try to forget. War is no longer a series of gallant deeds. It is a matter of bursting shells. One man with leg blown off had never even seen the enemy. Bayonet charges after months of waiting are almost a relief. But a normal man does not enjoy running his bayonet into his fellow-man. It can be done only under intense excitement.

Only one soldier spoke with gusto of the Germans he had killed. This man had had his lower face shot away. A wounded German lying on the ground had arisen on his elbow and shot him. "Then," said the Frenchman, "I took my bayonet, and ran him clean through. He said: 'Ugh,' I ran him through again, and he was dead." To most men those bayonet charges are like some mad dreams.

I asked Zeni Peshkoff, Socialist, what his sensations were when he went out to kill. "It didn't seem real; it doesn't now. Before my last charge, the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came, and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings."

It is this unreality that sustains men. Germans are not human beings—only the enemy. For the French soldier loathes war, and longs for peace. He fights for one object—a permanent peace. He does not want standing armies and giant navies. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I ask one soldier. "No, thank God!" is the reply. "But why?" I ask. "Because," comes the fierce answer, "if I had a son I would rather he deserted than see what I have seen." This man is not unusual. The soldiers—not the women—are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."

In the hospital the truth is spoken. No soldier wants to go back to battle. Yet he goes, and every man in France goes willingly. What else is there to do? The enemy is in the land.

When will it end? "I don't know when war will end," says a soldier, "but I know where it will end—in the trenches." More and more it grows clear that the test is to be endurance—not victories. Who can hold out longest?

On one of my last days in Paris I went to the Invalides. Some wounded soldiers were being decorated. The place was packed. Weeping relatives came to honor their brave men. A mother with a babe stood beside me. Tears are on her cheeks, but pride shines in her eyes, as a blind husband is led to his place. Then a band strikes up, and out across the courtyard move a hundred legless, armless and blind men. God! can this be real. Yes, there is the Commander-in-Chief bestowing kisses and pinning on medals. I shut my eyes. I see France as she will be in a few years—swarming with cripples. I see young men made old and helpless, fingering medals.

A Nation-Wide Defense Movement

December Sixth Is Designated "Defense Day"—Mayor Mitchell's Committee of One Thousand Headed by Cardinal Farley—Bryan's Home Invaded by Security League

Of all ephemeral ditties in the world of balladry none had a shorter career than that once popular lyric "I Didn't Raise My Son to Be a Soldier." In the last days of July, 1914, the song was on multitudinous lips. School superintendents all over this broad land were ordering it sung as a hymn before lessons. Club women were singing it while absorbing culturine. College professors were making it the text of their most solemn pacific sermons. But lo! the war broke out, and in August, 1914, not Carnegie himself had the moral courage to call for his favorite anthem. Now the air appears to be a-throb with something like the war spirit. The prevailing sentiment is that we shouldn't raise a son to be a mollycoddle. Sister Mary is making battle flags for brother. Polo players caparisoned for the cavalry charge are taking lessons on the tented field. The mildest of men, most pacific of Presidents, is for preparedness with a big P.

Here in California we are organizing a regiment against "The Day," but we have not been roused to the fervor of the East. In that section of the country where munition works have been destroyed and passenger ships have been freighted with bombs; where, in short, the war has been brought to the front door there is a deep feeling of resentment and a furious passion for preparedness. Last week Mayor Mitchell of New York appointed a committee of one thousand on national defense. He has enlisted in the scheme men from every walk of life, churchmen, professional men, business men, specialists in various fields, a veritable army to represent the multitudinous affairs of the city in forwarding a campaign that has now assumed a place of major importance in the minds of Americans everywhere. Cornelius Vanderbilt heads the executive committee of seven members. Ever since the mayor returned to his office from his month of intensive military training under the regular army officers at Plattsburg he and Mr. Vanderbilt have been perfecting plans to array the city's talent on the side of preparedness. The men who have been selected are, in the opinion of the mayor, a guarantee that President Wilson will have the support in the coming session of Congress of such a body of citizens as is calculated to bring very vividly before the national legislators the grave responsibility they are under to provide adequately for an army and navy in which the people of the country can have the fullest reliance. The general committee has at the head of it Cardinal Farley. With Mr. Vanderbilt on the executive committee are Cleveland H. Dodge, Alexander M. White, George W. Perkins, William N. Dykman, Bernard M. Baruch and Willard D. Straight.

In making public the personnel of both committees Mayor Mitchell said:

"I am glad that the membership of the Committee of One Thousand on national defense has been completed and that I have been able today to appoint these gentlemen to serve with the executive committee.

"A great deal of educational work is still necessary even in this city to bring home to our citizens an understanding at once of the utter lack at present of adequate means of national defences and of the urgent and imperative necessity for those defences on land and sea. This committee and the fifty or sixty kindred committees appointed by mayors throughout the country should find an immediate opportunity for great usefulness in promoting a popular understanding of the real facts in this matter.

"It should be the function of this committee also, by developing local support, to assist the President and his technical advisers in securing from the coming Congress the legislation necessary to the establishment of a permanent and adequate system of national defense.

"This is an undertaking which will appeal to every loyal American citizen and to which every American citizen should give his active help."

The general committee is composed of Cardinal Farley, George McAneny, William A. Prendergast, Marcus M. Marks, Lewis H. Pounds, Douglas Mathewson and Maurice E. Connolly.

Meanwhile Dr. Jordan is lecturing through the East for the Carnegie propaganda, but only folks of the Chautauqua breadth of brow are listening to him. A great military show of six days' duration has been pulled off by the civic and military authorities at Madison Square Gardens designed to demonstrate the needs of the country, and Jordan is hardly able to prove himself a counter attraction.

All the while the American Defense Society is active. It has undertaken to compel the Administratiton at Washington to make public the reports and recommendations of the navy's General Board and the General Staff of the army in the matter of national preparedness.

The society takes the stand that when Congress comes to legislate on questions of defense this winter it should have at its disposal data prepared by the military experts of the army and navy. Col. C. T. Thompson, chairman of the society, has declared the Administration could be compelled to give publicity to the reports of military experts only by public sentiment.

"So far the people have been allowed to have only the Administration program," said Col. Thompson. 'How is this program to be discussed without the opinions of the army and navy experts and advisory board?

"Should this effort for 'pitiless publicity' of the expert recommendations prove unavailing the American Defense Society proposes to inclue the demand for information in the demonstrations it is arranging for 'Defense Day,' December 6, the date on which Congress will assemble.

"In compliance with requests from the society the Governors of several States have designated December 6 as 'Defense Day' and have issued proclamations to this end. The Governor of Maryland is reported as the first of several to make this designation."

Meanwhile the example of Mayor Mitchell is being followed by mayors all over the country. Forty have already appointed National Defense Committees. Mayor Rolph is not among them,

(Continued on Page 17.)

Poems About San Franciscans

III—AGNES TOBIN ("THE LADY OF MY DELIGHT")

By Alice Meynell

(Agnes Tobin of the well known San Francisco family has a position in one of the most important literary sets of England, the London set which is dominated by Wilfred and Alice Meynell. Miss Tobin's position therein was determined by her literary accomplishments: she is recognized as the author of the best English translations of Petrarch. And her position in that set was strengthened by her gifts of personality. It has been said of Agnes Tobin that she has "a genius for friendship," and said by no less a personage than H. G. Wells. Alice Meynell dedicated to her bosom friend Agnes Tobin one of the earlier volumes of her exquisite verse. The following is the dedicatory poem. "The Lady of My Delight" it is called, and that is the phrase which Mrs. Meynell applies to Miss Tobin. This poem is already a classic. It has gone into more than one anthology. It can be found, for instance, in Burton Stevenson's fine "Home Book of Verse.")

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

The Spectator

Madame Tingley and the Theosophists

My attention has been called to the fact that certain derogatory statements in these columns in the issue of October 16 with reference to Madame Tingley and the International Theosophical Society of Point Loma were grounded in misinformation. I have been able to satisfy myself that I was misinformed, and I am therefore eager to set the matter right. I have no quarrel with the philosophy of life as taught by the Theosophists. My comments were apropos the contest of the will of the late Albert G. Spaulding. By reason of that contest the Theosophical Society is brought to public notice. In seeking to throw light on the society I relied on information that seemed authoritative with the result that I find myself guilty of injustice and this I sincerely regret and hasten to proclaim. It has always been the policy of Town Talk, cheerfully adhered to through the years, to correct its own errors, which happily have been few and far between.

Zone Shows That Pay

"It is at first thought a curious thing," remarked my friend, The Only Man in the City Who Has Done the Fair Systematically, "that none of the Zone attractions east of the fire house have made money. The pay streak runs from the Fillmore street entrance to the circus or plaza or whatever you call it, and there it peters out. It is curious at first thought, but when you come to consider it there is an easy explanation. The pleasure seekers don't go up the Zone past the fire house in any great numbers. The crowds you see there at times are either coming into the Fair or they are going out. They are not 'doing' the attractions at that end in any considerable numbers. The shows that have paid are west of the fire house. 'Stella' has paid. She is inexpensive and she has been wonderfully advertised. By the way, she is going from the Fair to Los Angeles, and thence to San Diego. If her chaperons take a place on Broadway in Los Angeles can't you see the business she'll do? All the reformers, cranks, pharisees, elders of the church, pulpit pounders, Iowans, Kansans, Nebraskans, prohibitionists, vegetarians et cetera et cetera will flock from all over Chemical Purityville to give themselves a taste of high life and naughtiness by investing ten cents and giving 'Stella' the 'once over.' Other shows that have paid are the Temple of Palmistry, the 'Escorial' picture, Madame Ellis and 'Captain,' Judell's Smoke Shop, the carrousel and one of the scenic railways. After the Fair is over I'll tell you about the shows that didn't pay. That's too sad a subject just now."

Outwitting Frank Burt

My friend's mention of the Temple of Palmistry as one of the Zone shows that pays reminds me of a little story. It is the story of how an astute lawyer outwitted Frank Burt. Frank Burt, the director of concessions, is without doubt the most unpopular man on the Fair grounds. If you don't believe this, just mention his name to a concessionaire. The Temple of Palmistry is owned by Captain Lewis, Fred Salih and M. Naiffy. It did a big business from the start. This fact may or may not have been the reason why Frank Burt went out of his way to harass the three concessionaires. The Temple of Palmistry had the right to charge a maximum fee of one dollar. Burt ordered that this be reduced to twenty-five cents. The concessionaires resisted, and Burt soon made it clear that he intended to abolish the Temple of Palmistry as he had abolished other concessions. Hugo K. Asher was attorney for the three concessionaires, and he had about given up hope of saving the concessionaires their investment when a slight dispute arose between them. This gave Asher an idea. He commenced an action to dissolve the partnership and had a receiver appointed. This receiver, Joe Blaise, has been in charge of the concession ever since, despite the fact that Burt has made a dozen demands for his dismissal. Burt doesn't dare interfere with the courts, and the Temple of Palmistry keeps on making money!

A Copyrighted Miracle

While I am speaking of Asher I may as well tell another Zone story. You have probably seen the attraction known as "The Shadow of the Cross." It is a picture showing the Savior. As you look at it there appears across the shoulders of the figure the shadow of a cross. Asher went in to see this picture a few days ago. He listened attentively to the talk of the gentlemanly attendant. According to this authority the picture is a miraculous picture. The artist performed a miracle when his brush put this wonder on canvas. Also according to this authority, the artist was never able to

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repeat the miracle, and none has ever been able to imitate it.

"May I ask a question?" said Asher when the "spieler" had finished.

"Certainly," answered the "spieler."

"If this picture is a miraculous picture," inquired Asher, "and if neither the artist himself nor anybody else has been able to imitate this picture, why was it considered necessary to have it copyrighted?"

Asher pointed to the copyright on the picture as he spoke. The gentlemanly attendant was overcome and could not answer.

He Killed the Sport of Kings

When Peter De Lacy died in New York last week the newspapers of the metropolis referred to him as the man who organized the movement against racing in this country. They said it was Peter De Lacy who wiped out of existence the race tracks of New York and New Jersey. It would be natural to assume that Peter De Lacy was a great moralist and reformer. Assuredly no great moralist or reformer ever scored a bigger triumph than De Lacy's. He started a movement in the name of reform that swept the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. By that movement investments representing millions of dollars were destroyed. Race tracks and stock farms were swept away, and men of wealth, among them our own Tom Williams, who pased away the other day, were reduced to poverty. Yet we have never heard of Peter De Lacy as a moralist or reformer. He is not listed among the righteous. Rudolph Spreckels, the father of reform bloomers, describes himself in Who's Who as a civic reformer, but Who's Who doesn't tell us anything about Peter De Lacy. The probability is that Mr. Spreckels himself never heard of De Lacy, though he is today a disciple of De Lacy's, having persuaded himself that it is dreadfully wrong to bet on a horse race or to permit betting on horse races. Mr. Spreckels is the moraleist of moralists. Now Peter De Lacy never had any such delusions about himself. Peter De Lacy had no objection to gambling either in Wall street or on a track. Peter De Lacy was himself a gambler, a gambler on races and on cards, and his objection to the race-track game was that it interfered with his game. There was a vast difference between Reformer De Lacy and the average reformers we are familiar with hereabouts. There was nothing of the Pharisee in De Lacy. A gambler, a keeper of faro games and poolrooms, he asked nothing of his fellows except that they let him alone. To deny him that was to incur his everlasting hatred.

A Triumph of Personal Spite

Peter De Lacy died last week at the age of 71 leaving an estate valued at one million dollars. His life had been one of active fighting that began in the days of his callow youth in the old Seventh Ward, where he was born of Irish parents. When firemen had to fight rivals with their fists as well as flames with water young Pete De Lacy was in the thick of the ructions. When Sumter was fired upon young De Lacy, like so many of the volunteer fire laddies of his day, donned the blue and marched away to the blare of bands to do his part for the Union. He fought throughout the war and then he went back to his native Manhattan, where for a short time his comings and goings were of so little moment that no record remains of that brief period of his career. One day, almost half a century ago, says a local gambler who knew De Lacy well, lower Manhattan, which until very recent years the sporting men made the field of their efforts, heard that a young man named Peter De Lacy had opened rooms for faro and roulette playing at 13 Ann street. In the city's public schools De Lacy had gathered whatever of elemental mathematics was necessary for his "business" purposes, and with this, plus an innate aggressiveness, he began the piling up of a bankroll which a generation ago had reached six figures. In the early eighties De Lacy went into partnership with John Hackett in a poolroom in Park Row. Both were influential in politics and never until Mayor Grace's term was their place ever closed by the police. Later he met with opposition from the Vanderbilts, Belmonts and others interested in race tracks, and by way of revenge he started agitation for a constitutional amendment which virtually meant the end of horse racing. When the amendment was passed De Lacy's picture was published in all the New York papers with the statement that the amendment was for him a "great triumph of personal spite."

A Clergyman His Battle Mate

The somewhat extraordinary fact is that the virtuous uplifters who voted to put an end to racing were the unconscious tools of gamblers who were eager to punish horse owners for striving to purify racing. The odd spectacle of De Lacy still adding to his wealth as a poolroom king and De Lacy head of a "reform" movement to interfere with racing was first presented about twenty-five years ago. His fighting qualities which later on were to make him a source of irritation to the Whitneys, Belmonts, Sturgises and Thompsons and other wealthy men interested in racing got under way at the old Linden track near Elizabeth, N. J. New Jersey race track promoters took the ground that news of the races on their track was their property and if poolroom men wanted the news direct from the track they must pay $100 a day for the service. De Lacy did not want to pay the sum demanded, and after many ingenious methods of flashing the news surreptitiously from the tracks to the poolrooms had been discovered and stopped, he allied himself with the Rev. Dr. Kempshall, a Presbyterian clergyman of Elizabeth, and other reformers to fight the racing men. The fight resulted in the closing of the Linden track and then De Lacy started a racing war in Monmouth county which closed the Long Branch track for a year and, with the adoption of the New Jersey anti-racing law in 1894, closed the Monmouth and all other Jersey tracks permanently. De Lacy next started a battle in New York by leading a fight against the Brooklyn Jockey Club. The fight went on until by 1903 De Lacy was not only banging away at the track owners, but was haling the bookies themselves into court in an effort to stop layers' operations on the tracks. About the last of De Lacy's activities was the operation of a poolroom exchange in a house he owned in Forty-second street. The clean-up of the tenderloin which Police Inspector John Daly undertook was perfected when Daly closed De Lacy's exchange for good. A part of the fortune which

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De Lacy is said to have amassed is in valuable real estate holdings on Broadway and side streets in the tenderloin section.

Polk and the Clockwinder

"There goes a man with a big heart," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, just as John A. McGregor, the president of the Union Iron Works, passed by.

"He's a clubmate of mine," said Willis Polk. "He belongs to the Pacific-Union."

"I don't know what clubs he belongs to," said the clockwinder ,"but I know his heart is bleeding for the men who are fighting in Europe."

"You don't say so."

"Why shouldn't I say so? Is there anything incredible in my assertion?"

"No," said Polk, "but it occurs to me that McGregor is making a lot of money out of the war in Europe. He's building submarines. It doesn't make his heart bleed to build submarines, does it?"

"There you go, you incorrigible little cynic. You think it's paradoxical for a man to build submarines and feel sorry for the folks who are killed by them. Now if you don't believe what I say ask Mr. McGregor, and he'll tell you himself that he's contributing his spare change to the Red Cross. He told me so the other day."

"What day?"

"I don't remember what day, but it was the same day the despatches told of the sinking of a Red Cross ship by a submarine."

A Talk With Gallagher

The clockwinder attended the meeting of the Board of Supervisors last Monday, and after the meeting he buttonholed the distinguished Mr. Gallagher.

"You have a fine heart," said the water front sage, "but there's something wrong with your head."

"What's the matter with it?" Mr. Gallagher asked.

"You said at the meeting that the water question 'was sacred and shouldn't be used for politics.' That was your heart talking. Then you said that because the people refused to buy Spring Valley they implied that they meant to demand the building of Hetch-Hetchy. That was your nut talking."

"I don't understand," said Gallagher.

"I'll explain. It is not at all unlikely that the people voted against Spring Valley because they have lost faith in the gang of politicians who have been handling this water problem. It may be that they are sorry they ever voted for Hetch-Hetchy. The fact is that many of them voted for Hetch-Hetchy thinking they never would need Spring Valley. A good many of them have concluded that it is a political job from beginning to end. If you really want to know what the people want at this time why not ask them by means of the referendum? Perhaps they will tell you to burn the bonds and either fix reasonable rates or buy Spring Valley and develop its sources of supply.

The Examiner and the I. Y. C.

The current number of The Mainsheet, the breezy organ of the Indoor Yacht Club, had some very unkind things to say about the Examiner and one of its chief editors. The Examiner started hostilities by speaking disrespectfully of the club during the primary campaign, and The Mainsheet promptly accepted battle and made a fierce drive at the Examiner trenches. The Examiner's counter-offensive is now under way. It consists, I have been given to understand, of a general order to all Examiner men commanding them to sever connection with the Indoor Yacht Club. As there are a number of Examiner men in the club the order is causing considerable excitement. I understand that any Examiner man caught with a copy of The Mainsheet in his possession will be backed against a wall and pumped full of dum dums by the "firing" squad.

Crowding the Newsboys

The Bulletin and the Call have raised the price of papers on the newsboys. The boys used to buy their papers for a cent apiece. They made a cent on every paper they sold. Now they have to pay a cent and a quarter per paper. They get four papers for five cents where they used to get five. To the ordinary newsboy this means a decrease of about twenty-five cents in daily earnings, a serious matter. Figuring that the two afternoon papers sell about ten thousand copies apiece on the streets, the raise means a difference of twenty-five dollars a day in their favor. When the Call reduced the price of a paper from five cents to a penny, the newsboys were not anxious to sell Calls. There was more money in Bulletins. So The Call paid boys a bonus of a dollar a day to handle the paper. That brought the Bulletin into line, and it too reduced to a penny. Then the price was raised by agreement to two cents. The papers working together had the newsboys at their mercy. So when they added a quarter of a cent to the cost a few days ago the newsboys were powerless to resist.

Long Distance Love

Dr. Martin Meyer, pastor of the Congregation Emanu-El, introduced Dr. Stephen Wise to the great Jewish mass meeting in Dreamland Sunday night. Dr. Meyer used to be pastor of a synagogue in Brooklyn, and the friendship he formed for Dr. Wise at that time has never been interrupted. Naturally his speech of introduction took the form of panegyric. Dr. Wise has a keen sense of humor, and he did not let slip the opportunity of a joke at Dr. Meyer's expense. After solemnly commissioning Dr. Meyer to preach his funeral sermon, Dr. Wise added:

"The glowing eulogy with which Dr. Meyer has introduced me shows how rabbis love one another—when they are three thousand miles apart!"

Little Hazard in Breweries

A reduction of 35 per cent in employers' liability insurance for employes of Missouri breweries went into effect last week. This virtually is the only industry in which the rates were cut. The new schedule shows an average increase of about 33 per cent in rates. The brewery rate was reduced from 42 cents to 27 cents per $100 of pay roll, and the distillery rate was increased from 75 cents to $1.25. The companies did not decrease the brewery rates out of friendliness to the brewery owners, was the declaration of E. V. Thompson, president of the Insurance Federation of Missouri. "The

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cut in rates was ordered," he explained, "after reports showing the experience of all the casualty companies in Missouri had been filed with the Workmen's Compensation Bureau of New York. The reports showed that the accidents in breweries have been constantly decreasing. The lowness of the new brewery rates indicates that the insurance companies do not regard the drinking of light beers as causing any addition to the hazard involved in the insuring of a factory full of employes."

Bryan Turned Him Down

I see that John Temple Graves, editorial writer for the Hearst papers, has been speaking on Preparedness under the auspices of the Navy League. We know John Temple Graves in this city, for he spoke here during that amazing campaign when "Honest Tom" Hisgen was a candidate for the presidency and Graves a candidate for the vice-presidency on Hearst's Independence League ticket. He is a dapper little man who wears yellow kid gloves on the stump, a circumstance which filled Daniel O'Connell and other local Independence Leaguers with vague alarm. The Independence League was described by a local wag as "a pay roll, not a party," and the local members never wore any kind of gloves except when they happened to officiate as pallbearers. So they were not entirely sure of the purity of Graves' motives when they discovered that he not only kept his trousers creased but also clothed his hands. Graves is a good speaker of the spread-eagle variety. I suppose he is in the Navy League as the representative of Hearst. He suffered a rebuff a few days ago. The Navy League challenged Bill Bryan to a joint debate on Preparedness and named Graves as its speaker. Colonel "Bob" Thompson, the genial head of the League, pointed out that Graves was a foeman worthy of Bryan's steel since both had been defeated on a national ticket. But Bryan stated that he would only debate with Roosevelt or Taft. Whereupon a Leaguer remarked that Bryan probably thought that he outclassed Graves since he had three defeats to his credit while Graves could boast only of one.

Learning American

William Bailey Lamar presided at a luncheon given at the Fairmont last Friday in honor of Henry Torchiana, the Consul General of the Netherlands here and also representative of the Netherlands at our World's Fair. The speakers had many pleasant things to say about the popular guest of honor, and when he was called upon to speak he told a few things about himself. Torchiana has a sense of humor and appreciates a joke at his own expense. The things he told of himself were jokes at his own expense. Among other good stories he told of his difficulty in mastering American slang when he first came to California. Torchiana learned English in Holland, but it was the pure English of the universities and did not take cognizance of slang. One day a neighbor of Torchiana's (he was then farming in Merced county) spoke of a man as being "up against it." Torchiana was puzzled. He went to all his dictionaries for an explanation of the phrase, but without finding one. Finally he spoke to the man who had used the puzzling words.

"What do you mean," he asked, "when you say that a man is 'up against it?' I wish you would be kind enough to explain it to me."

"You can't explain it," was the terse reply; "you've got to feel it."

The Troubles of Rabelais

Is Francois Rabelais an undesirable immigrant? Shall the jolly old boy be turned back from our gates as we turn back a Chinese with trachoma or a damsel with light morals? It is a portentous question which confronts Collector of Customs Davis and Special Deputy Collector Brown. It was raised when a local bookseller imported a choice volume of Rabelais from England. Collector Davis who used to be a Methodist parson at Hollister has his doubts about it; the deputy has his mind made up. Davis seeks more light; Brown declares that the creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel and Panurge and Friar John is offensive to chastity and must go the way he came. There is some talk of a jury of literary men to decide the matter. This is an attractive idea. Too bad the question of Rablais' fitness cannot be tested as was the question of Pantagruel's marriage. If we could only have it decided by the Oracle of the Bottle!

Some Expert Opinions

There are many authorities the pundits of the Custom House might consult concerning Rabelais. There is Francis Bacon who called him admiringly "the great jester of France." There is Francis I, king of France, who pronounced his book innocent and delectable. There is Cardinal Dubellay who cherished the book and heaped honors upon the author. Coming down to modern times and to an impartial judge, there is Coleridge. "Beyond a doubt," says Coleridge, "Rabelais was among the deepest as well as boldest thinkers of his day." And the great S. T. C. continues: "I could write a treatise in proof and praise of the morality and moral elevation of Rabelais' work which would make the Church stare, and the conventicle groan; and yet should be the truth and nothing but the truth." Coleridge put Rabelais with Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes and the other few creative minds of the world. In our own day George Saintsbury has said of Rabelais that he is "one of the foremost writers of the world."

The Other Side

Of course the admirers of Rabelais have not had it all their own way. Gabriel du Puits-Herbault, a monk, started the agitation against him in his own day. Calvin would have nothing to do with his book, which is not strange. It put the dryasdusts of the Sorbonne in an uproar, though the cardinals delighted in it. The Parliament suspended its sale, but only for a while; the king intervened, and the sale went merrily on. The work was undoubtedly considered to be tainted with indecency, even in the lax days of the Renaissance. But none has ever brought against it the more serious charge of refined and insidious voluptuousness, a charge which may be made against many works the Collector of Customs would never dream of barring from California. I await with interest the fate of the work. What is my own opinion in the matter? I say: Long live Alcofribas Nasier! If Collector Davis is an expert in anagrams he will get my meaning.

Hokus—Do I know Flubdub? I should say I do. Why, we have slept together.

Pokus—Used to be roommates, eh?

Hokus—No, not exactly that; but we used to occupy the same pew in church.

ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 2497; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, Minors.

HANAH C. RUNDLE-HOLTZ, Guardian of the persons and estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, minors, having filed in this Court her petition for an order permitting the sale of the personal property of the estate of said minors, and it satisfactorily appearing to the Court that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the wards that the personal estate mentioned in said petition should be sold, the hearing of said petition is hereby fixed by the Court for Wednesday, the 22nd day of December, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court-room of Department 10, Probate thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and all persons interested in said estate are notified then and there to appear before the Court and show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said personal property.

Dated, November 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

J. H. MORRIS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-4

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Spreckels Honored

It is a signal honor which has come to Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, that of an autograph message from Pope Benedict. This message which is written by the Pontiff on his photograph, takes the form of the apostolic blessing. It is couched in these words: "We send our heartfelt apostolic blessing to our dear daughter, Mme. Spreckels, and our congratulations for all that she has done in aid of the Belgians who have suffered so much and so long." In the history of San Francisco there are exceedingly few who have won such an honor. Mrs. Spreckels has deserved it. She has worked untiringly and unselfishly in a noble cause. She is still working heart and soul. The benefit now under way is proceeding splendidly, and at its conclusion Mrs. Spreckels will have another fine sum for the aid of the French and Belgian war victims.

The Success of Clare Payne

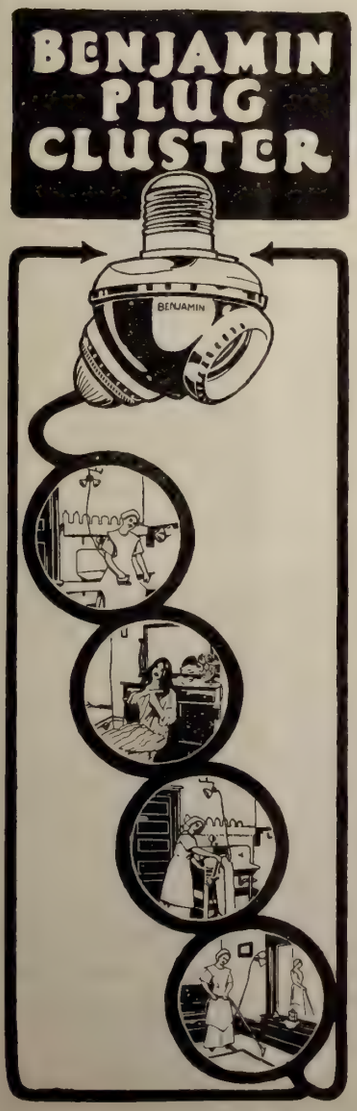
When Clare Payne of San Francisco applied for a marriage license in New York last March he was asked his occupation, and after a moment's hesitation replied: "Retired business man." If Clare Payne had been much of a business man before he retired nobody hereabouts was aware of it. After the fire he helped in the work of rehabilitating the large holdings of his mother Mrs. Theodore Payne; the rest of his time was devoted to society and having a good time. But soon after describing himself as a retired business man he became a business man in earnest. Now he is regarded as the livest real estate dealer in New York. His first investment was in a $700,000 apartment house which yields him $70,000 a year. This sort of thing brought him a lot of notice, but his most recent deal has made him a sort of real estate hero. He paid three millions for an unbuilt skyscraper, buying it on the strength of the architect's blue prints. The next day he was offered an advance of $50,000 for the property, but refused it. He was wise. He has just sold it for $3,5000,000. A profit of $500,000 in a month is not so bad! The property is at Fifth avenue and Forty-third street. It will be occupied by the Postal Insurance Company. They are saying in New York that Clare Payne has infused new life into the realty business there.

An Appeal from Tom

We all remember the time Beryl Whitney climbed out of the window of Mrs. Ely's fashionable school for girls and eloped by the light of the moon with Tom Graydon, the Harvard full back. That was some years ago. The romantic marriage didn't last, and Beryl Whitney Graydon later became Mrs. Wheeler. What became of Tom Graydon I had no idea until the other day when I received a throbbing appeal from him. It seems that Tom makes shoes in Cincinnati, and he feels that I ought to wear his leather. Tom who signs himself "Thomas H. Graydon, All-American Full Back, 1901, 1902" so that there may be no doubt of his identity, informs me that he is offering his shoes to only a few men in this city and that I am one of them. I appreciate the honor. Tom is almost too good to me. Reading his letter I am on the verge of thinking that all my troubles so far in life sprang from the fact that I didn't wear Tom's shoes. But I have an uneasy suspicion that Tom expects me to buy his shoes. Perhaps he is not honoring me as much as I thought.

Julia Arthur Back to the Stage

The other day we were told in the despatches that Julia Arthur had decided to return to the stage. Julia Arthur was pre-eminent among American actresses when she retired from the stage in the nineties shortly after a visit to this city with the Palmers, one of the finest stock companies that ever crossed the continent. She left the stage to become the wife of Benjamin Pierce Cheney of Boston. She returned to the stage last week in New York in a play called "The Eternal Magdalene." While she was rehearsing the play her husband was sued on a promissory note for $2,900. Mr. Cheney, who was graduated from Harvard in 1890, inherited half the estate of his father, Benjamin Pierce Cheney Sr., banker and capitalist, who died in 1890. Under the will the son received $100,000 at once and $150,000 in 1896, when he was thirty years old, and was to receive $50,000 on his thirty-fifth, fortieth, forty-fifth and fiftieth birthdays. The last installment would be payable, under the will, next year. Mr. Cheney succeeded his father as director of many financial institutions and railway companies. Mrs. Cheney says that her return to the stage was strictly a response to the call of the theatre, but from Boston comes the news that her husband is in financial distress. He lost heavily in the stock market shortly after the outbreak of the war, and he has been refused credit in the Touraine Hotel and Parker House.



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HOTEL PLAZA COMPANY

Society at Palace Hotel

With the announcement that a grand ball is planned for the Palace Hotel during December the new San Francisco Art Society has been launched. Its sponsors are a group of the leading society matrons of the city. They have undertaken to keep alive the delightful camaraderie which has grown up between the city's beau monde and the artistic and intellectual elite, during the development of the Exposition. This is not exactly a new departure for society, as those who remember the Hopkins Art Institute will recall. The present society will attempt to bring back that spirit, aided by what the Exposition has done toward reviving this feeling. The sponsors of the San Francisco Art Society are the Mesdames William H. Crocker, Phoebe A. Hearst, M. H. De Young, George A. Pope, Francis Carolan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, William Hinckley Taylor, Joseph Sadoc Tobin, John F. Boyd, James Athearn Folger, C. Frederick Kohl, William S. Tevis, Frederick W. McNear, James K. Moffitt, William Babcock, George A. Newhall, Augustus Taylor.

Grand Ball Planned

The first affair which the new organization will give takes place at the Palace Hotel, immediately after the close of the Exposition. The precise details are not ready to be announced, but that it will be something original and clever is promised. In all probability, the affair is to be a ball, in which society will appear in novel costumes, in gowns taken from the noted pictures of the Fine Arts Palace, with a series of pictures representing the canvasses of modern American painters by way of an interlude in the dance, or probably this will be kept for entertainment during supper. Besides its gayer, lighter side the Art Society has other motives. A lasting fraternity between art and society is to be created by the establishment of a scholarship fund for the development of the talent of gifted young people. Besides the substantial assistance which is to be afforded the encouragement of interest in the development of the art life of San Francisco will be engendered. That the purposes of the new society are well founded is shown in the fact that already over five hundred prominent men and women have joined this society. Headquarters are at present maintained at the Palace Hotel, and a series of entertainments there is one of the society's plans this winter.

The Prosperity Ball

As December 1, the date set for the Prosperity Ball at the Civic Auditorium draws near, it becomes more apparent that the event is to be a brilliant affair. Owing to the occurrence of the ball during the week set apart on the program of Exposition affairs as "Electrical Prosperity Week," the interior of the Auditorium is to be turned into a fairyland of light. The patroneses: Mesdames John A. Britton, John S. Drum, Marshall Hale, Homer King, E. D. Knight, Eleanor Martin, D. C. MacMaster, John F. Merrill, James Rolph Jr., C. C. Moore, M. H. De Young, J. B. Coryell, A. P. Black, Mariana Bertola, Wallace Bertholf, Max J. Brandenstein, Andrew Carrigan, Edmund Clifton, W. E. Colby, Frank P. Deering, E. G. Denniston, Robert C. Foute, John H. Gardner, Mark Gerstle, Percy S. King, William P. Lawlor, I. Lowenberg, Walter McGavin, Henry Payot, Henry Sahlein, James Shea, Gaillard Stoney, William S. Tubbs, Sidney Van Wyck, Robert Watt, Arthur Page, Emma Shafter Howard, Margaret Grote Hill, Hinckley Taylor, Ernest S. Simpson, Aylett R. Cotton, Matthew A. Harris, H. J. Huntington, Chas. R. Thorburn, Mackenzie Gordon, Peter Cook, David Henderson, J. H. Steinhart, Louis Hertz, Walter H. Degen, C. W. Foy, Julius Kahn, George McGowan, Frederick J. Koster, Frank W. Marston, John C. Kortick, William T. White and Miss Christine Hart.

Champagne Shortage

Now comes the disconcerting news from the war zone that there is to be very little French champagne sent here for some time. The monthly imports at New York show a decrease from an average of more than 24,000 cases to 4,000 cases. When this information was received in the East it was sad news indeed in the lobster palaces along Broadway's Great White Way, but here in California, and especially in San Francisco, the new condition has been accepted in a more philosophic manner. Our bon vivants were quick to meet the emergency by adopting a local champagne, and Paul Masson, vintage of 1908, has fallen heir to almost all of the patronage that was formerly showered on the French products. And as in the case of many other articles that we formerly insisted on getting from Europe, our best families seem determined to continue the use of Paul Masson even after the conclusion of peace in Europe, according to all the information I have been able to gather around town. It has required the great war in Europe to convince some people of the superiority of Paul Masson, but now that they have given it a fair trial they will have none other than this excellent California champagne.

Electricity for Heat

Electrically warmed rooms are one of the features to be demonstrated here next week, Electrical Prosperity Week. It is the purpose of the manufacturers to show the quantity of foul air formed by the burning of gas or oil for heating purposes. This is most injurious to health if not carried away, and if removed the quantity of cold air required for the replacement always reduced the room's temperature. Majestic electric heaters do not form any foul air, and the user of this appliance is not forced to contend with damp heat. There are no bad odors and no dirt, but convenience and heat when and where it is wanted. Majestic heat is warmed air unchanged chemically. These heaters are manufactured by the Majestic Electric Development Company, 428 O'Farrell street.

Dainty Gifts at Tavern

A new souvenir is now presented to the ladies at the Candy Dances at Techau Tavern. Specially packed and selected art boxes and fancy baskets of Lyon's Perfection California Glacé Fruits are given to the ladies each evening and these expensive gifts have won instant favor. The Pall Mall Cigarette Dances continue as usual, each gentleman being presented with a large box of Pall Mall cigarettes.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Film Plea for Preparedness

"The Battle Cry of Peace," considered the most remarkable motion picture ever made, is doing a great business at the Columbia where the second week of the run begins Sunday. The film shows how a foreign enemy could take advantage of our unpreparedness. It is crowded with thrills. There are such situations as the invasion of New York, the capture of Washington, the bombardment of the Atlantic seashore by the enemy's ships and the terrible havoc wrought by the monster field guns brought into the country by the attackers. Charles Richman, Norma Talmage and other favorites of the Vitagraph company are seen in the picture. The story is by J. Stuart Blackton, taken from Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America." The nine parts of the film are run to special music by an orchestra of twenty. There is a performance each afternoon at two-twenty and another at night at eight-twenty. All seats are reserved.

Tina Lerner Concerts

This Friday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium Tina Lerner, the beautiful young Russian piano virtuosa, will give her first concert. The program includes the most important of the Chopin sonatas, the one in B minor, Schumann's "Papillons" and important works by Brahms, Weber, Paganini-Liszt, Scriabine, Borodine, Liadow and other masters. The second and last concert will be given Sunday afternoon at the same place. There will be a flavor of romance to this event, as the artist will present the rarely heard "Concerto Pathetique" for two pianos by Liszt with her young husband Vladmir Shavitch is a very fine pianist who studied in Berlin at the same time and with the same teachers as Miss Lerner. There will be also the "Prelude, Fugue and Variations" by Cesar Franck, a "Prelude and Menuette" by Debussy and works by Chopin, Chopin-Rosental, Scriabine, Liszt and other masters. Tickets at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

Maud Powell

Manager Greenbaum's closing attraction for 1915 will be that superb violinist Maud Powell. Mme. Powell will give two programs at the Cort, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 12, and Tuesday afternoon, December 14.

The Gadski Concerts

Manager Greenbaum's next offering will be two concerts by Gadski. It is four seasons since we have heard her. The first program will be given Thursday afternoon, December 2, at the Cort. The program will include "Die Forelle," "Hark! Hark! the Lark!", "Nachtstueck" by Schubert, "Fur Musik" and "Wilkommen mein Wald " by Robert Franz, "Verborgenheit" by Hugo Wolff, "Weisse Wolken" by Eugen Haile, "Serenade" by Richard Strauss, "Above the Tree Tops" by Liszt and "Von ewiger Liebe" by Brahms. In English the diva will sing works by Louis V. Saar, Paul Eisler, Gilmour and Bohm. The program will conclude with two Wagnerian numbers, the exquisite "Song of Spring" from "Die Walkure" and a scene from Act I of "Tristan und Isolde." The farewell Gadski program will be given Sunday afternoon, December 5, with a complete change of program. Seats will be ready Monday at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase's and the Cort. Mail orders to Will Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

Gadski in Oakland

Under the auspices of the Music Section of the Oakland Teachers Association, Mme. Gadski will sing a special program in Oakland at the new Auditorium Opera House Monday night. The same scale of prices as at her San Francisco concerts will prevail.

S. F. Quintet Club

The third concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club, our leading chamber music organization, will be given in the ball room of the St. Francis on Thursday night, December 9. A string Quartet by Debussy, Quintet for flute and strings by Brandts Buys and a Quartet for piano and strings by Brahms will form the program. Tickets at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

Claude Gillingwater at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces as next week's feature Claude Gillingwater in a new play written for him by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler entitled "The Decision of Governor Locke." Gillingwater is supported by Stella Archer and what is said to be the best company in vaudeville. Eduardo and Elisa Cansoni, dancers to King Alfonso of Spain, share headline honors. They are poetry in motion, with the fire and vim of their race. Their dances are entirely new. Dave Claudius and Lillian Scarlet will introduce their musical melange "The Call of the Sixties." They are excellent banjoists who play old songs the audience is invited to sing. The Six Schiovanis are wonderful gymnasts. Eddie and Birdie Conrad offer a clever song and dance act in which they do a Chinese rag. B. Nairem's Swiss Canine Actors are fifty in number. The only holdovers will be the Five Annapolis Boys, and Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys who are creating a furore.

"The Bird" Scores Again

"The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's romantic play of the Hawaiian Islands, will begin its second week at the Cort Sunday evening. This pretty play which has appeared twice before in San Francisco seems to lose none of its popularity, judging by the audiences the past week. Miss Carlotta Monterey who plays the leading role of Luana, although a newcomer to this city, has become as popular, if not more so than those who preceded her. A popular matinee will be gicen on Wednesday and the regular matinee on Saturday.

Balanced Bill at Hippodrome

One of the best balanced bills of the season is coming to the Hippodrome with Sunday's matinee. Estelle Wardette and company will present a side-splitting farce "A Honeymoon in the Catskills." A carload of scenery accompanies the act. The much talked about "Ad Club Quartet" will be an attraction. Throughout the East the four singers made quite a hit.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

Soloist with San Francisco Symphony Orchestra February 4, 1915.

The Les Keliors in "A Day at the Circus" are realistic. Wild and Wilson, well known blackface comedians, have a lot of new songs and jokes. Kane and Odum, besides being clever dancers, are singers of popular and classic music. The feature picture will present George Probert supported by Fania Marinoff and Margaret Greene in "Nedra," a Gold Rooster photoplay in five parts by George Barr McCutcheon. Two reels of first run subjects will round out the new two-and-one-half-hour show.

Innisfail String Quartet

The Innisfail String Quartet which is probably doing more for musical education than any other organization in this city, will give the third concert of its series at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter, Tuesday evening, December 7, at 8:30 o'clock. With the possible exception of the Kneisel and Flonzaley String Quartets there is no organization in America in the field of chamber music quite the equal or the Innisfail, and no lover of faultless playing can afford to absent himself. The program: Quartet in D major, Cesar Franck; Italian Serenade, Hugo Wolf; Quartet, F major (Kochel 590), Mozart. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase, and on the evening of the concert may be secured at Sorosis Club Hall.

San Francisco Symphony

The fifth season of symphony concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort will begin Friday afternoon, December 17, and close on Sunday afternoon, April 2. Twenty concerts will be given and it is expected that the music committee will select the following dates: Friday afternoons December 17, January 7, 14, 28, February 4, 18, 25, March 10, 24, 31, and Sunday afternoons December 19, January 9, 16, 30, February 6, 20, 27, March 12, 26, April 2. Alfred Hertz will conduct. In order that he might have every assistance in carrying out his plans the Association this season increased its budget from $50,000 to $67,000, thus permitting of the increasing of the orchestra from sixty-five to eighty men and the rehearsals from alternate weeks to daily rehearsals throughout the season. Mr. Hertz expects that much interest will be manifested in the novelties which will be played for the first time here this season, and which include: Eine Faust Overture, Richard Wagner; La Peri, Poeme Danse, Paul Dukas, British Folk Music Settings, Percy Grainger; Overture, "Iphigenie in Aulis," Christoph W. Gluck; Prelude, Parsifal, Richard Wagner; Overture, "Das Christ-Elflein," Op. 20, Hans Pfitzner; Four Character Pieces after "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," Arthur Foote. The sale of season tickets will continue until Saturday, December 11, and the sale of single tickets will open for th first Friday afternoon concert Monday morning, December 13, at Sherman Clay, Kohler & Chase and the Cort.

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

In "The Bird of Paradise" at the Cort

Some men spend today what they won't earn tomorrow.

The more peppery a man is the less he thinks he is to be sneezed at.

Benn—Miss Wise is taking great strides lately.

Tenn—Yes; she has overstepped the bounds of propriety several times.

A pawnbroker is about the only man who is expected to keep his pledges for a full year.

MME. JOHANNA

GADSKI

THE DRAMATIC SOPRANO

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Next Thursday Afternoon, December 2, at 3

and

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c

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"THE BIRD OF PARIDISE"

By Richard Walton Tully

Author of "Omar, the Tentmaker"

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Kind Words for the Lantern

A Symposium of Praise Consisting of the Views Held by Distinguished Men Concerning the Eight-Months Old "Periodical of Lucid Intervals"

The Lantern, a little monthly edited by Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day, is not yet nine months old; yet it has taken its place in periodical literature. Here are some of the kind words which have come to the editors from subscribers and reviewers in San Francisco and elsewhere:

I find The Lantern readable from cover to cover, which is more than I can say of any other magazine.

—George Sterling, author of "The Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry," "Beyond the Breakers," etc., etc.

It is written in whole and in part with a happy combination of sound thought and graceful expression. It isn't addicted either to a muddle-headed optimism or an addle-headed pessimism, but sizes up life as being just what it is.

—William Marion Reedy, editor St. Louis Mirror.

I am moved to compliment you upon two things: the matter presented and the manner of its presentation. Go on swinging The Lantern and let its beams fall where they will. Hypocrisy is the carbuncle of modern life. I know of no more efficacious treatment than to lance the same—with a quill. And so—more power to your quill!

—Charles E. Van Loan, author of "The Lucky Seventh," "Buck Parvin and the Movies," etc., etc.

I consider this such a magazine of belles lettres as fills a long-felt need not only in San Francisco but the West. It is a credit to the editors and to San Francisco and is bound to meet with the recognition among discerning readers that its sound literary worth merits.

—Edward H. Hurlbut, author of "Lanagan."

I am much pleased with The Lantern and expect and hope soon to see it rival the Spectator and throw the Tatler in the shade. May it continue to shine until its clear rays illumine the opaque intellects of this great State and help to guide them aright.

—Richard C. O'Connor, Vice-President General of the American Irish Historical Society.

I thoroughly enjoy The Lantern. It is literature on the half-shell. Some day some of it will come back at me curried, stewed, or just warmed over and served up in books, but then there will be no credit in recognizing its quality. You cannot miss a good book, sooner or later it comes to light; but you may miss a good magazine article, and you will be missing many if you overlook The Lantern. San Francisco is already in literature, and if it keeps The Lantern, The Lantern will keep it there from issue to issue.

—George Douglas, literary editor San Francisco Chronicle.

Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day have long been known for their work in Town Talk (San Francisco) which is one of the lively, wide-awake weeklies of California. Recently they launched The Lantern—a periodical of lucid intervals—a magazine of a literary and critical nature, and the early numbers have been such as to meet with favor among the discriminating.

—Gordon Ray Young, literary editor Los Angeles Times.

Apparently readers are attracted by The Lantern like moths to a candle, for the current issue was sold out in three news stands before I got around. I like The Lantern, but I haven't time to walk all over town for it. Please enter my name among your subscribers.

—Frank W. Kerrigan, Associate Justice District Court of Appeals, San Francisco.

I think it was Shakespeare but perhaps it was Bacon who said, The first creation of God was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and that His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the spirit. Of these things I am reminded by the white radiance of The Lantern. It shines for the spirit, it illumines the dark sectors of the mind.

—George H. Cabaniss, Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco.

Theodore Bonnet, editor of the best written weekly paper in the United States, Town Talk, is the editor of a new periodical, a monthly magazine named "The Lantern," a "journal of lucid intervals," the attractive motto of which is, "It is better to search for the truth of what concerns us than to hunt for an honest man."

—Michael Williams in The Monitor, official organ of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of San Francisco.

I carry a copy to show to my friends, and am actively engaged in soliciting subscriptions. My work, however, has really been on behalf of my friends, not on behalf of The Lantern, because I think that it is a remarkable magazine, and I want those I know to get the benefit of its brilliancy.

—Otto Irving Wise, attorney-at-law and Vice-President of the Western States Life Insurance Company.

It is splendid. It is the sort of periodical one reads and keeps to read again.

—Clarence R. Ward, member of the Board of Architects, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco.

A Nation-Wide Defence Movement

(Continued from Page 8.)

but Mayor Sebastian of Los Angeles is and so is the mayor of Sacramento. Committees have been appointed in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Buffalo, Nashville, Boston and other large cities.

The National Security League is another organization devoted to preparedness that is very busy these days. The League has opened a branch to carry on its propaganda right in Bryan's home, Lincoln, Nebraska, the stronghold of the pacifists.

The invasion by the advocates for a proper national defense followed a recent speech by Mr. Bryan in Philadelphia in which he bitterly attacked the National Security League and the Navy League. Disregarding this attack, a meeting was called in the Lincoln Commercial Club.

William B. Brewster, field secretary of the League, who is organizing branches throughout the West, addressed the meeting and later spoke to 700 students of the University of Nebraska at the invitation of the chancellor. A college branch was organized at the university to co-operate with the citizens' branch, most of the students present joining the movement.

A letter received by S. Stanwood Menken, president of the National Security League, from Edwin Milton Royle of Darien, Conn., says in part:

"I twice voted for Mr. Bryan for President and I have struggled for years to maintain my loyalty, but I feel that I owe myself an abject apology. . . . . He is a narrow gauge man with a narrow gauge mind. He is an unrealist with no more relation to life as we live it than a toy balloon. . . . . Any ship that takes it reckoning from a toy balloon is on the way to shipwreck. I can't believe that many Americans take Mr. Bryan seriously at this day and date."

A Trouble Saver

One of the features of Electrical Prosperity Week that will undoubtedly attract widespread interest is the Benjamin two-light plug cluster. This is a most simple device that has done more toward popularizing house electric devices than any other appliance marketed. Housewives, office managers and storekeepers are numbered among its best friends because the reasons are good and substantial. If you have a single socket and want an extra one for attaching a fan, flatiron, vacuum cleaner, motor-run machine, chafing dish, portable lamp or any other appliance you can secure the necessary additional outlet simply by screwing in a plug cluster and leading off the cord to your new device. It has been truly said that sales depend upon the appreciation of values, and for this reason I know there can be no lack of appreciation of the plug cluster, as I have noticed, it is on sale generally throughout the city at department and electric stores.

—The Expert.

Events at Hotel Oakland

The Oakland Orpheus Club holds the weekly rehearsal at the Hotel Oakland where a very comfortable club room has been fitted up for its use. A complimentary dinner was given Tuesday night for Mrs. Dargie by the employes of the Oakland Tribune. Mr. and Mrs. Forgeus and their daughter Jean of Williams have taken apartments for the winter. The hotel is sending out announcements of the dinner dances from six to eight o'clock. Every Wednesday and Saturday dancing will be till twelve. The first of these dances will be given December 11. It is also sending out anouncements of the usual afternoon teas which are served in the Lounge room from four to six.

The New Social Register

The 1916 Social Register of San Francisco is off the press. It indicates the marriages in San Francisco of 146 persons as compared with 143 last year, and the deaths of 32 women and 39 men as compared with 21 women and 39 men last year. As usual the members of the prominent families of San Francisco, whether residing in the city, in the country or abroad, are grouped under the one address, with the maiden and Christian names of the married women, the names of the daughters and sons in the order of their age, and the younger children, from 12 to 20, appearing under the title of "Juniors." The key to the married names of women is still provided through the instrumentality of the "Married Maidens," and under this head of "Married Maidens" also appear the names of San Francisco women who have married into families of other cities and the column indicates their present name and the Social Register of the city where they may now be found.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—For the first time in a long while, we have a two-sided market. A certain element in the Street takes the position that the market has become congested; that loans of commission houses are large, and that liquidation is inevitable before another rise. They do not take into consideration the fact that while brokers' loans are large, bank deposits have also increased enormously and the amount of available money is larger in proportion to the amount of stocks that are being carried in the Street today than ever before. A selling movement in New Haven, which carried the stock five points from its recent high, failed to affect the balance of the list more than fractionally. Everyone has known that the road has to be financed. The floating debt has to be refunded and new money raised for present and future requirements. President Elliott told us all this a few days ago. The road has turned the corner; its earnings are large and constantly increasing. This floating debt will not be difficult, under present conditions, to fund, whether it is by an issue of preferred stock or a mortgage bond. Quite contrary to the sentiment two weeks ago, the Street seems to take as bearish almost any news that comes out at just the time it can be construed as bear news or bull news. Such earnings as published by Baltimore & Ohio are bound to have their effect. Outside of technical conditions, which may temporarily disarrange the market, all other conditions are the best that could be desired. Sooner or later they will have their effect.

Wheat—The eccentricities of the wheat market are noticeable in the opposition to the general news, advancing when contrary action is indicated and vice versa. The fact is that there is not enough trade to stabilize the fluctuations and they easily become choppy, regardless of the surroundings. It cannot be truthfully said that there are no retaliatory arguments in the wheat situation, that all conditions favor a perpendicular advance and discourage declines, and it is certainly not our intention to father such a claim. We are simply insisting that to us the prices for wheat appear to have been unduly depressed to levels not justified by the existing conditions of supply and demand. Europe is still absolutely dependent upon North America until next March, and even taking the possibility of the failure of Australia and Argentina out of the question entirely, there are four months of continuous drain upon the country and Canada, which, with the present demand from interior mills and the increasing inquiry for flour, domestic and foreign, will tax our ability to meet without menacing our surplus. We harvested a big crop, but our supplies had been exhausted to an extent never before known, and we have not considered that the increase of this year's assemblage had compensated for the encroachments made upon the normal second-hand holdings of last spring.

Corn—It is rather generally conceded that the farmer will move his poorest corn first, and, as it is claimed to be generously present in Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, and that no other market could handle it in the volume expected, except Chicago, it is then not unreasonable to suppose that our receipts from the first of December, at least, will be large and composed principally of undergrade corn, which is unfit for shipping purposes, and difficult to sell, even when of good quality, for new corn is unsafe to feed in December, the demand for ear corn coming later. It is also conceded that in the northern part of the belt the greater part of this year's production will be immediately marketed, as the farmer is suspicious of its going through the winter in the crib, which is another reason for quick marketing. How such conditions can signify high prices for May we cannot divine. There is a superabundance of good corn in the South and Southwest, which will, it is said, indemnify the losses in the States named, and, after a ten cent, advance, we would advise sales of December for moderate turns.

Cotton—The principal features of the week were the very heavy selling of July contracts supposedly for the leading bull and the large purchases of this option by a prominent local operator thought to be for Russian account. There has been continued liquidation of December and January long contracts, which has widened the difference between those months and May. Several big local spot firms have been free buyers of December against sales of July, indicating a desire not to tender cotton Sterling exchange is higher and the difference between our market and Liverpool has widened, which should cause an improvement in the export demand. By the way, exports up to date are nearly 700,000 greater than the corresponding time last year; so the talk of their being so much smaller at the end of the season remains to be proven. Our Southern advices are to the effect that Great Britain is showing signs of again entering the market and has cabled, asking for offers. Sweden is also said to be buying contracts here and trying to buy spots in the South. Undoubtedly a large export business could be done if holders would sell their cotton on a parity with New York contracts, but this they positively refuse to do. Instead of the seller being forced to accept the buyer's offer, it looks as though the position would be reversed, and the holder will yet dictate the price. Cable reports indicate a scarcity of offerings from the South. There is every reason to believe that nervous and weak holders have let go and the cotton that is now being held is in strong hands. We are bullish.

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Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased.—No. 19862; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of his attorneys, Lent & Humphrey, Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

PETER C. YORK,
Executor of the Estate of Josephine L. McIntyre, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1915.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, Attorney-at-Law, 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY HICKS,
Executor of the estate of Philip Henry Hicks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Executor,
900-907 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.

SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the executors at the office of William A. Kelly, room 910 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
JOHN O'NEIL,
Executors of the will of John J. Murphy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 6, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Executors,
910 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, Deceased.—No. 19727; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, Administrator of the estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said PATRICK A. HARRAN, the said Administrator, at the office of Louis Ferrari, his attorney, 1029 Hearst Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office, the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 13th, A. D. 1915.

PATRICK A. HARRAN,
Administrator of the estate of Maria M. Harran, deceased.

LOUIS FERRARI,
Attorney for Administrator,
1029 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69456; Dept. No. 13.

In the Matter of the Application of the AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, a Corporation, to Be Dissolved.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the American Barium Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, November 10, 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT SWEENEY and
ALGERNON CROFTON,
Attorneys for Applicant,
Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.—No. 19768—N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix of the estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix, at 807 Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.

HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ,
Executrix of the estate of Samuel Schwartz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 6, 1915.

GARRET W. McENERNEY and
PHILLIP I. MANSON,
Attorneys for Executrix,
807 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. 11-6-5

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The Lantern

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVI. No. 1215 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 4, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Is a Great Man Tolerable?

The Fight For Our Oil Industry

Genius in The Background at the Fair

An American Romantique—Henry Ford

Some Details of the Huerta Conspiracy

"In the House of Pain"—A War Diary

The Clockwinder Talks of The Peace Junket

Read The December Lantern

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In Lieu of the Man

President Wilson's "international toast," as it is called, is a specimen of hearsay testimony admissible only for the purpose of showing how the ring of sincerity may be imitated with a rhetorician's sounding brass of words and phrases. Mr. Wilson cannot pay our Exposition a heartfelt tribute of praise because he never saw it. Consequently his perfunctory toast leaves us almost cold. It moves us only to observe that it is too bad he was unable at any time during the year to find time for the enjoyment of a vision of beauty and splendor by the Western sea. We are inclined to think that even in this year of tremendous responsibilities and pressing engagements he might have ventured across the country for a few days without fear of jeopardizing the interests of the nation. The steel rail and the steel wire keep us all pretty close to Washington no matter how far afield we wander, and the President might just as well have paid the International Exposition the tribute of his presence as to have braved a Broadway crush for the purpose of doing a little shopping. Considering that in the midst of war prominent statesmen came all the way from London, Paris and Rome to contribute to the success of the most beautiful Exposition the world has seen, it seems unfortunate indeed that our President was unable to take a cross-country trip in his own land if for no other purpose than to show he realized the importance of the things that he mentions in his toast.

Genius in the Background

The man who is content to do his work and let it win the applause it deserves is an unfamiliar figure in this world. The love of applause is a very human passion. It is not a passion to be ashamed of. It is the mainspring of ambition. We find it offensive only when it has not the justification of merit. Too often the passion for applause is but the vice of vanity. It expresses itself in self-advertisement when there is really nothing to advertise. Everyday men with genius for nothing but self-display are climbing the sunlit peak of publicity. Many a mediocrity emerges from the mob by making a vivid picture of himself. We know a man who has written several great poems, and who attracts no such attention as a certain individual commands on no higher reputation than what rests on a single bon mot, which in all probability was stolen. The poet is content with the meed of praise vouchsafed by his friends, but the other man is restless if the lights be not turned on him; and like Benjamin Disraeli, who wore marvelous waistcoats of green and crimson, he employs all the resources of self-advertisement, and goes through life as though he were the centre of an applauding ring. So many of the undeserving incapable of legitimate exertion linger in the mouths of men that it is refreshing to hear occasionally of the applause won without exertion by men who deserve well of their fellows. We have in mind at this moment D'Arcy Ryan, the modest genius who pierced the darkness of night with a fairy picture and sat in the shadows entranced by his own spectacle. We have in mind also John McLaren who made us a beautiful poem of flowers and grasses and was satisfied with its fragrance in the umbrage of his own hedge.

An American Romantique

Doubtless we shall have a great romantic revival after the war, romanticism being the logical outcome of great emotions such as are induced under pressure of enormous suffering and intense sorrow and pain. But singularly enough a romantic movement has already set in, not in Europe but in this country which, though it lacks temperament, abounds in strenuous and potent individualities capable of prodigious enterprise and colossal achievement. Was there ever a more romantic movement than Henry Ford's, the one that has for its object "getting the boys out of the trenches before Christmas?" The manufacturer of the "Tin Lizzy" is not notable for his imagination, but he has conceived a noble scheme and romantic; all the more romantic because it is so preposterous, so utterly impossible, so picturesquely nonsensical. The grandeur of the conception is not to be diminished by failure; nor can failure injure Mr. Ford. Nay, it may improve him somewhat. It is failure that endears men to us. We celebrate our successful men and straightway forget them. We keep our love for the brave men imbued with lofty purpose who have sunk beneath the muddy waves, and we are curious about their lives. Success, a twentieth century philosopher tells us, touches nothing that it does not vulgarize. We find exemplification in Henry Ford whom success has made the most blatant, most obtrusive Yankee of his day.

Fighting to a Finish

Henry Ford is the Man in the Street suddenly elevated on a golden platform above his fellows. His mind is the curbstone mind down to which in our grand democracy everything must come to be understood. Now the war has not come down within reach of Henry Ford's power of apprehension. He sees it through the eyes of Chancellor Jordan, a gentleman with the curbstone mind futilely cultivated. To men of this type a war that involves immediately not only almost all Europe, but nearly all the world outside, a war that will shape the political destinies of our whole planet for generations, is nothing more than a row round the corner immeasurably magnified. According to the Jordan conception as transmitted to Ford, the historical causes and immediate occasion of this gigantic conflict are matters within the range of the ordinary, commonplace power of comprehension. They regard the why and the wherefore as easily explicable as the cheapness of a Ford or an elemental proposition in physics. Briefly stated, according to the philosophy of these eminent gentlemen, the fighting in Europe is for nothing but the glory of victory, and whatever may have been the cause it is now nothing more than a conflict of mere passion that must be exhausted or abated in order to have peace. Therefore, as they would have us believe, nothing is wanted but arbitration; so bring on the arbitrators and wind it up. If such were the truth how easy it would be to get the boys out of the trenches! But the truth is quite different. The average soldier may not know precisely what he is fighting for, but the statesmen of Europe who are keeping the war going believe they have a very keen sense of the things at stake. Compared with a Jordan or a Ford or a Jane Addams these statesmen may be men of a very inferior intellect, but assuredly they are not to be convinced that the interests of mankind are to be advanced by peace at this time. It may be all a huge mistake, but the fact is, as anybody may learn by getting in touch with the sentiments of the chancelleries of Europe and the acknowledged leaders of thought and moulders of opinion, that talk of peace at this time is regarded as premature. We mean of course among the Allies, for to be sure the statesmen of Germany would like to talk peace, as the Germans have thus far triumphed and would be entitled to advantageous terms. The Allies are for war, and they insist that the man who wants peace pays homage to peace with his lips, not with his heart. Nor will they admit that they are fighting in the hope of humiliating Germany. They affirm that they are fighting to put an end to Prussianism not only for the benefit of themselves but for the bene-

fit of the German people. It may be said that the Allies are waging war under a delusion or in a spirit of hypocrisy. We are not here arguing one way or the other. We are merely elucidating the state of mind in the nations of the entente as reflected in the speeches of statesmen, the letters of men of affairs and the writings of literary men of international reputation. The general sentiment of these men is that at whatever cost the militarist theory of human relations must have its death knell sounded in the ruin of a European system founded on rivalry of armaments. There is no talk of conquest or humiliation or hatred among these men. They have come to regard victory as glorious only in proportion to the value of the cause that triumphs in it. They do not want a peace like the old peace that was perpetually invaded by ideas of war, a peace that was only war disguised. These men believe they are giving their lives for what makes life worth living, sacrificing themselves for a future in which they will have no part, exhibiting a supreme virtue without which all others avail nothing. And believing these things they are not likely to receive kindly the well-meant offices of a new-rich millionaire from America who presumes to tell them what they should do in the interest of mankind.

Is a Great Man Tolerable?

How fortunate it will be if the qualities and capacities by which Justice Charles Evans Hughes has impressed himself upon the enlightened judgment of this country are found in the next President of the United States! We have no reason to look forward to so inspiriting a consummation. But having read of a strong sentiment for Justice Hughes crystallizing in a Middle West State we permit ourselves to reflect on the possibility of electing to the Presidency a man of Justice Hughes' temperament, talents and attainments. At first blush it strikes us as reactionary, the thought of electing a Hughes. We mean reactionary in the sense of reverting from the ideals of the times to the ideals of other days. The ideal statesman of this era of simple democracy, we are told, is one who flatters the people and who is ever ready to bow a servile knee to the prevailing popular will. Pessimists are telling us that when a people is sunk in a slough of mediocrity it looks with a haunting fear upon intellect and strength of character. And we are told by way of convincing us that the people are like dumb, driven cattle that notwithstanding all that has been done to them by the asininities at Washington; in despite the tariff, the seamen's bill, the Mexican policy and all the salient characteristics of a comic opera spirit it was not till they received evidence of susceptibility in high office to a very human passion that their affections showed signs of cooling. We are told, indeed, that the people despite ruinous stupidities and disastrous consequences never woke to a realization of the kind of government they were getting until something happened of a personal and private nature that concerned them not at all. All of which may be true enough. Nevertheless we are of the opinion that the people are always ready to acclaim a great man and never so well capable of recognizing one as after a protracted, harrowing experience of meddlesome and mischievous mediocrities.

The Reluctant Hughes

Not only in the Middle West but in the East—in New York and New England—men are talking of Justice Charles Evans Hughes for President. Justice Hughes does not wish to be President. He much prefers to remain where he is, in an atmosphere that he likes, among associates whose society he values, doing work agreeable to his taste and temperament. A great lawyer, a great judge, it is natural he should prefer for the field of his labors the field of elevated judicial duty wherein he now serves his country. But there are folk who would have it otherwise. They remember that Justice Hughes proved himself a great executive, and they would ignore his wishes and dare him to refuse a nomination at the hands of the party through which he has achieved high honor. What an astonishing spectacle we should have at this late day in the event of Justice Hughes' nomination—the spectacle of the office pursuing the man? In recent years we have seen men going over the country seeking the favor of the masses and asking to be nominated for the august office of President of the United States. Mr. Wilson came all the way to California on a speech-making tour to inflate his presidential boom months before the convention met. Formerly no man ever so far forgot his own dignity or the dignity of the high office as to stoop to such a practice. Even so late a President as Grant would have scorned the arts of the professional jobchaser, and Blaine, ambitious politician that he was, never resorted to such tactics. It has come to be a common practice among our politicians in public office to employ the power and prestige of the office they hold in their efforts to get a higher place. The one notable exception is Justice Hughes himself whose friends in New York urged him for the Presidency when he was occupying the gubernatorial office. It was inexpressibly comforting in those days to find that there was at least one public official who regarded his office as a public trust, and who scorned to use the great powers thereof to further his candidacy for a higher one. His attitude was so exceptional as to be almost unique, for on every side we saw public officials, great and small, playing the part of political mendicants, industriously soliciting the favor of the voters, and, to gain that favor, modifying life-long convictions, trimming their views as a sailor trims his sails, all of them as feverishly importunate as the beggars that swarm round travelers in Palestine.

He's Not a Destroyer

No matter how much respect one may have for the dear people, one cannot be certain that they will admire a man for his respectful attitude toward public office. If the jobchasing spectacle were distasteful to the people the general effect of the direct primary would be nauseous to them. The direct primary is their pet device, and it has caused ceaseless political campaigning. It has made ours the heyday of the frothing demagogue. The direct primary has made it more difficult than ever to induce a decent, self-respecting citizen to become a candidate for public office. But we are far from despairing. We are familiar enough with history to know that its one indisputable lesson is that radicalism leads to reaction. In politics as in the arts reaction and revolution are eternally alternating. Schools rise and fall in literature as in the science of government, and the iconoclast like the demagogue is driven into oblivion by the wisdom of reactionaries. So we shall not be astonished if we find the people ready next year for a Hughes. Hughes, by the way, is not to be accused of an aggressive conservatism. If in the sensational life insurance investigations he corrected evils he did not destroy the assets of the insurance companies. He drove bad men from place and power, but he guarded the assets of the companies. He cured without killing. He drove the rats out of the hay without burning down the barn. As Governor of New York he was almost a Progressive, and he made a fight for the direct primary, but that was before he had seen the thingumajig in operation.

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CCLVII—ROY N. BISHOP

By Edward F. O'Day

What is the Oil Industry Association? What was it organized for? Who are the men in it? The questions must have been asked many times by many people in many parts of California during the past month, for items of news concerning its organization and its preliminary activities have been creeping into the papers with more and more frequency. Already it has engaged the attention of a member of the President's Cabinet.

When you want information the best place to seek it is at headquarters—sometimes. This is one of the times. So I went to Roy Bishop, and asked him to elucidate this matter. "Give it to me," I begged Roy Bishop, "in words of one syllable, and without technicalities." For in this particular matter Roy Bishop is headquarters. He's president of the Oil Industry Association.

Roy Bishop is an engineer, so he can't talk on a matter of this sort without a pencil in his hand. He may not use the pencil, he may only toy with it; but he has to have it. Roy Bishop took out his pencil, drew a few meaningless lines on a piece of paper, and talked the mystery out of the Oil Industry Association.

"There are in the Midway and Lost Hills fields," he began, "some two hundred and fifty oil companies operating on some 35,000 acres of unpatented government land held under developed locations. These properties are worth some $300,000,000. Their development started previous to 1909 when the government encouraged prospectors to seek oil on the desert and permitted them to locate oil lands under the placer mining laws. These properties represent forty per cent of the developed oil lands of the State.

"So far so good. On September 27, 1909, without a word of warning, President Taft temporarily withdrew from mineral entry all these lands. Some of the operators ceased operations; others kept right on, in the belief that the withdrawal was all wrong. In June of 1910 Congress authorized the President to do what he had done nine months before. The act provided that those who were diligently prosecuting their development work on such lands should not be disturbed. Operators were now more confident than ever that the withdrawal order was invalid. Certain federal judges so decided. President Taft expressed his doubts as to the validity of the order. The Assistant Attorney General of the United States pronounced the withdrawal void in an opinion. For five years the government made no effort to interfere with operators and they continued to put millions into the work. And then like a bolt from the blue, the Supreme Court of the United States in February of this year, by a divided court of five to three confirmed the withdrawal order.

"In the summer of this year the Department of Justice brought twenty-five suits to dispossess. Federal receivers took hold of the oil companies. In other words, the government wants to take all these properties back from the men who developed them in good faith. More than that, it wants from these men all the money they made out of oil in the years they enjoyed possession.

"What's the consequence? Several of the companies have been bankrupted. The credit of all of them has been practically destroyed. Thousands of men have been thrown out of employment. The production of oil has been reduced by almost one-half, and its price has gone up almost double. Thousands of innocent stock-holders, merchants and others have suffered heavy financial loss. The greatest industry in the State has been shaken to its foundation.

"What can we do about it? We can show the government what an injury it has done us. We can ask Congress for relief. We can ask justice for the men who created the oil fields of the San Joaquin Valley. And that's what the Oil Industry Association was organized for."

Roy Bishop stabbed the paper with his pencil, twirled the pencil several times, and put it in his pocket. He was through explaining.

"We'll accomplish our purpose," he added, "provided people don't take it for granted that so just a cause is bound to win without particular effort. We're working hard."

That last statement was quite superfluous. As Roy Bishop is president of the association it goes without saying that the association is working hard. Roy Bishop is a hard worker, and all associated with him must work hard or sever the connection. If you doubt this, ask another Roy—Roy Carruthers—who as manager of the Palace Hotel is hand in glove with Bishop, the Palace's financial administrator.

Roy Bishop was chosen to administer the finances of the Palace because he was a brilliant success as a mechanical and mining engineer. The connection is not immediately apparent. It requires elucidation. The elucidation permits the bald statement of some of the facts of Bishop's interesting career.

Roy Bishop was a sophomore studying mechanical engineering at Cornell when the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898. He was twenty at the time, and his parents had not raised their boy to be a mollycoddle. He joined the "Black Horse Troop" of the Ohio Cavalry, and it was not his fault that his war experience was confined to shoeing mounts at Chickamauga and Tampa. After the war he entered Columbia and was graduated as a mining engineer in 1902. The following year found him in Siberia developing a gold property for the Haggin-Hearst interests near Tomsk. Just one year later he was doing similar work on the west coast of Mexico. He stayed in Mexico some time. In 1907 he took over the management of the Balaklalla Copper Company's mines in Shasta county. The same year he married the daughter of T. H. Wheeler of New York, a Standard Oil magnate. Two years later he came to San Francisco, and this has been his home ever since. He bought electric plants at Hollister, Merced and Sacramento, developed them and sold out to an Eastern corporation. That brings his career down to 1913 when Will Crocker was looking around for the right man to take charge of his large oil interests in this State. Bishop's brilliant career had attracted considerable attention hereabouts, and Crocker who is a good judge of men thought Bishop was the man he was looking for. There is every reason to believe that Crocker was correct. The Crocker interest in the Palace Hotel Company is a large one, and when Colonel Kirkpatrick died and a man was needed to guide the destinies of our famous caravansery Crocker's recommendation of Bishop was unhesitatingly accepted. There is every reason to believe that here also no mistake was made.

Ask Roy Bishop about running a hotel. The pencil comes out, and immediately you discover why his brilliant success as an engineer has a direct bearing upon his fitness for his present position.

"A railroad man," he will explain, the pencil busy on paper, "gets efficiency by figuring out the cost of handling freight per ton per mile. An oil man gets efficiency by figuring out the cost of oil per barrel; a steel man, the cost of steel per ton. Why shouldn't a hotel man get efficiency by figuring out the cost per guest per day? At the Palace we reduce everything to the unit basis. I know of only one other hotel where they do this—the McAlpin in New York."

Does it work? I suppose it does. Roy Bishop is making a success at the Palace. It won't be his fault if the Oil Industry Association isn't a success too.

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Economical jokesmiths need not be reminded that all their good old turkey witticisms will do just as well for Christmas as for Thanksgiving.

It would kill the Republican party to nominate Elihu Root for President, says Hon. W. R. Hearst. Doubtless because the people are sore at Root for opposing their darling Hearst when Tammany nominated him for Governor of New York.

"Keep the conscience of America," was Dr. Aked's parting admonition to his congregation before starting to join Ford's peace expedition to Denmark. And then formally the good man handed the conscience of America over to Mr. W. J. Dutton who stowed the thing away in a cedar chest.

What has become of the pessimist who said the Fair couldn't possibly be a success?

The war is increasing the volume of Confederate money in Europe.

By the way, did you do the Fair systematically?

Perhaps Mr. Maybeck wouldn't mind building a replica of the Palace of Fine Arts in Golden Gate Park out of durable material. It would be easier to raise the money now than it will be when the present structure falls to pieces. Why preserve the unpreservable?

To show his appreciation of Denver's victory over Colorado University Chancellor Buchtel kissed Captain Deeds on the cheek at a students' rally. "The students," says a press despatch, "went wild with enthusiasm." If the team had lost the Chancellor would probably have slapped the captain on the wrist.

The Chronicle says that Mayor Rolph is after former Mayor Taylor's laurels. We thought it was whiskers that Taylor wore.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be remembered as the greatest and most glorious achievement of the citizens of San Francisco.

Dr. Haiselden of the Baby Bollinger case is the typical American scientist. He is skilled in the science of promoting publicity for himself.

Note of discontent: We've got to add Dr. Haiselden to our lists of pests, and the list is much too long already.

Our revels ended, the spirits of them melted into thin air, the insubstantial pageant faded, even the tower of jewels itself dissolved, then may we keep a warm spot in our hearts for the good citizens who labored in the heat and dust out of which came the glory that was ours in this most memorable year nineteen-fifteen.

In The House of Pain

Observation at the Front of a French Army Chaplain

"War is god-like," wrote Bernhardi, "and as natural as eating and drinking." "War is hell," was Sherman's terser definition. The latter, despite some attempts, now a little belated, to sing the "sword's high irresistible song" by men who had never seen a shot fired in anger or entered a field hospital, remains on the whole the accepted verdict of this country. If any doubt existed in the minds of the ignorant, they might be invited to read the record of the Abbé Klein's experience as chaplain to the American hospital at Neuilly during the first six months of the present struggle.

In this "Diary of a French Army Chaplain" which is written with extraordinary simplicity and a kind of natural charm, the reader is taken by this charming French priest behind the noise of battle and whatever panoply of war still remains, to the actual realities of war as it affects the life of the common soldier. Even the Abbé himself, carrying out his daily work of charity and consolation, and inspired by a faith which all his patients cannot share, is moved to outbreaks of anger as he records the accumulation of physical pain and the agonies of the bereaved. Although for the many "there was no question but of France and God;" and although the record is of quick staggering change from seemingly hopeless defeat to the great victory in which the invaders are flung back from Paris, he cannot remove from his mind the tragedy of it all. For alike in victory or defeat, the stream of wounded boys never ceases. They have gone from homes in Brittany, from Lorraine, or the South. They return from the front, picked up by the service of the motor ambulances, magnificently worked, to the great Pasteur Institute which the American hospital occupies, to receive there all the attentions which modern science can devise, and all the skill that the finest surgery can bestow. But they have lain out in the fields for days. They have been picked up from trench, or copse, or barn, or cellar, or between the firing lines. They lie very quietly. There is scarcely a word of complaint. It is only when delirious that they think of the battle. For the most part the thoughts of each turns to "normal and reasonable existence: it is home, it is the family, the persons and things he loves, all the good things whose value he feels the more for being separated from them, for having even just missed losing them at a blow." Small wonder that as one after another of these "common soldiers" are wrenched out of his hands by the merciless hands of death, the Abbé breaks into denunciation: "Only one thing now seems to me to be desirable—an end to the massacres." "I don't say this as a reproach," he cries out. "It is war, and one can do nothing to prevent it. But because it is what it is, curséd be war." Nevertheless, he is firm in calling for a struggle which will make an end: for "the determination that this war shall be carried on to such a point that it will be the last—to such an end, anyhow, that the enemy cannot make it afresh for several centuries."

One curious attitude in these little records of the experience of men, wounded and shattered and maimed, is the absence of any fierce hatred of their enemies. They seem to have left that on the battlefield. There are repeated testimonies to the rough kindness of the German medical officers who, even in the retreat, seem to have been endeavoring to save the life of their wounded enemies. There are testimonies also of good-temperd kindness by the French themselves to the "Bosches" whom they discover in hiding, half starved, in dolorous plight, expecting only to be massacred. The memories of the great wrongs done vanished, and with the breaking up of the military machine, the "common people" become common people again; alike hungry, miserable, wounded, the derelicts of the great army. "We found Alboches everywhere about," is the witness of one, "even at the end of several days in lofts, in the hay, behind the bean-stalks. The woods were full of little sets of them. At night they came over to get beetroots, and carrots, and apples. We went into a church in a forsaken village; a poor old fellow, with quite grey hair, was there. And if he didn't fall on his knees, making signs that he had three children! We brought him away, and treated him like one of ourselves." In another case, "it was a trench; there were lots of dead in it, and four alive; they were dying of hunger, and didn't they just fall upon our bread!" A French soldier and a German captain "fallen out" of the struggle spend two days in the wood without help. "I still had a little bread in my haversack and some spirit of mint," says the soldier, "and we shared it. I could not give him drink for there was none." And when the Germans return and "looked uglily at us," and "I said, 'We're all lost,'" the captain testifies to this kindness. And a German orderly binds his broken leg to the handle of a spade, and carries him out of the wood, where he can be found by his friends. And his life is saved. But there are horrors unspeakable in these woods and quiet fields: and those who have only seen the misery of the hospital have seen only the least intolerable part of the suffering. "I saw an officer," says one, "his brain was hanging over his eye. And the black corpses and the bloated horses! It's the night that's the saddest. You hear cries, 'Help, help!' Some of them are calling for their mothers. No one answers."

Even the heat of triumph cannot always repress the conviction of common humanity of the wrongfulness of it all. "We fell upon them in a wood," says a reservist. "Didn't we just

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Poems About San Franciscans

IV—TO AMBROSE BIERCE

By George Sterling

(Ambrose Bierce was born in Ohio on June 24, 1842. Whether he is alive or dead there seems at present no way of ascertaining. Many think that he sought death in Mexico. The last letters he wrote before journeying to that troubled land were full of pessimism and melancholy. Others hold that there is evidence of his presence in England and France since the great war broke out. His disappearance is the great mystery of contemporaneous literature. Bierce was a line officer in the Civil War, and was breveted major "for distinguished services." He came to California in 1866, and engaged in literary work. He married in this city in 1871. In the following year he went to London and wrote for Fun, a periodical conducted by the younger Tom Hood. He returned to California about 1877 and took his place as the foremost of our writers. In recent years his home was at Washington, D. C. Except by the few Bierce has never been properly recognized; doubtless his fame will be posthumous as in the case of so many great original writers. Bierce had a pen dipped in gall, and his fierce antipathies brought him many foes. Some of them were too feeble to reply to him except with slanders, and it is against these that Sterling writes the following sonnet. Bierce was among the first to tell the world that California had a great poet in Sterling, and Sterling has never forgotten to be grateful.)

Master, when worms have had their will of thee
  And thou art but a voice along the years—
  A star in the companionship of spheres
That are Fame's firmament—may God decree
That song and song's hostilities shall be
  A sword within my hands, a flame that sears
  The liar's mouth that slanders thee, nor fears
The vengeances of Truth's supremacy!

O Fates that on the tomb of greatness dead
  Permit the viper and the toad to bask,
    Lend me your youngest lightnings, and impel
  My spirits as a whirlwind to the task
To char the liar's mouth within his head—
    Like ashes on the adamant of Hell!

The Spectator

The Great Junket

"Have you any influence with Henry Ford?"

The speaker was former State Senator Gus Hartman, and the question was addressed to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"Nope," was the reply, "Henry was too busy shadowing Edison during his visit here to make my acquaintance."

"Well, do you know anybody that has influence with him?" insisted Gus.

"Well, you might try my old friend Fremont Older," said the clockwinder. "One of Fremon't trained biographers is writing Henry's life, so I guess Fremont is close up."

"Older and I ain't very good friends," said Gus gloomily. "We parted company when I criticized the moral tone of the Alice Smith story."

"What do you want to reach the Jitney King for?" inquired the clockwinder.

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained Gus. "I ain't been on a junket since the good old days when my vote counted in the legislature. I've got an attack of the wanderlust. I'd like to go over to Europe with Henry and help get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas."

"You're kidding me," said the clockwinder.

"Cross my heart," said Gus fervently. "This cruel war's gotta stop. Oscar Hocks and Hearst both say so. Ford's on the right track. I'm a patriot and I want to be mobilized with Doc Aked and John D. Barry and the peace-for-any-price fellows. Now how can I hook up with Ford?"

"You might invite yourself," suggested the clockwinder. "I notice a lot of the patriots have declared themselves in on the trip. Or you might write to Jane Addams for her proxy in case she doesn't go."

"Who's Jane?" asked Gus. "I don't think I ever met her."

"She's the female Doctor Jordan," said the clockwinder.

"Never knew Jordan," said Gus, "but Doctor Josselyn was a friend of mine."

"I mean David Starr Jordan," corrected the clockwinder.

"Oh, the chancellor of the exchequer for Stanford," exclaimed Gus. "If Jane is like him she won't add much to the gayety of the trip."

Gus Enlightened

"Say," said the clockwinder to the little statesman, "what do you think this trip is going to be, a sort of a Dan Jackling yachting party?"

"Well," answered Gus, "I guess Henry will do things in style, won't he?"

"I suppose you figure on fancy food, two-bit cigars, and the wine flowing all the way over, don't you?" said the clockwinder sarcastically.

"Sure," said Gus. "Ford's worth ninety millions."

"But he's not giving it away," answered the clockwinder. "If you want the dope on Henry ask K. C. B. He tried to touch him for sweet charity, and Henry proved intangible, so to speak. The chances are his guests will have to bring their own sandwiches. And of course there'll be nothing to drink but grapejuice."

"Is Ford a dry?" demanded Gus, his face lengthening.

"You bet he is," said the clockwinder, "and so are all the fellows he's asked. They're drys by profession, although a few of them may sneak a pocket flask aboard the excursion steamer. All they'll get out of Henry will be a free trip and a little publicity. Do you know what the program will be on the trip?"

"No," said Gus, "I haven't seen it in the papers."

"Neither have I," said the clockwinder, "but I can guess it. The day will begin at six with a light repast of crackers and milk. From seven till twelve will be spent in listening to readings from the peace books of Doctor Jordan, the Bulletin editorials of John D. Barry and the sermonettes of Dr. Aked. At noon a lunch of angel cake and grapejuice will be served. After lunch Henry Ford will make a speech, followed by Jane Addams and Doctor Jordan. The hour before dinner will be devoted to checkers, telling jitney jokes and other harmless amusements. At dinner there will be no music but a Ford automobile will be assembled in the view of the diners. This meal will be a hearty one, consisting of roast beef for the beef eaters and boiled rice for the vegetarians, with plenty of bread and butter, and cider for those who prefer it to grapejuice. After dinner Doctor Aked will lead in hymns, Jane Adams will start the chorus of 'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,' and then all hands will retire."

"I don't think I want to go," said Senator Hartman. "Let's go over to Jack Welch's and pin one on."

The clockwinder accepted with alacrity.

Poet by Proxy

The clockwinder was flattered the other day by a visit from Mayor Rolph.

"Welcome, Jim," he said, cleverly reaching for the Mayor's hand before the Mayor could reach for his. "We don't see you on the front as often as we'd like. How's the coal business? Has Jock McGregor built any ships for you this week?"

"I came to talk poetry, not business," said the Mayor. "I wanted to hear what you thought of my Exposition poem."

"Poetry's not too popular up here," answered the clockwinder. "But perhaps it hasn't had a proper chance. Is yours better than Willis Polk's?"

"Haven't you read it?" demanded the Mayor in surprise.

"Not all of it," confessed the clockwinder. "I went through forty-seven stanzas, and you were only half way around the world. As a poet you're some Phineas Fogg."

"What did you think of my technique?" inquired Jim.

"Not bad, not bad," replied the clockwinder. "You'll take your place in the Mission school of poets with Father Crowley, Eustace Cullinan,

Fred Churchill and the rest of 'em. I notice one difference between you and your poetical predecessor, Doctor Taylor."

"What's that?" said Rolph, visibly pleased by this coupling of names.

"Simply this," said the clockwinder, "that Doctor Taylor's secretary was never suspected of writing his poems for him. Must you be going? Give my regards to all our old friends on 'change if you happen up that way."

Spreckels Versus Bourn

On the morning after the supervisors sustained Mayor Rolph's veto of the proposition to sell all the Hetch-Hetchy bonds, the Mayor's secretary, Mr. Rainey, climbed the steps of the ferry tower and made a call on the clockwinder.

"What do you think of the Mayor now?" Rainey asked as he entered the pendulum room.

"He handled himself in good shape yesterday," was the clockwinder's critical comment.

"Do you approve of what he did?"

The clockwinder meditated a few moments with his eye on the bowl of his pipe. "I like a good scrapper," he said, "even when he's in the wrong, and Jim certainly put up a good scrap yesterday. Of course I'm not for Hetch-Hetchy. It's plain enough right now that the politicians have put us up against a raw deal, but as between Billy Bourn and Rudolph Spreckels I'm for Billy, and if the Mayor will take my tip I'll tell him how to win his fight."

"What's your tip?"

"Keep the loud pedal on Rudie. I see the papers haven't said a thing about the Mayor's question to Gallagher—'How much money did Rudolph Spreckels give you to defeat the proposition?' The Examiner merely quoted the question and Gallagher's answer that Spreckels first gave fifteen hundred and then fifty-five hundred to the cause. There's been no comment."

"What comment do you think should be made?"

Again the clockwinder meditated and fixed his eye on his pipe. "Of course," he began, "Mr. Spreckels is a civic reformer. He says so himself. We know he hates graft because we know he prosecuted the paint eaters, but I think it is only fair to suggest that this gentleman with a superfetation of virtue is unconsciously giving bad example. Of course if Gallagher received money from Spreckels wherewith to defray the cost of a campaign against a proposition to be submitted to the people it was because he conceived it to be to the interest of the dear people. If one has a pure conscience one can do that sort of thing without sinning, and we know there are men like Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Spreckels who enjoy the royal prerogative of inability to do a wrong. But here's the point: Suppose Mr. Bourn wanted to finance the campaign the other way and employed the Mayor as his agent—what then? If it is to be permissible for our millionaires to fight their feuds with supervisors as their agents at what point are we to call a halt? If a supervisor why not a mayor as an agent? If Spreckels has Gallagher I'm in favor of letting Bourn have Rolph. I don't know but what I'm in favor of giving Bourn a little advantage, for though he isn't advertising himself as a civic reformer he is the author of the greatest reform in our civic life."

"What do you refer to?"

"I refer to his withdrawal of the Spring Valley Water Company from the business of corrupting supervisors. Billy Bourn is a man who has done something for the city. Bourn and Crocker are the men who started the cash flowing for the Fair. And they might have given us an opera house but for the opposition of the little gang of pinheads who have been reforming the city by knocking it."

"Please don't mention the opera house," said Rainey.

"Oh, pardon me," said the clockwinder, "I had forgotten that Jim had a hand in the killing of that enterprise."

Ford's Representative Aggregation

The New York Sun thinks that something should be done to mitigate the humiliation and relieve the embarrassment which Ford's peace expedition is inflicting on this country. The Sun suggests that it be proclaimed officially that Ford and his associates in no way represent the Government of the United States or reflect its opinions or those of a vast majority of its citizens. By such a proclamation, we are told, "the status of the enterprise would be made clear, and the reputation of the sane residents of this country in a measure protected." The only objection to such a proclamation is that it might not be wholly true. How do we know that Ford's "impudent design," as it is characterized by the Sun, does not reflect the opinions of a vast majority of our citizens? The volume of opinion reflected is not indicated by the size of the group of limelight heroes enlisted in the enterprise. Several State governors sent their "regrets." Presumably they are in sympathy with the enterprise. The chancellor of a great university is one of the moving spirits of the enterprise. Our own State university, which of course reflects the enlightened sentiment of California, is represented, that great man Benjamin Ide Wheeler having sent a student as a delegate. A San Francisco church congregation which includes some of our wisest citizens is represented by the parson, a gentleman who is taken very seriously hereabouts, and who enjoys a national reputation won by empty gabble. The prophet of all our sentimentalists, the Hon. Ben Lindsey, is aboard the good ship Flubdub along with John D. Barry, apostle of the culturines. If the group of peacemakers is small, it includes nearly all the personifications of our variegated nationality. If the expedition is not official at any rate it affords a fine anthropomorphic study packed as it is with the characteristic abstractions of our national life in human form.

The Swatting of Burns

According to the Philadelphia Public Ledger Congressman Graham of that city is on the point of applying to the courts for revocation of the Philadelphia license of William J. Burns's detective agency. The newspaper-made hero of our old graft prosecution appears to be getting himself into bad odor all over the country. With his little dictagraph Burns is still employed occasionally to do the work that was once the exclusive occupation of the keyhole detective, but as a prosecutor it is not likely that there is much demand for him. In many States the courts have pronounced against his methods. It was only the other day that two councilmen of Atlantic City trapped by Burns and convicted were set free. Four men were indicted, but two were acquitted. The Court of Appeal has set aside the verdict of guilty. Commenting on the case the Philadelphia Inquirer says that nothing was more striking than the "villainy displayed by the detectives." This is severe language to apply to a man who enjoys the favor of several pulpits in San Francisco.

The Record of the Hotels

At the beginning of the Exposition period an association called the San Francisco Hotel Bureau was formed. This bureau was backed by the best hotels of the city. It listed thirty thousand hotel rooms of all prices and sent its folders broadcast over the country. On the folder was a request that complaint be made to the bureau if the hotels listed asked more for any room than the price quoted in the folder. The Exposition period has come to an end, and to date the bureau has received just three complaints from visitors. This is a record of which the hotel men of this city are very proud, and all will agree that they have a right to be proud of it.

The Death of Will Lyle

Another of the links binding the present to the golden heyday of the past was snapped last Friday when Will Lyle, the associate of Fair and Mackay in many a great mining enterprise, passed away at his home in this city. When the roll of those who contributed to the romantic annals of gold mining in California and Nevada is called nowadays there are few

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to answer to their names. The handful still living experienced a sharp pang of sorrow when they learned that Will Lyle had joined the majority. He was a man of spotless integrity. He never lost a friend. Indeed he enjoyed to the end the youthful prerogative of making new ones, for he never grew old in spirit. So there are many to mourn his death. William Simpson Lyle was born in Maine some seventy years ago. He was of distinguished lineage, and all the living members of his family have risen to prominence in the army, the navy, the professions and public life. The story of his active career in this State, in Nevada and Arizona would be the story of the great bonanza days. He was a director in every mining company in which James G. Fair and John Mackay were interested. He is survived by his widow Sarah Kelly Lyle, the daughter of the late James R. Kelly, president of the Hibernia Bank, by two sons George and Will, and by a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Blake.

Lansing Quotes Dryden

The Exposition, according to Secretary of State Lansing, has been, "in Dryden's words, 'all mankind's epitome.'" Secretary Lansing makes the quotation from "glorious John" in the words of appreciation of the Fair which he sent to Charles C. Moore. I wonder how Lansing came to quote these particular words? Is it possible that the passage from which they are taken has been in his thoughts of late? Is there any chance that the passage comes into his mind when his thoughts dwell upon his predecessor in office? The passage is from "Absalom and Achitophel." Judge for yourself whether it describes the late Secretary of State, Chautauqua Bill Bryan:

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

When Huerta Comes to Trial

"The United States," says a Federal official, "may not have the most efficient military establishment in the world, and it has no very extensive secret service, but we may learn before long that foreign spies are no match for American detectives." From the investigations of the federal grand jury in New York much has been learned of the designs and methods of German intrigue in this country, and there have been sensational developments, but the most startling developments are to come—not in New York but in San Antonio, Texas, where General Huerta is to be tried in a few weeks. According to federal officials, at the Huerta trial we shall get all the details of a conspiracy by which millions of dollars of German money was to restore Gen. Victoriano Huerta to the dictatorship in Mexico, and thus bring this country into a state of war with the Mexicans. The story involves Franz Rintelen the wealthy German who arrived in this country at the same time that Huerta came from Barcelona, Spain, where he was visited by German agents. It will be shown, I am told, that of $50,000,000 which German sympathizers had to embroil this Government in Mexico, more than $10,000,000 had already been placed at the disposal of Huerta's representatives in different places; that $95,000 has recently been seized in the Sud-Deutsche-Americanische Bank in Mexico City, and that $600,000 more is in another branch of the same bank in Havana, Cuba, where proceedings will be instituted by Carranza's representatives to impound it.

Object of the Conspiracy

The aim of the conspiracy of which Huerta was the central figure, it is said, was to put the United States in such a position that the shipment of arms and ammunition from this country to the Allies would be stopped. Virtually every detail of the part Huerta had planned to play in starting a new revolution in Mexico—his meetings with his aids in New York, his conferences with Germans, including Rintelen and also a member of the German Embassy, arrangements for the shipment of arms and ammunition to Mexico, plots for causing defections from the Villa and Carranza armies—is included. All these documents have been turned over to the federal officials and it is said, they caused the Wilson Administration to give more consideration to Carranza than formerly had been the plan. Carranza agents were enabled to get all these facts, it is said, through a member of the group of conspirators who posed as a warm supporter of Huerta, but who really was a Carranza spy. All this information will be available at the trial of General Huerta. It is being used in the federal investigation into the activities of Rintelen in New York. The evidence, it is believed, is being supported by the story told by Andrew D. Meloy, former associate of Rintelen and alleged accomplice in Rintelen's efforts to slip back to Germany at the time Huerta's plot was discovered.

Two Movements

The Carranza representatives learned about eight months ago of a movement in New York to start another revolution in Mexico. In fact, Meloy is reported to have called up a Carranza agent, apparently to test his knowledge. The Carranzistas discovered that there were two distinct movements on foot there. One was headed by General Huerta and the other by Felix Diaz. Diaz planned to start a revolution in the southern States in Mexico. Scarcely, however, had he left the city than the Carranzistas made public his plans and caused him to stop at Key West and return to New York. About the same time a ship laden with arms and ammunition bound for Mexico was seized near New Orleans. Then Huerta called on Diaz and urged him to keep off, saying he had unlimited money. Diaz wanted to know who was backing him. Huerta showed him certain papers and Diaz, sitting up in surprise, exclaimed: "Why they're the same persons who are backing me." Diaz promised to hold back and let Huerta go ahead. On June 1 Huerta, A. Z. Ratner, his financial advisor; a former minister in Huerta's cabinet, a son of a Mexican general, General Angeles and other powerful Mexicans met at the Holland House to perfect their plans. Huerta made it clear that between $30,000,000 and $50,000,000 was to be available for the revolution. He showed his supporters that he had $10,000,000 for immediate action and that more would be forthcoming. Money was placed in institutions where it would be released to Huerta's agents. He told how arms and ammunition were to be shipped into Mexico, of the places along the Rio Grande where supplies were to be available for transportation across the border and how emissaries had been sent to cause a defection among both Villa and Carranza troops.

An Embassy Member Involved

The plan was to eliminate both Villa and Carranza and put General Huerta at the head of the country. It is said that Huerta had many Germans at his command. Prior to that meeting, however, Huerta had meetings in the Hotel McAlpin with a member of the German Embassy, and there were nearby at the time representatives of the United States Government who already had been informed by the Carranzistas. The details of that conference are known to the federal officials. It is known that Rintelen also had dined with that member of the Embassy and that to Rintelen were referred the details of every movement made in the conspiracy. Huerta's announcement that he had bought a home on Long Island and was planning to become a citizen of this country was only one of many moves to deceive the federal Government, but the secret service was informed of every step made by the old general. When Huerta started for Mexico secret service men were on the same train and they nabbed him not far from the Mexican border. After the arrest of Huerta a more extended investigation was made, and in August, when the trails led to Rintelen, he decided to leave the country. After obtaining a fraudulent passport by the aid of Meloy he sailed on the Rotterdam, accompanied by Meloy, only to be seized when the ship neared England. It was Raphael Nieto, assistant Secretary of Finance under Carranza,

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who discovered the whereabouts of funds that are said to have come from Rintelen. It is said that the big fund was on deposit in New York. Already the disposition of moneys has been traced to various places. Complete details regarding that fund have been obtained by the United States investigators, who have spent days in banking institutions in New York. Furthermore, a representative of Carranza has gone to Barcelona, Spain, to look up funds Huerta received in that city.

The Passing of a Character

Aaron Abrahams who died the other day was not well known to the general public. And yet he was vice-president of the Orpheum, and a very wealthy man. Years ago Abrahams kept a general merchandise store in Virginia City and laid the foundation of his fortune. At a time when there was no Orpheum circuit, when the future of vaudeville was visioned only by a few, Abrahams invested heavily in Orpheum stock. His friends thought him foolhardy, but he had confidence in the Orpheum and in Morris Meyerfeld. The event justified him. The Orpheum made him a very rich man—a millionaire some say. He was a bachelor. It speaks volumes for him and for his brother Louis who survives him that through all the years they had a single bank account on which they drew individually at will, with never a dispute or misunderstanding. Abrahams never lost his German-Jewish accent. He made his first trip East with the late Charlie Ackerman. The latter was fond of telling of the day they visited Niagara. Ackerman was moved to eloquence by the grandeur of the sight, and discoursed for Abrahams' benefit—and at considerable length—on the volume or water pouring over the falls. He paused, out of breath, and expected his auditor to rise to the occasion with an appropriate remark.

"Vell," said Abrahams, "vot's to prevent it?"

At another time Abrahams was doing Paris alone and ran across Mel Marx and the late Joe Gottlob of the Columbia. He voiced to them his disappointment. Paris was not what it was said to be. The theatres? He had been to the theatres, but he couldn't understand the actors. The cafes? He'd rather be back on Market street.

"But have you been to Maxim's?" asked Joe Gottlob.

"Maxim's? Vot is dat?" asked Abrahams.

Gottlob explained, and Abrahams was interested. The next day Gottlob and Marx met him at noon in front of the Grand Hotel.

"You are a couple of bunkoes," he said. "And so is Maxim's a bunko. I vent dere at eleven dis morning, and dere vas nodding doing!"

In the Wrong Pew

Dick O'Connor went up to Stockton to try a case last week. After a laborious morning session of court he hied him to the Hotel Stockton for lunch. Entering the dining room he found most of the tables occupied, and all the lunchers were men. He sought a vacant table in the corner. Before he could consult the menu card a waiter placed soup before him. "A table d'hote," thought Dick O'Connor, and was about to apply himself to the soup when a stranger came over to him with a smile and an outstretched hand.

"My name is Doctor Langley," said the stranger.

"Doctor," said Dick O'Connor, rising as we all do to such an occasion, "your face is familiar, and of course I have met you, but for the moment—"

"You never met me before in your life," said Doctor Langley, "and you are not a Rotarian."

"Certainly not," said Dick O'Connor.

"Well, this is a luncheon of the Stockton Rotarians," explained the doctor. "The public dining room is over there."

Dick O'Connor went "over there," and troubled the Stockton Rotarians no more.

Spoofing Charles Rollo

The pictures submitted for the annual art exhibition of the Bohemian Club were judged by a jury consisting of Charles Rollo Peters, Earl Cummings, Joseph Mora, Frank Van Sloun and Giuseppe Cadenasso. When the show was being prepared Peters rang up his friend Phil Bekeart.

"Phil," said the artist, "I haven't in my studio any good exemplar of my daylight work. Could I borrow for the Bohemian show that 'Tamalpais' of mine which hangs in your home?"

Phil readily agreed to lend the picture, and Peters taxied out to Bekeart's home for it (Charles Rollo never rides in street cars). Meanwhile Phil who never overlooks an opportunity of the sort, privately informed Cummings, Mora and Van Sloun that Peters was going to submit the "Tamalpais" to the jury. In due course the picture came before the five judges. Cummings gave one look and said emphatically:

"I vote no."

"No for me," said Mora just as emphatically.

"My vote is no," said Van Sloun.

The picture was rejected by a majority! Peters became very red, and Cadenasso very excited.

"But my dear friends," exclaimed Cadenasso, "this picture was painted by Mr. Peters. It is one of the best—"

"Rejected," said Cummings shortly. "What's the next picture?"

It was a very dispirited Charles Rollo Peters who went downstairs to lunch. He spied Bekeart at a table and spoke to him.

"The jury rejected the 'Tamalpais' this morning," he told Phil.

"I just heard about it," answered Bekeart,

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Not till he attended the private view and saw the picture on the line did Peters "get wise."

The Volunteer Assistants

Manager James Woods of the St. Francis has four exceedingly capable assistants in Tom Keating, Alvah Wilson, Ernest Drury and Jim McCullough. But how many people know that there are four other assistant managers of the popular hostelry on Union Square? Strange as it may seem, the four in question are not on the pay roll. They are volunteer assistant managers. Their work for the success of the hotel is a labor of love, nothing more, nothing less. And every member of the quartet is known far and wide outside of San Francisco. The volunteer assistant managers of the St. Francis are Charles Josselyn, Mose Gunst, Raphael Weill and William A. Pinkerton. The first three are permanent guests of the hotel; the fourth puts up there whenever he is in San Francisco, and that means as often as he can possibly get here.

Their Self-Imposed Duties

Each has his peculiar field of activity and his labor therein is the expression of his personality. Thus Charles Josselyn keeps a tireless eye upon the service. Any relaxation of discipline immediately engages his attention. He is particularly attentive to the bell boys. Whenever one of these shows the least letting-down in efficiency Josselyn warns him. The warning takes an interesting form. Josselyn is not only an author and an expert in Napoleonic lore but also an inventor. He has invented a system of electric messages to be flashed throughout the hotel. This system, if installed, will do away with most of the labors of bell boys and pages. So when a boy is careless Josselyn draws the plans of his invention from his pocket, shows them to the boy and threatens to have the system patented. This threat is invariably sufficient. Mose Gunst is the unofficial "greeter" of the hotel. He knows everybody from everywhere, and his chair in the lobby commands the main entrance, so that no visitor of importance escapes him. When the regular assistant managers are in doubt as to the importance of a guest they consult Mose Gunst, and never in vain. An astonishing number of people call at the hotel to see Mose Gunst, and he exercises the proper discrimination about introducing them to Keating, Drury, McCullough and Wilson so that the acquaintance of these latter is being constantly increased. And as everybody knows, the value of a hotel man is in proportion to his acquaintance. Weill's domain is the kitchen. An amateur "cordon bleu" of the highest standing, Raphael Weill has many invaluable suggestions for the improvement of the cuisine. That man of might Chef Hertzler does not disdain the assistance of Raphael Weill in the creation of a piece de resistance or the composition of a sauce. And finally "Bill" Pinkerton is the volunteer "outside man" for the St. Francis. He recommends the hotel to his multitude of acquaintances, and a recommendation from the great detective is never disregarded for his experience is great and his judgment flawless. When a friend of Pinkerton's decides to put up at the St. Francis "Bill" can inform the clerks offhand just what sort of accommodations that friend wants, and the friend is surprised at the little attentions he receives from the employes. Perhaps he never learns that he owes them to Pinkerton.

The Daily Council

These four volunteer assistant managers meet every day to talk over St. Francis affairs. Their suggestions are laid before Manager Woods from time to time, and are always valuable. In the summer Charles Josselyn spends a good deal of time at his country home at Woodside. But he does not neglect the St. Francis. He runs in continually to see that all is going well. And he invariably finds Gunst and Weill on the job. If Pinkerton is missing he is out of town; and when he is out of town he is always sending guests. You will readily see that James Woods would not lose his volunteer assistants for a great deal.

Lincoln on Fremont

The Pathfinder is of peculiar interest to us on account of the important part he played in our early history. Various historians have expressed various opinions of Fremont; but I do not recall ever having heard Lincoln's opinion of him quoted. It is to be found in a fascinating book just published, The Life and Letters of John Hay, by William Roscoe Thayer. The author gives this from Hay's diary:

I said to the President today that I thought Butler was the only man in the army in whom power would be dangerous. McClellan was too timid and vacillating to usurp; Grant was too sound and cool headed and unselfish; Banks also; Fremont would be dangerous if he had more ability and energy.

"Yes," says the President; "he is like Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say that his brother was the damndest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the damndest fool."

Mr. James Circumlocutes

Henry James has just written an article on the Belgian refugees in England. It is a characteristic performance—"not light, but darkness visible." Here is the way James tells us that there have been tea parties with music for the Belgians:

"Certain afternoons, each week, have worn the character of the huge comprehensive tea party, a fresh well-wisher discharging the social and financial cost of the fresh occasion—which has always festally profited, in addition, by the extraordinary command of musical accomplishment, the high standard of execution, that is the mark of the Belgian people."

With Henry James the longest way round is the favorite way home.

Ethel—No, Cholly; I respect and admire your noble qualities of mind and heart, but I could never marry you.

Cholly—Would it—er—would it make any difference if I cut out those disqualifications?

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ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 2497; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, Minors.

HANAH C. RUNDLE-HOLTZ, Guardian of the persons and estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, minors, having filed in this Court her petition for an order permitting the sale of the personal property of the estate of said minors, and it satisfactorily appearing to the Court that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the wards that the personal estate mentioned in said petition should be sold, the hearing of said petition is hereby fixed by the Court for Wednesday, the 22nd day of December, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court-room of Department 10, Probate thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and all persons interested in said estate are notified then and there to appear before the Court and show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said personal property.

Dated, November 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

J. H. MORRIS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, Deceased.—No. 19,916; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the undersigned Executor at his law office, No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.
Executor of the last will and testament of Blanche Anna Husson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, A. D. 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased.

CERF ROSENTHAL,
Administrator of the estate of Minnie S. Rosenthal, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

NORMAN A. EISNER,
Attorney for Administrator,
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, Deceased.—No. 19905; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, E. R. BOSSHART, Administrator of the estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of L. M. Hoefler, Room 903 California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased.

E. R. BOSSHART,
Administrator of the estate of F. W. Schlutter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 4th, 1915.

L. M. HOEFLER,
Attorney for Administrator,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Naughty, Naughty!

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon! Just between you and me, maidens smoked at the Charity Ball. How many of them puffed their dainty gold-tipped cigarettes in the ladies' parlor I do not know, but three or four ventured into the lobby of Scottish Rite Auditorium with the cigarettes between their fingers. I noticed this before supper, and I need not say that I was shocked. I shall not mention names, for that would serve no good purpose. Suffice it that the young girls who so offended are prominent in society. I hope this breach of the conventions will not be repeated.

It Looks Bad

Girls will smoke, I suppose, if they feel inclined to; for girls can be just as head-strong, just as intractable to parental discipline as boys. The girls see their older sisters smoking, or know that they smoke; and the imitative faculty is very strong in girls. But if they must smoke, let them smoke at home or at sewing bees or at luncheons or teas or other parties where there are only girls present. It looks bad to see them smoking at a ball. Their brothers will tell them so. Bad but experienced men use judgment even in their vices; ordinary people have a respect for appearances in the indulgence of habits which are not exactly bad but questionable. I ask the girls to take this to heart. When they have been out a season or two they will learn it for themselves. Meanwhile they should take advice and refrain from smoking at balls.

In His Own Home Town

Last Sunday while enjoying the organ recital in the Illinois Building I enjoyed as well the enthusiasm of the people, many of whom I recognized as regular, faithful attendants. Throughout the period of the Exposition the organ recitals in the Illinois Building were an attractive feature and deserved more attention from the press than they received. But the music critics spent most of their time in Festival Hall applauding artists from everywhere. The artist at the organ in the Illinois Building being a San Franciscan did not count. It seemed to be a studied purpose of our Fair moguls to keep San Francisco talent in the background, and consequently Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell, being a local musician, was heard only under the roof of the Illinois Building. But that roof was no bushel for the hiding of his light. The beauty of his performances though unsung in the press attracted many thousands of visitors for whom they are now among the pleasures of memory. Dr. O'Connell, by the way, has not been mentioned among the candidates for the position of organist of the Civic Auditorium. Perhaps like Dr. Stewart, who suffered neglect till San Diego took him away from us, Dr. O'Connell thinks it hopeless to expect recognition in a city that regards Boston as the hub of the world of art as well as the centre of New England Philistinism.

"Tommy" Is Coming

Girls and young matrons of the country set, prepare to be strenuous. Get into training. Take long walks. Give up the limousine for the saddle. Cut out sweets and eat the food that makes muscle. Borrow your brothers' polo ponies and brush up on the game. Go to bed early and rise with the sun. For you must all be tough, husky, hard as nails by January. You must be in fine fettle, "fit as a fiddle," "trained to the minute." And why? Because "Tommy" is coming. Eleo feels the lure of the West again. The tireless, the vivacious, the athletic, the sensational, the unconventional, the breathless Eleo Sears has thought up some new hair-raising stunts and she is coming here to spring them on us and startle us out of our humdrum indolence. She will be here in January. So lose no time, if you want to meet her on her own terms.

Miss McGregor's Engagement

Pretty, charming Katie-bel McGregor whose name falls upon the ear like a strain of Scottish music has surprised and delighted her friends by announcing her engagement to John Lewis Luckenbach of New York. It is inferred that the romance had its beginning when the son of the steamship magnate was here on business. He was very popular in social circles in San Francisco and is a member of some of our clubs, including the Burlingame. He paid a great deal of attention to the daughter of the president of the Union Iron Works, but few suspected how far the romance had progressed when Miss McGregor went East recently. Miss McGregor is a Vassar girl, and in addition to her intellectual gifts is mistress of many healthy out-of-doors accomplishments.

Gadski's Daughter

Miss Tauscher, the daughter of the great Gadski, is here with her mother. It is not her first visit to San Francisco. I remember the sensation she made at the old Grand Opera House one night many years ago. The occasion was a Melba concert, and Gadski was in a stage bax with her daughter who was then a tiny child. When Melba started to sing one of her numbers the little girl informed her mother in great excitement that she too could sing that song. And before Gadski could prevent, the child was singing it with Melba! The audience thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and so did Melba to whom Gadski apologized afterwards.

Why Not Simple Writing?

"Glorified simplicity as though seen through the prismatic colors of tomorrow, made a dazzling picture of the dinner," etc., etc.

"No matter by what the people of Guatemala may count their riches, to San Franciscans it will always seem that their most precious asset is their gift of hospitality, for not only was the dinner," etc., etc.

"Every woman, as though inspired by some psychological prescience of the event, had gowned herself," etc., etc.

"San Francisco chic and smartness which the wintry tang of bracing weather enhances by adding the sparkle and bloom of health, made midday," etc., etc.

Why do the bavardes insist on cluttering up their columns with this meaningless verbiage? Why must a poor helpless drop of society news be swallowed up in an ocean of words? Do the bavardes have to do this fine writing? Or it is their natural mode of expression? I raise my feeble voice in a plea for simplicity in the writing of society news. If the items are important enough to publish why not let them alone instead of assaulting them with adjectives? If the purpose of this style is to impress it defeats its purpose.

At the Cecil

Misses Lillian and Mary Allen, society folk of Honolulu, arrived on the last steamer and are stopping at the Cecil. Mrs. C. W. McLaury of Chicago and Mrs. Charles Clarke of New York are planning to pass the winter. They arrived the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Andress left Friday for their home in New York. They have been guests for the past six months. Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland entertained at dinner Sunday evening in honor of W. H. Featherston of Los Angeles. A warm welcome is being accorded Mrs. Sidney Andrews and Miss Elinor Andrews of Boston. Mr. David Dickson entertained ten of his friends at dinner Thursday evening. He is from Berwick, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Clapp of Boston came west for the Exposition. Mrs.

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HOTEL PLAZA COMPANY

E. B. Bronson of Los Angeles is being extensively entertained by her San Francisco friends. Major and Mrs. F. J. Koester entertained a coterie of friends at dinner Sunday evening.

At the Somerton

Dr. and Mrs. Lee Jaminson who have been guests for the past month left Monday for their home in Boston. They gave a farewell dinner of twenty covers the evening before their departure. Captain and Mrs. J. H. Allen were hosts at a supper dance Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Allen motored up from Los Angeles to meet the captain and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. John Harman and their daughter Miss Dorothy Harman are registered. They are society folk of Chicago. Among recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cole of Providence, R. I. Doctor Sawyer, the popular manager of the Paso Robles Hotel, is convalescing at Lane's hospital after an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Sawyer is a guest at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Leahy entertained a dozen friends at luncheon Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Norford Tretrenalt gave a dinner Thursday evening. They are from Providence. R. I. Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Bordon and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis of Portland arrived Wednesday. Among the prominent southerners who have come to see the Exposition are Messrs. and Mesdames George C. Rommell, R. J. Rommell and Miss Ruth Rommell of Louisville, Kentucky.

Vintage Wine Is Rare

Contrary to the idea that is held generally in this country, most of the champagne that is sent here from Europe is not vintage wine. The Frenchman in his own country who is really a connoisseur will have nothing but the real vintage wine, and consequently there is very little available for export as it can be made only in vintage years. These are times greatly favored by nature when the grapes ripen perfectly and when a happy combination of circumstances render it possible to make perfect wine. In France 1904 and 1906 were vintage years, and then there was not another vintage year until 1911. Much champagne was made in the intervening years, but it was not vintage wine. Consequently it was sold in Europe at a smaller price than vintage wine, but here in America there is not so much distinction drawn between the two and people are paying high prices for the ordinary wine. In California 1908 was a most successful vintage year and some excellent champagne was made here during that fall. Many people seem to have become acquainted with this fact, judging from my observations about town, as Paul Masson, vintage of 1908, is gaining greatly in popularity in all our fashionable homes and cafes.

For the Children's Hospital

For the purpose of securing for the Children's Hospital an X-ray apparatus, a the dansant will be given Tuesday at the St. Francis Hotel. It is an affair in which society is manifesting the keenest interest, this organization being one of the favorite charities of the smart set, and several hundred will attend the function. Among the attractions of the afternoon will be "L'Ideal," the Marimba band which was sent by the President of Guatemala for the dinner dance given recently by Adolfo Stahl in the Guatemala building. Those who attended that affair will realize how much this band will contribute to the pleasure of the guests at Tuesday's dansant. The Chrysanthemum Society is assisting in the plans for the tea dance for which the following entertainment committee has been provided: Mrs. M. H. de Young, chairman; Mesdames I. N. Walter, John S. Drum, C. Frederick Kohl, Latham McMullin, Jesse Lilienthal, Leigh Sypher, Henry Payot, Walter S. Martin, Norris King Davis, E. S. Heller, George T. Cameron, Chester Woolsey, Francis W. Lucas, J. Stewart Fairweather, Baroness Jan Carel Van Eck and Miss Edith Bull.

Souvenirs at Tavern

The dances each evening at Techau Tavern would amply repay the participants even without the elegant and costly souvenirs which are given by the management without competition of any kind. The souvenirs for the Candy Dances consist of beautiful art boxes and fancy baskets of especially selected assortments of the finest of Lyon's Perfection California Glacé Fruits, a typical California product. These are presented to the ladies, while the souvenir for the gentlemen consists of a large box of Pall Mall cigarettes.

Black—I'm getting up a subscription for Greenleigh ;he's sick and can't meet his bills.

White—How much are you trying to raise?

Black—Twenty dollars; that's what he owes me.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Tina Lerner

Tina Lerner is a pianist who belongs to the Muses, and when she comes to town it is unfortunate if we do not show that we appreciate her genius. She is an artiste not to be neglected without discredit to ourselves. Wherever she appears there is an important event to be recorded, a great spiritual treat to be enjoyed. Tina Lerner makes me think of what Maurice Baring said of her country people, that what he admires in the Russians is nothing barbaric, picturesque, or exotic, but something eternal, universal and great—namely, their love of man and their faith in God. These are the essential elements of great genius, and one feels that they are of the warp and woof of the genius of this little Russian woman. Most impressive and inspiring was her playing last Friday as she sat at the piano looking like an embodiment of Milton's "Il Penseroso" and giving us the music of her mood. Especially delightful was she in such numbers as Alceste (Glück-Saint-Säens), a Chopin sonata and in grave, short numbers. The smile of gladness for gayer moments she has too, and all her playing has an overwhelming charm.

—H. M. B.

At Pantages

Among the eight acts at Pantages this week are some special favorites of this Market street playhouse. They are Bothwell Browne and company, a Walter Montague thriller, Tom Kelly and Gertie Van Dyke. Al H. Hallett and company present Montague's playlet "The Sign." According to the author a letter from the war zone in Belgium inspired this effort. It enables us to experience the horrors of war. Bothwell Browne, the successful female impersonator, is here with eight classy girls in "The Green Venus." Bothwell takes the part of Venus and takes it very prettily. Tom Kelly, the Irish comedian well known here, has a lady friend to make his act more lively. She is Gertie Van Dyke and she has nice songs and clothes. There are other good acts.

—The Second Nighter.

"The Battle Cry of Peace"

The success of "The Battle Cry of Peace" at the Columbia is evidenced by the demand for seats for the third week which commences Sunday. Charles Richman and the Vitagraph star cast give a wonderfully fine performance of the film which is in nine parts. The story is based on a possible invasion of this country. There is a splendid orchestra in attendance at all performances. Seats are reserved one week in advance.

Weber and Fields at Orpheum

Weber and Fields, those famous comedians who have made two generations laugh and who some time back dissolved partnership, have reunited for a brief engagement on the Orpheum circuit. Their engagement in this city will begin at the Sunday matinee and is positively limited to one week. They will present their famous characters of Mike and Meyer which have made countless thousands roar with laughter. Reine Davies, the lady beautiful of vaudeville, is not only an excellent vocalist but also a clever comedienne. Not long ago she was the principal comedienne with Willie Collier in his musical comedy "Forward March." Ballet Divertissement consists of a series of classic and character dances performed by eight talented girls from the Metropolitan Opera House. Chief among them is Swan Wood, a beautiful, gifted girl who created a sensation in London, Paris and on Broadway in East Indian, Spanish and Greek dances of daring originality. Nonette, the singing violinist whose beauty, talent and versatility have made her an immense favorite, will be a fascinating feature. James Diamond and Sibyl Brennan will exhibit their versatility in a musical skit "Niftynonsense." Miss Brennan is a dainty ingenue type who has a good voice and dances capably. Mr. Diamond is a sterling comedian. "General" Ed Lavine, the man who has "soldiered" all his life, announces that he is back from the front and is whiling away his time with feats of juggling. Glen Ellison is a Scotch comedian who depends for his success on his real humor and excellent voice. He tells delightful Scotch stories and sings a number of descriptive songs. The only holdover will be Eduardo and Elisa Cansino, the famous Spanish dancers who will conclude their engagement with this bill.

Concert for Italian Soldiers

The Italian Ambassador at Washington is taking a keen interest in the benefit concert to be given for the widows and orphans of Italian soldiers at the Knights of Columbus Hall next Friday evening. Tickets are going with a rush. The program is of high merit. It will be participated in by the Minetti Orchestra of 65 talented musicians, Mme. Bernice Pasquali the eminent prima donna soprano, Miss Dorothy Pasmore the talented 'cellist, and Charles Bulotti the favorite tenor.

MAUD POWELL

Premier woman violinist who gives concerts at the Cort on Sunday and Tuesday afternoons, December 12 and 14

"The Phantom Rival" at Alcazar

By special arrangement with David Belasco, the Lytell-Vaughan players will offer next week at the Alcazar the first production here of Leo Detrichstein's "The Phantom Rival." This was one of the successes of last season in New York. So far it has never been seen west of Chicago, and never at popular prices. Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan will have great roles. A flawless production is promised by Addison Pitt, the stage director.

Last Week of "The Bird"

"The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's play of life in the Hawaiian Islands, will begin its third and final week at the Cort with the performance Sunday night. This is one of the biggest favorites that has ever been shown here. The present engagement has been even more successful, from a business standpoint, than its two preceding ones. Carlotta Monterey, the young Oakland girl who plays the part of Luana, has made many friends through her personality, beauty and ability. Producer Morosco has seen to it that the rest of the cast is up to the usual standard, and the scenic effects are as notable as ever. The native musicians add much to the enjoyment of the play. On Sunday night, December 12, comes Walker Whiteside, the distinguished American actor, in a repertoire of his greatest stage successes including "The Typhoon" and "The Melting Pot."

Mystery at Hippodrome

Heading the new show at the Hippodrome with the matinee of December 5 is Ray Monde the mystery, an act that has thrilled the entire East. Ray Monde is a puzzle for the audience to solve. Change of costumes fails to reveal the sex, as Ray Monde sings soprano and tenor. Sheldon and St. Ives in the "Rube's Romance" have a classy act with the latest songs and dances. Les Keliors in "A Day at the Circus" introduce several innovations. La Mont brothers have a comedy acrobatic act. Billy Mann, versatile blackface comedian, is booked as one of the headliners. Miss Jackie Saunders, "The Maude Adams of the Screen," will be seen in the five-reel Pathe color photoplay "The Adventures of a Madcap." This picture is the first American drama to be produced in colors. Two other first-run pictures will complete the bill.

Gadski's Farewell

This Sunday afternoon at the Cort Mme. Johanna Gadski will give her second and last concert, assisted by Dr. Paul Eisler, pianist and composer. The program should attract all lovers of beautiful songs. It includes songs by Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Brahms, McDowell, Paul Eisler and George Henschel. Among the gems will be Brahms' dramatic epic "The Smith" and Schubert's thrilling "Death and the Maiden." The Wagnerian excerpts will be the aria "Dich Theure Halle" from Tannhauser and the Liebestod from Tristan. Tickets at the usual music stores and the Cort.

Maud Powell's Concerts

Maud Powell, the greatest of women violin-

ists, will give two programs at the Cort assisted by Arthur Loesser, pianist. The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, December 12. She will offer the rarely played Concerto No. 7 by Ch. De Beriot, a Sonata by Vincent D'Indy that has never been heard in this city, the "Introduction et Rondo Cappriccioso" by Saint-Saens, a Berceuse by Florent Schmitt, two gems by Sibelius and a Polonaise by the young American Edward Grasse. Mr. Loesser will be heard in solo numbers. The second concert will be given Tuesday afternoon, December 14. Tickets will be ready Wednesday at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase's and the Cort. Mail orders to Will Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

S. F. Quintet Club

The third concert of that admirable organization the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given next Thursday night, December 9, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. E. M. Hecht, the founder, and Will Greenbaum, the manager, are delighted with the increase in attendance over last year and announce a second series of concerts early in the New Year. Thursday's program will include a Quintet for flute and strings by the Dutch composer Brandt-Buys, a Quartet for piano and strings by Brahms and a Quartet for strings by Debussy. Tickets at the usual music stores and the St. Francis news stand.

Gadski at Stanford

Next Thursday night, December 9, the Peninsula Musical Association announces an extra concert by Mme. Gadski in Assembly Hall at Stanford University. A special program has been arranged for this occasion. Tickets will be sold to the general public.

"Prosperity Eight" at Pantages

The Prosperity Eight, one of the most pretentious vaudeville offerings that the Pantages circuit has booked in years, is the big attraction on the new show which opens Sunday. The eight men are talented musicians from the foremost American bands and their instrumental selections are far above the usual musical acts. The comedy hit is Santos and Hayes, girls with funny figures who have a skit "The Health Hunters." One weighs around the three-fifty mark while her partner is a mite of about eighty pounds. The girls provoke all kinds of fun with their grotesque attire, but both have fine singing voices. The musical tabloid for the new bill will be a jolly tale of university life with a couple of good comedians and six pretty girls, the title being "Sorority Days." Elise Schuyler known as the "Aristocrat of Vaudeville" is a gracious little comedian with a novelty in dancing and singing. Olie and Johnnie Vanis, "wizards of the wire," have a sensational act. Stein and Hume have bright chatter and burlesque opera singing. Jonathan, a comedy cartoonist, will finish the bill.

The Symphony Orchestra

Under the direction of Alfred Hertz rehearsals are in progress at the Cort for the fifth season of symphony concerts to be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Ten pairs of concerts will be given, and exactly the same program as given on Friday afternoon will be repeated at the Sunday afternoon concerts. The dates for the ten pairs of concerts: December 17, January 7, 14, 28, February 4, 18, 25, March 10, 24, 31, December 19, January 9, 16, 30, February 6, 20, 27, March 12, 26, April 2. The first program will include: Overture Leonore, No. 3, Beethoven; Symphony No, 2, Op. 73, D. major, Brahms; Eine Faust Overture, Wagner; Le Carnaval Romaine, Berlioz. The season ticket sale

WEBER AND FIELDS

Who will commence a one-week engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

GADSKI

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CORT THEATER

This Sunday Afternoon, December 5, at 3

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MAUD POWELL

VIOLINIST EXTRAORDINARY

Sunday Afternoon, December 12

Tuesday Afternoon, December 14

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Steinway Piano

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SORORITY GIRLS

With Cal Dean & Co. in "College Days"

8 GREAT PANTAGES ACTS

will continue at the office of the manager, Frank W. Healy, 711 Head building, until December 11. Many desirable seats are to be had. The sale of single seats will commence at the Cort, Sherman Clay and Kohler & Chase on December 13.

Innisfail String Quartet

The third concert of Mrs. J. B. Casserly's Innisfail String Quartet at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter street, will be given next Tuesday night. From a musical standpoint these concerts are of the utmost importance. Animated by a common sympathy and guided by a deep study of the works before them, the Quartet plays with a unanimity and a subtlety of expression heretofore unheard in San Francisco. Tuesday night's program: Quartet in D major, Cesar Franck; Italian Serenade, Hugo Wolf; Quartet, F major (Kochel 590), Mozart. Seats at Sherman Clay and Kohler & Chase, and on the evening of the performanec at Sorosis Club Hall.

Letters

Stories of Genuine Humor

The reading public laughs at the humor with which Charles E. Van Loan lards his short stories, but so far it hasn't tagged him as a humorist. We don't find references to "Van Loan, the well known humorist" in the literary news. This is a good thing. That tag has hurt some very good humorists. They come to wear it self-consciously. In their writings one sees the effort to be humorous. One can almost hear them saying to themselves: Come, let us make people laugh. Van Loan is not of that sort. His humor is fresh, spontaneous, unstrained; it ripples from him naturally like a hearty laugh. In his latest book of short stories, "Buck Parvin and the Movies," we find Van Loan's humor at its best. Rollo Buchanan Parvin, the moving picture cowboy, is a humorous character, and as the title of the book suggests, he dominates this series of short stories of the moving picture business. Van Loan has painted a full length portrait of Buck Parvin, and he has painted him with a great deal of zest. He is fond of Buck, and he makes the reader fond of him—not a difficult matter, since readers have a ready affection for characters that make them laugh and Buck is good for a laugh every time he opens his mouth. If you read these stories as they appeared from week to week in the Saturday Evening Post you may think that you have exhausted their possibilities. But you haven't. I read them as they appeared, and have just finished rereading them. I think I got more fun out of them this time than before. I went through the book in two sittings, and was sorry there wasn't more. Is there anything better to be said in its favor? Van Loan knows the moving picture business thoroughly, and gives us an excellent view of it from all sides: so his book will not only yield delight but will also satisfy the curiosity of "movie fans" eager to peer behind the screen. We meet here all the people who contribute to the success of a film: Myrtle Manners the plucky leading woman, Jack La Rue the conceited leading man, Jimmy Montague the producing director and heavy actor (Hobart Bosworth posed for this excellent picture), Ben. Leslie the property man, Charlie Jennings the make-up artist, Tim Kelly the animal keeper, Charlie Dupree the camera man, David Seligman the executive head of the company, Sharkey the camel, Selim the elephant, Dud, the milkfed lion, and of course Buck Parvin the cowboy who starts as an extra man and works his way by merit to a regular salary. Buck was happiest when he had cowboy parts, but of course he had to act in all sorts of scenarios. He is discovered as a soldier in the Civil War when he gives utterance to this speech which is typical of him:

"I've been killed on every steep hill in Los Angeles county and wounded every little while reg'lar; and I'm still packing this confounded blunderbuss around. I've helped to capture more cannons than Napoleon ever saw. I've crawled miles and miles on my stomach, collecting red ants and wood-ticks that I couldn't scratch because the camera was looking at me. I've charged till I was black in the face. I'm a veteran of Bull Run, Antietam, Lookout Mountain, Shiloh, the Wilderness, Gettysburg—and I held Grant's hawss at Appomattox and loaned him the makings of a cigarette. I've been in Libby Prison twice. Phil Sheridan and me is pals. I showed him how to make that ride and rehearsed the hawss four times. I fought under Grant, Lee, Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, Bragg, McClellan, Hooker, Ben Butler, Jim Montague—and a-many more that I disremember right now. I'm a Yank one day and a Johnny Reb the next; I get it on both sides, so to speak, and what Uncle Billy said about this business goes double for me. I ought to have about a million dollars comin'—in pensions—but I'd swap the whole works for a nice cool scuttle of beer. What fool started this here war anyhow?"

There isn't a poor story in this book, or a dull page in any story. Everybody I know who has read "Buck Parvin and the Movies" has picked out his favorite story from the group of nine. The fact that no two agree shows that all the nine have high merit. Decidedly this is a book to banish the blues Published by the George H. Doran Co.

—E. F. O'D.

A Story for Boys

"Deal Woods" is another of Latta Griswold's boy-stories dealing with the same school as its predecessors, "Dearing of Deal" and "The Winds of Deal." As Mr. Griswold is a teacher in a large boys' preparatory school, class-room monkey shines and didoes make less of an appeal to him than to the average caterer to the amusement of the youthful. This story deals particularly with the out-door activities of the pupils and especially with the privileges accorded them in the matter of camping in the neighboring woods and the advantages and evils resulting therefrom. The boy about whom most of the events are clustered, Victor Orofino, occupies an unusual position, for, his grandmother having married an Italian prince, he is heir to a title and a fortune, and though his parents and little sister spend half the year abroad, Victor is receiving an American education and the question of his ultimate citizenship is to be left to his own decision. He

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is influenced to a considerable extent by his school friendships and it is this effect of character upon character which is the background of the story. Perhaps if a certain class of parents would take a course of reading in boys' books it might open their eyes to the evils of too large a supply of pocket money and too much unguarded liberty for growing lads. As it is, the probabilities are that boys in general simply envy the fortunate ones who can do about as they please. "Deal Woods" makes this strong plea in its own behalf, that the incidents which occupy the minds of the boys in no case border on the criminal. There is neither arson nor robbery nor malicious destructiveness nor even incipient love-making, and if there is any one thing more than another which boys of fifteen and under despise in their books, it is finding girls in them. From the Macmillan Company.

The December Lantern

The Lantern for December is now on the news stands, and its table of contents should attract many who have yet to make the acquaintance of this stimulating little monthly. This month's Lantern contains:

A Plea for Intolerance by Theodore Bonnet.

The Grave of Torquemada, a sketch by Edward Hutton.

To Xavier Martinez, a sonnet by George Sterling.

The Best Time for Poetry by Edward F. O'Day.

The Good Knight and the Orphan-Maid, a ballad.

Shakespeare's Women by Alfred E. Randall.

The Temptations by Baudelaire.

Little Bronze Playfellows

Paul Elder and Company will soon publish a fantasy for children and grown-ups introducing the charming garden bronzes of children that are to be seen in the Fine Arts Colonnade of the Exposition. It is to be published under the title "Little Bronze Playfellows." It has been written by Stella G. S. Perry, author of the "Kind Adventure," "Go to Sleep" and "Sculpture and Murals of the Exposition." The illustrations will reproduce a series of these bronzes, such as "Duck Baby," "Wild Flower," "Young Man" and other subjects that have proven such popular favorites.

In the House of Pain

(Continued from Page 6.)

knock them about, poor wretches! There oughtn't to be wars like that." The English are different: a source of perpetual joy and wonderment to the Abbé; classed with the Moors and negroes as natural fighters; full of courage and spirit and laughter; making light of their sufferings; careless—seemingly—of life or death. In this great hospital, amongst the French there is extraordinary patience, courtesy, calm. Only intolerable agonies evoke a cry. There is quiet and a great longing for rest in a palace of pain. But when the English or the Moors arrive, the atmosphere changes. A huge Highlander insists on leaning out of the window, and underneath "the crowd endeavors to express its sympathy by a discreet ovation." "The arrival of two Englishmen and your servant makes conversation possible. I am asked to explain, to recount, to interpret. The talk lasts a full quarter of an hour." Wounded Zouaves arrive; and next morning, says the Abbé, "I found one in a room where he runs no risk of losing his spirits. Three Englishmen were singing merrily to the applause of a Tunisian and four Frenchmen." They learn knitting, and knit while they laugh and sing. "Who is this young officer, laughing as he walks about, a borrowed képi unblushingly stuck over one ear? An English lieutenant. Who are these soldiers who are jumping along on their crutches or running on their wooden leg in the corridor? English again. And those who are singing with much gesticulation, laughing aloud and trying to make others laugh? Always English, unless by chance they be Tunisians or negroes." "Assuredly not Frenchmen," adds the Abbé sadly. "We shall once again know happiness, and once again we shall laugh; now it is no longer possible." But for the English, "quite contrary to the idea the French had of them before seeing them close," testifies the Abbé, "the English are remarkable for their animation."

The English alone also—except the French officers—desire speedy recovery and return to the fighting. The "common soldier" is willing to go; his country is in danger; but all his longing is for home. "True as it is that I have heard no complaint from a single one of the wounded," says the Abbé, "it is as true that I have seen but a very small number who wished to go back to the front; first our officers and some English and African born fighters, also a few young fellows in our active forces, never reservists or heads of families." Yet it is an Englishman who bursts out into sudden denunciation of the clumsy brutality of it all. "I loved fighting, formerly," he declares to the Abbé, "but now I've done with it. It's not war, it's murder. There's no pleasure in it."

So as the summer passes and the year descends through a quiet autumn towards its close, the Abbé Klein, as so many thousands of the heroic Christian priests of France, continued his duty, having no thought otherwise but of "France and of God," confronting with a faith that is challenged daily but daily triumphant the smashing to pieces of a world. The strongest impression of this book is of the sincerity and sympathy of the author, as every day he has to face earth's most sorrowful experiences: death and loss and longing, and the grief of wife and mother, who arrive only to find that their sons or husbands are dead. He tries not to hate the enemies of humanity who have brought this destruction upon the people. He is proud, and rightly, of the heroism of his own land. He has nothing but praise also for the help, determination, and dogged resistance of the English. And he is rightly lyrical in praise of Belgium, a country "before which history will bow the knee." "At the point of death, to all appearances, yet serene, as certain of final victory as of its duty; its hand always on the sword, and its eyes raised to heaven to see the coming of the justice of God." At times, when the strain is almost unbearable, as in the chapel in the great silence of the middle of the Night of the Feast of the Dead, his mind is filled with doubt as to the ultimate meaning of it all, amid the darkness of the little lamp of the tabernacle, while opposite "against the great windows the wind shook the branches of the trees, and autumn leaves knocked upon the panes like a swarm of suppliant souls." But the weakness is always conquered, and faith burns bright and undimmed, that somehow good shall be the final goal of all, and that we too shall some day recognize this good, so dearly bought. "We shall enjoy it," he defiantly affirms, "not only like our beloved dead, in that invisible world where each of us harvests in fruits of joy or grief, that which he sowed of goodness or evil. We shall enjoy it even in this world, where the Divine Justice which unbelievers also worship as we do, although under another name, ends always by apportioning to the peoples, according to their conduct, prosperity or failures, glory or dishonor." With such faith in present redress and ultimate triumph he faces the future—unafraid.

Many a man can't make both ends meet simply because he keeps perfectly straight.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Speculators had an idea that Thanksgiving week was not a good time to try, as they also face the uncertainties of the President's message and the opening of a Congressional session immediately preceding a presidential election at which there will be some revision of the tariff and the fiscal policy of the Federal Government which is forced by the war, the loss of certain revenues and the plans for national defense to which President Wilson is committed. These are not necessarily bear arguments, but they are uncertainties which will affect the stock market in some way and they cannot be intelligently discounted until more is known about them. Trading was consequently much lighter than it has been for several weeks, but the market was not weak though it displayed considerable irregularity. Railroad reports of earnings for October were very favorable and included substantial gains in both gross and net by Baltimore & Ohio and Lehigh Valley. Expenses mounted fast, which proves that these railroads are beginning to spend money more liberally. Large gross earnings and disbursements for maintenance mean better business. Gross earnings reflect the state of general business and disbursements help labor and the steel and equipment trades. Traction shares were but little affected by the favorable reports and the usual dividend on Brooklyn Rapid Transit. Copper metal was quoted at 20½ cents by selling agencies for spot and nearby deliveries, and at 20 cents for distant futures. This price should be satisfactory and a further advance is not desirable because it would tend to check consumption. The advance had little effect on copper shares because speculation on them is now turning on reports of amalgamation, but it is the price and the profits resulting therefrom that counts in the long run. Petroleum shares were firm. Sugar stocks were irregular, but most of them closed higher on the known gains in domestic consumption and exports. Sugar is affected by prosperity more than most important commodities. "War stocks" were strong and relatively active. Baldwin and American Locomotive advanced scharply, partly on railroad orders for equipment. Distillers and Industrial Alcohol were higher on war orders. United Fruit remained active and strong.

Wheat—Aside from a temporary reaction, the market has held a strong tone throughout the week and is ruling somewhat above the level of last week. The action of prices suggests underlying strength and an absence of offerings, there being apparently but little pressure from hedging sales, notwithstanding that the primary movement is still running at large figures. There has been, however, some lessening of the movement as compared with last week. The strength of the market seems attributable to larger foreign sales than appear on the surface and to an excellent milling demand. Recent export sales of our wheat are being reported daily at larger quantities than previously had been announced. The foreign situation, from the standpoint of ocean transportation, has exercised some influence on values during the last day or so, steps having been taken to bring about a lowering of freight rates, and it being assumed that a greater demand will follow this development. Broomhall reports some amelioration in the supply-and-demand conditions abroad, as the result of recent large shipments from this country and Canada, besides the anticipation of freer native offerings. Advices relating to probable Australian shipments minimize the effect of that crop on prices, the estimated amount for export being reduced, besides which difficulty in shipping is apprehended. Moisture recently in the winter wheat belt is expected to help the condition of that crop, but at the same time the unsettled weather conditions are likely to restrain the movement. The market during the last few weeks has withstood conditions that ordinarily would be expected to produce weakness, and at the present time maintains considerable firmness, there apparently being a persistent demand on all setbacks. We believe prices are due to reach higher levels.

Corn—While, on the whole, displaying a degree of firmness, at one time, corn showed a disposition to react from the recent advance. Liquidation of the December was apparent for a brief time, and, as a result, this month has not exhibited the resistance in evidence in the May, there being apparently an excellent demand through the commission houses for the latter. The movement from the country has not grown appreciably, and reports relating to the condition of the crop as a general proposition are not favorable. Offerings from some sections were expected to become freer and inability to secure cars is thought to have somewhat restricted the movement. The domestic demand is of fair proportions, but recently little has been heard of export sales. Argentina is again shipping liberally, the amount this week being almost the equal of last week. The market gives an excellent account of itself and purchases of normal declines seem the proper course.

Cotton—After remaining practically stationary developed strength and scored an advance of 75 points, which put the market around the 12½-cent level. The principal factor was the strength from abroad. The Liverpool market, toward the close of the week, became excited and sent some sensationally high prices for spot cotton. Our market had been thoroughly liquidated, and it did not take much buying to stimulate an advance. Outside of the strong cables, there was nothing new in the situation. A few crop experts made their usual guess at the crop, but this had little effect on the market. Port receipts have been fairly large, but this was accounted for by the extremely favorable weather conditions which have hastened early marketings. The fact that the weight of the new crop has not weakened the spot situation materially has helped the constructive side of the market, as a good many who were bullish on cotton and were waiting for the usual drop in prices due to the heavy run of spot cotton are now taking hold of the market on all recessions. We can see nothing bearish in the situation, and advise purchases whenever the market is unduly depressed.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased.—No. 19862; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Lent & Humphrey, Room 428, Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine L. McIntyre, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, Attorney-at-Law, 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY HICKS,
Executor of the estate of Philip Henry Hicks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Executor,
900-907 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.

SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the executors at the office of William A. Kelly, room 910 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. MURPHY, deceased.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
JOHN O'NEIL,
Executors of the will of John J. Murphy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 6, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Executors,
910 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, Deceased.—No. 19727; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, Administrator of the estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said PATRICK A. HARRAN, the said Administrator, at the office of Louis Ferrari, his attorney, 1029 Hearst Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office, the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 13th, A. D. 1915.

PATRICK A. HARRAN,
Administrator of the estate of Maria M. Harran, deceased.

LOUIS FERRARI,
Attorney for Administrator,
1029 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69456; Dept. No. 13.

In the Matter of the Application of the AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, a Corporation, to Be Dissolved.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the American Barium Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, November 10, 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT SWEENEY and
ALGERNON CROFTON,
Attorneys for Applicant,
Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.—No. 19768—N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix of the estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ, Executrix, at 807 Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL SCHWARTZ, deceased.

HELEN SUTRO SCHWARTZ,
Executrix of the estate of Samuel Schwartz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 6, 1915.

GARRET W. McENERNEY and
PHILLIP I. MANSON,
Attorneys for Executrix,
807 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. 11-6-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVI. No. 1216 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 11, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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FOR FARES and TRAIN SERVICE, ASK SOUTHERN PACIFIC STATION AGENT

Varied Types

CCLVIII—CHIEF THOMAS R. MURPHY

By Edward F. O'Day

One day this week Chief Tom Murphy of the Fire Department went to H. P. Porter, chief of the Underwriters' inspection bureau. The winning Murphy smile was very much in evidence as the chief held out his hand and said: "Mr. Porter, put it there."

And there was an answering smile on Porter's face as he shook Chief Murphy's fist.

Some time before the World's Fair opened in February Murphy and Porter had a dispute about a technical matter. Porter wanted the cellars of the great exhibition palaces subdivided into walled compartments for the sake of greater protection against fire. Murphy contended that this was unnecessary and that the Fair directors should be spared the enormous expense it would entail. Chief Tom Murphy carried his point. When the matter had been decided and shelved Murphy said to Porter:

"I don't think we're going to have any serious fire loss at the Exposition."

"I hope you're right, Chief," replied Porter heartily, "and I'll shake on it."

"I think I am," said Murphy as the two gripped hands, "and if it turns out that I am right I'm going to come to you at the end of the Fair and ask you to shake hands on it again."

As it has turned out Chief Tom Murphy was right; hence the visit he paid to Porter this week and the smile on his clean-cut clerical face as he asked the Underwriters' chief inspector to "put it there."

There were fifty-four alarms of actual fire on the Exposition grounds from February 20 to December 4. The total loss by fire was less than five hundred dollars. Indeed Chief Tom Murphy was right!

This record is unprecedented. It surpasses the wildest dreams of Fair directors, exhibitors and insurance companies. It is a finer record than Chief Murphy dared hope to make.

The fire loss at the little Midwinter Fair was much greater. The fire loss at the St. Louis Fair was enormously greater. In one of many fires at the Chicago Fair—the "cold storage" fire—eighteen firemen lost their lives. One fire destroyed three-fourths of the Brussels Exposition. Fire has been the evil of every world exposition ever held, with the exception of our own. Our Fair has many triumphs to its credit, but none more humanly satisfying than the great negative triumph achieved by Tom Murphy and his fire laddies.

How was it done? By preparedness, of course. Firemen don't believe in disarmament. When there is no fire they don't refrain from thinking or talking fire for fear of starting a fire. They believe in multiplying fire-fighting equipment, in fire drill, in fire plans. And so when the fire starts they are on the job to whale the life out of it. There is an analogy here which is respectfully referred to Henry Ford, Bill Bryan, Starr Jordan and the rest of the ultra-crepidarians of the peace-at-any-price propaganda.

"There were four fires on the Fair grounds," said Chief Murphy, "which might have been serious. One of them started in the basement of the Food Products building. This would have been a very bad blaze if the firemen had arrived a minute later than they did. Another was in a large flour booth in the same building. The other two started on the roof of Machinery Hall. They were put out before any particular damage had been done.

"I stayed on the Fair grounds until the last sightseer had left Saturday night. I tell you, when the signal for lights out was flashed from the Tower of Jewels I breathed a sigh of relief. We were very lucky."

Immunity from serious fire during the better part of a year may be described as luck by a modest fire chief—Tom Murphy is the most modest of men—but it would be unjust for outsiders to characterize the achievement in the same way. There were three fire houses on the Fair grounds with complete equipment and full complement of men. There was a central fire alarm office in the Manufacturers' building with which all the innumerable boxes on the grounds communicated. In addition Chief Murphy drew around the three land sides of the Exposition a cordon of fire fighters and fire fighting apparatus which never relaxed its tight grip on the situation for a minute of the two hundred and eighty-eight days and nights of the Exposition period. And on the water side one of the two fire boats kept up a vigilant patrol.

Who is this Chief Tom Murphy? this man who bosses nine hundred of the city's bravest and manages twenty million dollars worth of municipal property? He is a soft-spoken man with a boyish manner and a heart of gold and a soul as clean as a convent girl's. Twenty-three years ago he was a lad of twenty-one who had worked 'long shore and was now driving a team. Assistant Chief Sullivan gave him a chance to enter the Fire Department as a driver. He jumped at it. His first twenty-four hour watch was spent at No. 4 Truck, the assistant chief's headquarters at Second and Howard. When he went home his mother was greatly disturbed. It was the first time in his life he had ever been out all night. In 1897 Chief Sullivan made him a captain, and in 1905 a battalion chief. In June, 1906, he was made assistant chief. In 1908 occurred the celebrated fight in the department which resulted in his demotion. But in March, 1910, he became assistant chief once more and that same month reached the top of the fire ladder.

Is he proud of his department? Just ask him! He doesn't think there is a better in the country. He points with pardonable pride to our unique Central Fire Alarm Office. An isolated fireproof building serving as the nerve-center of a metropolitan fire system was Tom Murphy's idea, and that idea has been embodied in the model structure in Jefferson Square. I have called it unique, and I am not abusing the adjective. Fire chiefs from other cities open their eyes when they see it. There is nothing like it in the United States, and Oakland's fire department is the only one in the country which has anything remotely resembling it. Before the great fire our central fire alarm office was in Brenham Place, at the top of the Plaza. It was destroyed in the first shock, with the result—not generally known—that not a single alarm of fire was turned in during those fateful days. Such an eventuality is impossible now. Also with pardonable pride Chief Murphy points to the model fire house recently opened at Drumm and Commercial.

"There is, in my opinion," he says, "nothing to touch it in the United States, and that means in the world, for our country leads the world in fire-fighting equipment. To understand what progress has been made in firehouses and equipment you have only to compare this new firehouse with the firehouse at Post and Fillmore which, by the way, is the oldest municipal building in the city—it was built by Chief Whitney in 1871."

Chief Murphy is full of good fire department stories, some of which I should like to tell. If I had room I'd like to tell the amusing story of the introduction of the chemical engine in San Francisco. Chief Scannell would have none of it.

"Water, and plenty of it is the thing," he would say to his assistant chief. "This soda water stuff is no good."

But the late Chief Sullivan was a man of brains and kept ahead of the times in fire-fighting. He demonstrated the worth of the "soda water stuff" and forced the chemical engine on his chief.

Murphy is an enthusiastic admirer of Sullivan and reveres his memory. I do not think he would ask higher praise than to be considered a worthy successor of that great chief. It is simple justice to say that Murphy is all of that.

He's a happy man, is Tom Murphy; happy in his work, in his friends, in his family. Sunday when I interviewed him he was particularly happy. The Fair had closed without a single serious blaze.

"We were lucky," he said of that.

And earlier in the afternoon the baseball team of the fire laddies had shut out the coppers.

"We had the breaks," was the modest way he explained that triumph.

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Perspective Impressions

Save us from Congress, O Lord, and from legislation, O Lord, protect us!

We are overwhelmed with confusion. We cannot remember who succeeded Winston Churchill as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

It is only a coincidence that the steamship Oscar II, which is carrying Dr. Aked to Denmark, is the same ship that carried Dr. Cook away from Denmark.

It is believed that the Panama Canal will be choked by slides in the rainy months of a dozen years to come. Meanwhile shippers of perishable freight will probably deem it wise to depend on overland routes.

It is somewhat shocking to learn that the peace pilgrims' ship Oscar II has a bar aboard.

We are getting tired of references to Jupiter Pluvius. Jupiter is as dead as the great god Pan. Let him rest.

In the matter of husbands Aimee Crocker has always been absent-minded, but the baby story is incredible for several reasons.

Several London theatres have lost money on war plays since August, 1914. All Europe is losing money on war plays these days.

Exhausting Germany is a very slow and tedious process as some of her enemies are learning.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing gave their first diplomatic dinner of the season last week, and no grapejuice was served.

Prosperity is here, and now that Wilson has put the lid on Redfield there is no danger of psychological adversity.

Even when we read that he has been repulsed we don't lose our respect for von Hindenberg.

The State Superintendent of Weights and Measures announces that hereafter when you buy one thousand shingles you will get exactly one thousand. Now we can save a lot of valuable time by not counting our shingles.

England's Pride

A Britisher Tells What the Navy Has Done, Is Doing and Will Do

A map of the world today exhibits a world at war. Four continents would be colored black as supplying combatants or in jeopardy. In Europe—Cette vieille Europe, as Napoleon called it—the conflict is so desperate, and along so many lines of furious violence, that, listening, you can almost hear from anywhere the boom of the guns, the tramp of armed men, the cries of the wounded, the answering silence of the dead. Millions of men have gone down into darkness. Millions more may be destined to follow them. The lines sway, now backwards, now forwards, and he would be a bold man who would definitely declare what would be the ultimate result of this world battle. "Somewhere in the British Islands," or its surrounding seas there is a place which in the largest scale map of the arena of war would not occupy more than a minute fraction of a pin's head. A few thousand men—less in total numbers than the casualties of a normal land attack—there rest quietly on strange machines wrought of steel and iron, all of which could be packed into a few square miles. But these men and machines are the Grand Fleet of the British Empire. And the contents of this fraction of a pin's head will decide the war, with the end coming perhaps today, perhaps tomorrow; but with the end assured.

If our enemies could only obtain, as a gift of the gods they worship, some earthquake or volcanic or frightful natural upheaval, how inevitable would be their choice! Not London, the heart of empire; not the millions who hold the line from East to West; but just this tiny spot in the ocean where a commander, always watchful, controls machines the fear of which keeps the German fleet in hiding behind booms and protective mines, and whose existence gives the freedom of the ocean, not only to the armed forces of ourselves and our allies, but to the peaceful plying of the commerce of all the merchantmen of the world—except those of our enemies. The German flag flies nowhere in the seven seas. The German merchantmen and great liners have been banished from them like a dream when one awaketh. The whole gigantic oversea trade which Germany has built up with so much care and pride—trade which is vital to the welfare of her people, destruction of which means gigantic misery and ruin—has fallen like a great house to the ground. The few German warships which existed outside Germany when war began have been hunted down, and lie, for the most part, deeper than ever plummet's sounding in the abysses of alien oceans. The great German ports, once the scenes of busy life, repose like cities of the dead. The great German mercantile sea lords proclaim their bankruptcy. A few merchants and commis voyageurs, stranded at Monte Video or Yokohama, wait vainly for the ship that will never come, and the order that will never be executed. The British navy is the one instrument, on either side of conflict, which has performed its work with complete and unchallengeable success. It has broken, as by a sudden hammer-blow, the whole of Germany that lived upon and trafficked in deep waters It has rendered the German high sea fleet as innocuous in its hiding place as if it had never existed—as if the three hundred million pounds spent in its construction had been thrown carelessly into the German Ocean. And slowly but surely, like the slaying of a man in the darkness by an unseen hand, it has laid its grip on the throat of Germany, never henceforth to be relaxed until the end comes. The victim may struggle, lash out with hands and feet, writhe in agony, and in its struggle damage all surrounding things; but despite the struggles the grip will remain secure, the pressure continued and intensified. And it is all dependent on some tiny aggregate of ships and men "somewhere in the British Isles."

The long controversy between Admiral Mahan and his critics, passing from theory to practime, seems likely to end in a vindication of his contentions more complete than even he had dared to anticipate. The boldness of Mr. Balfour's acute and critical mind in acceptation of the theories of the "Blue-water School" against the protests of Lord Roberts and many less distinguished followers, has been more than justified. The only anxiety and the only loss have come from the introduction of a weapon, in a sense, detached from and independent of sea-power—the submarine, whose existence and action at one time caused dismay amongst the fainthearted. That dismay is now nearly over. The ingenuity of the navy and its normal efficiency and courage have rendered this invention in the hands of our enemies comparatively innocuous. It never could even attempt to raise the sea blockade of Germany. It had no success in home waters, either in attack on capital ships or interference with the transport of men and munitions of war. Today, while the best of the German submarines and their most adventurous crews lie rotting on the floors of the ocean, this new weapon has itself been turned by the royal navy against our enemies. And in enclosed inland seas where, before the war, no man ever dreamed that such queer craft could penetrate—the Baltic and the Marmora—British submarines are performing deeds which are the wonder of the world.

Nothing is more instructive than to watch the gradual change in the verdict of the German experts in the German papers during fifteen months of naval war. At first they were exultant in the affirmation that Britain had been struck a blow in the vulnerable place of her armor. They rejoiced over the Emden making terror in the Indian Ocean, over the German Pacific fleet destroying British ships under the shadow of the Andes at the close of a stormy winter day; in the various destructions committed by armed merchantmen or light cruisers in various trade routes of the world. As one by one these disappeared, and, finally, by a daring combination of strategy and effective seamanship, the German Pacific fleet was battered to pieces off the Falkland Islands, they closed that chapter with a sigh of regret. In the second chapter, they fought desperately to encourage the spirit of their peoples by talking of little but of their "gallant submarines." It is not too much to say that the loss of the Lusitania caused universal applause in every German city and hamlet. And this, not from any special delight in the slaughter of women and children, but because they had promised

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Poems About San Franciscans

V—CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

By Robert Louis Stevenson

("Sometimes he came to my lodging when I was not there to welcome him, and on one such occasion he scribbled the following lines on a postal card and slipped them under my door." Thus wrote Charles Warren Stoddard of the following poem and its author R. L. S. in his charming "Exits and Entrances" which, by the way, Stoddard regarded as his best book. Stoddard was born in Rochester, New York, in 1843 and came to San Francisco with his parents in 1855. As a boy he wrote poems and sent them anonymously to the local press. Delicate health prevented him from getting a college education. He tried the stage but soon gave it up and devoted himself to literary composition. He made the first of his five fruitful trips to the South Seas in 1864; the "South Sea Idylls" was the result. In 1867 he was converted to the Catholic faith and explained the change in "A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted At Last." In 1873 he started on a roving commission for the Chronicle and supplied that paper with travel sketches during the following five years. In 1885 he took the chair of English literature at the University of Notre Dame in Indiana; from 1889 till 1902 he occupied the same chair at the Catholic University in Washington. In 1905 he came to Monterey, and died there April 23, 1909.)

O Stoddard! in our hours of ease,
Despondent, dull and hard to please,
When coins and business wrack the brow
A most infernal nuisance thou!

O Stoddard, if to man at all,
To me unveil thy face—
At least to me—
Who at thy club and also in this place
Unwearied, have not ceased to call,
Stoddard, for thee!

I scatter curses by the row,
I cease from swearing never;
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out forever.

The Spectator

Gus Confesses Something

When former Senator Gus Hartman entered the pendulum room of the Ferry Building his speaking countenance announced a certain embarrassment which did not escape the eagle eye of the clockwinder.

"What's the matter, Gus?" demanded the clockwinder. "Have you lost a case in the police courts?"

"Me? No," answered Gus. "I'll never lose a case while I have Henry Ach to advise me. I've dropped in to make restitution."

"You ain't taken anything belonging to me," said the clockwinder.

"In a manner of speaking I have," replied Gus with the suspicion of a blush. "Maybe it was only petty larceny at that. I've been stealing some of your stuff."

"Don't get you," said the clockwinder. "Speak up like you used to do in the Legislature."

"Well," said Gus, "when you told me the other day that this here jitney joyride of Henry Ford's over the bounding deep was the bunk, I didn't quite believe you. Henry Ach told me once that you were a cynic, and I thought you were just knocking Henry Ford from habit. But I took your cue anyhow and repeated some of your remarks uptown. I omitted the quotation marks, didn't give you credit. Say, the stuff went like wildfire. Everybody agrees with me. I had some pretty complimentary things said to me in front of more than one bar. I have a conscience, and it worried me to sail under false colors. So I thought I'd come down and make a clean breast of it."

"That's all right, Gus," said the clockwinder, obviously pleased. "My remarks were not copyrighted. You're welcome to them. You're not the first to borrow from me by a long shot. So people agree with me that Hank is making a fool of himself, do they?"

A Plaque for Ford

"Do they!" exclaimed Gus. "Say, this trip of Ford's is about as popular around town as the Examiner is in the Indoor Yacht Club. It made about the same hit as Rolph's order to put the flags at half-mast when the Fair closed. If what Henry Ford enjoys in this town is public esteem, Frank Burt could win a popularity contest. I only met one man who praised him."

"Who was that?" asked the clockwinder.

"Name deleted by the censor," said Senator Hartman, "but he's one of our foremost doctors and he used to have a great deal to do with the Municipal Clinic."

"And he's strong for Ford?" asked the clockwinder.

"So strong that he thinks we ought to give Ford a plaque or a set of resolutions or something. Says Ford is a benefactor of San Francisco."

"For why?" asked the clockwinder.

"For depriving us of the services of Doctor Aked," replied Gus with a grin.

"Check!" said the clockwinder. "But Aked will come back."

"I suppose so," assented Gus sadly. "By the way, I see he lost his trunk on the pier. What's a fashionable preacher without his trunk? And he can't borrow clothes from John D. Barry because Barry's a little fellow. I hate to think of Dr. Aked outfitting himself from the slop chest. Of course he could have some things made for him on board, but come to think of it I don't suppose there's a Sister Susie in the bunch."

Gus Is Glad

"I'm glad I didn't go," continued Gus. "It's some years since I've been abroad, and I love to travel, but from what I've read in the papers that Ford ship was no place for me. I see they had a wedding on board before they started."

"Yes," said the clockwinder. "Dr. Aked hitched a poet to a fashion writer."

"Some team," commented Gus. "It's easy to guess who'll be the provider in that family."

"But this poet sells his stuff," objected the clockwinder.

"They all sell it," answered Gus, "but what do they get for it? Did you ever see a poet that didn't look worried? The only exception I know of is Harry Goldberg, and he lets the old man do the worrying. But getting back to the peace ship. Did you notice the name?"

"I see some joker called it the Good Ship Nutty," answered the clockwinder.

"Yes," said Gus, "the fellow that sent the squirrels for mascots. But I mean the real name."

"It's the Oscar the Second, isn't it?" asked the clockwinder.

"Surest thing you know," said Gus. "Struck

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me as a strange name. Oscar the First was so daffy they put him in jail. It's a bad omen."

"Well, there may be a lot of daffy people on board," commented the clockwinder, "but Ford ain't one of them."

"How do you make that out?" asked Gus.

"Because one of the purposes of his trip is to open a jitney factory in Southampton. He said so himself."

"Wouldn't that kill your engine!" exclaimed Gus. "And I thought he was a philanthropist."

"You've got too many illusions," said the clockwinder. "If you weren't so easy I'd like to bet you that Ford doesn't go to Switzerland."

"Why not?" inquired Gus as he got up to go.

"Because he's afraid of being mistaken for a large hunk of the national product," answered the clockwinder.

A Strange Book

"What is a caucus-race?" said Alice.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it."

This passage from "Alice in Wonderland" is in my head as I start to say something about "The Fourth-Dimensional Reaches of the Exposition." Of all the books inspired by our Fair this is the strangest. It was written by Cora Lenore Williams, M. S., who is principal of the A-to-Zed School in Berkeley. It is a bewildering book, but for me bewilderment was less than it might have been had I known nothing of Cora Williams' work. I had read her fantastic "As If," published (as the brochure before me is) by Paul Elder. "As If" is also a fourth-dimension book. Indeed, the hero of "As If" came to this world from another which knows ten dimensions and is vaguely aware of an eleventh! Personally, the theory of the fourth dimension does not interest me. It is over my head. When I was studying (or pretending to study) mathematics three dimensions gave me all the headache I could stand. Linear, quadratic and cubic equations were altogether too much for my stupidity, so I am pardonable if I refuse to simulate an interest in the flights of non-Euclidean geometry. I liked "As If" for its quite masculine satire, as when Cora Williams wrote of our educational system:

"My perplexity grows with my knowledge of it. It seems that these schools are in the service of a cult called Democracy, having for its principal tenet that all men should be created equal. Inasmuch as they are not, its propaganda is to make them so by the elimination of such qualities as are not held in common."

"As If" showed that Cora Williams could think and could write. Her little book on the Fair, with its strange introduction of mathematical abstractions into the realm of mental philosophy, shows the same.

"The Perceptual Residue"

Cora Williams, like the rest of us, was tremendously impressed by the beauty of the Fair. Possessing an analytical mind she tried to analyze that beauty. She found it was not altogether a matter of length, breadth and height. This is not a great discovery. We all know that there is what we call a soul animating a work of art. But Cora Williams has applied her mind to the theory of the fourth dimension; she is a student of Bergson, and Henri Poincare whom she calls "the greatest of moderns;" and so she has the strange new terminology for this familiar enough discovery. That which impressed her in the Fair was "a subtle something not spatialized for consciousness." She refers to it offhand as "the perceptual residue." Of course she explains what she means. But I shall not attempt to summarize the explanation. The Dodo's advice to Alice applies here. "The best way to explain it is to do it." The best way to understand it is to read it. Suffice it to say that this brochure shows a fourth-dimensionalist on a holiday and having the time of her life! Before she is done she finds herself "on the inside of éternality," if you please! But it is not all supersubtle. There are some fine truths expressed here in phrases not caviare to the general, and as Cora Williams worked them out from her premises we must have a respect for those premises even if we cannot apprehend all their meaning. The book will make you think, if you know how to indulge in that rare exercise. It is beautifully made, with etchings by Gertrude Partington who has discovered for herself what the Fair's "fourth-dimensional reaches" are—she finds them in the shadows cast by the buildings on water, in the fairyland created by the reflections of our Dream City in still pools.

Maybeck Explains

"I am deeply grateful to the two men who made possible the Fine Arts Palace, as it is: Willis Polk and Harris D. H. Connick."

That stands in lieu of dedication on an opening page of Bernard R. Maybeck's beautiful brochure "Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon" (Paul Elder). It was like Maybeck to write that. Willis Polk gave Maybeck the opportunity to put the dreams of a lifetime into that architectural masterpiece we have all come to love. Willis Polk wanted Maybeck on the Fair's Architectural Commission. When he couldn't have him he devised a way to give him a building to design, and the device was creditable equally to Willis Polk's long head and big heart. As for Connick's co-operation, Maybeck referred to it obliquely when interviewed for Town Talk months ago: "There were attempts to make inroads on my design, but I am obstinate. Suppose you had made up your mind to write a poem about an art gallery, and somebody came to you and said: 'Don't do that. People won't appreciate it. Write a poem about a jail.' That was the condition I had to contend with." The man who upheld him, helped him to contend with that condition, was Harry Connick.

How Maybeck Did It

"What Mr. Trask wanted was a frontispiece to his art collection, which would anticipate the general impression as a whole." So writes Maybeck in this brochure. "And if," he continues, "if among the many pieces of sculpture I were to choose one piece that came nearest to being a frontispiece of the general impression of the exhibition of painting, I would choose the white marble Muse finding the head of Orpheus, which was made by Berge, and now stands under the acacia tree at the South Entrance." In his modesty Maybeck almost conveys the impression that his chef d'oeuvre was designed as the setting for this gem of sculpture. As a matter of fact the marble was placed there because it was deemed worthy of such a setting. It was a splendid afterthought, one of those splendid afterthoughts that made the Fair such a magically, such an inspiringly harmonious work of art. I know from John Trask that his favorite evening stroll has been through the Fine Arts arcade. It was doubtless on some day at sunset there that Trask wrote the lines of verse which are given in the front of this little book of Maybeck's, opposite a photogravure of Berge's statue in its wonderful setting of columns and acacia tree:

A little time, a little space away
Noise and tumultuous color and the world at play!

Here 'neath the drooping branch, the low-bent marble Muse;
On either hand the master-builder's columns tall;
The little lake caressed by cloud and sky;
The quiet of the dying daylight over all!

Man praises man's accomplishment with brazen throat;
Beauty alone can charm with one low note.

Of these lines as of the Fine Arts Palace the keynote, to quote Maybeck again, is "sadness modified by the feeling that beauty has a soothing influence."

As to Preservation

There is nothing in Maybeck's brochure concerning the much-discussed plans for preserving the Palace. It is interesting, however, to recall his view on the subject, expressed be-

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fore the discussion became acute. So I make no apology for quoting from Town Talk again:

"'You must regret that your Palace of Fine Arts is not a permanent thing.'

"'But it is permanent,' answered Bernard Maybeck.

"And of course Bernard Maybeck is right. The sunset of yesterday has faded forever, but is its beauty less lasting than the beauty of the eternal stars? When the Palace of Fine Arts has passed away, and when the eyes of all who behold it are closed in death, it will not cease to enrich the world. The soul of beauty is immortal.

"'But would you not prefer that it should still exert a direct influence ten, fifty years from now?'

"'It happens sometimes,' answered Maybeck, 'that I catch a glimpse of a girl on the street, and I think: What perfect loveliness! I have taught myself not to look again, lest I be disappointed.'"

Father Collins' Cadets

Now that talk of preparedness is in the air and mothers are no longer raising their sons to be mollycoddles the League of the Cross Cadets is attracting attention as a military organization. I hear it has attracted the attention of the National Security League, and that there is talk of establishing similar organizations throughout the country. The League of the Cross Cadets is a quasi-religious organization identified with the Catholic Church, but its objects are chiefly to promote temperance and patriotism. Each cadet takes an oath to abstain from intoxicating drinks, but only during the period of his membership in the league. He further affirms as follows:

"That I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and the State of California; that I will uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, the Constitution of the State of California, and the municipal laws of the land, and that I will faithfully obey the orders of my superior officers to the best of my ability and that I will at all times be governed by the rules of the First Regiment of the League of Cross Cadets; and I further affirm that I am in no way affiliated with any society or organization or other body the teachings of which are in any way in conflict with, or against, the Constitution of the United States, the State of California, or the municipal laws of the land."

The league now has on its roll 1400 junior and 600 senior cadets. There are seven companies of this first regiment of the league. They have a forty-piece band, a drum corps and hospital corps, all fully equipped. Father Richard Collins, the chaplain of the regiment, is an enthusiast in the cause of temperance, but he is opposed to prohibition. In an appeal which he has issued for aid in the work the league is doing he says: "This is practical work which achieves by education, by training and by the proper use of God-given talents more satisfactory results than coercive and prohibitory measures may hope to attain." If you are for preparedness get in touch with Father Collins.

Kyne Lifts the Veil

Has it ever struck you how little we know about the short story writers of California? The living ones, I mean. The personality of Jimmy Hopper is a sealed book to most of us. We don't know the private affairs of Charles E. Van Loan. Harry Leon Wilson is never heard from except when he writes a best seller. Jack London is better known than the others I have mentioned; he's the exception that proves the rule. Our short story writers have baffled that large section of the public which likes to know a man as well as his work. The rule applied to Peter B. Kyne as to the rest until the other day when this short story writer gratified his public by writing about himself. What does Kyne think of his profession? What is his outlook on life? How does he express himself outside his stories? What are his ideas on this, that and the other subject? The public feels that it has a right to hear answers to these questions. So Kyne has lifted the veil. He has consented, reluctantly no doubt, to write something about himself. The article is published in a moving picture magazine of Los Angeles called "The Script." It is written in Kyne's bold, fresh diction, stamped with his classical style, the reflection of a very rich personality.

Some of Kyne's Tenets

This article enables Kyne to tell with arresting candor what he thinks of short story writers including, naturally, himself. He considers the short story the highest form of prose art. "Any writing man knows that," he says. The short story writer, he says, follows "a vocation which calls for the utmost art if he is to succeed." Kyne has been successful. He tells us so in these vigorous words: "College professors, critics, etc., will tell you the rules for writing a short story, but they never produce one, while I kick all the recognized rules to glory and land every time." This meets the criticism sometimes made that our crop of writers of the Kyne type are simply yarn-spinners, men with the knack of telling a story. We know now from one of them that these writers are entitled to be called artists—when they succeed. It is an interesting opinion, and it should be kept in mind if possible when we read Kyne's stories. We do not take our literary artists as seriously as they take themselves. Wally Young told a story in the Chronicle which proves as much. As it concerns Kyne I shall repeat it here. Kyne went to New York, and one of the first men he met was Irvin Cobb.

"Cobb," said Kyne, "how do the papers treat visiting authors?"

"Peter," answered Cobb, "there is a growing tendency toward calmness."

There is the thing confessed by one of the authors. Kyne points out our duty, and his words are like a clarion sounded on a brazen trumpet.

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Kyne on the Movies

What does this artist think of the movie business? He tells us with the same frankness that he thinks little of it. The movie director, we learn from him, is "an ignoramus" full of "bombast, bunk and flubdub;" his brains "grovel;" he is sometimes "an ex-chauffeur or an ex-butcher boy," also a thief and "a Peruvian doughnut" (which from the context is a term of opprobrium). He is "a millstone around the neck of the industry" which will not prosper "until we have bred a new school of directors." The movie directors are not up in literary art: quite a number of them didn't know whether Kyne "was an author or a ballplayer." Kyne speaks from experience, for he has written scenarios for the movies. The directors did not value these stories as Kyne did. "I got just one-third of their value," he says. Yet one director should have known better. Says Kyne: "William C. De Mille had told him not to let me escape." With one of his scenarios Kyne had a curious experience. He identifies it as "the story that every manufacturer in the country wanted, but didn't write or wire me, because each one felt certain some other fellow had beaten him to it." Will it be believed that Kyne had to take this story to Los Angeles himself and urge a movie director to buy it? Of this or some other scenario he says: "I was 'in a lather of sweat' before I pried a fair price" out of the director. Is it any wonder this artist declares that the movie picture business is in the wrong hands? Or that, to quote again, "when I turned my lagging footsteps homeward I was a disappointed, disillusioned, amused, puzzled, outraged little author?" If the thing were not so serious one might be tempted to paraphrase a line from Gray: "The lowing Kyne winds slowly o'er the lea." There is only one solace for Kyne. He hopes to see one of his pathetic stories on the screen, for then: "I will have an opportunity to sit in a dark theatre some afternoon and cry over my stuff." For the benefit of the uninitiated I should add in justice to Kyne's seriousness that this word "stuff" is not a word of depreciation. As an artist Kyne avoids self-depreciation. "Stuff" is the slang a literary artist uses when he speaks familiarly of one of his masterpieces.

The Bohemian Art Show

Portraits play quite a part in this year's Bohemian art show. Arthur Cahill has one of "Ned" Hamilton; Herman Herkomer shows one of Frank Deering and one of his wife; Matteo Sandona has two or three; Theodore Wores shows one of Edwin Markham. It seems to me that the most interesting is Cahill's. Cahill we have known as an illustrator; he is making his debut as a painter of portraits in oils. I hope he intends to continue in that branch of his art, for this presentment of "Ned" Hamilton shows what he can do. It is a speaking likeness and there is character in it. If I am not mistaken Cahill's talent will be in demand among local sitters; and that is as it should be. We are too much given to neglect local painters in favor of strangers petted by fashion. The show is a good one, although some of Bohemia's artists are not as well represented as they should be. Charles Dickman is not represented at all, which is a pity. Francis McComas has only one water color, a beautiful thing but not listed in the catalogue. Randall Borough shows a single colored etching of the campfire at Bohemian Grove, one of the best bits in the show but not listed in the catalogue. Those who know Borough's varied talents and his success with the etching needle would like to see more of his work. On the other hand, Rollo Peters, Martinez, Cadenasso, Percy Gray and Van Sloun are adequately represented. And there is a good portrait of Clawson's. The sculptors have been busy this year. Mora, Patigian and Cummings show some of the most interesting items in the exhibit.

Fair-Closing Night at Tavern

Were you at Techau Tavern last Saturday evening? It was a night to be remembered. Hundreds who had bidden a sad farewell to the Exposition seemed to seek the Tavern instinctively as a place of enjoyment that is always governed by an air of refinement and respectability in keeping with the best traditions of a high grade family café. The Candy Dances and the Pall Mall Cigarettes Dances are a distinctive feature of the Tavern which draws the elite of the dancing public to its doors. Souvenir art boxes of Lyon's Perfection California Glacé Fruits are presented to the ladies and large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes to the gentlemen.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Passing of a Beau

Beau Brummel died in wretchedness at Calais. It was his fate, as it has been the fate of many other arbiters of the elegancies of masculine attire, to sink from high estate into poverty and misery. History is constantly indulging in repetition. Mike Hawkins, one of the most famous of our beaus, has passed away in the Almshouse. Hawkins was not a leader of the fashions as Brummel was, but he studied them, followed them with care and adhered to their minutest requirements even when his income was nil. Mike Hawkins might be seedy; he was never unkempt. Shabby gentility had in him its most striking example. His silk hat might be worn of nap; it was always presentable. His coat and trousers might be shiny, rusty at the seams; they were always creased. His boots might gape; they never lacked polish. His gloves might be very old; he never forgot to wear them. Mike Hawkins might be hard put to it for the price of a meal; he always managed to keep on terms with his barber. There was never a time when a single hair of his imperial strayed out of place. In the days when there were dudes Mike Hawkins was the dudiest of them all.

A Gentle Remonstrance

Years ago Mike Hawkins startled the town by taking a shot at Mrs. Annie Donohoe, the sister of Governor Downey and Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the widow of Peter Donohoe. As a relation of Mrs. Donohoe Mike Hawkins considered that he was entitled to financial assistance from her and he drew attention to his claim by firing at her as she stepped out of the Occidental Hotel and into her carriage. Fortunately he was a bad marksman. He was arrested but managed to get off, and thereafter Mrs. Donohoe recognized his doubtful claim upon her to the extent of ten dollars a week. While he was languishing in jail his friend John Henry Blaney of the Hibernia Bank sent him an outfit of clothes, an attention which Blaney had lavished upon Mike many times before. Calling at the jail Blaney found his friend immaculately attired but not quite happy.

"John," said Mike more in sorrow than in anger, "you've forgotten something."

"What is it?" asked Blaney.

"The gloves," said Mike, showing his naked hands.

Blaney was a fiery man, so his retort need not be set down.

The Versatile Hanford

As the years have passed R. G. Hanford has been drawn to our attention under a variety of aspects. We have known him as a promoter of consolidations in the street railway line. We have seen him climb the dizzy ladder of finance with gold mines, public utilities, ferry terminals and what not in his bulging pockets. We have seen him up and we have seen him down. Bob Hanford is the kaleidoscope of focal finance, his parts falling into ever changing patterns as the crank is turned. It has remained for him to give the crowning proof of his versatility in the realm of Terpsichore. Behold him now, the genius of the dance, the entrepreneur of the fox trot, the impresario of the one-step! Out of Bob Hanford's fruitful brain has just emerged the project of the Club de Vingt, copiously announced as "something different" from all our other exclusive dancing clubs. And this Club de Vingt is housed in Bob Hanford's old home in Pine street, the most discussed dwelling place in our town.

The Making of a Club

This idea sprang from Hanford's brain some time ago, and before it had time to get cold he laid it before the most expert of our dancing authorities. To whom should I refer but Ned Greenway? Hanford proposed that the new club to be housed in his old home be conducted jointly by Ned Greenway and Edgar Mizner. There was money in it, he said. The home, he pointed out, could be had of him for a trifle of a thousand a month. Ned Greenway dances as divinely and with as youthful an enthusiasm as ever in his life, but he has abdicated the throne of society. So he shook his head. There were many reasons. It would bore him to re-enter the field as a leader. Besides, it would not look well for two rival wine agents to co-operate in such an enterprise. No whit dismayed, Hanford bethought him of the charming woman who in years gone by endeavored, though in vain, to wrest the sceptre of society from Greenway. I mean of course Mrs. Alexander. Not Mrs. C. B. Alexander of New York, but Mrs. C. O. Alexander of San Francisco, the clever, the resourceful, the tactful Minnie Alexander who knows society as Joffre knows his war maps and Mayor Rolph knows Hetch Hetchy. Mrs. Alexander accepted, and the Club de Vingt was a reality.

Whence the Name

The impressive name was borrowed from a very exclusive dancing club of New York. Raphael Weill or Edmond Godchaux or Mrs. Carolan or any thoroughgoing student of French will tell you what Club de Vingt means. In New York the name was descriptive; in San Francisco it is merely impressive. Of course there are to be more than a score of members; there will be several hundred, or Mrs. Alexander misses her guess, something this brainy woman rarely does. Club de Vingt sounds well. Unless you are properly hall-marked, unless you have the cachet, you cannot pronounce "vingt" properly. All who join will be expected to give the word the simon-pure nasal pronunciation accorded it in the justly celebrated homes of the Faubourg St. Germain where we mingle with the elite of Parisian society when we visit the capital of the world. It will cost you ten dollars to join the Club de Vingt, a mere bagatelle, considering that it will open for you the doors of the mysterious house about which there has been so much silly gossip. Curiosity will not be the least of the inducements drawing our dancing set to the Club de Vingt. Hanford is a clever man, so it goes without saying that he thought of that when he embarked in the new financial field and promoted the company which might be described as "Terpsichore Ltd."

Mrs. Spreckels' Charity

The Sevres vase which the French Government presented to Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels in acknowledgment of her philanthropic work for the French war sufferers has been added to her collection of valuables which will be disposed of for the benefit of French and Belgian war sufferers. The Philippine Commission has also presented Mrs. Spreckels with a handsome table and other donors have given coffee, silverware and other things, all of which will be

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disposed of for the worthy cause. Additional dolls have been sent to Mrs. Spreckels' collection by her cousin, Baroness Sophi Barthouvh-Lehn of Copenhagen, by Lady Edgar Speyer, the Balkan States Exhibit at the Exposition, Commissioner Vahan Cardashian of Turkey and by Charlie Chaplin.

"Bill" Jacobs in New Role

"Bill" Jacobs of the Chronicle whose versatility has heretofore confined its range to writing copy for newspapers and librettos for comic opera, regaling the Family Club with song and showing speed in a variety of sports, now emerges as a speech-maker. At the St. Francis on the closing night of the Exposition there was a miniature Jewel City on a wooden platform supported by ropes over the lobby. All buildings were reproduced faithfully, even to their lighting and the novagems on the Tower of Jewels. This creation was, of course, like its prototype, doomed to end at midnight; and that its ending might be glorious many preparations were made. The orchestra was led for the occasion by Victor Hertzler the chef, in full regalia; and numerous ceremonies proper to the occasion preceded the cutting of the ropes and the crash of the Jewel City on the floor below. Of all the events Jacobs's speech was perhaps the best. "Bill" called upon his hearers to be of good cheer; for, while the Exposition would close, there were places in San Francisco which would continue to remain open till two, and while the passing of Exposition beauties might call for lamentation, the direful fate of Washington and Oregon where all alternative felicities had been permanently inhibited, should make us rejoice in our estate. Jacobs's address was most affecting. His auditors showed that they were in full sympathy with his sentiments.

The Mersfelder Picture

The panel in the lobby of the St. Francis that held Keith's landscape until the fire, has been devoted to Jules Mersfelder's painting of Tamalpais. This is a high tribute to Mersfelder, who has additional cause for gratification in the admiration of hundreds of visitors to the St. Francis. Singularly enough, though one of the local papers asserts that Jules painted it "upside down," the canvas has nothing of a Futurist aspect.

At Hotel Oakland

On Monday a luncheon was tendered the Norwegian Fair Commission at the Hotel Oakland. This Friday the Oakland Civic Center held their regular meeting in the South Room. Mrs. George Samuels was hostess at a luncheon and card party the same day. There were sixteen guests. In the beautiful ball room on Tuesday was held the initial Winter Assembly. The patronesses this year are: Mrs. William High, Mrs. Edward Marion Walsh, Mrs. Lander Redman, Mrs. H. S. Hubbard, Mrs. Louise Ghirardelli, Mrs. C. A. Armes and Mrs. Louise Cockroft. The membership list includes about 400 of the younger East Bay social set. This Saturday the dinner dances will be inaugurated. There will be dancing till twelve o'clock. An unusually large number of reservations have been made, and these dinner dances on Wednesday and Saturday nights promise to be very successful. Mrs. L. Rawlings and Miss Jane Rawlings of Los Gatos have taken apartments for the winter. The hotel announces a very extensive social calendar for this season—teas, dinner parties and balls are being arranged. The tea given by Mrs. Fritz Henshaw honoring Miss Elinor Tay wa perhaps the most beautiful affair this season.

At the Cecil

Major and Mrs. Francis Koester, U. S. A., who are stopping at the Cecil entertained at dinner Sunday in compliment to Colonel and Mrs. Alfred Hunter. Mrs. William Franklin Morris will leave the middle of this month for New York and during her absence Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thayer of San Rafael will occupy her beautiful apartment. Mrs. Morris has numerous friends in the metropolis who are planning many social affairs in her honor.

At the Somerton

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Draper were hosts at a dinner Monday at the Somerton. Ten guests were invited. The Drapers are from Stockton. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McCaster, prominent residents of Los Angeles, gave a luncheon Thursday. Mr. and Ms. E. M. Madison complimented a score of friends at a supper dance Wednesday. The Madisons and their family are from Baltimore. Among other arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. West of Los Angeles.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Peerless Gadski

It was delightful to see and feel the enthusiasm with which Mme. Gadski was greeted at the Cort Theatre at her two concerts last week. Before she uttered a note she inspired people with the pleasure of anticipation. For Mme. Gadski has more than the gift of voice and superb art. This very good-looking diva has an appealing femininity that wins friends and admirers. At each concert she sang two generous, varied groups of German and English songs as well as two Wagner arias and the Valkyrie Cry. I thought her voice and appearance as charming as ever. And I am not at all in sympathy with those who detected a little less delicacy in her shading, a slight diminution of dramatic force and an occasional lapse from tone. Is it not sufficient for us to agree that on the whole she is still great? Great, indeed! Why not, pray? Mme. Gadski has hardly reached the zenith of her powers? If at the Cort there was here and there a suggestion of imperfection, the fault can be directly traced to her present accompanist, who plays with technical precision but is entirely non sympatica. In all great singers there is something mysteriously regnant; but their supersensitive nerves demand perfect tranquility when they are in their song flights. How can a singer be at her best when her accompanist ruthlessly holds her to his own tempo, intruding his own crescendo, his own diminuendo before hers; when he is an alien companion in the lovely domain of soft tints and delicate harmonies? This lack of sympathy was especially apparent when Professor Eisler (as Mme. Gadski called him in announcing his stirring "Children's Marching Song") played the Erl King, in which heretofore Mme. Gadski has been supreme. With Professor Eisler at the piano she sings it almost mechanically. With Edwin Schneider as her accompanist, who can sing Richard Strauss' "Staendschen" like Mme. Gadski? On Thursday she sang it beautifully, but some of the lovely nuances were blurred as a result of Mr. Eisler's dominance. Mr. Eisler's solo work impressed his Cort audiences. He played with intelligence, accuracy and beauty of tone. With all due deference I would respectfully suggest that his might well be the mission to spread the gospel of classical music for the piano in vaudeville. I can fancy him winning "big applause" and incidentally "big money" executing difficult, tuneful themes from the great masters. Enthusiastic piano students might hear him to their advantage, and the boy in the gallery might be enthused by the power of good music. But to return to Mme. Gadski; when this darling German woman sang "Dich theure Halle" more eyes than mine overflowed with tears. To her and to a few of her country people in America we are indebted for the broadening of our understanding of the music of Wagner, that master magician who filled the veins of a whole civilization with a new principle of vitality. How often has Gadski taken us into the world of mystery and illusion created by the great poet! In these harrowing times it is good to renew our acquaintance with Wagner through Gadski, and to have our emotions touched by the romantic music of a universal genius who holds the balance to the side of poetry and art. His music quickens memory of other days and makes one long for their return.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Vaudeville At Its Best

Now that the Fair is gone and there is a void in our lives it is a little consoling to find Martin Beck letting himself go as he does at the Orpheum this week, where there is a bill packed tight with talent of the first order. Weber and Fields are the headliners, but their elevation above the general level is not any greater than it was in the old days when their little theatre in New York was as much of an institution as the Grand Guignol of Paris, and Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, De Wolf Hopper, Lillian Russell, Christie McDonald and other stars of the metropolis were scintillating in the big show. All New York mourned when Weber and Fields drifted apart. The event marked an epoch in theatredom like the parting of Harrigan and Hart many years before. The split was regarded as a calamity. The field that was abandoned by the two comedians in the days of their great prosperity and popularity they will probably never again be able to occupy, but their style of entertainment has not been staled by imitators. The Muse of the many twinkling feet is infusing much grace and beauty into the Orpheum bill this week. There is some airy dancing by Miss Swan Wood and a company of eight pretty girls, the kind of dancing that we talk of in terms of painting and in terms of music. This is the pantomimic dance in which the dancer writes poems with her swiftly moving feet and shows us that the spoken word is no essential element of drama. If Eduardo and Elisa Cansino, exponents of the dances of Spain, give us nothing but sheer dancing, at least they give us the best of its kind. We know of nobody to compare them with to their disadvantage. Their dancing may lack imagination, but it is full of vitality, and it is splendid and exhilarating in its rhythmical and sensuous appeal. The typcal London entertainer is on the bill this week—Mr. Glen Ellison, a singer with a burr who arranges a little drama before your eyes, playing his little part in song and recitation. He receives very warm approval.

—T. F. B.

Fashions and the Play

The versatility of the justly popular Lytell-Vaughan players at the Alcazar Theatre is being amply proved this week by their able production of "The Phantom Rival." The play as given is the American version by Leo Ditrichstein from the Hungarian of Ference Molnar, author of that weird creation of several seasons past "The Devil." But while the play itself is of sufficient importance to hold the interest of the large audience, it was obviously the players who compelled attention and kept the interest sustained through the seven scenes of the three long "talky" acts. So naturally we should be grateful to the players and especially to Miss Vaughan. For it is Miss Vaughan who gives the play its color, both literally and figuratively. Never in all the times that the Lytell-Vaughan company has been at the Alcazar have I seen the fair Evelyn so radiantly beautiful. Surely her vacation after her operation a few months ago benefitted her immensely. Good health seemed to envelop her and while she has always been considered beautiful, her wonderfully expressive eyes appeared larger and more beautiful than ever on Monday night. And her gowns! Or rather, to be exact, I should say her art of gowning herself! For although she only displayed two gowns and a handsome lavender negligée, the taste shown was well-nigh perfect. In the first act her afternoon costume was one that might safely be copied with a consciousness of flawless good taste. A lustrous broadcloth three-piece suit of dark purple, with a perfectly straight wide brimmed sailor of purple velvet, and an immense set of pointed fox furs—all carried with "an air"—made her, I am sure, the envy of every woman in the audience. I noticed two things in Miss Vaughan's costume which I imagine may safely be taken as advance fashion hints. One was the style of her skirt—a quite short and very narrow skirt almost covered by a full-pleated peplum such as we wore about two seasons ago and which I thought to be passée. It is evidently coming into favor again. The second was a neckpiece of white satin and lace in the style of an enlarged jabot, the lace almost covering the entire bodice while the satin formed the neck which extended in points so high that they almost concealed the ears. Speaking of the audience—or at least the feminine portion of it—the Hopkins trio, the Mesdames Will and Gus Taylor and Fred McNear, were the most interested and interesting of the box-holders. Gorgeously gowned and cloaked they did not miss a word of the play or take their eyes off Evelyn Vaughan. Indeed I should not wonder if these charming sisters were studiously taking "pointers" from Miss Vaughan's frocks as they are very much of her type, especially Mrs. McNear who looks enough like Miss Vaughan to be a relative. Mrs. Will Taylor who occupied the stage-box with a party seemed to be delighted with the play and was very generous with her applause. I am afraid that I am giving the impression that the show was principally important from a sartorial point of view. That would be unjust. It is unnecessary to say much of the acting of Bert Lytell, for everyone in San Francisco who goes to the Alcazar—and that of course includes practically all the theatre-going public—knows that his acting is always of the best, perfectly finished and polished. As it happens, while he is "The Phantom Rival" he does not occupy the center of the stage. The jealous husband Frank Marshall (Ethelbert D. Hales) of Louise Marshall (Evelyn Vaughan) does this, and in a most admirable manner. I think Mr. Hales is a newcomer to this city, but his fine acting has been speedily recognized. His facial expressions are wonderful—he glares at his beautiful young wife just as I should imagine an elderly husband who is eating his heart out with jealousy would do in real life. Mr. Hales bears a striking resemblance to our ex-postmaster Arthur Fisk. Margaret Armstrong as the society woman Mrs. Van Ness has an unimportant part, but does it well and wears a handsome gown. Alexis Luce as the actor, and our old friend Henry Shumer who has gotten much stouter, both add their efforts to a production which is highly creditable from every point of view.

—Nell.

Whiteside in "The Typhoon"

The most important announcement of the season is the appearance at the Cort Sunday evening for a limited engagement, of Walker Whiteside in that strangely fascinating play "The Typhoon" in which he appeared three years ago with such phenomenal success in America that a London engagement was demanded. His return from abroad gives playgoers another opportunity to see this gifted

artist in one of the most powerful and colorful plays the contemporary stage knows. A feature of Whiteside's return is the representative cast assembled for his support. The company includes Lillian Cavanaugh, Maud Shaw, Stephen Wright, Leonard Mudie, Grant Sherman and W. A. Whitecar. The scenic features of "The Typhoon," as well as the magnificent costuming are secondary only to the powerful acting by Whiteside. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Maud Powell's Concerts

This Sunday afternoon, December 10, and again on Tuesday afternoon, December 14, that superb violinist Maud Powell will give two important and beautiful programs with the assistance of Arthur Loesser, a gifted young pianist. Maud Powell needs no introduction. She is the greatest instrumentalist America has produced and her success here on previous visits, especially with the Symphony Orchestra, has not been forgotten. At Sunday's concert she will introduce the Sonata by Vincent D'Indy, and all students of the violin will be delighted to hear her play the neglected Concerto No. 7 by De Beriot. Works by Sibelius, Saint-Saens, Florent Schmitt and Edward Grasse will complete the offering. Tuesday afternoon's program will include Mozart's exquisite Concerto in A major, the Sonata by Cesar Franck and gems by Sarasate,, Rust, Pugnani, Massenet Powell and others. Tickets at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase's and the Cort. On Wednesday the artist will sail for Honolulu. On her return in January she will give a special program in Oakland under the auspices of the Oakland Teachers' Association.

"Lion's Bride" at Pantages

"The Lion' Bide," a spectacular, thrilling feature which utilizes a ferocious lion, will be the headline attraction at Pantages. The production has not been here in several seasons and has been entirely revised. Carter, the debonair magician, is back. His tricks are all new and entertaining. Truly Shattuck and Marta Golden, two well known musical comedy favorites, have been especially engaged. Miss Shattuck was last seen here as star with "The Merry Gambol" company at the Gaiety, and Miss Golden was a prominent member of the same company, having jumped into the vacancy left by Marie Dressler. Hopkins and Axtell have a delightful little satire on the railroads entitled "Traveling." Other good numbers are Smith's boys band; Williams and Rankin, world's greatest cornetists; Carson brothers, modern gladiators; and comedy pictures.

"Nobody's Widow" at Alcazar

Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell will offer at the Alcazar next week David Belasco's romantic comedy "Nobody's Widow," a charming comedy of manners. Mr. Lytell will be well bestowed in the part of a duke, and Miss Vaughan has the title role for which she is well equipped. All of the Lytell-Vaughan players will be disposed of in excellent parts. Belasco's well known fidelity to detail will be adhered to in the staging of the play under the direction of Addison Pitt.

Victor Morley at Orpheum

At the Orpheum next week Victor Morley, one of the most popular musical comedy stars on Broadway, will present a musical military travesty by Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf and Clifton Crawford entitled "A Regular Army Man," a condensation of one of Morley's greatest successes, "My Best Girl." Morley brings a company of twelve, his own musical director and splendid scenery. The Leightons, a merry trio of men, will appear in a comedy singing, talking and dancing skit called "The Party of the Second Part." Lew Hawkins, the Chesterfield of Minstrelsy and one of the foremost of burnt cork comedians, will entertain with new songs and stories. A combination iron jaw and tight wire act will be presented by the Leon Sisters and company. The Ballet Divertissement presented by Swan Wood and the Metropolitan Ballet; Reine Davies in new songs and costumes; and Nonette, the violinist who sings, will also be attractions. A special feature which shares headline honors will be Laura Nelson Hall, the original Everywoman and one of the most popular leading actresses that have appeared in this city. She will appear in a one-act play by Robert H. McLaughlin, author of the "Eternal Magdalene," called "Demi-Tasse." She will have the support of Gaston Mervale and William Lorenz, two clever actors.

Mrs. Whiffen in Vaudeville

At the age of seventy years Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, "the grand old lady of the stage," is making her vaudeville debut. Mrs. Whiffen who is the oldest American actress actively playing,

LAURA NELSON HALL
Next Week at the Orpheum

MAUD POWELL
The great American woman violinist who will give concerts at the Cort Theatre on Sunday and Tuesday afternoons

has a one-act comedy "Twilight." It was Mrs. Whiffen who was the original "Littue Buttercup" in "H. M. S. Pinafore" in America. She has supported Ethel Barrymore, John Drew and scores of others equally famous and was featured in "The Beautiful Adventure." When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appeared at the Palace Theatre which is the Orpheum of New York, it was Mrs. Whiffen who made a presentation speech. She spoke in French, and the Divine Sarah returned thanks in English.

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Since nearly all our rich families have been forced, througs lack of European champagne on account of the war, to acknowledge the superiority of California vintage wines I have noticed that many members of our local art colony have fallen into line, and now Paul Masson, vintage of 1908, is to be found on the table wherever connoisseurs gather. The homes of San Francisco's elite have always been the gathering places of men of genius, and the preferences of our millionaires are always quite apt to be reflected in the actions of our art colony. It was under the patronage of our wealthier families that San Francisco gained the reputation of being one of the world's art centers, and it is at the homes of these same families that the artist unconsciously gains many of his customs. So when I noticed that some of our best known artists recently have been changing from the French champagnes to Paul Masson I was sure that a great movement in favor of the California wine was taking place. France is able to send us now only about one-sixth of the usual amount of wine because of the war. This deficit is being made up by use of the California product, and from all accounts our western wine is so satisfactory to the consumer that France has lost forever the California market for her champagne.

New York Notes

The Biltmore Hotel in New York is again giving a season of Friday morning musicales. At the December third musicale Freida Wempel, Martinelli, Kreisler and Hugh Allan were the artists. Tickets are three dollars and boxes seating six are thirty dollars—A rival to these musical treats is the ice pond at the Biltmore where the "Secours National Skating Club" meets twice a week. The pond, formerly the Italian Garden, is ixty by seventy-five feet and edged with pine trees. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is among the patronesses who send the proceeds to war-relief. Theatrical affairs are looking up in New York. John Drew opened the Empire season with a successful new play "The Chief." Enrico Caruso for the fourth time sat through "The Great Lover" which he found more attractive than our perennial John. "Fair and Warner," "Our Mrs. McChesney," "The Boomerang" and the Hippodrome all draw throngs

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69821.

JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint willfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BELL,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-10

A Convert

She says I have no soul for art,
And so, perchance, to win her
I am compelled to play the part
Of a deceitful sinner.
With diligence I've conned each tome
In any wise acquainting,
Until I feel I'm quite at home
On sculpture and on painting.

Of Raphael and of Angelo
(My brain is just a jelly!)
The method and the mode I know,
And eke of Botticelli!
I am adept in Titian's dyes,
And in Watteau's confetti;
I can discourse, in learned wise,
On Turner and Rossetti!

It's all a pose, but I insist
I'd very gladly be, sir,
A cubist or a futurist
If I could only see, sir,
Within her eyes the love-light shine
In manner realistic,
And hear her say, her lips to mine:
"My dear, you are artistic!"

Joy

A tap at the door and Joy is there.
"Oh, Joy, my Joy, come in!
For Love lies dead in my heart tonight,
And my heart is cold within.

"Joy, will you fill the place that was Love's?
Will you come and be my friend—
To dwell with me all the days and nights,
Till my pain is at an end?"

"You must put the dead Love out for aye,
Or bury him deep," Joy said.
"I will not dwell (for I could not live)
In a heart where Love is dead."

So I cast the dead Love out and called
To Joy, but he answered this:
"I will not come (for I could not live)
In a heart where no Love is!"

Pacific Printing Co.

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PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

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England's Pride

(Continued from Page 6.)

to do a thing, and had done it successfully; because they saw in vision, one after another, each British dreadnought succumbing to the same attack. Lastly, came the period when even the pretense of this success could no longer be maintained. The terrified islanders could no longer be depicted as cowering in fear before the might of instruments of the air or of the deep. The blockade closed in, and as it tightened, there began to be exhausted the accumulated stocks of oversea produce which at first made that blockade only felt (as it were) as a slight tickling at the throat which a strong man could disregard. The sanest of the German naval experts, such as Captain Perseus, now openly declare that the decision on the sea is settled, and in favor of England. They acknowledge that the Allied fleets were not only at the beginning vastly stronger than those of Germany, but that every day increases that disproportion of strength. The immense effort of Clyde and Wear and Tyne is creating a new navy, and doubling the strength of our seapower. So much is this true that they have even begun to instruct their readers in the theory that sea-power does not much matter—these readers having spent three hundred millions on the theory that "the future of Germany lies on the water." They announce that they will counter the sea blockade with an immense land adventure, and fling their forces to the Persian Gulf or the borders of Arabia, or along North Africa to Morocco and the Pillars of Hercules. But wherever they go, they will find the sea dominant and the "terrified islanders" countering their efforts, barring their only practicable way to Syria or from Syria to Egypt, transporting armed forces whither they will, from Archangel to the Persian Gulf.

All the while the oversea products on which depend the German vital forces steadily decline. Rubber is unobtainable.. Copper and similar metals have to be dismally accumulated by scrapping private houses or melting down church bells. Their cotton industry and wool industry for civil supply have almost ceased, and even for military equipment are proving steadily insufficient; while the price of vital articles of food has risen to such a height as to cause rioting, recrimination between class and class, and, amidst masses of the women and children left behind in the towns, discontent and despair. If already this internal cancer is developing, how much it is likely to develop during the winter cold and the coming of spring! Sooner or later the Central Powers will be in the position of the South in America. This increasing chaos and confusion, demonstrations of hunger, degeneration amongst the spirit of the people, and strangulation which, as it increases, will plunge Germany headlong into such ruin as no civilized nation has ever yet suffered, are due in the main to the efficiency, determination, and untiring vigilance of those who, guarding the gates of all the oceans, today can still signal, "All's well!"

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

NOTICE FOR TENDER TO IT OF ITS FIRST MORTGAGE FIVE PER CENT BONDS DATED AUGUST 1, 1902, AND ITS FIRST REFUNDING MORTGAGE FIVE PER CENT BONDS DATED JANUARY 15, 1910.

The Associated Oil Company hereby gives notice that it will receive written offers for the sale to it on December 15, 1915, of as many of its first mortgage five per cent bonds, dated August 1, 1902, with interest coupons maturing February 1, 1916, and thereafter thereto attached, and or its first refunding mortgage five per cent bonds dated January 15, 1910, with interest coupons maturing January 15, 1916, and thereafter thereto attached, as may be purchased for the sum of one million, five hundred thousand ($1,500,000) dollars. Each offer shall specify how many first mortgage five per cent bonds with interest coupons, maturing February 1, 1916, and thereafter thereto attached, are offered, and the serial numbers thereof, and or how many first refunding mortgage five per cent bonds with interest coupons maturing January 15, 1916, and thereafter thereto attached, are offered, and the serial numbers thereof. Also the price or prices, with accrued interest, at which the owner will sell the bonds offered; also the address of the owner; each offer shall be signed by the owner of the bonds offered or his or its duly authorized agent or representative, and shall be inclosed in a plain sealed envelope endorsed:

"Offer to sell to Associated Oil Company its first mortgage five per cent bonds and or its first refunding mortgage five per cent bonds."

And shall be delivered to the undersigned treasurer at his office, 705 Sharon building, 55 New Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, not later than twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday, December, 15, 1915, at which time and place all offers will be opened and acted upon, in the presence of any persons who may be present.

No offer will be considered unless actually received on or before twelve o'clock noon on the 15th day of December, 1915. All bonds accepted must be delivered to the undersigned immediately after acceptance and will be paid for at the price or prices at which same are purchased, immediately after delivery. The Company expressly reserves the right to reject any and all offers and any part of any offer.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 27, 1915.

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY,

By W. A. SLOAN, Treasurer.

Payton—Why did that soldier insist upon being taken back to England to have his wounds dressed?

Parker—He never cared for French dressing.

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The California Limited, departs 11:55 P. M.
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The Overland, departs 9:00 A. M.
—the old standby for years—first and second class.

The Missionary, departs 9:00 A. M.
—runs via Belen cut-off—fast, too—for both first and second class travel to Houston and New Orleans.

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1218 Broadway, Oakland—Phone Lakeside 425

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ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 2497; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, Minors.

HANAH C. RUNDLE-HOLTZ, Guardian of the persons and estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, minors, having filed in this Court her petition for an order permitting the sale of the personal property of the estate of said minors, and it satisfactorily appearing to the Court that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the wards that the personal estate mentioned in said petition should be sold, the hearing of said petition is hereby fixed by the Court for Wednesday, the 22nd day of December, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court-room of Department 10, Probate thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and all persons interested in said estate are notified then and there to appear before the Court and show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said personal property.

Dated, November 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

J. H. MORRIS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, Deceased.—No. 19,916; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the undersigned Executor at his law office, No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.
Executor of the last will and testament of Blanche Anna Husson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, A. D. 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased.

CERF ROSENTHAL,
Administrator of the estate of Minnie S. Rosenthal, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

NORMAN A. EISNER,
Attorney for Administrator,
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, Deceased.—No. 19905; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, E. R. BOSSHART, Administrator of the estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of L. M. Hoefler, Room 903 California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased.

E. R. BOSSHART,
Administrator of the estate of F. W. Schlutter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 4th, 1915.

L. M. HOEFLER,
Attorney for Administrator,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Comparative dullness prevailed throughout the week, but the tone of the stock market was good and the investment demand for good stocks and bonds was well maintained. Traders of the professional class are holding off for the President's message and signs of how Congress will behave. Wall Street always dreads a new Congress when its first session is to be followed by a presidential election. The tariff question will be reopened by the necessity of raising additional revenues, and this will affect the stock market because the interests at stake are so large that the market will be used as part of the political ammunition of both sides. Then there is also the war in Europe, to which we have grown callous, but which contains tremendous possibilities. The danger of international complications will increase as one side or the other becomes desperate. Congress will be in session well into next summer and the President will not have the free hand in dealing with such problems that he enjoyed last spring and summer. It is likely that Washington will be a hotbed of intrigue during the session if the war drags on, and few now look for an early peace. Should the struggle remain indecisive, the position of the United States would become still more dominant and we will see a game played in Washington by foreign diplomats and Americans secretly retained by them, of which we have little conception and no experience. Almost everybody in Wall Street expects a boom in stocks, but with such a situation as we shall probably have at Washington, sudden squalls may come at any minute. All we are going through is without precedent and speculators will find fresh risks added to those they already know by experience. The older heads fear to take chances, but the younger element in Wall Street is enthusiastic and claims that the stage is being set for a new act that will bring more active trading and higher prices than yet seen. They look for a transfer of interest from the "war stocks" to standard rails and industrials, based on the general revival of busines. Railroads and steel mills are being operated at full capacity, and the railroads are making money because they are carrying a greater proportion of high-class freight than they have done for three years. Several prominent railroads are breaking all previous records for both gross and net earnings, and when two of them are the Southern Pacific and the Pennsylvania, it is apparent that prosperity is well distributed. Along with these evidences of good domestic trade, we have record-breaking exports. Politics is keeping down dividends. Dividends have been earned but have not been disbursed by many industrial corporations, because apparent prosperity would be bad for politics.

Wheat—The feature of the wheat market last week was the apparent strength in opposition to a very bearish statistical position. The trade ignored everything bearish and the market developed phenomenal strength, short competing with the bulls for wheat, and the price was not taken into consideration. The news affecting the speculative prices of wheat is still conflicting and confusing. Side by side with a news paragraph stating that commerce with foreign nations was to be interrupted by the commandeering of vessels and steamers and that accumulations were to become burdensome in consequence, and that foreigners were reselling Manitobas, come the reports of heavy reductions in winter wheat acreage, that 60 per cent of the North Dakota crops had already been marketed, that the Southwest grades were little better than No. 4, that high premiums in Winnipeg and Minneapolis were to be continued, notwithstanding the large offerings, and a general belief that corn was to continue its advance, which was to give reflected strength to wheat. The speculator is hardly started upon the logic of one group of influences before he is confronted with the opposing theories of another, and finds it difficult to conform his operations to either successfully. But this uncertainty promises to pass away after the first of the year, when grains are all in winter quarters and an inventory can be taken which will guide more correctly to the actual conditions of supply and demand. We think it will be found that the bearish factors have been well discounted, that the stocks are in influential hands, and that prices have been unduly depressed.

Corn—This market has enjoyed a 14-cent upturn within a moderately short ime, and there are many indications of profit-taking on a liberal scale. Shorts have covered freely, and with any further weakness in wheat, we should expect to see a natural reaction. The influential character of the buying from 60 cents up has changed sentiment materially, and it is thought that the bulls will not be satisfied with less than 80 cents. July sold last year at 81¾ in that month, and September sold at 76¼ cents in August. Among the elect, those who were in on the ground floor of this last advance, the slogan is 90 cents, and the certainty of this quotation is predicted. In more conservative circles, the prospect for higher prices is acknowledged, but not immediately. The husking returns are always relied upon to irritate the market, and as soon as this is completed, it is thought a somewhat better condition will be disclosed than was thought possible. Already, Iowa has commenced to offer more liberally, and we think after the first two or three weeks' rush will be a better time to secure a good market position than now.

Cotton—What promised to develop into another good, big bull market received a damper towards the latter part of this week, in the shape of heavy selling by Wall Street firms, due chiefly to the forecast by a prominent local banker of a check to our prosperity. The cotton trade was never more flourishing, and large drygoods dealers are predicting an enormous holiday business. Consumption in the country will undoubtedly exceed 7,000,000 bales and exports are not likely to fall over 2,000,000 behind last season. This would mean that 13,500,000 bales of spinnable cotton will be needed, which is 2,000,000 more than can be obtained from the present crop. We consider such figures very bullish and we confidently expect higher prices.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased.—No. 19862; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Lent & Humphrey, Room 428, Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine L. McIntyre, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.—No. 19885; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, Attorney-at-Law, 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY HICKS,
Executor of the estate of Philip Henry Hicks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Executor,
900-907 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.

SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.—No. 19958

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Jas. M. Shields, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.

SAMUEL J. LEE,
Executor of the estate of Ellen Howard Everett, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

JAS. M. SHIELDS,
Attorney for Executor,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, Deceased.—No. 19727; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, Administrator of the estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said PATRICK A. HARRAN, the said Administrator, at the office of Louis Ferrari, his attorney, 1029 Hearst Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office, the undersigned, PATRICK A. HARRAN, selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of MARIA M. HARRAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 13th, A. D. 1915.

PATRICK A. HARRAN,
Administrator of the estate of Maria M. Harran, deceased.

LOUIS FERRARI,
Attorney for Administrator,
1029 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69456; Dept. No. 13.

In the Matter of the Application of the AMERICAN BARIUM COMPANY, a Corporation, to Be Dissolved.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the American Barium Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, November 10, 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT SWEENEY and
ALGERNON CROFTON,
Attorneys for Applicant,
Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELE AMOS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WILLIAM HENRY AMOS, as Executor of the last will and testament of ADELE AMOS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Henry Ach, Room 710 in the Flatiron Building, No. 544 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ADELE AMOS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY AMOS,
As Executor of the last will and testament of Adele Amos, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

HENRY ACH, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
544 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-12-5

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TOWN TALK

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Our Rights to Be Asserted

Now that the question of the deference due to the rights of American citizens from European belligerents has been taken up by the Senate we shall probably have some light thereon before long. The question has been referred to the committee on foreign relations from which we may expect an early report, for it is evident from the discussion that took place last week that some of the leading Senators are indignant at the weak and vacillating policy hitherto pursued by the President with respect both to Germany and England. If Senator Lodge is especially concerned about the slaughter of Americans on the high seas, Senator Hoke Smith has made himself the champion of the rights of trade that have been ignored by Great Britain, and both have taken hard swats at the President, for whom, during the discussion, not one word of apology or defense was uttered by any of the administration Senators. Apparently the sentiment is growing in the East that had the President shown a disposition from the beginning to hold all belligerents to a "strict accountability" there would now be much less hostility to the United States in foreign parts.

Partial to Backbone

Proud of his democracy, President Wilson proclaimed it from the platform in Columbus last week, at the same time paying tribute to the "common man" and to the "average man" who is the "backbone of the country" and who "should be consulted about his government." This is what is called "good oratorical stuff." Suggestion and flattery are to crowds what steam and oil are to machines, and their power is increased by regulated and persistent use. The successful orator always flatters the crowd which is but a multiplication of the average man. Now as to consulting the average man, that is precisely the principle of this government. The average man is consulted every time we have an election, and it is to consult the average man that we have elections. But President Wilson believes it to be the duty of a good democrat like himself to keep in touch with the backbone of his country all the time, and to prescribe for the backbone whatever it desires. This is not the democratic principle, nor is it the "genius of the country" as he calls it. It is not the theory of our government that the patient should dictate to the doctor, nor that the orchestra should dominate the conductor. Democracy does not hold that the many are wiser than the few. It is the theory of democracy that the many may be trusted to choose men competent to govern, men qualified by intellect and training to practice the science of government, and when the many prove themselves incompetent to do this it is evident that they are unfit for self-government. We have no reason to doubt that President Wilson has faith in the average man or that he tries to govern according to the desires of the average man. When we consider his Cabinet, which is an embodiment of the quintessence of the average man, we find it easy to account for the kind of government we have been getting. Apparently the President is fonder of backbone than of brains.

The Genius of Leadership

The statesman who religiously voices the sentiments of the average man, and who faithfully gratifies the wishes of the average man, is bound in time to be discovered by the average man. And the average man has no mercy on the leader who fails to display the qualities of superiority. The average man is proud to find that his views are held by men above his station, but the average man is above all things a hero-worshiper, and in a democracy he is never so proud as when he finds that the leader he has chosen has the genius of leadership. Whenever we find a man with this genius we find that he is not a cultivator of other people's opinions. He is very unlike the politician who said, "These are my opinions, and if they are not liked they can be changed." The competent leader is a person who scorns the general opinions of the average man; for the general opinions of the average man are not self-formed opinions. Forming opinions takes long time, study, bitter experience; and it seems to be the general opinion that the game is not worth the candle. The competent leader is a man of wide visions and far horizons who divines the future and never looks backward or swerves from the path. This is the type of man whom we find to be supreme throughout the long history of human development. In that history the man who echoes the opinions of the general, and who flatters the average man, figures only in those periods that were marked by the decay of nations when the genius of leadership had passed away. The story of the past is a story of individual triumphs, and nowhere have we any record of a glorious triumph achieved after consultation with the average man. Consequently we are not at all inspirited by President Wilson's Columbus speech. Nor does it even reassure us to be told by him that it is all wrong to believe him to be a man of solitude since on the contrary he takes pains to keep in touch with the average man. It is in solitude that the world's noblest enterprises are conceived, whether by poets, scientists or statesmen. It was in solitude that Lincoln conceived and wrote the Emancipation Proclamation. He did not consult the average man. He did not even consult his Cabinet. But Lincoln was a thinker who radiated ideas and from whom the people got their opinions. A lover of solitude, he changed the opinions not only of the American people but of millions of people throughout the world.

Too Much Oratory

One of the misfortunes of this country is the encouragement that is given to the practice of the orator's art by the occupant of the White House. It was Theodore Roosevelt who first introduced this method of ruling the country, and it has been adhered to by his successors. The gospel of pecuniary success governs political crowds, and this is the gospel preached by our oratorical Presidents. Them we abhor because a democracy has to beware of itself, being nothing more than a number of crowds more or less at odds with one another on questions of material ambition and discontent. The material motive in crowd psychology has been a constant drawback to statesmanship, because statesmanship is based not on facile emotion, but on historic knowledge and tradition. It is to this motive that President Wilson appeals notwithstanding all his flubdub about "love of humanity" and "service" and the "rights of the average man," which, by the way, are no more deserving of respect in a decent democracy than the rights of any other man, whether high above or far below the special object of the President's esteem. A self-respecting President we submit ought to keep off the stump, and limit his outpourings to his communications to Congress, as the Constitution provides. For the art of oratory is practiced by statesman with propriety only in deliberative bodies. Oratory like the mummer's art is personal appeal and even when he is inspired with wisdom and rectitude the orator is forced by the excitement of the occasion to play on the passions of his audience. His business is to cozen his hearers, and he cozens them as Orpheus cozened the trees.

A British Personality

Life moves swiftly for personalities of the type of Winston Churchill who lately emerged from the Cabinet and is now in the trenches. There has been much criticism of Mr. Churchill since the fall of Antwerp, so much that he felt called upon to answer his critics before quitting the Cabinet. It is not likely there will be much criticism of him in the trenches, for Winston Churchill has more of the qualities of a soldier than of a statesman. But on the whole he is a personality, the kind that is indispensable to the modern State. And whatever the mistakes he made as a Cabinet officer they will be forgotten after the war when it will be remembered that to him alone is due the credit for the fitness of the fleet when the war broke out and for its being precisely where it was at the psychological moment. Churchill is a man of many talents, and what is more, he has the gift of industry. When he entered Parliament it was with no political training, but speedily he went to the front. In South Africa he had proved himself a soldier with a remarkable talent for war. Critics pronounced him a born writer, and according to Sir Charles Dilke, an excellent judge, some passages in Churchill's history of "The River War" were superior to anything in Napier. For oratory, the key to great distinction in British politics, Churchill had no special physical aptitude. His voice was harsh, his address stiff and mannered. But he trained himself relentlessly, first to speak as the House and the popular audience wanted him to speak, and then to debate. He rose even more rapidly than Lloyd George. By the end of his first Parliament he had helped to overthrow a powerful Government, had advanced to the first flight of Parliamentarians, and though not popular with either side, and seldom responsive to "the sense" of the House, he was clearly marked for high office and power in the State. This was the first stage. In the second he established himself as the most finished platform orator of his time. As an orator he displays a wide range of vocabulary, a passion for rhetoric and the literary gift of giving unity and force to a broad statement of facts. He made himself an ardent champion of Free Trade and mastered the subject by studying economics and familiarizing himself in Lancashire with the life and problems of working England. An aristocrat with Toryism in his blood, Winston Churchill is one of the foremost of Liberal statesmen. He is one of the few in England who have an intimate knowledge of the squalor of working-class England and he has besides a deep sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the poor. Churchill spent much of his youth amid the pageantry of guns and marching armies, and though he has shown a fondness for the brilliantly lighted stage that the modern statesman treads, we may be sure that with his country engaged in a death struggle he prefers the trenches to Downing street.

When a State Is "Dry"

The epithet dry is commonly used nowadays to signify abstention from alcoholic drinks, but it is a word that varies in significance along geographical lines. There are degrees of dryness fixed by the prohibition propaganda. In some States that are called dry it is unlawful to buy any kind of liquor. In other States that are called dry every man is allowed by law more liquor than five ordinary men consume in wet States. Here for example is the State of Georgia, where the prohibitionists have won a great victory. The prohibition law passed by the Georgia legislature the other day, and signed by Governor Harris, puts every citizen on a monthly allowance of half a gallon of whiskey, one gallon of wine and six gallons of beer. The Anti-Saloon League had a hard time putting this law through, and it has been said by a prominent member of the league that the delay was due to a filibuster conducted by the rum element which kept the prohibitionists blind drunk while the bill was pending. There are hard drinkers in Georgia; and though it may seem to us in California that they have been vouchsafed a liberal allowance of stimulants, the prohibition bill is really a drastic measure in a State where people occasionally feel in need of the kind of courage requisite for the lynching of a citizen. Not quite so liberal is the law of Oregon, for whereas a man may have a gallon of wine in addition to half a gallon of whiskey every month in Georgia, the citizen of Oregon may have only a half-gallon shandygaff of wine and whiskey; and whereas the monthly allowance of beer in Georgia is six gallons, in Oregon it is but eighteen quarts. Apparently prohibitionists are for punishing people according to their temperance and their sanity. To the people of Georgia who behave like wild beasts occasionally, and who are much given to drunkenness and murderous disorderliness, the prohibitionists are very liberal. Toward us of California they maintain a quite different attitude. In Georgia they have made it difficult for a blind pig to thrive, for even in Georgia the average citizen will be satisfied with his monthly tipple of seven and a half gallons of mixed whiskey, wine and beer so long as he may have a little coal oil on the side. In California the prohibitionists would make the blind pig an absolute necessity. They have proposed a constitutional amendment for this State by which it will be unlawful to receive in the State "any alcoholic liquor of any kind whatsoever excepting only for medicinal, sacramental, scientific or mechanical purposes." The amendment provides for the destruction of all alcoholic liquors found in the possession of anybody. Apparently the prohibitionists are of the opinion that there is not a very exigent thirst in California. But the motives, impulses and designs of the Ohio captains of the colossal prohibition industry are not easily explicable. We know, however, that California is the State wherein they hope to achieve their grandest triumph, for it is in this great wine-producing State that the greatest potentialities of destruction reside.

Mutiny on the Peace Ship

It is essential to what we call high character that it may be safely calculated on and that its qualities shall have crystallized into principles to which it habitually adheres. The man who makes a divinity of his own capricious temper is not a man of high character, nor is he an agreeable man to associate with. In politics it is customary to ask idiomatically of a man who has been proposed for membership in a clique: "Will he stay put?" If it cannot be affirmed that he will he is not wanted. The question is in the nature of a wise precaution as even boys in their wisdom have learned at school. The lad who cannot be depended upon to remain loyal to his "crowd" has not the high character essential to genuine comradeship at college, and usually events prove in after life that the deficiency is of the very nature of the beast. We may detest party spirit, but the loyal partisan, the man who is hearty not only in support of the cause but the men associated with him behind the cause, commands our respect and admiration. He is of the stuff whereof steadfast friendship is fashioned. The boy who is loyal to his "crowd" becomes the man who resents hostility to his friend with the same unshaken constancy wherewith he pursues his immediate interests or private animosities. The boy whom the "gang" distrusted becomes the man incapable of experiencing those charities and sentiments of private affection and esteem that kindle into the glow of true patriotism as well as of friendship. It was such reflections as these that haunted us when the peace pilgrims were boarding the Oscar II, and we speculated on the number of days that might pass before a mutiny accurred. Not since the Puritans left England for Holland (where they became intolerable) has so much self-satisfied intolerance been packed aboard one frail craft of the sea. Bryan bellowing a blessing at the dock was a vain performance. The Demon of Discord was bound to elect himself conductor of the symphony. It has not astonished us to learn that Dr. Aked started the row by presuming to feel, to speak and to think for all his sister freight; nor has it struck us as peculiar that he should attack the President of his adopted country for becoming a convert to preparedness. Though we know nothing of Dr. Aked's school days we shouldn't mind taking a small bet that he never belonged to a crowd. Unfortunately a man may become an American citizen without having it affirmed of him that he can stay put. Dr. Aked couldn't stay put in his native land. During the South African war he helped the Boers to make it hard for the soldiers. Dr. Aked couldn't stay put in the Baptist church. He couldn't stay put as a prohibitionist in California. He couldn't stay put as a member of the Church Federation. But let us not suppose that he is the only pilgrim lacking the essential quality of high character.

Varied Types

CCLIX—BEN GIROUX

By Edward F. O'Day

"E. O. McCormick accuses you of being an old-timer in the theatrical profession," I told Ben Giroux.

"But maybe Mr. McCormick didn't mean it," said Giroux in a hurt sort of tone.

"Mr. McCormick always means what he says," I replied.

"That's right," agreed Ben Giroux. "So I guess I've gotta own up. In February it'll be forty years since I went into the business. I suppose that does make me an old-timer."

I trust this conversation will not give the reader the impression that Ben Giroux is an old boy with one foot in the grave, a patriarch hobbling around on two canes, a monument of antique decrepitude. Far from it. Ben Giroux is just about as old a boy as Ernest O. McCormick is, and as everybody knows, the vice-president of the Southern Pacific isn't a day older than Colonel George Pippy. Which seems to establish beyond the peradventure of dubiety that fifty-three-year-old Ben Giroux is only an old-timer after a manner of speaking. He is just old enough to reminisce when reminiscences are in order, which is once in so often, as we all agree. And he is just old enough to look back over the last four decades of the theatrical business in America and be brave enough to asseverate that in certain respects conditions have changed for the worse in that ancient and honorable calling. When he is older—say, twenty years older—he may endeavor to prove that the good old days were the only days worth while. He is far from saying that now. What he does say is much more reasonable, and his words, I think, will indicate that he is mature in judgment rather than along in years.

But here I am vindicating the essential youthfulness of a man whom I haven't introduced to my readers. Let me hasten to repair that mistake. Ben Giroux is a theatrical manager for Oliver Morosco. He has been in town as the manager of "The Bird of Paradise" company playing at the Cort the third of its increasingly successful engagements. What Ben Giroux has to say of this play is interesting.

"It is the most actor-proof play that has been produced in America during the past twenty-five years," says Ben Giroux.

An actor-proof play, I had better explain, is a play which is proof against the assaults of bad actors, a play which bad acting cannot spoil, a play which does not depend for its appeal to the audience upon the excellence of the performers, a play which serves as a stepping-stone to success for actors instead of achieving success through the brilliant work of the cast. There are various things which make a play actor-proof. Sometimes it is "the punch," and that is why "the punch" is regarded so highly nowadays. Sometimes it is the atmosphere. It is the Hawaiian atmosphere which makes "The Bird of Paradise" actor-proof.

"This play of Tully's will still be making money," continued Ben Giroux, "when his 'Omar the Tentmaker' has been sent to the store house. This play has made the reputations of three or four leading women, and strangely enough everyone of them thinks she is the only one who can play the leading part as it ought to be played. They don't realize that it is a 'type' part, and that they have all been picked to play it because they represent the particular type called for.

"The type is what is the matter with the stage of today. Actors and actresses are picked for certain parts because they belong to the particular types the playwright had in mind when he wrote. It was different a decade or two back. In those days players were chosen for their ability to act, and if the part called for a certain type the players found the type in their make-up box. The make-up box was the great source of types then. Now, when the manager is casting a show he goes out and looks for players who will fit his types. This is a great detriment to the art of the theatre. And it is a drawback to the artists themselves. They play a type, succeed in it and stay with it through play after play, season after season. When the type goes out of fashion these type actors disappear too. I could name any number of players to whom this has happened, but I'm not going to. Sometimes the type players achieve sufficient success to become stars. And so we have stars springing up like mushrooms over night. An actor or actress jumps into favor with a certain type—behold a star It is needless to say that these stars disappear from the theatrical firmament as quickly as they appear. All they leave behind is the memory of a brilliant pyrotechnical display.

"Playing types prevents an actor or actress from mastering the profession as the players of the past had to master it in order to succeed. Players nowadays are not taught to hide their identity, to get under the skin of the part. They don't know how to dissect a character. They rely upon the stage manager to tell them how to play it, and they do as he tells them without knowing the reason why.

"You have only to think of some of the great actors and actresses of the not distant past—indeed, some of them are still with us—to see the difference. Think of Sol Smith Russell, Robson, Crane, Nat Goodwin. You don't think of types in connection with these men. They learned to play anything, everything. They all happen to be comedians; but they learned to play everything from roaring farce to high-class comedy. We are not developing any actors like them today. Where have we any actress like Clara Morris? Is there an actress of the younger generation who can sway an audience as she did in a variety of parts? I do not know of any. We have no comediennes today like Maggie Mitchell, Lotta Crabtree, Annie Pixley and Patti Rosa. We are not educating our actresses to their profession as these women were educated.

"There have been other changes. A decade ago there was a camaraderie a brotherhood, a generous feeling, a sympathy among players which you look for in vain today. It remains true now as it was true then that players are the most charitable of people. They are still the first to help, and the last to receive recognition for helping. But unfortunately their charity today is greater toward the world at large than toward one another.

"The young actor of today hasn't that regard for the older man who has served his time which was once a characteristic of the profession. The young actor used to feel toward his senior as a son feels toward his father. But nowadays the leading man regards the elderly actor as a has-been. The leading woman thinks of the elderly actress, 'She's in the way.'

"When Otis Skinner was playing 'Kismet' he had a certain old-timer in his company. This man was taken ill. Skinner gave him the star's dressing room so that he would not have to climb stairs to an inferior room during his illness. Skinner was trained in the old ideals of the profession. You wouldn't find the actor of today doing that sort of thing. Much he cares where the old fellow dresses!

"Will the old days come back? I hope so, but at the same time I have my doubts."

Ben Giroux first came to San Francisco forty years ago. He crossed the continnt with Ed Rice who was playing "Evangeline." His next trip was in 1889 with the comedienne Patti Rosa. Then in 1895 he came here with Joe Cawthorne who was playing "A Fool for Luck." He renewed our acquaintance when "The Bird of Paradise" was first seen here. Whom do you suppose this man whom E. O. McCormick accuses of being an old-timer regards as the greatest actor he ever saw on the American stage? You have one guess. You have guessed it the first time!

"But in one Shakespearian part," says Ben Giroux, "I have seen a German actor who impressed me as greater than Edwin Booth. His name was Possart and his performance of Shylock, given in this country in 1889, was the greatest I ever saw."

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Perspective Impressions

Roosevelt calls the President a Byzantine logothete. Had he not been bitten in early life by a gadfly, Roosevelt would be our most ponderous pedant.

Hard names break no bones, especially when it takes an expert in linguistics to explain them.

We are reminded that the great Daniel O'Connell once floored a loud-mouthed fishwife by calling her an isosceles triangle; but that was a good joke on the fishwife. This time the joke is not on the victim.

Anyway, our logomaniacal ex-President who is so fond of logomachy may find that President Wilson is something of an expert in logodaedaly himself.

"And what," exclaims Dr. Aked aboard the Oscar II, "what if we turn out not to be blithering idiots after all?" The answer is that whatever happens to the rest of them one man will remain Dr. Aked; and what greater humiliation can befall a man?

Among the inconveniences we must soon face will be a rush of Leap Year jokes.

On which subject we may as well express our settled conviction that in 1916 the ladies, God bless 'em, will continue to propose as they did in 1915.

"They are in the limelight," says Hudson Maxim, speaking of the peace pilgrims, "and it is because of that limelight that they are going at all." But Dr. Aked is going because, as he says himself, Cromwell said something about a man never mounting so high and never going so far as when he knows not whither he is going. Come to think of it there is a gospel according to Cromwell that ought to appeal to Aked.

Dr. Aked would have us believe that the peace pilgrims are at worst only enthusiasts whose enthusiasm "grew out of what is likest God in their souls." If this isn't Pharisaism, what is the proper description of it?

What do you want to bet that Dr. Aked won't end by roasting Henry Ford?

One year ago when Representative Gardner was agitating for preparedness President Wilson, in his message to Congress, said there was no need of preparedness and that he would not alter his attitude "because some among us are nervous and excited." Evidently the President himself is a little nervous now.

A year ago the President entertained the belief that "our safety in times of danger would lie in the rising of the nation to take care of itself as the farmers rose at Lexington." Doubtless the President would like to expurgate some of his earlier messages.

No longer has the President a feeling of security based on numbers and wealth, for now he says that "if our citizens are ever to fight effectively upon a sudden summons they must know how modern fighting is done and what to do when the summons comes."

The Fighting Irish

Being an Address Delivered in London by John Redmond, the World's Foremost Irishman After a Visit to the Western Front

When I was invited some weeks ago to address a meeting in support of the London Irish Regiment, I gladly accepted the invitation, and I have for some time been looking forward with the greatest pleasure to this occasion. But events so fell out that at the last moment I was very nearly prevented from being here tonight, and I could not have been here if I had not had the privilege of coming from France this afternoon in a troopship. I have just concluded a visit to the French and English and Belgian lines. I have just finished the most interesting, the most thrilling, and the proudest week of my life. That week has been so crowded with incident, so full of blended pathos and pride, and so full of intermixed tragedy and glory, that I feel it impossible for me at a moment's notice to speak at any length of my experiences or of the impressions that I have brought back. All I can do is to allude shortly to two or three of the outstanding facts.

First of all, the one great impression that I have brought back from the front is the absolute confidence of our troops. There are no pessimists at the front. From the commander-in-chief down through all ranks of the army, there is one feeling, that of absolute confidence in the result of this war. I can say from my experience that there is a universal feeling of resentment against those people in this country who are spreading the spirit of pessimism. It has been said to me over and over again, Why is not the "all is lost brigade" sent to the front? The one remedy for any man who is depressed or despondent is to go to meet the troops at the front. The real truth of the matter is this: So far as the Western front is concerned Germany is beaten. Every day and every hour she is getting weaker on that front and we are getting stronger. For every shell the Germans throw today we throw five, and anybody who would attempt to preach pessimism in the English or the French or the Belgian lines today would get a very uncomfortable reception.

The second great broad impression which I have brought back from my visit is the amazing character of the organization. No one can understand the organization of that army of 1,000,000 men and more who has not seen something of it. We wonder how £4,000,000 or £5,000,000 a day are spent. A visit to the front is a great revelation. Although I do not know much about military matters, I still thought I had an intelligent knowledge, speaking generally, about these affairs, but I found that I was in a state of profound ignorance.

Nothing more amazing than the spectacle of the organization of the English army can be conceived. I drove through miles and miles of motor lorries carrying munitions, food, stores of all sorts, going from the base to the front regularly, backwards and forwards like clockwork, without a hitch of any sort or kind, and bringing from the base enormous stores of every sort and kind. The organization is perfect in every possible respect—the transport of the troops, the transport of commissariat, the transport of clothing, and the transport of munitions is going on today like clockwork.

The medical organization is amazing. A few yards behind the firing trench is a first-aid hospital. There is the doctor, there also is a priest or clergyman. From there the wounded man is brought a little further back to the ambulances, and he goes by ambulance straight away to the clearing hospital. In cases which are not too bad for the treatment, it is true to say that within about seven or eight hours a wounded soldier may be back here in London, while the really serious cases will be in the great hospitals at the base. I went through a number of those hospitals, and anything more perfect it is impossible to conceive. I am perfectly sure that no army in the field in the whole history of the world ever had as perfect a medical organization.

So also may I say of the religious organization. War is a terrible thing and brings out many brutal acts, but war also very often brings out all that is good in a man. No one can go as I went and see the Catholic chaplain, the Protestant chaplain, and the Presbyterian chaplain working hand in hand in the true sense of Christian brotherhood; no one can witness as I did the wave of religious emotion and enthusiasm which sways the troops of all religions without admitting that with all its horrors war does bring out something that is noble in human nature. The priests and the clergymen are doing the noblest work, and many of the generals in command with whom I spoke said that, apart altogether from religion, the work which all these men do in acting as the strengthening and rallying point for the regiment to which they are attached made them invaluable. Many of them, as you know, have given their lives, and there is not a day at any part of the firing trenches where these true Christian clergymen of various denominations are not to be found. Therefore I say the religious organization also is perfect.

I saw the men in the front firing line and in the support line, and all along through France and Belgium I found them cheery, confident, well-clothed, healthy and fit in appearance, and I came to the conclusion that no army in the history of the world was ever better looked after and cared for than our army in the field.

That great work of organization, amazing as it is when you come to think of it, deals with over 1,000,000 men. That great work of organization is the work of the administrative staff. I think that nothing more mischievous or cowardly has ever been done in public life in this country than the speech the other day in the House of Lords of Lord St. Davids, who pictured the General Staff which is working all this great system as having a good

time, as being made up of shirkers, young fellows of high social position who have taken no share in the fighting, and who are living idle and vicious lives.

I say without circumlocution that that is a lie. I have been a witness of the work of this administrative staff. These men are at work before 9 o'clock in the morning, and they go on with their work after dinner until 10 or 11 o'clock at night. So far from leading idle lives, they are the hardest-worked men I have ever come across. So far from being shirkers, almost all the young men who are employed upon the staff are men who have already served in this war, who have been wounded and severely wounded. I met some of these "shirkers leading idle and vicious lives," and I inquired who they were. I found they were men who had been shot through both lungs nine months ago, who had recovered from their wounds, and who had gone now, instead of being sent right back to the front, to help at headquarters for the purpose of doing this work, and working from 9 o'clock in the morning until 10 or 11 at night.

My object in going to the front was to pay a visit to the Irish regiments. I had the honor of meeting and speaking to every Irish regiment at the front, with one exception, and I had to give up the privilege of addressing them in order to have the privilege of addressing you. I found the Irish regiments full of confidence, full of cheerfulness, and full of fight. In most cases they marched on parade to hear my remarks headed by pipers playing "O'Donnell Aboo" or "God Save Ireland," and they carried with them flags of Ireland. I not only met them on parade, but I met them in the trenches.

Let me say just one thing which touched me and filled my heart with hope. In one part of the firing trenches I went to I found a battalion of the Ulster division from Belfast side by side with the Dublins. I spoke to them all, and I found that, so far from any friction having arisen between them, they were like true comrades and brother Irishmen. I pray God that may go on. I pray that wherever an Irish battalion goes into action, there may be a battalion of the Ulster division alongside of them. I need not point the moral to you. That is the way to end the unhappiness, the discords and the confusion of Ireland. If Irish people come together in the trenches, risk their lives together, and spill their blood together, there is no power on earth which, when they come home, can induce them to turn as enemies one upon the other.

The one complaint I have to make with reference to the Irish regiments is that they do not get sufficient recognition in the dispatches. At the front their deeds are the theme on every tongue, from that of the commander-in-chief down; but if you are to judge from the official dispatches they have done nothing very remarkable. Tonight I repeat an appeal which I made in the House of Commons recently—that when any regiment, English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh, does something particularly gallant there should be official recognition of the fact.

Take the case of the London Irish. Their gallantry at the battle of Loos I found to be a theme on every tongue at the front. Every general and every commanding officer I met spoke to me of what they had done. They were the first into the village of Loos, they captured five guns there; they made victory certain, and they commenced the charge by bringing out a football and dribbling it along. It is hard to bear when one finds in the official dispatches this regiment described as a certain Territorial regiment. I do not grudge the honor and glory of the London Scottish, but why, when it is not the London Scottish but the London Irish, should the fact be kept back from the public? I made representations at headquarters in France, I have made them in the House of Commons, and I appeal again that credit be given each regiment for what it has done.

Yesterday I spent in Belgium. I have never in my life felt so thrilled by pity and indignation. I went along the Belgian firing lines, and I looked out, and I saw in one direction an endless sea of war where the people had opened the floodgates and inundated their own land in order to protect themselves. The water is saltish, and I was told by Belgians there that it will be ten years after the end of the war before that land can be properly cultivated again. I then drove where there was no water for miles, through villages and towns without a single living inhabitant. There was not a single civilian in some of these towns. There were a few Belgian soldiers living in cellars, but there was not a building standing. Such a scene of desolation and horror you cannot conceive. Churches battered to the ground and, what should touch us even more nearly, every house battered to the ground. To go down the centre of the street you have to climb over heaps of broken furniture, broken statues of the Virgin and of our Lord, and the little utensils and household goods of these people in one great mass of ruin. The bombardment still goes on.

Today in the town of Nieuport, which was a flourishing, fashionable seaside resort before the war, there is not a single man or woman or child. The day before we went there the shelling had been renewed—what military object to be derived from it I do not know. There was just one small portion of one tower of that superb cathedral standing, and the day before I went there the Germans battered it down.

I read in the papers before I went a number of stories about crucifixes and holy statues escaping marvelously, but I had not paid very much attention to them. In this particular cathedral I saw the walls battered down almost to the ground, but about twelve feet high in some places; while just outside, opposite where the front door had been, there was standing a stone pillar about fourteen feet high with a crucifix upon it, and though wherever the eye could reach there was nothing but ruin and desolation, there was not a scratch upon that pillar or crucifix. It is an extraordinary sight. The crucifix is standing with the ruined church behind it, and all round nothing but desolation and wretchedness. No man could see that without being profoundly touched.

Then I was presented to the King of the Belgians. There is no more heroic figure and no more tragic figure in the world today, or perhaps indeed it would not be too much to say in the pages of history. There he is, a man of magnificent physique, in the bloom of his manhood, living for the last fifteen months in a little detached village on the sands, within about thirty feet of the sea, facing the cruel, melancholy sea, right in the shell area with shells falling all round. There he stands alone with a kingdom twenty-five miles long and only ten miles deep, with the remnant of his people in the trenches. He spends his time entirely in the trenches or riding about the lines or looking across the sea into the immeasurable future for some hope for his country or his people, but not with one quaver in his heart or his mind. There he stands and there he will stand, whatever the result may be for the independence of his country and for the rights of his people.

I told him that I could speak on these questions for Ireland—Ireland poor and weak, but yet Ireland determined at any cost, at any sacrifice, to stand by the Belgian nation. He cordially expressed his sense of gratitude for the action of Ireland. He told me he was familiar with the connecting history of Belgium and Ireland, and that all through the war he had noticed with the deepest gratitude the sympathy of Ireland. He said with emotion to me that nothing had touched him more than the spectacle of the poor Irish people in every little parish subscribing money for the Belgian refugees, and he added, "I have been told that little Irish children have subscribed money." He asked me to bring back to the Irish people the expression of his good will and gratitude, and I ended the interview by assuring him that, come weal or woe, so long as it rested with us in Ireland we would have no peace which had not as its first condition the repatriation of the Belgians.

In conclusion, let me say that I have brought back from the Irish troops from the front a message to Ireland. I told them that I brought them a message from Ireland of sympathy and of pride and encouragement, and they asked me to bring back the message to Ireland that they felt, every man of them, that in this war they were fighting, not merely for the absolute principle of liberty and right, not merely to avenge Belgium, but that they were fighting for the freedom and prosperity of their own beloved Ireland. All they ask is that Ireland will stand by them. Ireland has sent them to the front, Ireland's duty is to stand by them; and what I would say to the Irish people is that Ireland would for ever be disgraced in the history of the world if, having sent these men to the front, they did not raise the necessary reserves to fill every gap that may arise in their ranks.

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Poems About San Franciscans

VI—TO INA COOLBRITH

By Clarence Urmy

(Ina Coolbrith came across the plains to California as a very young girl. Her parents were of the party which discovered Beckwith Pass. She passed her first California summer in a mining camp. Part of her girlhood was spent in Los Angeles, but she has been identified with San Francisco for many years. Her first verses were published in the Weekly Californian, and when the Overland was founded she was one of the notable contributors. Ina Coolbrith is almost the last survivor of our golden literary era; she was one of its brightest lights, with Harte, Stoddard and Miller. She lives on the slope of Russian Hill, our poet laureate and one of the most honored of San Franciscans.)

Poppy Fields, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell her that our buds unfold
More of grace and more of gold
Since her singing chanced to stray
O'er this land with blossoms gay."

Redwood Groves, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Of a primal love sincere
Whereby we her name revere,
Teaching it to sprite and fay
And to tender, new-born spray."

Western Winds, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell her how we bear afar
Songs of hers from star to star,
Where they sweep and swing and sway
Till the angels homage pay."

Sun-down Seas, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell how Wave and Shore desire
Speech like that of her fond lyre.
How they fain would learn one lay
That her golden strings convey."

Sunset Skies, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell her of the peace that lies
Far beyond all earthly skies,
Peace that shall be hers for aye
When shall dawn that Perfect Day."

The Spectator

A Very Distinguished Visitor

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

It was an unusual exclamation, but then it was called forth by a most unusual visitor. The low, narrow door of the pendulum room was darkened by the large, fat, jolly figure of Santa Claus.

"I never dreamed of such an honor!" continued the clockwinder, almost flabbergasted with delight. "Let me take your fur cap, sir. Try this easy chair. Well, well! I ain't seen you, sir, since I was a kid down on Tar Flat and hung up my stocking in front of the fireplace in the back parlor. Well, well! You sure are looking fine, sir! I hadn't even heard you was in San Francisco."

Merry old Santa sat down, stretched his legs and heaved a long breath of contentment.

"I've been on my feet all day," he explained, "and it certainly feels good to rest."

"You'll be much more tired before your year's work is over," said the clockwinder sympathetically.

"I guess I will," replied Santa Claus. "Still, my work has been lighter than usual the last two years."

"How's that, sir?" asked the clockwinder respectfully.

"Belgium, Poland and Serbia are off my route," replied Santa Claus sadly. "And my travels in France, Germany, England, Russia and other warring nations of Christendom have been greatly restricted. I'm handicapped in other ways too. For instance, I haven't had a toy out of Nuremberg this year."

There was a moment of silence while Santa sighed and the clockwinder shook his head sorrowfully.

"Of course I've been through this sort of thing before," continued old Santa, "but the older I grow the harder it is for me to stand it. Oh, how I wish it was all over!"

There was another pause.

Stirring Things Up

"How comes it you're in San Francisco so early?" the clockwinder finally asked.

"I've been shopping early," answered Santa with a return of his merry manner. "But seriously, I've been stirring things up a bit here. You need it. The good old Christmas spirit is not as lively here as it ought to be. You don't think of the children as much as you might, you know. You need more men like those noble fellows of the Indoor Yacht Club. A lot of them are rough on the outside but they have hearts as big as a Christmas wreath. And how they do love the kiddies!"

"I'm a member of the club myself," said the clockwinder proudly.

"Don't let the Examiner hear you say it," said Santa, wagging a playful finger at the clockwinder. "You see, I'm posted on things here. By the way, do you think they'll let me in the Stanford Court Apartments?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clockwinder, a little confused.

"I've heard about those Shingle children that the proprietor objected to because they were noisy," said Santa Claus. "As if all properly brought up children aren't noisy! The Lord forgive that man—Sly is his name, isn't it? I suppose he'd consider me an intruder. Oh, well, apartment houses harden the heart. You have too many of them here, and not enough homes."

"Did you see anything of our Fair, sir?" asked the clockwinder, anxious to change the subject.

"Not a great deal," answered Santa, "but what I saw of it was splendid, although there weren't many toys there. It's none of my business, but do you know what I'd preserve if I happened to be on one of your Fair preservation committees?"

"Something worth while, I'm sure," said the clockwinder respectfully.

"The baby incubator," answered Santa. "I'd preserve that because it preserves little children. God bless them, we need them all."

Some Seasonal Gifts

All this while the clockwinder had been mentally appraising the propriety of offering Santa Claus a social glass. He decided that the offer would be taken in good part.

"I have some mellow old rye here, sir," he said rather haltingly. "Would you—"

"With pleasure," replied Santa heartily, and the clockwinder produced a decanter and two glasses from a little cupboard to the right of the clock works.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," said Santa, and you may be sure the clockwinder pledged him in kind.

Santa Claus had regained all his old cheerfulness as he laid down the empty glass.

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"This sort of thing is getting unpopular in neighboring States," he said, indicating the decanter. "But the insanity won't last. What's Christmas, for instance, without a bowl of punch? But let's not talk of unpleasant things. Do you know, I've been distributing a number of gifts already?"

"You don't say so!" said the clockwinder.

"Yes," answered Santa. "I gave Henry Ford an orignal idea, the first he ever had. Unfortunately I didn't know how he was going to use it. And I gave your Dr. Aked a free trip."

Santa Claus laughed at his own joke, and the clockwinder joined in.

"I gave President Wilson what his heart desired most, a bride," continued Santa. "And just to even things up I gave Roosevelt a new word to fire at President Wilson. I haven't picked out a gift for Bryan yet. But he has nearly everything except a certain something which is in the gift of the people."

"You mean the presidency?" surmised the clockwinder.

"I'm speaking of possibilities," answered Santa with a smile. "I mean popularity. Even if I could give him that he wouldn't know what to do with it. There are a lot of men like that. There's your Mr. Consul Bopp. I sent him some common sense. See how he's using it!"

"Perhaps he didn't receive it," suggested the clockwinder. "I notice he accuses Charlie Fay or Jim McConnell or somebody of opening his mail."

By this time the clockwinder was beginning to feel more at home with his guest.

"What are you going to give me?" he finally blurted out.

"Do you need anything?" asked Santa, pretending to be surprised.

"I have my salary," answered the clockwinder, "but my bank account is no better than Will Tevis's. And there's nothing in my wife's name."

"Well," said Santa, "I'll think it over and give you somthing nice. What do you say, my dear clockwinder, to a nice wrist watch?"

The clockwinder was so dumfounded that he could not make reply, and before he found his tongue Santa Claus had slapped him on the back, donned his fur cap and was laughingly on his way down the stairs.

Going to the Jordan Shrine

I met the clockwinder on a peninsula train the other day. When I asked him what he was doing so far from the ferry tower he answered me that he was on his way to dear old Palo Alto to see Dr. Jordan.

"A friend of yours?" I asked.

"Of many years standing," was the reply.

I remarked that I read in the papers the other day that Dr. Jordan was sick in Arizona.

"Yes," said the clockwinder with a merry twinkle in his eye, "so did I, but I take it for granted that he's home by this time. Arizona is a dry State, a pretty dangerous place to get sick in, and surely Dr. Jordan's friends wouldn't be so cruel as to leave him there for a touch of retribution just because he's a prohibitionist. I assume that he's home again, and I'm going down to felicitate him."

"On getting home?"

"No, on getting sick."

Again the clockwinder's eyes twinkled. "You see, Jordan is not only a prohibitionist; he's also a pacifist, and I've got a hunch that Providence kindly put him on his back to keep him off the deck of the peace ship where he'd have been a shining mark."

We rode in silence for a while looking at the fleeting landscape. Presently the clockwinder took a New York newspaper out of his pocket, and resumed the conversaton. "Dr. Jordan is very versatile," he said. "He's not only a prohibitionist and a pacifist, but among other things he's a Eugenist and that's principally why I'm going to see him. I've just been reading in this paper about a man named Davis in Plymouth, North Carolina, who is ninety-five years old. He is the father of forty-one, the grandfather of one hundred and ninety-two and the great-grandfather of a rapidly expanding colony. Now this old boy got married the other day, and twenty-five of his children and more than a hundred of his grandchildren attended the ceremony. I want to ask Dr. Jordan about him."

"What does Dr. Jordan know about him?" I asked.

"I don't know that he knows anything about him, but I'm sure that he'll have a theory."

"On what?"

"On what kind of stock the old fellow will be likely to produce at this ripe old age."

"But," said I, "do you suppose—"

"Never mind what I suppose. I want to know what Dr. Jordan will suppose. Of course the old fellow is pretty old, but he got married, he said, because he was lonesome and he's enjoying good health, and he has been holding aloft the torch of race perpetuation a good many years. He has had more experience than you or I, and what do we know of the unplumbed depths of fertility? I'm for asking Jordan, for Jordan has theories on everything."

The train stopped at Palo Alto.

What Is a Logothete?

This was the burning question of the half-hour until Basil Gildersleeve, retired professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins came out of his retirement to be hailed as "the foremost classical student (query: scholar?) in America" and to explain that it is "a term of profound contempt." The prof. goes on to say that it is "the name of a subordinate who does the work of a secretary and holds purely a minor position."

With all due respect to Gildersleeve there were some pretty good classical scholars engaged in the preparations of our dictionaries, and they don't bear him out in his explanation. Let us look in the dictionaries.

Says Webster: 1. Literally an accountant; any of various officers of the Byzantine Empire, as a receiver of revenue or an administrator of a department; also, a chancellor, as in Sicily. 2. A lay officer of the patriarchate of Constantinople, who represents the patriarch at the Porte and elsewhere.

Says the Standard: 1. An auditor of accounts; specifically, in the Byzantine Empire: (1) the treasurer, (2) the head of a department, or (3) the chancellor of the Empire. 2. Greek Church. The chancellor of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

All of which is of minor importance. The important thing to remember is that no matter how many names Roosevelt may call the President he cannot call him nearly as many as the American people have called Roosevelt.

Welcome, Good Old Plymouth!

The Gibson cocktail is itself again! That little liquid lyric is yielding its old delight. It is singing its bright song to the palate and warming the inner man with its good old music. The good ship "Musician"—appropriate name for an argosy carrying so harmonious a cargo—the good ship "Musician" of the Harrison line is at the pier discharging several thousand cases of Plymouth gin. Without Plymouth gin, I need hardly remind the viveur, the Gibson cocktail cannot be composed. As well try to write a heart song without inspiration as endeavor to make a Gibson cocktail without Plymouth gin. The thing is impossible. For the Gibson consists of equal parts of Plymouth gin and French vermouth. It can be made no other way. Without Plymouth there could be no Gibson. Without Plymouth there was no Gibson. It was more than a month ago that the local supply of Plymouth gin began to fail. Canny barkeepers began to husband their dwindling supplies. They did not give you Plymouth unless you asked for it. Some of them—I say it in shame—attempted to make the Gibson you asked for with other gins. Soon the stocks of Plymouth were exhausted in some of the best bars and in the wine rooms of some of the best hotels. In those places of superior repute the gentlemanly bar tender told you when you asked for a Gibson:

"I am sorry, but I cannot make one. We are out of Plymouth."

Genial Eddie Hammer of the firm of Alex. Shaw and Co. is the local dispenser of Plymouth. His warm heart was chilled by the misery he saw about him. He sorrowed when he had to refuse the pleas for more Plymouth. But what could he do? The "Musician" had started through the canal. The great slide had come. The "Musician" with its precious cargo of Plymouth had to back out into the Atlantic and start for San Francisco by way of the

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Straits of Magellan. It has arrived at last, forty-five days late. The stocks of Plymouth are being replenished, and the Gibson is itself again. And so there is a smile on the face of Eddie Hammer, there is joy in the hearts of Gibsonites, and the French vermouth weeps yellow tears of delight at the sight of his long-lost brother Plymouth.

Criticism of General French

Some months ago I told of the reports that were coming out of England respecting the curious atmosphere prevalent at the headquarters of Field Marshal Sir John French. At that time there was much talk about the intimacy existing between the British commander and George Gordon Moore, the American promoter who is well known in this city. It was said that though General French was rather exclusive in his friendships Moore enjoyed the freedom of headquarters and spent a lot of time there. Now I learn that the criticism which was disquieting people months ago has continued ever since, much to the injury of the recruiting service. Sir John has not conciliated his critics, and now they are saying that General Sir James Willcocks who insisted the other day on resigning the command of the Indian army corps on the western front in France did so on account of personal differences with the Field Marshal.

Two Quit

Sir James Willcocks is the second distinguished British general to throw up his command on account of personal dissensions with Field Marshal French, the other being Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. Sir Horace and Sir James are two keen fighters with splendid military records, and they are leaders of such acknowledged ability that their action in resigning their important commands in the face of the enemy has given rise to much grave speculation if not something of alarm in London. Sir James Willcocks is an old frontier fighter who has seen much service and won many medals.

A Hero

Presumably Comamnder Freyberg is of German descent, but whatever his antecedents or his complexion or political affiliations he interests me because of his heroism. Commander Freyberg belongs to the New Zealand contingent despatched to the Dardanelles after the fiasco at Antwerp. At the Dardanelles he performed one of the most daring feats of the war. The Bulair shore was the scene of his exploit. At that part of the peninsula a feint was to be made to lead the Turks to believe that a landing would be attempted there, when the real objective was much lower down. To avoid the risk that would be incurred by a full boat's crew put ashore to light flares on the beach Commander Freyberg volunteered to do it himself. He swam ashore in the dark, crept up to the Turk trenches until he could hear men talking, stole back to the beach, lit a flare and plunged into the sea as the Turks opened fire. Swimming down the coast half a mile Freyberg waded ashore again and lit another flare, drawing the Turkish fire a second time. The hills were soon alive with the enemy blazing away at the waterfront. But the New Zealander escaped. After swimming about for an hour he was picked up by a destroyer, none the worse for his experience. He will get a D. S. O., of course, or some other award of valor.

The I. Y. C. Entertainment

It was "kiddies day" at the Civic Auditorium Sunday. Twenty thousand kiddies crammed the big building for four hours and enjoyed a great three-ring circus. There were half a dozen bands, half a hundred clowns, all sorts of athletes and acrobats, trained animals, singers —in fact a bewildering array of circus entertainment that took the youthful breath away at one o'clock and didn't restore it until five! Five thousand youngsters had to be turned away because there was no more room for them in the building. It was the largest, the most spectacular and the most successful free show ever given for the children on this side of the continent. And for devising it and carrying it through to a triumphant close all honor belongs to William H. McCarthy, James W. Coffroth, Sam Berger, Selby Oppenheimer, the indefatigable John Cunningham and the rest of the hard-working, unselfish Indoor Yachtsmen. The papers did not give much space to this great fete. The papers, perhaps, look askance on an organization which usurps what the papers consider their special prerogative—that of arranging such an entertainment and reaping the glory attached to it. One paper, the Examiner, studiously refrained from giving its readers any news of this monster entertainment, although its readers had a perfect right to such news. The editor of the Examiner has a bone to pick with the editor of the little I. C. Y. monthly paper; hence the suppression of the news of the biggest charitable entertainment ever given in this city.

B. L. T. on Dr. Aked

Bert Leston Taylor who runs the "Line O' Type Or Two" column in the Chicago Tribune, quotes Dr. Aked as follows:

"What is to come from this mission of ours I do not know. Until Saturday I never saw Mr. Ford. I do not know his plans. I do not know what we are setting out to accomplish. I do not know how we propose to accomplish it. But I am as certain as I am of my own existence that good, lasting good, and good only will come of it."

B. L. T.'s only comment is: Do you remember the old lady at the funeral who "came only for the ride?"

Just One Serious Word

To those misguided people in San Francisco who still think that a good deed was done when the Municipal Clinic was put out of business, I want to say just this: Ask any physician or surgeon you know whether conditions are worse

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or better since the Clinic was closed. I think you will be appalled by what you will learn.

The Vindication of Crossett

Some three weeks ago Napier M. Crossett, a well known and highly reputable manufacturers' agent of this city, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement preferred by certain stockholders of the Dominion Oil Company. Crossett was charged specifically with embezzling $5,000 of the funds of the oil company of which he is secretary, but in the scareheads with which the papers accentuated the news of his arrest the statement was made that the total embezzlement would amount to some $500,000. Nobody who knew Crossett could believe that he was guilty of embezzling a single dollar, but unfortunately the general public did not know him and the damage to his reputation was bound to be very great. When the case came into court Crossett was immediately released, it devloping that he had been guilty of nothing more serious than imperfect bookkeeping. The case is an example of the terrible harm which may be done an innocent man when ill-advised associates jump to hasty conclusions concerning his accounts, enlist the services of the police and automatically set the machinery of newspaper publicity in action for his undoing. It never happens in such matters that the news of the vindication receives the same amount of space in the papers as the news of the original charge; for the charge is sensational and appeals to our sensational press while the news of the vindication is "tame" and is not "played up." There has been a notable exception to this general rule in the present instance. The Call published the news of the dismissal of the charge on the day when this occurred; and on the following day it gave almost a column to a special vindication, publishing also the same picture of Crossett it had published with the news of his arrest. This was a manly thing to do, a thing which deserves special commendation because it is without precedent. The other papers should have followed the example of the Call, but they did not. No paper ever loses prestige by confessing that it has been the innocent doer of wrong. Napier Crossett was thoroughly vindicated in court, but there must be many people in San Francisco who are ignorant of this because the news of his vindication was not accentuated as the news of his arrest had been. Had the other papers done as the Call did Crossett's case would show that truth can overtake and overwhelm falsehood when given a proper chance.

Alameda's Omission

Our neighbor county of Alameda is busy felicitating herself on all she did for the Fair and all the Fair did for her. Alameda is pointing out that she gave away umpty-ump thousand pounds of cherries and umpty-ump-ump thousand pounds of literature on Alameda Day; also that ever so many people visited Alameda as a result of the Exposition, spent ever so much money there, and so on and so on. But Alameda county omits stating that she pledged a million dollars to the Fair and welched. But this is the season of good will and I shall not dwell on the omission.

Venice Preserved

In all Europe there is one city of world-wide interest full of art treasures whose inhabitants are occasionally startled by the roar of guns at the front. This city is Venice, the City of Lagoons. In Venice shrapnel and spent balls have fallen like hail on the housetops. Thus writes a correspondent, one of the few Americans who have been permitted to visit Venice since Italy entered the war. He gives an interesting description of the city. He says that though the museums, palaces and churches have been stripped of all movable treasures of art, so much of beauty and artistic value remains that the stamp of its glory seems hardly touched. In the principal churches fine carvings have been "boxed" over, irremovable pulpits, fonts and interior monuments of artistic value have been completely buried under sacks of sand, and special preparations have been made throughout the city to check fires from incendiary bombs. Every external object, high or low, which through its color or material might reflect the light of the sun or glance the light of the moon has been carefully covered over with canvas or painted a neutral color. All the spires of St. Mark's are in gray and the outer mosaics of the facade have been blanketed over. The Angel on the Campanile wears khaki to hide its golden wings and the copper of the spire has been painted with the "invisible" gray-green of the Italian army uniforms. The military law in regard to the suppression of lights after sunset is very rigidly enforced as can be learned from the long lists in the local papers of people heavily fined by the Military Tribunal for the slightest infractions. In the early days of the war there were no lights at all in the streets and in the houses only kerosene lamps, candles and electricity at half current were allowed; once in a while a citizen would step into a canal, but, as a matter of fact, nobody was otherwise injured. Now the regulations permit street lamps, heavily capped and shielded by dark blue glass, in certain narrow and especially dark byways; but even with this improvement one thinks gratefully of the old builders of Venice who put a white strip at the edge of every step leading up and down the countless little bridges of the city, a simple but effective

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device for aiding the eyes on dark nights. In the house, any kind of light may now be used, provided absolute care is taken to prevent any of its rays or reflection from shining in the streets outside.

Venice at Night

It is at the "darkening hour" that Venice undergoes her most characteristic and impressive transformation, says the correspondent. The shops put up their shutters, in every house double curtains are lowered at each window and a heavy curtain drawn at every door, while one by one every light in and about Venice goes out. One leaves the Rialto with its shops in a blaze of light, and by the time one reaches the Piazetta among the fast closing stores of the Mercerie, San Giorgio already looms up across the waters as a mass of soft, mysterious shadows. Soon the entire city becomes steeped in darkness; bridges and canals, spires and domes, arcades and palace-fronts melting into the softest and subtlest lines and surfaces. Venice has donned her mystic armor for the night! Moonlight over this lightless mass creates a picture of wondrous softness and grace, bringing into delicate relief all its embroidered carvings, its quaint chimneys and the slender lines of its minarets and pinnacles. But it also spells a new danger for the Beloved City. This is the most advantageous light for the enemy to pounce upon her fair form; the sky-arch acts as a reflector, throwing the moonlight upon the waters of the city, while making it practically impossible to detect the approach of hostile craft high up in the heavens. It is then that Venice grows very still, so that the watchers at a hundred observation points may at least hear the rumble of the motors of any approaching machine. The Calles becomes deserted, the canals settle down to their dreamy sleep, and the only sounds which occasionally break the stillness are the bells in a dozen towers striking the hours and the thrilling "All's well!" of the sentinels as they shout it from station to station in the housetops.

The Peace Calendar

Paul Elder brings out a "peace calendar and diary" with a peace sentiment for every day of the year 1916. It is a very pretty and very handy calendar on a nice brown metal desk stand. The peace mottoes were selected by Dr. John J. Mullowney of Paxtang, Pa., who is going to give the money he makes out of the sale of the calendar, beyond necessary expenses, "to the furtherance of the peace movement." The doctor who puts Paxtang on the map says he has selected his 366 sentiments (for next year is Leap Year) from "wise men past and present." Among the wise men of the present he modestly includes himself, for there are numerous words of wisdom of his own in the calendar. The other wise ones of the present include Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania who, it is interesting to remember, is a prohibitionist as well as a pacifist; Richard Harding Davis, Priscilla Peckover and the inevitable Starr Jordan. I include Priscilla among the live ones, although for aught I know she may be of the immortal dead. "Dicky" Davis contributes this sentiment: "I know all war to be wicked, wasteful and unintelligent." To which I take leave to retort: "Dicky, you know nothing of the sort." Those who are not pacifists will find the calendar useful but a trifle irritating.

The December Lantern

The publishers of that unconventional little magazine, The Lantern, have introduced to their readers in the December number two writers little known in these parts, but for them there will be a longing for a more intimate acquaintance. One is Edward Hutton, a writer with the art to be graceful and who is never dull. His little sketch "The Grave of Torquemada," is the sort of thing that at once soothes the heart and stimulates the mind. The other writer to whom I refer is Edward Randall, an essayist and literary critic who informs while he entertains and who has contributed to the stores of useful literature. To The Lantern he has contributed an essay on "Shakespeare's Women" in which he maintains the thesis that no poet was ever more certain than Shakespeare that "a woman's only purpose in life is to capture a man and stick to him." He proves by apt quotation that there is scarcely one of Shakespeare's women who would be tolerable to a modern man. Were it not for The Lantern folk who are not versed in French would probably never know that brilliant symbolist and decadent Charles Baudelaire, for translations of the author of "The Flowers of Evil" are exceedingly rare. Another one of his exquisite prose poems "The Temptations" appears in this latest number. There is also a Sterling poem in the December Lantern, and an essay in his best manner by Edward F. O'Day on "The Best Time for Poetry" which has something of the Fitzgerald flavor. Theodore Bonnet makes a plea for intolerance in behalf of all whom the vicious, unscrupulous and sordid captains of the prohibition industry would subject to spiritual torture.

"Daughter, are you giving that young man any encouragement?"

"No, mother, he is paying well for it."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Spreckels' Patrons

When Mrs. A. B. Spreckels was getting ready for the big entertainment at the Columbia for the benefit of French and Belgian war sufferers, a certain prominent society lady rang her up and asked if the list of patrons and patronesses was made up. It was quite evident from the way in which she put the question that this lady was eager to be among the patronesses of what everybody knew was going to be an unusually brilliant and successful entertainment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Spreckels, "I have all the patrons I need—the President of France, the King of the Belgians and the Pope!"

Senator Phelan in Washington

Senator Phelan has put the noses of all the other eligible bachelors of Washington out of joint. Since his arrival there for the session of Congress he has received more attention, attracted more notice and made a deeper impression than any bachelor who has gone to Washington in years. He has bought a fine stone mansion on R street, paying according to report $125,000 for it, and plans a great deal of entertaining. It is said that the other Washington bachelors are very much out of sorts, for they cannot compete with Senator Phelan in entertaining, not having his obese purse, and they see nothing in prospect for themselves but a back seat.

Society on "Affinity Hill"

Society has moved to "Affinity Hill." Be not startled, for that is just another way of saying that society is patronizing the new dancing Club de Vingt which started its career Thursday night in Bob Hanford's old home on Pine street. "Affinity Hill" is the name attached to that section of the city which extends west from Powell street and north from Bush. Popular belief has it that quite a number of affinities live in the apartment houses of this extensive district; hence the queer name. The Club de Vingt happens to be housed on "Affinity Hill," and as we have all noted with interest, society is patronizing this club. One of the merriest parties at the opening dance of the club was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNear and included the Horace Pillsburys, the George Lents, the Gus Taylors and the Atholl McBeans.

A Feted Debutante

Miss Hannah Hobart, the debutante daughter of Walter Hobart and Mrs. Hannah Neil Hobart, was one of the happiest girls at the Fairmont dinner-dance Tuesday night. It was the first Fairmont dinner dance of the season and naturally a gala occasion. Miss Hobart was there as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin who gave the party in her honor. Mrs. Baldwin was Virginia Hobart, and is Miss Hobart's aunt. Miss Hobart's mother was present, there being a very strong friendship between her and her sister-in-law, a friendship on which the divorce of the Walter Hobarts had no effect whatever. Among others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard (Mrs. Pinckard was Dorothy Williams), the Misses Helen Crocker, Mary Donohoe, Sara Coffin and Sophie Beylard and Messrs. Will Tevis Jr., John Parrott Jr., Wharton Thurston, Edward Eyre Jr., Barreda Sherman, Kittle Boyd and Wilberforce Williams. Another debutante for whom a large party was arranged at this dinner-dance was Miss Einnim McNear, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear Jr.

Olympians to the Rescue

A year ago the treasury of the Associated Charities was bankrupt, and the officers of this excellent organization which assists the public charitable agencies by giving speedy relief in cases of emergency and preventing imposition, knew not how to prevent dissolution from exhaustion. Somebody thought of the Olympic Club, which has so often rendered public service that its reputation is traditional. President Humphrey was invited to a conference of the officers of the Associated Charities and asked to solve the burning problem, How to raise the wind? He said he was sure the Olympic Minstrels would be glad to help out with a benefit performance. He was right. The Olympic Minstrels gave three performances. The officers of the Olympic Club made the salvation of San Francisco's leading public charitable institution the special object of their endeavor, and they put nineteen thousand dollars into the empty treasury. This year they were again urged to come to the rescue, and again they responded. Though no prophet I have no hesitation in predicting that the Olympians will beat last year's record, for the minstrel show is not a test of friendship as everybody knows who attended the performances a year ago. The Olympic Club has talent for the footlights as well as for track and field and gymnasium.

Not Larry's Family

Larry Harris was auctioning boxes for the Olympic Club benefit minstrel show. Bobby Eyre sat in the front row between Mrs. Larry Harris and her mother Mrs. King. Bobby bid in a box for fifty dollars.

"For whom?" asked Larry the auctioneer.

"For the Family," answered Bobby.

"Which family?" demanded Larry with a look which took in not only Bobby but also Mrs. King and Mrs. Harris.

"The Family Club," explained Bobby.

"Oh, that's all right," said the auctioneer.

The Bowie Crush

"I will crush you as all Bowie men crush their women. My grandfather crushed my grandmother. My father crushed my mother. And I am going to crush you."

That is the language Esther Bowie charges Augustus Jesse Bowie Jr. with addressing to her, and if he really said it—and in earnest—you can't blame her for seeking a divorce. And still, if he said it and meant it, he may have been talking "big." It sounds like one of the speeches the villain with the black mustache and the top hat addressed to the shrinking heroine about the middle of the third act in the good old days of Morosco's on Howard street. It sounds awful, like "Fe fi, fo, fum;" but does it mean much? Is the crush hereditary in the Bowie family? Do the Bowies hand down the crush from father unto son? I have my doubts. I do not think the Bowies are any crushier than other people. Come to think of it, though, it was a Bowie the knife was named after.

The Zone Party

The Zone party which takes place tonight on the grounds of the San Mateo polo club ought to be great fun. Cheever Cowdin is to be a hula hula girl, and Tom Driscoll a diving girl. Harry Hastings and Will Tevis will combine to represent "Captain," the educated horse. It has not been announced yet whether "Stella" will be one of the features. There was a Zone party in Oakland the other night at which "Stella" was represented by a little marble statue, but our country club set would naturally do the thing more realistically or not do it at all. The purpose of the entertainment is to boom polo. Hastings and Tevis thought up the idea.

Mrs. Crocker's Fete

Mrs. Will Crocker has reserved the entire

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mezzanine floor of the St. Francis Hotel for Monday, December 27, and is going to give one of the biggest, prettiest and most elaborate parties we have ever been treated to. When you stop to think of it, the mezzanine floor of the St. Francis covers a whole lot of space, running as it does from Geary street to Post. It includes ball rooms, supper rooms, halls, dressing rooms and what not. So much space would be wasted on a small party, so you may be sure this of Mrs. Crocker's is to be a very numerously attended affair. It will be an Italian fete in aid of Italian war sufferers, and there will be a great musical program, and dancing, of course.

The Pasquali Concert

Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will give a concert in the Colonial room of the St. Francis Tuesday evening. She will sing a fine program of operatic selections, modern French and Italian songs and songs composed by San Francisco composers. These latter will be songs by Laurence Zenda (Mrs. W. E. Travis), Jeanette Colwell, Gertrude Max and Abbie Gerrish Jones.

The Best Exhibit

The usual fall exhibit of Best's Art School, 1625 California street, is attracting considerable attention. The display of posters and designs is quite good and the number of sketches in oil, water color, pastel and pen and ink show the versatility and industry of the students. A large number of cartoons and caricatures add interest. The Bests have always had the reputation of fitting students to make their way in the art world and they can point to a long list of illustrators and others who have made good.

Events at Hotel Oakland

Mrs. F. C. Havens was hostess at a tea last Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. Ralph A. Frost, Miss Winifred Bradon, Mrs. Percy Burdock, Mr. Douglas Wood and Mr. Havens. Dr. B. McCauley of Oakland and Mrs. Isenberg of Honolulu have taken apartments. Tuesday Mrs. Harry Mosher was hostess at a dinner dance in the Tapestry Room. There were thirty-five guests. The bi-weekly dinner dance took place on Wednesday; and again this Saturday. Quite a large number of reservations are being made for the Christmas dinner dance. There will be quite a large number of social affairs in January, aside from the regular dinner dances. Mrs. B. J. Smith will be hostess at a luncheon in the Blue Room on January 8. There will be twenty guests. Mrs. W. S. Noyes will be hostess at a reception in the Ball Room on January 13. There will be 400 guests. January 27 the Scandinavian singers will have a concert and dance. The Winter Assembly dance will take place January 28. The Daughters of the American Revolution will have a meeting and tea on January 10. There will be about fifty guests. One of the features of the Christmas dinner dance will be a mammoth Christmas tree which will be placed in the Lounge. Very attractive lighting effects and the usual Christmas decorations will be in evidence.

Our Champagne in New York

From one of our best known society matrons who recently returned from New York I learned a few days ago that all the finest hotels in the metropolis are now serving their guests with Cresta Blanca wines and Paul Masson champagne, vintage of 1908, in preference to the imported wines. And at the New York State Hotel Association's annual banquet in December, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Cresta Blanca sparkling wines were the only California wines used. This is truly a great compliment to our local product, as those eastern hotel managers surely must know which wine is best. As my informant explained to me, people in New York are taking to Paul Masson because they find it is a real vintage wine. And with the success it has attained through its quite general use in both New York and London there seems nothing to hinder it from becoming the best known champagne in the world. These are the two markets that have always proven to be stumbling blocks for other wines, and since Paul Masson has been accepted there, connoisseurs have no doubt that it will become a big favorite in all other parts of the world. In New York it is served at such hotels as the St. Regis, Waldorf-Astoria, Vanderbilt, Knickerbocker and Biltmore, besides being a big favorite at all the clubs and restaurants.

Favors at Tavern

No wonder the Candy and Cigarette Dances given at Techau Tavern every evening are the most consistently popular entertainment in the city. The perfect floor and excellent music are alone enough to make them so. But to these attractions are added beautiful and costly favors for ladies and gentlemen. The ladies receive especially selected examples of that typical California confection, Lyon's Perfection California Glacé Fruits, packed in dainty, artistic boxes or in the prettiest of fancy boxes. The gentlemen are given large boxes of Pall Mall cigarettes.

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Some find it hard to stick to the unvarnished truth.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"The Typhoon" Again

Once more "The Typhoon" hurricanes across our town, with Walker Whiteside calmly riding the storm. "The Typhoon" has lost nothing of interest except the leading lady who played Illona the last time. "The Typhoon" is picturesque enough to take the interest of the most bored first-nighter even in repetition. If you permit yourself the luxury of thinking "The Typhoon" supplies a bone for your brain to gnaw on. Are the Japanese really like this? Do they contemplate the conquest of the West? Are they going to typhoon destructively across our civilization? There are two answers, and plenty of material lies at hand to buttress whichever answer you choose to make. The hero of "The Typhoon" accomplishes his mysterious work for Japan and dies. His death is not defeat—in the minds of his fellow Japanese conspirators. With them "the man is nothing, the work is all," and if the man be squeezed dry in the grip of the work, much they care! Perhaps this is the Japanese system; perhaps it is a jingoistic caricature of the Japanese system. I do not know, though I should like to know. Tokeramo does his work and dies; and here, it may be, the author of "The Typhoon" would suggest a means of circumventing the Japanese. Tokeramo dies of Illona. He seems to have no other disease but her. She has ruined other men; she kills him. That he has strangled her before his heart breaks is a detail. Is this an answer prepared by the author of "The Typhoon" for the question: What shall we do with our courtesans? Shall we turn the oldest profession in the world loose upon the Japanese invaders instead of trying to abolish it? Shall the lights o' love be the saviors of western civilization? Shall they ensnare and destroy the pickets of the invasion? It sounds grotesque Perhaps there is no invasion and no danger. In that case it is a grotesque notion. Otherwise it is not. If you have wandered in the byways of Greek literature with Athenaeus and other ancient gossips you remember courtesans who saved cities and had statues and much honor. Perhaps Illona is a martyr, but truth demands the statement that she is a very unlovely one in all respects but the physical.

—E. F. O'Day.

Orpheum Road Show

The Orpheum Road Show opens with the Sunday matinee under the direction of Martin Beck. It will be headed by Anna Held whose vogue is international and whose popularity is attested in London, Paris and this country by crowded houses whenever she appears. For her vaudeville tour she has selected a number of her celebrated songs, also several new songs composed for this engagement. Miss Held's costumes as usual will be a beautiful and costly feature of her act. Mary Shaw, the great American actress whose career has been a series of successes and who gave one of the most remarkable performances ever seen on the American stage as Mrs. Warren in Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," will present a one-act play by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford called "The Dickey Bird" which is said to afford her splendid opportunities. Roshanara, the only authentic exponent of old Indian and Burmese dances, is making her second American tour in a new repertoire. Stuart Barnes, one of the funniest and most popular of monologists, will introduce some new ideas. Madame Donald-Ayer, for several seasons prima donna soprano of the Boston Grand Opera Company and soloist with such notable organizations as the New York Symphony, the Russian Symphony of New York, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago and the Boston Symphony, will be heard in selections from her repertoire. Staines Tan Bark Comedians include two dogs, a mule and several beautiful ponies. A novelty in dancing will be presented by the Crisps who are an English importation. They sing and talk as well as dance. Victor Morley and his company in the musical skit "A Regular Army Man" and the Leightons in "The Party of the Second Part" will be the remaining acts.

"At Bay" at Alcazar

The Christmas week attraction at the Alcazar will be the first production west of Chicago of George Scarborough's thrilling romantic comedy "At Bay," a clean, wholesome play in which no sex questions are discussed or weighty problems debated. Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan and their own company of players will be seen to excellent advantage. There will be excellent roles for E. D. Hales, Henry Shumer, Alexis Luce, Phillips Tead, Wm. Amsdell, Jane Darwell, Margaret Armstrong and the balance of the Lytell-Vaughan players. Addison Pitt will stage the production.

Whiteside in Two Plays

At the Cort Sunday night Walker Whiteside will enter upon the second and final week of his engagement, and will present for three performances, Sunday night and Wednesday matinee and night, Israel Zangwill's interesting play "The Melting Pot" which was brought to this city some six years ago by Mr. Whiteside, and was enthusiastically received. "The Typhoon," which has proven so successful this week, will be the offering at other performances during the week. It was in "The Melting Pot" that Walker Whiteside really came into his own.

Margaret Illington Coming

Margaret Illington who is said to have scored the biggest success of her carer in her latest play, "The Lie" by Henry Arthur Jones, will bring her complete New York cast and production to the Cort on Sunday night, December 26. In "The Lie," it is said that one gets the best of Margaret Illington and also the best of Henry

MARY SHAW
The great American actress in "The Dickey Bird" with the Orpheum Road Show

Arthur Jones. This is saying much, for both actress and author have given the American stage many notable offerings. Last season Miss Illington presented the play for nearly an entire season in New York. The company includes C. Aubrey Smith, G. W. Anson, Richard Hatteras, Mercedes Desmore and Thomas O'Malley.

The Symphony Orchestra

The first pair of concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz from the Metropolitan Opera House, will be given at the Cort this Friday afternoon at three o'clock sharp, and this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock sharp. The prices for the Sunday concerts are one-half of those for the Friday concerts, and it is anticipated that the seating capacity of the Cort will be taxed by that large and growing musical public compelled by employment or the higher rate of admission to remain away from the Friday afternoon concerts. Exactly the same program will be given at the Friday and Sunday concerts. The program for the first pair follows: Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72, Beethoven; Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73, Brahms; "A Faust Overture," Wagner; "Roman Carnival," Op. 9, Berlioz. Late arrivals will not be seated during the numbers, and those who wish to leave before the concert is over are requested to do so before the last number begins in order to avoid the inevitable annoyance that comes to those who wish to remain. Seats on sale at the box offices of Sherman Clay, Cort and Kohler and Chase. After five o'clock Saturday afternoon all tickets will be at the Cort.

Water Sprites at Pantages

"The Seven Water Sprites," with Lottie Mayer as the star, and Raul Pereira and his six court musicians, will divide the honors of the new bill at Pantages. The Water Sprites do all sorts of aquatic sports. They specialize in fancy and high diving from the rafters of the stage. Miss Mayer performs the dives which won her the title of America's most daring diver. The musical offering headed by the former court violinist of the Portugal palace is far ahead of the average vaudeville act. Pereira has played the Pantages circuit several times and on each tour his popularity increases. Last year one of the biggest laughing hits was made by a couple of comedians, Al Friend and Sam Downing. The two young fellows have revised their act and have a brand new assortment of parodies and jokes. Laypo and Benjamin, 'those Yiddish comedy acrobats," combine daring tumbling with fun. Tom Yost and Nellie Lucky will present a jolly little sketch entitled "The Jealous Lovers." The Marina sisters who were a hit at the Fair, will show the latest dances, and Flora Shiane, "the girl from the movies," with a couple of reels of splendid travel pictures, complete the program.

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BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

CAESAR'S GRILL
"The Heart of Bohemia"
REOPENED
New and beautiful dance floor. Select instrumental and vocal concert. Cuisine superior to any in San Francisco, surpassing even "That which made the old Caesar's famous."
129 COLUMBUS AVE., at KEARNY
Telephone Sutter 3872 San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA LUBRICANTS WANTED IN EASTERN MARKET

The shipment of California lubricants to Eastern and Middle West markets by the Standard of California is increasing greatly. No figures whatever are available as to the extent of this trade but there would be great surprise if there were such figures published. Zerolene lubricants have gone East in large quantities by both train and ship. The engineers of seevral leading auto manufacturers have pronounced in favor of asphalt base oil for lubricants and consumers are learning its advantages. One advantage claimed for lubricants properly made from asphalt base oil is an immense superiority in withstanding cold weather, a very important factor in the North and East. And there is not enough asphalt oil in the East to supply the demand once the consumers all perceive this. Abroad, it has long been known that the Russians have made the best lubricants by far for withstanding cold, and their oil is asphalt base like California's. It is even said that some California lubricants shipped East have found their way back here blended with Eastern and under new brands.—California Oil World.

"You say she gives much of her time to vocal culture?"

"Well, she bosses six servants, a husband and mother-in-law!"

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

AGREEMENT, made and entered into between M. I. SOMMERS and R. J. HERTS,

WITNESSETH:

WHEREAS, the parties hereto have heretofore been engaged in the general and outdoor advertising business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of SOMMERS and HERTS, and

WHEREAS, the parties hereto desire this day to dissolve said partnership,

NOW, THEREFORE this agreement WITNESSETH:

First: That said partnership is this day by mutual consent hereby dissolved.

Second: The said M. I. SOMMERS does hereby assume and agree to pay all the obligations, debts and liabilities of every kind whatsoever, now or which may hereafter become due in connection with said partnership business.

Third: The said R. J. HERTS in consideration of the assumption of all of said obligations by said Sommers, does hereby sell, assign and transfer unto the said M. I. SOMMERS all of his interest in and to the partnership business and all of his right, title and interest in and to all outstanding accounts, contracts, leases and property of every kind and nature belonging to or used in or intended to be used in connection with the aforesaid business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals at San Francisco, California, this 2nd day of December, 1915.

(Seal) M. I. SOMMERS,
(Seal) R. J. HERTS.

LOUIS H. BROWNSTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
San Francisco, Cal. 12-19-4

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69821.

JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint willfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-10

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ - - - - - CONDUCTOR
FIRST SUNDAY CONCERT
DECEMBER 19
at 2:30 o'clock sharp
CORT THEATRE
PROGRAM
Overture, Leonore, No. 3, op. 72.....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major, op. 73.....Brahms
A Faust Overture .....Wagner
Roman Carnival, op. 9 .....Berlioz
PRICES—$1.00, 75c, 50c; box and loge seats, $1.50
Seats on sale at box offices: Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase

Orpheum
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day
ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW
Direction of Martin Beck
ANNA HELD
The Incomparable
MARY SHAW, the Great American Actress, in "The Dickey Bird;" STUART BARNES, Favorite Singing Comedienne; MME. DONALD-AYER, Prima Donna of the Biston Opera Co.; STAINES TAN BARK COMEDIANS; THE CRISPS, Stories, Songs and Unique Dances; VICTOR MORLEY in "A Regular Army Man;" THE LEIGHTONS; ROSHANARA, the Only Authentic Exponent of Old Indian and Burmese Dances.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays)—10c, 25c, 50c

ALCAZAR THEATRE
PHONE KEARNY 2
COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 20TH
Matinees Thursday, Saturday (Xmas Day), Sunday
BERT LYTELL-EVELYN VAUGHAN
And Their Own Company of Players
In the First Production West of Chicago
Of the Sensational New York and Chicago Success
"AT BAY"
By George Scarborough
PRICES--Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c
New Year's Week Attraction—"NEARLY MARRIED"

CORT
LEADING THEATRE
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
This Week—Mr. Whiteside in "The Typhoon"
SECOND AND LAST WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 19
Sunday Night and Wednesday Matinee and Night
WALKER WHITESIDE
in Zangwill's Great Play
"THE MELTING POT"
All Other Performances:
Mr. Whiteside
In "THE TYPHOON"
Nights, 50c to $2.00; Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, 25c to $1.50
COMING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26—MARGARET ILLINGTON in "THE LIE"

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
SEVEN WATER SPRITES
With Lottie Mayer and a Septet of Daring Dimpled Diving Beauties.
The former Concert Violinist to the Court of Portugal
PAUL PEREIRA
Supported by His Six Court Musicians.
Welcome Return by Popular Request
AL—FRIEND & DOWNING—SAM
Those Unusual Comedians
ANOTHER GREAT EIGHT ACT SHOW

At the Cecil

Lieutenant E. H. Vanderkloot of the U. S. navy came down from Mare Island the first part of the week and spent several days at the Cecil. The Lieutenant's mother Mrs. M. L. Vanderkloot is also stopping there. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Miller entertained at dinner Tuesday. Mrs. Helen Harvey has taken an apartment for the winter. Miss Harvey's home is Milwaukee. Miss Anne Hill who has been sojourning for several weeks in Southern California returned this week. Mrs. H. M. Sale of Los Angeles is receiving a cordial welcome from her San Francisco friends.

At the Somerton

Complimenting ten of their friends at dinner Mr. and Mrs. C. S. West of New York entertained Thursday at the Hotel Somerton where they have been sojourning during the past month. Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Davis were hosts at dinner Wednesday. Covers were laid for sixteen. The doctor and his wife are from St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Donald McClure have been in a round of gaiety since they came north from their home in Santa Barbara.

Fairmont Dinner-Dance

The Fairmont dinner-dances will be held every Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 1:00 a. m. A charge of $3 per plate is made. At the opening dance Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained Messrs. and Mesdames Horace Davis Pillsbury, Joseph Oliver Tobin, Latham McMullin, William H. Taylor Jr., Frederick McNear, Miss Marion Zeile, Percy King, Stewart Lowery, William Hamilton and George A. Pope. Among the guests entertained by Mrs. Carolan were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Miss Emily Timlow and Captain J. H. Black. Mrs. M. H. Hecht's guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Mark L. Gerstle, William Gerstle, John Rothschild. Miss Maye Colburn had as her guests Mrs. Earl Shipp, Miss Augusta Foute, Messrs. John McMullin, Philip Paschel and Alfred Ballardie. Mrs. John D. McGilvray Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Empey, Mrs. M. E. Sudden and several of their friends had one of the large tables, about sixteen in all joining in the party. Mr. Herbert Law was host to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Snyder, Miss Cortwright and Miss Mildred Hilton. Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen entertained half a dozen.

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME
No. 2449.

Ten Cent Documentary Revenue Stamp Cancelled.

The undersigned William S. Van Cott, residing at number 1950 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of W. S. Van Cott & Co., that the principal place of business of said W. S. Van Cott & Co., is situated at number 440 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is William S. Van Cott; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated: December 2, 1915.
WILLIAM S. VAN COTT,
W. S. VAN COTT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On the 2nd day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. K. DAGGETT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared William S. Van Cott, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. K. DAGGETT,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed December 9, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. 12-18-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.

LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal. 12-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased.

CERF ROSENTHAL,
Administrator of the estate of Minnie S. Rosenthal, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

NORMAN A. EISNER,
Attorney for Administrator,
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, Deceased.—No. 19905; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, E. R. BOSSHART, Administrator of the estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of L. M. Hoefler, Room 903 California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased.

E. R. BOSSHART,
Administrator of the estate of F. W. Schlutter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 4th, 1915.

L. M. HOEFLER,
Attorney for Administrator,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

Citizens, Taxpayers, Wage Earners of California

Your public interest and your private pocketbooks are directly and adversely affected by the Federal Government's avowed intent to seize privately developed wells representing approximately One-Third the entire oil production of this state, and this at a time when the production is 1,000,000 barrels a month less than the actual sales.

Consummation of the Government's confiscation plans means virtual elimination of the independent producer from the California oil fields.

The Government's attack is not made in the name of Conservation. The Conservation problem is not involved in this issue since it deals with lands already developed and therefore beyond the reach of conservation.

The Government brings no charge nor suggestion of fraud against the Californians who have developed the oil fields—whose courage and energies have given this state one of its greatest industries; made manufacturing a possibility in California.

The Government has officially stated through its principal spokesmen that the claims of the California oil men are JUST and HONEST. It insists, however, upon taking technical advantage of a judge-made law given nearly six years after the establishment of the great oil industry and the industries which depend upon it.

The activities of the Government have curtailed production. The storage supply of oils in California is rapidly diminishing. Gasoline, illuminating, road and lubricating oils have advanced sharply in price.

Counties have lost tax revenues. Wage earners have been deprived of their employment.

You, taxpayers, wage earners, consumers of oil, gas and oil products have been penalized and no public interest has been conserved; no public good can be accomplished thereby.

If the Government's confiscatory program is carried out, the prices of oil, gas and all other oil products, some of which have already advanced from 10 per cent to 25 per cent, necessarily will be greatly increased.

ONLY CONGRESS can give California and her citizens the relief they are entitled to.

The Oil Industry Association is a voluntary association of consumers and producers, business men, professional men, mechanics, all vitally interested in California. It was organized to enable the people of California to present their case to Congress.

Will you help this Association help you and California? Ask your Chamber of Commerce or write to

Oil Industry Association of California

HEADQUARTERS:

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES OFFICE: Chamber of Mines and Oil

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Congress cast its shadow over Wall Street last week. Trading was restricted and considerable weakness developed in the middle of the week which depressed "war stocks" and industrials, but most of them recovered lost ground before the end. Railroad shares were quiet but were well supported by investment buying based on the splendid reports of October earnings and the known gains in traffic during the month of November. These railroad reports prove that the whole continent north of Mexico is enjoying great prosperity. Railroad reports of earnings do not deal with prospects; they refer solely to business actually done by others as well as themselvs. A late harvest and wet weather delayed the crop movement, but when it came, it broke all previous records. The Southern States have recovered from the depression caused by the fall in cotton when the war broke out. The Northwestern States and Canada have recovered from the poor spring wheat crop of last year and are now marketing the largest and finest crops ever garnered. For the railroads, the merchants and the manufacturers supplying domestic requirements it is now plain sailing for several months. Congress will have to impose additional taxes to make up the impending deficit in the national revenues in the next fiscal year. Wall Street is anxious about this taxation to which the President referred in his message. Higher income taxes with the reduction of the amount exempted and excise duties on domestic products will be resisted by the minority in Congress who will demand a higher tariff of customs to meet the deficiency. The inevitable reopening of the tariff question will keep Wall Street's eyes glued to the tickers for news from Washington. Mid-week declines were attributed to tariff talk and it illustrates the importance attached to it that the market went up after our relations with Germany showed signs of becoming strained again, which should be a bear argument. Sixteen months of war scares have calloused holders, but tariffs and taxation they feel as keenly as ever.

Wheat—The market was a nervous affair last week, selling at one time above 120 for May, but reacting later to below 115. There are always opposing influences in speculative markets and reactions are to be expected no matter what the surrounding conditions may be. Profits are alluring, and this kind of liquidation causes weakness, which is often confounded with collapse unprofitably. Conceding that the Argentine and Australian estimates are approximately correct, there is nothing to alter or in any way change the relations of supply and demand for some months to come, unless it should be the release of the Russian surplus which is improbable before the advent of a new crop year in America. We therefore are in possession of the conditions which will act as factors for a six months' period ahead, and should be able to form reasonable conclusions as to their price effect ultimately. There are minor changes in movement, in the volume of exports, in the local milling demand, and the second-hand holdings which sway the quotations hourly and daily, but these cannot now and will not vary the general result. We think it undisputed that Europe is taking our wheat, for the clearances since the first of July last exceed those of a year ago. We believe it conceded that North America will continue to furnish Europe with her requirements because of excessive freight rates from South America and Australia, and we all should know absolutely that the lost acreage sown to wheat cannot be recovered, nor the 100,000,000 of mildewed grain be reinstated.

Corn—The expectation of larger receipts, together with the exceptionally fine weather for curing, has modified to some extent the bullishness of the last three weeks, and the trade seems more disposed to await the movement which will not be long delayed. The extreme bulls, however, say that there will be no receipts of consequence at any time this crop year, for the reason that there is no corn to ship and that farmers will hold for the 80 cent quotation which they feel is assured. Again we turn to the United States yards for inspiration, and we find heavy receipts of both cattle and hogs, with light, immature stuff forming the bulk of the arrivals not only here but at all the receiving centers in the West. The bulls say this is evidence that there is no corn, and the bears claim that the fear of confiscation by the Government owing to an incurable disease, together with the lower price tendency of swine and the upward swing of quotations for corn, has been the leading influence with the farmer, and that he will empty his hog lots and cattle pens and sell the corn to the speculator. Many think there are two sides to the market until later on, when May corn can be bought more confidently by investors.

Cotton—The cotton market was a see-saw affair last week, and did not show much snap, considering the strength abroad and the small Government estimate. Liverpool market was strong and higher all week, but inability to get ocean freight-room counted against exports. Receipts of cotton at the principal ports showed some increase, as it generally does at this season of the year, and what is known as "Christmas cotton" is making its appearance. Domestic consumption is showing quite an increase, and it is expected to total up to nearly eight million for the season. The market has had a strong undertone up to near the close of the week, when the old bear party began to make themselves felt. They used the President's message to Austria as an argument for lower prices and hammered the market whenever they found a weak spot. This selling uncovered a lot of stop-loss orders which, in turn, added weight to the market and brought about a quick break which was not checked until prices had declined fifty points. With the situation abroad so pessimistic, we can expect violent breaks from time to time, but these breaks will only be temporary and advantage should be taken of just such breaks to buy cotton on.

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The girl now knits (we have advanced!),
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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased.—No. 19862; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Lent & Humphrey, Room 428, Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine L. McIntyre, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.—No. 19885; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, Attorney-at-Law, 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY HICKS,
Executor of the estate of Philip Henry Hicks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Executor,
900-907 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.

SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.—No. 19958

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Jas. M. Shields, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.

SAMUEL J. LEE,
Executor of the estate of Ellen Howard Everett, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

JAS. M. SHIELDS,
Attorney for Executor,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 2497; Dept. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY R. NDLE, Minors.

HANAH C. RUNDLE-HOLTZ, Guardian of the persons and estates of RICHARD T. RUNDLE and CORNEY RUNDLE, minors, having filed in this Court her petition for an order permitting the sale of the personal property of the estate of said minors, and it satisfactorily appearing to the Court that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the wards that the personal estate mentioned in said petition should be sold, the hearing of said petition is hereby fixed by the Court for Wednesday, the 22nd day of December, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court-room of Department 10, Probate thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and all persons interested in said estate are notified then and there to appear before the Court and show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said personal property.

Dated, November 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

J. H. MORRIS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, Deceased.—No. 19916; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the undersigned Executor at his law office, No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.
Executor of the last will and testament of Blanche Anna Husson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, A. D. 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELE AMOS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WILLIAM HENRY AMOS, as Executor of the last will and testament of ADELE AMOS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Henry Ach, Room 710 in the Flatiron Building, No. 544 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ADELE AMOS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY AMOS,
As Executor of the last will and testament of Adele Amos, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

HENRY ACH, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
544 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-12-5

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Christmas Number 1915

Vol. XXVI. No. 1218 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 25, 1915 PRICE, 15 CENTS

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Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

Christianity and the War

Another Christmas with an immediate future sinister and uncertain! The storm of scathing fire is still passing with all Europe in the glow of the fiery blast. It is a mournful, gloomy Yuletide for millions who are asking what they will see when the sun shines once more in the new-washed sky. There are prophets of two kinds; prophets pessimistic and prophets optimistic, prophets who see an outworn world breaking up, and prophets who have visions of a Europe partitioned among self-governing communities and a world in which all who labor and are heavy laden by the necessary toil of life shall at last come into their own. Undoubtedly big changes are being wrought. New forces, new values, new ties will take the place of the old, but let us look neither for Chaos nor for the Millennium. It is very probable that God will be in His heaven after as before the war, and that the old rivalries of peace will be renewed. Naturally we look forward to the coming year with apprehension, but thus far we feel nothing of Chaos in the air. Chaos is a grand mouthful of a word, with a ring of doom about it, but it was abolished before Adam. Even Christendom will survive the war. Indeed it is thought by some that the war has been a great aid to Christianity. The great enemy to Christianity before the war was Socialism. It is the Socialists who are now saying that the war has proved Christianity a failure, but if they will sincerely and earnestly ponder the matter they will see that the most conspicuous of failures was the failure of their own creed. Socialism was in politics, and the Socialists had undertaken to make war impossible. They were for destroying patriotism by substituting in each man a love of all nations that would be equal to a love of country. Now the old fashioned patriotism is a Christian virtue, and the war has intensified it. As a result of the war there are many better Christians in the world, but we do not hear of any better Socialists. As Christianity was in possession of the field it had to endure all the criticism to which every working system is open when imperfect human nature is trying to carry it into effect. Theory on the other hand can always be made to look perfect, and Socialism is but a theory. Socialism is doing nothing for anybody in the war; Christianity is doing a great deal. War in a sense illustrates the true nature of life as a Christian views life, which is something we fail to realize in the moral drowsiness of a long peace. To follow the soldier's trade in war is to practice the Christian virtues of self-denial and devotion for the common good. To defend your country and your weaker neighbors is to fulfil the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The maxim of a great Christian saint, "Work as though you were to live forever; be as detached as though you were to die tomorrow," is precisely expressed in the strenuousness of war and the risks that are taken.

Another Bargain for the City

Presently we are to have a campaign for the sale of the United Railroads to the city. The franchises of the United Railroads will soon be expiring one by one, the profits of the corporation are diminishing for several reasons, the corporation is in financial straits; and considering the discouraging outlook the owners have come to the conclusion that it is time to unload. Such is the outcome of the war that has been waged through the years on this much battered public service corporation, and in all the circumstances it would seem to be just retribution for the taxpayers to be compelled to inherit the properties they helped to impair. The case of the United Railroads is akin to the case of Spring Valley. For many years the "cinching" of Spring Valley was the means by which civic patriots of press and politics vindicated their devotion to the dear people. The dear people are now paying the penalty. God knows how long it will be before they are through paying. Meanwhile their experience of municipal ownership will greatly increase. It is now proposed to give them ownership of all street railroads. The Chronicle is in favor of buying the United Railroads right away and relieving the owners of their burdens and anxieties. Doubtless the proposition will meet with unanimous approval. There are many arguments to be made in favor of the proposition, but the least cogent of them, we think, is the Chronicle's argument that the purchase of the United Railroads will mean the end of the jitney nuisance because the public will not tolerate competition between the jitney and municipal street cars. This would seem to imply that we shall have to tolerate the jitney nuisance until we buy the railroads. Is this a threat or merely an ill-advised assertion?

Plans of Preparedness

We have before us two plans for an army of defence. One is the plan of a civilian, Secretary Garrison, which accords with the views of the President. The other is the plan of the experts of the War College. Secretary Garrison would increase the regular army, auxiliaries included, to 141,843 enlisted men and officers, from a present complement of 108,008 when the ranks are full; to re-enforce the regular army he would raise a volunteer or continental army (as he calls it) of 400,000 men at the rate of about 133,000 a year, and train them two months in each of three consecutive years, these volunteers to be subject to call to the colors during three more years; he would have the Federal Government make large appropriations for the National Guard to increase its efficiency. The experts of the War College base their plan of preparedness on an estimate of the number of men the Powers could land on our coasts according to available ship capacity after we had lost control of the sea, and they propose to increase the regular army to 230,000 men and officers by a system of enlistment, two years with the colors and six with the reserves, which in eight years would "result in approximately the following mobile forces at home available at the outbreak of war: mobile regular troops (combatant) with the colors 121,000 men; the regular reserve 379,000—a total of 500,000 men." The experts, contending that twelve months intensive training is the minimum for war service, further recommend that 500,000 more troops "should be prepared to take the field immediately on the outbreak of war, and should have had sufficient previous military training to enable them to meet a trained enemy within three months." Judging from the sentiments expressed by members of Congress neither of the plans will be adopted. The probability is that a middle course will be taken. Meanwhile the sentiment is spreading that whatever the system of preparedness we are to undertake it should be undertaken at once. There is a demand growing very loud that we should have instant defence, and to that end that we should begin building submarines at once.

The Great Peace Problem

Doctrinaires are discussing more earnestly than ever the importance of solving the problem of providing workable and permanently available means of settling international differences without resort to war. We find much recreation in the reading of discussions of this important subject, and we sincerely trust that some day a solution of the great problem will be found. But thus far we have read nothing to make us so sanguine as to believe it likely that in our time the human mind will devise machinery that will make war impossible. Thus far we have met with only the very vaguest notions about the solution of the problem. Most of our theorists are hopeful of devising some universal and obligatory system of arbitration. Unfortunately arbitration is an expedient which, although its use might with advantage be enormously extended, can probably play but a very small part in the prevention of war. For war is generally the outcome of issues that cannot be arbitrated, being unsuitable for any merely judicial process. Judicial methods may be applied to the determination of facts, the interpretation of treaties, the

assessment of damages; in short, to all matters depending on recognized principles of law and justice. But the major differences arising between nations are of a "non-justiciable" character. Such, for example, were the disputes between this country and Spain, between England and the Boer Republics, between the Balkan nations and Turkey. No arbitration could have persuaded Turkey to surrender Macedonia. It would have been possible for a Concert of the Powers to compel surrender, but that would not have been arbitration. The greatest difficulty of all to be overcome is that of providing means by which the *status quo* can be altered without resort to war. There will always be the possibility of this demand arising while national aspirations endure. Furthermore there is the "will to war" which must be considered as an element of the great problem. This "will to war" is an impulse that asserts itself at intervals in human nature, and where it exists it is certain to be indulged.

Stephen Phillips' Death

"If fate is kind and his muse is true to him, he has a distinguished career before him." So wrote John Churton Collins in a criticism of Stephen Phillips after reading the poet's first book of poems. That was thirteen years ago. Ten days ago Stephen Phillips died in his home in England. If scant notice was taken of his death in this country it does not argue that he did not have a distinguished career. For the world is preoccupied these days with stupendous events, and all things beside seem trivial. Even when the renowned Ehrlich passed away some months ago, a man who will be remembered for all time as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, the world took but little notice of his exit. Stephen Phillips was a poet who earned much money with his pen, and though he never reached the heights that were once thought accessible to him it is not to be gainsaid that he had a distinguished career. He wrote several successful poetic dramas, the most notable one being *Paolo and Francesca* which was produced at the St. James Theatre in London, and which in book form ran through several editions. His work received high praise from the severest critics. In his time there was none severer nor yet better qualified to pass judgment than John Churton Collins who declared that Phillips in his first volume passed the line which divides talent from genius.

The Rights of Man and Woman

Formerly it was the Rights of Man that philosophers deemed important of assertion. Naturally we of this day and generation have come to the Rights of Woman. Among these is the right to vote, which appears to be winning recognition; also, the right to make it impossible for a husband to get a drink. There is now talk of including among the Rights of Woman the right to ride in a street car without having to take a whiff of smoke from somebody's pipe. If this right is insisted upon we may feel inclined to urge the recognition of the right to ride in a street car without incurring the danger of receiving attention from the denizens of a pet dog's hide. "The exercise of the natural rights of every man," affirmed the National Assembly of France in its Declaration of the Rights of Men and Citizens, "has no other limits than those which are necessary to secure to every other man the free exercise of the same rights; and these limits are determined only by law." It was believed in those far-off days, when Tom Paine was regarded as a great philosopher, that the assertion of the rights of man would redeem the world with miraculous speed, but nowadays the study of so-called natural rights is pursued only in academic circles. We would remind the ladies of clubdom who are taking a fresh interest in natural rights that Tom Paine is much farther removed from fashion than the hobble skirt. After Paine came Mazzini with *The Duties of Man* to suggest that the citizen's conception of duty was at least as important a matter as the citizen's conception of rights. But anyway in considering our rights we must also consider the other fellow's, or the other lady's, as the case may be. And after all, and as a matter of fact, we have no rights that receive recognition as birthrights, or that may not be limited by a legislature composed of Fresno editors, chauffeurs, hostlers, political lawyers and other components of democracy. Though the divine right of property, which is really the right to live, survived the divine right of kings, it is gradually becoming little more than a memory. The assertion of it provokes no end of withering satire. There is really no imprescriptible right save the right to starve, and that right must be exercised cautiously like the right to jump overboard. In the shadow of a policeman it is running a risk to attempt to quit living. Yet commit a murder, and you forfeit the right to live. *"Il faut vivre,"* said the thief who stole because he was hungry. *"Il ne'en vois pas la necessite,"* retorted the judge who sentenced him to be hanged. In short the State has the last word. The whole theory of the rights of man was asserted to make a working principle of justice, the one thing worth fighting for and dying for, and today in California where the ladies have the right to vote, and where they want the right to ride in pure air, justice is determined by counting noses, and we are all complaisant.

Not As They Used to Be

Have the people of Europe been transformed by the war? Has the stolid Englishman become the most light-hearted of men? Does France no longer know that excitable chatterbox, the rhapsodical Frenchman, who went about shouting à bas something or other? All the belligerents, judging from what the correspondents tell us, have shed their national individuality in the trenches. We have always understood that England was called "merry" ironically. "They," says Froissart, speaking of the English, "amuse themselves sadly after the fashion of their country." After Froissart came the Puritan who objected to amusement of any kind. The waywardness of gaiety has always been objectionable to the solemn-visaged Puritan. Laughter was long held to be a species of licentiousness in England. But for many years Englishmen have held it to be a libel on their country to quote Froissart. Hazlitt wrote an essay to prove that England was really a merry country. "The smile is not the less sincere," he says, "because it does not always play upon the cheek." He recited a list of English games to prove that Englishmen love amusement. Whatever the truth as to the natural spirits of the English it is certain they are pointing with pride to the levity of Tommy in the trenches. They wish to be thought very gay in this war. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is taking the war calmly and with tremendous seriousness, and he does not care what you think of him provided you do not think that he is bubbling over with mirth. As to the German who, with his stein on the table, once appeared to the world as the incarnation and the very ecstasy of phlegm, he is represented to us as one who has put off his old character like a suit of clothes and who is now much given to hysterics and frenzy. But this picture of the German was made in England. English writers would have us believe that the stolid, sentimental German, in whom we all believed a year ago, was a myth, and that the real German was always an orgiastic creature, who, even in the days of Tacitus, went about smashing treaties as you might smash crockery.

The Lantern

A Periodical of Lucid Intervals

Edited by Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

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The Festival of Childhood

By Theodore Bonnet

This is a season of the year when some folks who have reached middle age complain of the blues. At childhood's festival they are visited by ghosts of the soul. They give ear to the echoes of dead emotions; and reflecting on past happiness they become melancholy. Their trouble is partly a morbid sentimentality, partly an illusion of memory. This illusion is caused by the golden light that shines upon our backward track, glorifying the days that are gone, especially the days of childhood when the imagination was young and romantic, and ideals were fresh and whole hearted. We cherish our childish loves and the spot where our affections were fledged, and to look backward is to be touched with regret, for our recollection of the tears and forebodings of childhood is not very keen. As a matter of fact, however, the Arcady of childhood is not a little world of unalloyed pleasure. The child that does not pay the penalty of desperate joys knows little of the frolic of fine spirits and the fruit thereof. The boy is not always a pirate king or a prince. Long before he gets into the race for Dead Sea apples he learns what it is to suffer injustice. The stings of invidious comment precede the pains inflicted by the carping critic in the market place. In childhood an occasional kicking compels quick forgetfulness of the praise wherewith proud parents in their vanity exalt themselves by proxy. Thus is many a darling boy purged of his incipient priggishness.

There is really no time of perfect peace and happiness; and even in childhood pleasures and pains are balanced as in after life. Of these things let us be mindful in this the child's season, which is a season wherein we should be not at all afraid of spoiling children by making them happy. For their sake refrain from melancholy retrospection, and rather indulge in but the one seasonable solemn reflection—that you are an incorrigibly grown-up person inferior in imagination to the youngsters, who in all probability are superior to you even in intelligence. Only in this humility of spirit can you qualify for the privilege of giving them pleasure. And do not make the mistake of thinking you can arrive at the mind of a child by imagining your own intellect working at inferior pressure. What amuses your silly old head is of no interest to a child.

To be eminently qualified as an entertainer of children you must achieve simplicity, through which all things are possible. The man who has attained simplicity may be as dramatic as Shakespeare, as merry as Boccaccio, as mischievous as Puck, as inexhaustible as Rabelais—and what more does a child want? If you would know something of the aspirations and feelings of the child you may learn from Dickens, who has kindly and accurately remembered for us the struggles and illusions of childhood. Dickens is one of the few authors who have described from the inside the life and thoughts of boys and girls, and Dickens belongs to Christmas, like holly. The whole spirit of the man as expressed in all his writings is in harmony with the season. He recalls us from all coldness, artifice and iconoclasm to the warm sanities and simplicities from which age can draw solace. It is to these warm sanities and simplicities that we must be recalled in order to be touched by the spirit of the festival of the Nativity.

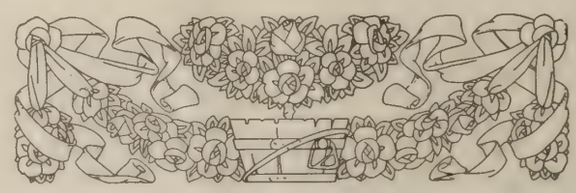
Christmas is the feast of simplicity because over the feast a child presides. The gift-giving custom of Christmas had its origin in the remote past, in the gold and myrrh and frankincense wherewith nineteen hundred years ago, in the musing, mystical East, three wise men, wise in the ultimate wisdom of knowing how little they knew, paid tribute to a new-born King. What transcendent simplicity was there exemplified! In their quest of the new-born King those wise men looked not for the sign of the sceptre and throne. By a sign in the heavens they were led beyond palaces and temples to a manger in Bethlehem.

So the festival of the Nativity is at once the festival of childhood and the festival of simplicity. Blessed be childhood, for it teaches us the beauty of simplicity! "Be ye simple as the dove," are the words of Jesus. Blessed be childhood, for it brings down heaven into the midst of our rough earthliness, teaching us love, the love through which man finds his way back to the faith that is happiness. This was the love preached by St. Francis of Assisi seven centuries ago when he came upon earth to imitate Christ and lead men out of wars and brutalities to high spiritual endeavor and the triumph of the soul. It was then that attempts were made to follow faithfully the ways of Jesus by the followers of Holy Poverty, preachers of simplicity who recognized the key to the transitory life of man. "Hear ye my prayer," exclaimed the dying Bernard, "that ye love one another;" and: "I feel in my soul that for a thousand worlds I would not have been other than a servant of Christ."

One hundred years thereafter Dante was proclaiming the beauty and power of the Franciscan ideal, and all Art was drawing its inspiration from the life and teaching of Francis.

It would be hard nowadays for a new St. Francis to get a following. For the world has been terribly sophisticated. Too many of us have been taught what Nature never intended that we should understand. We have all received the instruction that clears away ignorance and puts nothing in its place. And so it is only among children and the most highly instructed that we must look for simplicity. The profoundest thinkers and greatest scholars have passed out of the stage of mental self-satisfaction into which little children have not yet entered. It is they who stand in amazement before the miracles of science; they whose imagination is nourished by mystery, in whom the poetry of simplicity survives. It is the most highly informed who are now concerning themselves about superstitions; who are thinking about ghosts, who are clinging to the hope of proof that the dead are alive. Throughout the world the conviction of ignorance has fallen on the greatest minds. But to the man in the street, especially the one who has gone through college, all things are explicable.

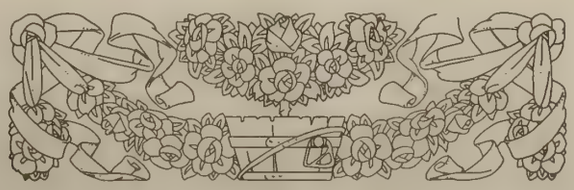
Now while the Christmas festival is especially for children, if we are so minded we may dip and revel in the waters of its vernal joyousness. But first we must divest ourselves of our complex maturity and give ear to Christmas speaking in its earliest tongue. Thus may we achieve simplicity, the simplicity that brings sunshine and sweetness into the lives of children, the simplicity that takes Him at His word, the simplicity that was exemplified in a stable in Palestine.



Christmas

By Edward F. O'Day

Gentlemen, what is Christmas? What is this day of days
When all the sorrow of life departs, and only its merriment stays?
What is this rout, this revel, this feast of all feasts in the year,
When the spirit of sordid striving goes, and the cult of the kind is here?
What, in this waning season, when old Time's slowing heart
Beats to the funeral rhythm of a life about to depart;
When the frost on the grass at morning is a silver warp and woof,
And the days are o'ercast with the weeping of the rain on the blackened roof;
When the soul is oppressed with bodings, and cries for what might have been
With an anguish for slighted chances that flickered across life's screen—
What is this day of difference, this noon in the midst of night,
This single ray of gladness, 'gainst the general gloom so bright?
What is it makes this Christmas a pause in the march of death,
When the rattle of dissolution stops, and the season catches its breath;
When the strength of the weary rallies, and the energy almost spent
Renews its old resistance, or conquered, is yet content?
Why do we hail its coming with a smile in the wasted eye,
Why do we greet it gladly, forgetting a while to sigh?
Why does its magic influence o'erpower December's gloom,
And deaden the pain of travail as a new year stirs in the womb?
Why, as our years grow heavy and our hopes are turned to despair,
And we look across the future for the tokens that are not there,
And over the golden summer the dead leaves of autumn fall,
And our ears grow deaf with winter to the greener springtime's call;
As life leans lower and lower on the staff of a breaking reed,
And the tablets of wealth and fame are become but a meaningless screed—
Why, while we cling like misers to the hoard of some empty days,
While the vista of youth is misted and graveward turns our gaze—
Why are we lulled at Christmas to a moment or so of repose;
Why do we speed the hour, though into the dark it goes?
Why are we filled with emotions that well in the heart of boys,
Happy like little children gifted with dreamed-of toys?
Why does a ruddier color blush in the fevered, hectic face;
Why does the cynic of yesterday confess a feeling of grace?
What is the magic impulse that opens the heart to delight,
Lifting the bosom's burden, cleansing the soul of its blight?
What puts tender speeches on lips that complaints have framed;
What makes the scowling pessimist sentimental but unashamed?
What bids the man of money stop—he never stopped before—
To drop a coin in the outstretched palm of the beggar at his door?
What is the genial urging, what the compelling force
That turns our thoughts to giving, and for once, not counting the loss?
Gentlemen, answer the question. Turn, and back through the years
See where a little child is born 'mid his mother's groanings and tears.
Gentlemen, look as you will at the scene of that winter's night—
It may be Christian believing that gives you its helping light;
It may be an elder religion that stirs in your kindling breast—
It is not for any to question the creed by his brother professed.
But we all can look together through the winter's gusty din
At the little babe in the stable—for there was no room in the inn.
And all of us know the life that babe grew up to live—
Teaching the world of men that to gain they must always give.
Teaching that giving is sacred if the gift goes forth from the soul,
Though it be but the poor man's penny, or the widow's ill-spared dole.
Teaching that giving is futile if the gift be given for show;
That the hand is uselessly swift to give if the heart of the giver be slow.
That better no gift were given, the generous prompting spurned,
Than giving by calculation, counting the gain to be earned.
That pride in giving is deadly, hardening the giver's heart,
And the gift is only precious when the giver's self is a part.
That a little given to misery, humbly given, by stealth,
Must not be weighed with the mockery of Croesus giving to Wealth.
That a beggar may have much merit if he shares with a poorer than he,
But that Dives may earn damnation through pride in his charity.
This is the lesson the ages learned in that Syrian cave—
That all must seek salvation, and only giving can save.
This is the lesson for which the Three Kings came from afar,
Bearing their gifts on camels, led by an orient star.
This is the lesson the shepherds learned in a burst of light
When the gates of heaven were opened and the angels sang in the night.
This is the lesson we listened to as we knelt at our mother's knee—
This is the lesson too often forgotten by you and by me.
This is the lesson, gentlemen, when the season is hard and drear,
And the keen-edged scythe of Time cuts down the ultimate month of the year;
When Nature locks her bounty as though warning us thrift is best,
And all we have of unselfishness is put to the sternest test—
This is the lesson noble, the lesson we need alway,
The joy and the gain of giving, the secret of Christmas Day.



A Love Feast

(From the French)

In those days I was very poor and very much in love with love.

My black coat was so threadbare, that I dared not put it on or take it off without the greatest care for its delicate condition. The knees of my trousers shone like satin, my hat was at the age when little girls know how to fib, and as to my boots, modesty prevents my telling by what ingenious efforts I managed to keep the inconstant soles.

All my future rested with some manuscripts in prose and verse, which had already made me the terror of a number of editors.

Oh, I was truly very poor and very much in love with love!

When I have said that I wore my hair long, falling on my coat collar; that I was slender and delicate, that I had a pale face, a large nose and ecstatic eyes, one can see what a sorry figure I made.

It was the first night of a new play at the Comedie Francaise. I knew the Princess Loubanoff would be there, and I would sooner lose one of my eyes than this opportunity of seeing the radiant creature who had captivated my soul. Luckily I possessed the sum necessary to pay for the modest place I longed for, and a small surplus. Dinner time approached. I was hungry, and, in haste to get rid of that prosaic need, I spent my surplus money for some fried potatoes, intending to drink at the first fountain I came to. What could I desire more?

But I had reckoned without the most cruel of my faults—that which has always poisoned my existence—pride. I could never say which was the more painful to me, to be poor or to appear so.

I had no sooner got my paper horn-of-plenty full of potatoes in my hand than I became much embarrassed, imagining that everybody looked at me with compassion. However, I lived too far away to think of returning home.

"Bah!" I said to myself. "They may think what they like. I am going to eat my potatoes in the face of the passers-by!"

And as I walked I began my repast. But I had not swallowed the first mouthful when a beautiful young girl, coquettishly dressed, passed close to me and looked at me. There was so much kindness in her gaze, her pretty eyes expressed so well her regret at seeing me dine so poorly, that nothing more was needed to completely overcome me. Ashamed, I lowered my head, and, feeling myself redden to my ears I passed very quickly. I had scarcely taken three steps when yielding to I know not what sympathetic influence, I turned. The young girl had turned at the same instant, and for one second I met her sweet glance. Evidently I had inspired her with interest, perhaps with pity. Much mortified I hastened on, avoiding crowded streets.

If I had listened only to my vexation I should have flung my potatoes in a corner, but my appetite having mastered my self-love I sought some quarter where I might shelter myself from the stares of the curious, and chose a gateway which was completely deserted. I sank down there, and leaning against the wall near a flight of steps I again attacked my fried potatoes, which seemed to me delicious. There, as least, I might hope to finish my repast calmly, and, again seized by the sweet, by the intoxicating obsession which pursued me everywhere, I plunged into contemplation of my love. "In a few hours," I said to myself with joyous little thrills, "in a few hours I shall see her! Perhaps as she goes through the lobby she may give me a lovely smile." And then, in imagination I saw her fine lips move, while her large eyes half veiled themselves. Oh! I knew exactly how she smiled, how she walked, with what dainty airs she turned her head to listen. I could imitate her slightest gestures, repeat her flute-like intonations, modulated like the warbling of a nightingale; I even owed to her the habit I had of passing the tip of my tongue over my upper lip. But what I could never find words to express was her turbulence of a spoiled child, the cajoling, almost familiar ways with which she glided into the heart of everyone and coolly installed herself there forever. She was a true, an exquisite Parisian, the widow of Prince Loubanoff—a widow of nineteen years, with her intact freshness of a young girl, and with eyes possessed as by an evil spirit with insatiable coquetry.

I would have given my life to kiss her hands. At home I had arrived at kneeling down to think of her. Certainly I was insane.

It was hinted that the princess was not a dragon of virtue, and ill-disposed tongues pretended that she was singularly capricious and perverse. But what could I hope from so grand a lady, I, most pitiable poet, when her beauty, her riches, her independence, drew around her a throng of the most powerful, the most illustrious adorers? It is true that since I had been presented to her, that is for six months, she had shown interest in me and never seemed annoyed to see me pale and tremble every time she spoke to me. She would allow, discreetly allow me to die of love for her, as she permitted the flowers that adorned her breast to die in exhaling their soul of perfume. That was all.

I had not yet eaten a quarter of my fried potatoes when I was obliged to pause in my repast. There was the rustle of a dress on the steps. I hid my cornucopia, and assuming the indifferent air of one who waits, I did not move. But as that rustling of silken draperies approached nearer my heart beat more violently without any reason. A sort of instinct told me something my spirit could not know. Suddenly a radiant vision agitated my whole being; a form, a brilliance, a perfume familiar—beloved! I closed my eyes.

Then a golden voice said in my ear, "Ah, my dear poet, how delighted I am to meet you!"

I had barely time to slip my horn of fried potatoes into my coat pocket.

"Madam—I bless the chance!"

"I was thinking about you."

"Really!"

"I was going to write to you."

Unable to master my emotion I could only stammer incoherent phrases.

The princess, on the contrary, talked volubly and appeared enchanted with the meeting.

"They have sent me a Muscovite romance. I am enthusiastic over the music. You know Russian. I have counted on you to translate the words."

"I am at your service."

"Come quick; I will take you."

I opened my eyes very wide. "You will take me?"

The princess had drawn me to her carriage. She sprang lightly in, and making a place for me, "Come, get in," said she.

I was astounded. And thinking of what was in my coat pocket, "Oh, no, madam, I cannot——"

"Why not?"

"I did not expect——"

"How boyish you are!" she said, smiling. "Get in; I command you."

It was necessary to obey. An instant after I felt myself borne rapidly along. I was dizzy. My emotion was so great that I could not breathe. The princess doubtless perceived this, for again I saw her smile. Wishing to increase my confusion she leaned toward me.

"You were waiting for me just now?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh, no, madam, I swear to you——"

"Then what were you doing on the steps of the Baron de Lucques?"

What answer could be given? Could I own that I had taken refuge there to eat my fried potatoes? I blushed furiously without being able to think of the smallest fib, and the princess could only conlude that I had followed and waited for her. It did not appear to displease her, for she presently began again:

"Do you know it, sir, that I have great compliments to pay you? I have read all your poems, all, and I have found them very beautiful."

(Continued on page 29)

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Christ in Flanders

By L. W

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble—
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife:
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street, or byway—
You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
How did we miss Your Footprints on our pavements?—
Can there be other folks as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear,

We never thought about You much in England—
But now that we are far away from England—
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it—
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

The Christmas Truce

By An Englishman

The Christmas of 1914 will be remembered, we may hope, in happier ages to be, as more than an anniversary of the first Christmas, as the moment at which the old faith was born again in the darkness and became, not a dotard, but a child. While we at home were thinking how all the words of Christmas were a mockery that we dared not utter, the words became facts in the very place where the old heathen gods seemed to have established their kingdom.

This is the dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fail;
His prophets have not lost their power:
Caesar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud Ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

So the poet has written with a natural despair, and the hosts themselves have answered him. Or rather something in them awakened by the ancient anniversary, something stronger than all their discipline, has answered him, as if it were the answer of a power that did not need to strive or cry. We have all read what happened between those opposing armies, and how it came unexpected, undesigned, and yet willed with all the unconscious force of their natures. Not once or twice but again and again we hear of this sudden change upon the night of Christmas Eve, how there was singing upon one side answered by the other, and how the men rose and advanced to meet each other as if they had been released from a spell. Every one who tells of it speaks also of his own wonder as if he had seen a miracle; and some say that the darkness became strange and beautiful with lights as well as music, as if the armies had been gathered there not for war but for the Christmas feast. The English soldiers, as if from mere habit, began to sing, "Christians, awake!" and then the Christian did awake in English and in Germans, and they were no longer German or English to each other, but men. It was not done by an effort or with fear and suspicion and awkwardness. It happened as if it were a change of weather, the sun coming out after a storm; and when it happened it seemed more natural even than wonderful. What was unnatural was the former state of war in which men had been to each other not men but targets; and now they had come to life for each other, and in a moment they were friends.

We always talk of the natural man as if he were a kind of gorilla, made only more dangerous by his intelligence; as if nothing were natural to us but the appetites and fears of our bodies, and those habits from a distant past of which we have not yet rid ourselves. But we have also a spiritual nature which is as much nature to us as the flesh, and which has all our permanent desires with it. No one talks of the natural man in himself; it seems to him predominant in others when he looks at them hostilely and from the outside, when they are not men to him at all but a mob or a foreign nation. So a hostile army seems to consist of natural men, primeval beasts of prey, organized by civilization and with instincts disciplined so that they may the better be gratified. And when the nations think of each other in these terms they make an effort to be themselves what they believe of their enemies, and preach a doctrine of war and the "will to power" which, if it were natural, would hardly need so much preaching and enforcing.

But turn from the armies to the men who compose them, and you will find that the natural man in all of them is not a beast of prey any more than you are one yourself. And this was discovered suddenly by English soldiers on Christmas Day, and by the German soldiers as well. Both threw off all the artifice of war as if it were a game they were tired of playing. Both saw that the enmity, by reason of which they had been killing each other, was no more part of their natural lives than sentry-go or standing up to their waists in the mud of trenches. "I believe," one officer has written, "that the war will come to an end because every one will get fed up and refuse to go on shooting"; and that would happen if the natural man could assert himself suddenly and simultaneously in all as he did for a few hours on Christmas Day. We hear about the hymns of hate which non-combatants compose in Germany, and they talk of their hatred for England as a profound and mystical instinct of their sacred German souls; but what became of this distrust when the simple, kindly Saxons sang their hymns, not of hatred, on Christmas Day, and when they met simple, kindly Englishmen face to face and talked with them and saw, in a moment of inspired intimacy, that they too were

(Continued on page 29)

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CCLX—ANNA HELD

By Edward F. O'Day

Men admire her; women love her. The oftener men see her the greater their admiration; the more intimately women get to know her the stronger their affection. Men admire her for her beauty, especially the bewitching beauty of those great brown liquid eyes that know not how to behave; for her dash, her esprit, her vivacity, her endless good humor. Women are not as interested as men are in the Anna Held of the stage, although this Anna Held enjoys a good measure of their esteem. It is the woman Anna Held, not the actress, that appeals irresistibly to them. This Anna Held possesses qualities women value highly in their sex: sympathy, sincerity, kindness, a good heart, a considerate mind. I do not know of any actress who has as many women friends in and out of her profession as Anna Held has. She wins the difficult members of her sex without effort. If you wish to hear Anna Held extolled in the highest terms, do not ask her press agent about her, do not ask her men friends; ask the women who know her.

During the past year Anna Held was one of the idols of Paris. She was the idol of the wounded soldiers and of the Belgian refugees because she was good to them. She was the idol of the women of Paris for the same excellent reason. There are not many hale men in Paris nowadays, but of course Anna Held was their idol, too. Paris will not soon forget what Anna Held did for its war sufferers. And along the Normandy coast the peasants speak of Anna Held rapturously as the singing angel of mercy.

In times of stress and misery we must render service after our kind. Our talents must be adapted to the needs of the crisis, otherwise we are shirkers and misfits. Anna Held might have joined the large army of nurses, but she was not trained for nursing and perhaps she would have proved a willing but indifferent nurse. What Anna Held was trained for by the work of a lifetime was entertaining, so she put her talent for entertaining at the service of the French government. Her offer was accepted gratefully. There was plenty of work for entertainers. Anna Held joined the distinguished ranks of the French actresses who gave their days and nights to the work of cheering the poor wounded soldiers in the hospitals. With song and dance and smile Anna Held helped the victims of war to forget the horrors of the trenches. She supplemented the work of the surgeons and the nurses who were healing the hurts of battle. While these tended the bodies of the wounded soldiers she cheered their minds. This work was done for the French government; it had official recognition. In Paris and throughout all France it is regarded as a great work. Those who performed it or are still engaged in it are popular idols. And Anna Held is not the least of these idols.

Anna Held worked night and day in this voluntary service. She received, of course, no material recompense. The only reward she has, the only reward she desired is the consciousness of duty done. Her beloved France had need of her and she responded gladly. It is a circumstance interesting and important enough to mention that she has returned to America more beautiful than ever before. Good deeds bring happiness, and happiness is always reflected externally. Anna Held was never so happy as during the past year when she was serving France.

Not content with her duties as an official entertainer for the hospitals Anna Held engaged in benefactions of a private nature. Last Christ- was she bought great quantities of warm clothes, more especially sweaters, mittens and caps, and distributed them among the poor little Belgian children who have found asylum in Paris. There are thousands of these mites in Paris, and their case is pitiable. On Christmas Day Anna Held went to one of the great homes of fashionable Paris where several hundred of them are lodged and distributed her gifts. She must have made a charming Santa Claus!

"Christmas in Paris was very sad last year," Anna Held says. "So different from the Noel of other years! Paris cannot be gay now, even at Christmas time, for Paris thinks of nothing but the war, of the poor boys in the trenches and the hospitals. It is only in the churches that you find crowds of people. The churches are always crowded in Paris now. Very often the crowds are so large that all cannot get into the churches, and then the priests come out on the street and preach to them. The war has turned people's thoughts to religion as never before. It is a good thing, of course."

With other singers Anna Held made the rounds of the hospitals regularly night and day. She sang only gay songs, songs to make the soldiers laugh, or smile at least if they were too badly shattered to laugh. One of these gay songs was a laughing song which she composed herself. This was particularly popular with the wounded fighters. I believe we are to hear Anna Held sing it at the Orpheum. She sang patriotic songs, too, but even these were selected for the gayety, the cheerfulness of their sentiments. Such songs may sometimes excite tears, but they are not necessarily tears of sorrow.

The other day Anna Held lunched with her dear friend and attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, in a French restaurant. The proprietor came to her table and asked if she was to sing any patriotic French songs at the Orpheum. She told him that she could not, since that might be regarded as a breach of neutrality, and besides, in the theatre an artist must endeavor to please all, and a patriotic French song would displease many. And then she told the restaurateur of one of the patriotic songs she sang for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals. It has a sweet, inspiring old air, an air beloved of all true Frenchmen, but the words are modern. In a low voice she sang this song to the restaurateur. The tears came to his eyes, and he was too much affected to restrain them.

"Poor fellow," said Anna Held, "he had not seen France for many years, and he could not help weeping."

I wish I could tell as Anna Held tells it, the story of her visit to the great hospital where the blind soldiers are gathered together. These men were blinded by shrapnel and by poisoned gases. Some of them are terribly wounded; some have lost an arm or a leg; some are in perfect health otherwise, only they are never to see again. There are a great many of these.

"They were all seated in a great room with a stage at one end," says Anna Held. "We entered at the opposite end of the room and as we walked down the aisle to the stage we saw only their backs. When I came out on the stage to sing to them I had my first view of their faces. They were seated there with their mothers, their sisters, their fathers, their brothers beside them and holding their hands. They sat erect, but their faces were mostly turned toward the floor. These faces were like masks, quite impassive, with no sign of emotion upon them. Some of these men were very handsome fellows. They were of all ages and of all ranks. There were boys there, and there were great officers. Some of them were distinguished looking men with beards. Some were terribly mutilated. Some were quite well, and only the black glasses told what had happened to them. In the front row was a very great general who wore many decorations including the Legion of Honor. He sat beside a handsome boy, and held this boy's hand. The boy, too, had the Legion of Honor. I was told that this was the general's blind son. I tried very hard to be gay, but it was impossible. I started to sing but I could not go on. I wept instead. And yet the expressions on the faces of these brave blind soldiers did not change. I shall never forget their exit from that room. They stood up and went out in file, each soldier's hand upon the shoulder of the man before him. They groped a little and did not walk with ease, for you see they are not yet accustomed to blindness. It was my saddest experience."

Madame Held came to know many of the wounded. Returning at regular intervals to the same hospitals she watched their progress toward recovery. And she was privileged to feel that she had assisted nature and the doctors and nurses in their healing. Doctors and nurses all testified to the value of the good cheer and gayety which she and other actresses brought to the wounded. Of course, there was a darker side. Sometimes when she returned to a hospital this or that patient had disappeared. Jacques, who had wrung her hand and thanked her for her song, or Pierre, whom she had kissed upon

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Just the Gifts for Christmas

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"Nine Tailors Involved in Lottery Case," says the headline. Make your own joke.

Having shopped early we are in a position to enjoy Christmas Eve as well as Christmas.

Among those we feel sorry for are the men who have to eat Christmas dinner at the club.

A modest gift given from the heart is better than turkey and cranberry sauce.

The happiest are those for whom Christmas is a religious as well as a temporal festival, a holy day as well as a holiday.

Physicians report that a town in Wisconsin owes its low death rate to limburger cheese. The people there used to be weak; they took to eating limburger, and now they are strong.

Another year almost gone! And we are older but not any better.

During the past twelve-month we have done many things we are sorry for; few to which we can point with satisfaction. It is the way of weak mortals. Let us renew our good resolutions and give the old Adam the best fight of which we are capable.

Singularly enough our greatest philanthropists, those whose enthusiasm for humanity is overwhelming, are generally unmindful of the fact that they themselves are human.

In Berlin and Vienna Secretary Lansing is accused of violating the usages of diplomacy in his correspondence. The usages of diplomacy! What about the usages of civilization on the high seas?

A suitable sign for the Oscar II: "We go anywhere."

Frankly, now, is our Doctor Aked cutting a pleasant figure?

Why not charter an Oscar III and get Henry Ford out of Europe by April Fool's Day?

When Dr. Aked sang "My County 'Tis of Thee" aboard the peace ship, which country did he mean?

If there was nothing to conceal on the Minnesota why did the captain spend so much time in concealing it?

One can imagine the guest of honor at the Gary dinner saying to his host: "My dear Judge, we are practical men."

The Anti-American Conspiracy

By Robert McTavish

Apparently some folk regard the Ancona issue between this country and Austria as the most serious issue affecting the United States that has arisen in this war. A far graver issue, it seems to me, is the one growing out of the crimes that have been committed on American soil to prevent the shipment of munitions to the Allies. All the evidence is not yet in, but there is a mass of it in the hands of the federal authorities, and it seems to be the accepted belief now that the crimes were not the result of patriotic zeal of private individuals but rather that they were instigated by the German government. The newspapers now speak of Paul Koenig, the man with the note-book, as an official spy. And there is Captain Franz von Rintelen, another spy who seems to be generally regarded as a government agent. What about the activities of these men? True, von Rintelen has been disowned, and Koenig will probably be disowned too, but according to the German war book a German secret service agent once he is discovered has lost his usefulness and must expect his country to disown him. But suppose it should be made quite clear that German agents have been officially engaged in destroying life and property on American soil—what then? It would seem to me that such things are acts of war. Will disavowals and apologies suffice?

According to a press despatch from Montreal the German government has offered to exchange Dr. Henri S. Beland, former postmaster-general of Canada, for Captain Franz von Rintelen. Beland was captured at the fall of Antwerp. Captain von Rintelen was captured while en route from the United States to Holland. What interests about this piece of news is the implication it carries of the importance of Captain von Rintelen and of the esteem in which he is held high up in the German Government. I am wondering whether this news will be verified or whether before what I am writing appears in print, Berlin will make official denial of the report. For it seems to me to be a matter of tremendous importance. I so regard it because in a way it tends to establish the status of a man who was behind the biggest plot that anybody has attempted to pull off in this country since the outbreak of the war.

When I first heard of Captain von Rintelen it was in connection with the plot to finance a revolution in Mexico. This was the plot that Huerta was on his way to execute when arrested by the federal authorities. The object was obvious enough. With Huerta at the head of an army well equipped and heavily financed President Wilson would have to quit watching and waiting. The United States would be embroiled at once, and we should be in need of munitions, and an embargo would be placed on munitions manufactured for the Allies.

The federal authorities are said to have abundant evidence of the plot and the purpose of the plotters. They have evidence that the money for the big project passed through the hands of Captain von Rintelen. They have traced nearly a million dollars subject to von Rintelen's check, and they have been told that he had thirty millions to spend in furtherance of the revolution. Naturally there has been a profound curiosity respecting von Rintelen and his connections. It has been said that he was an agent not of a propaganda, but of the German government itself, and that in private life before the war he was an intimate friend of the Kaiser. But on this point we have had only vague rumors. For these we are indebted to the Captain himself, who is quite a sport and a lover of the night life. When in his cups in New York he used to talk of Berlin and of the Kaiser, and he was taken at his word. But now comes the report that to get the Captain back to Berlin the government is willing to surrender the former postmaster-general of Canada.

Rintelen is no stranger in this country. He came hither in 1896 to prepare, it is said, for the kind of work that he did in the four or five months he resided here this year. He was then about 25 years of age. He was one of the "big six" who had been selected by Admiral von Tirpitz as youngsters because of their promise to develop into brilliant men and serviceable. He visited this country again at the time of the Moroccan crisis when France and Germany appeared to be on the verge of war. He is remembered by men who met him at a big prviate entertainment given by a New York banker on which occasion Nordica and Kubelik were present. Rintelen attracted attention because of his dashing manner and the facility with which he spoke English, French, German and Russian.

Thus far it has been presumed that all the war conspiracies from which Americans have suffered were designed and prosecuted by individuals. It is even presumed that Captain von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed, who have been recalled on account of their activities, merely acted indiscreetly and not on official orders. But we appear to be getting to a point where there will be no stretching of international courtesy. Surely something of a crisis will be imminent if the status of von Rintelen be established beyond peradventure. Even in the von Papen and Boy-Ed case the State Department has implied that it has not unbounded faith in Berlin, for the explanation of the refusal to tell why the recall of the two officers was requested was that criminal proceedings were to be brought against persons with whom those officers have been in communication. And though safe conduct was asked of the Allies for the recalled officers, it is said to be unlikely that safe conduct will be asked for their successors. Already the Allies have intimated that they will not grant safe conduct for successors as they object to affording Germany the means of carrying on the activities of the men who have been recalled.

What finally is to be done if it becomes clear that the men who have been blowing up munition works and destroying life in this country are really the agents of Germany doing the bidding of Berlin remains to be seen. The whole matter is now in the hands of Congress, and a committee of Congress is investigating the charges made by the President in his message. To that committee a great mass of evidence has been turned over by United States District Attorney Marshall of New York.

The Santa Anita Rancho

By Robert McTavish

Anita M. Baldwin, the younger daughter of the late Elias Jackson ("Lucky") Baldwin, is preeminently a woman of sentiment. Her vast wealth has been dedicated during the past few years to the perpetuation of the great enterprises launched by her father and dear to her on account of the sentimental consideration that they were exceedingly dear to him. Her father was passionately devoted to the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds. That fact sufficed to commend the noble thoroughbred to Anita Baldwin's tender regard, and in the recent years when racing was an abolished and tabooed sport in California with no prospect of the revival which we have recently witnessed, she nevertheless continued the upkeep and sought the improvement of the stables for which her father was famous throughout the world. The same beautiful sentiment of daughterly affection has been evidenced in Anita Baldwin's vigorous prosecution of her father's other projects. When we learned not long ago that her architects had drawn plans for a magnificent resort hotel at Tallac on Lake Tahoe, we were not surprised. Tallac had been one of the pet objects of her father's attention; it was considered the most natural thing imaginable that the daughter should have inherited his interest in it. To perpetuate the enterprises of her father is, with Anita M. Baldwin, to perpetuate and honor his memory. No higher motive could be adduced.

Sentiment reigns supreme at the Santa Anita Rancho where Anita Baldwin lives. This magnificent country estate was the apple of her father's eye; it has a central place in her heart. Under her loving care and expert management it has received many improvements; they are all monuments erected to the memory of Elias J. Baldwin by a loving daughter.

Of all the great principalities of Southern California none was superior in extent and none equal in fertility and natural advantages to the Santa Anita Rancho. When it was acquired by E. J. Baldwin in 1873, it comprised those wonderful lands in the beatuiful San Gabriel Valley extending from the Sierra Madres to the Puente Hills at Whittier and from a line just west of the present town of Lamanda Park eastward to the Merced Hills. Several flourishing cities have since risen on portions of that princely domain.

In its present form as owned and managed by Anita Baldwin the Rancho consists of thousands of acres of highly cultivated and superbly improved land lying five miles from Pasadena, fourteen from Los Angeles and twenty-eight from the renowned beaches of Southern California. To the visitor with an eye for the peculiarities of landscape the Rancho is distinguished as possessing the only oaks to be found between the far south of California and the Santa Clara Valley. These oaks are splendid specimens, most of them counting their age in centuries, and they lend to this favored section of the San Gabriel Valley a particular charm. But for the breeder the Rancho takes its principal interest from the world-renowned horses, cattle, dogs, pigs, etc., produced there. For the orchardist its importance lies in its citrus and deciduous fruits. For the farmer the quality of its alfalfa, its corn and other crops is of prime importance. And the viticulturist is of course attracted by its grapes and its wines. So it goes without saying that the Santa Anita Rancho makes a wide appeal.

There is only one stock farm in the world which can boast that it has produced four American Derby winners, and that is the stock farm of the Santa Anita Rancho. The American Derby, now abolished, was a race for three-year-olds and was run at Washington Park, Chicago. The distance was one and one-half miles, and the winner was adjudged the best American three-year-old for that year. Four Baldwin horses captured this great stake.

Volante captured it in 1885, the purse being $9570 and the time 2:49½; the track was muddy. Silver Cloud was the winner the next year, taking the purse of $8160 in 2:37¼. Emperor of Norfolk two years later captured the prize in 2:40½; the purse totaling $14,340. Rey el Santa Anita, the only one of the winners now living, won in 1894 in 2:36, the purse being $19,750.

Rey el Santa Anita was foaled in 1891, his sire being Imp. Cheviot, and his dam Alaho. Besides being an American Derby winner, Rey el Santa Anita captured the Broadway Stakes in New York in 1905, and also won several leading purses at Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Little Rock and a number of other prominent tracks. In 1907 he was shipped abroad, being leased to Richard Croker, who took him to England. There Rey el Santa Anita attracted wide attention, both as a leading race horse of the day and a famous sire.

This noble horse, as was most fitting, was paraded at the Exposition race track on Saturday, August 21 of this year, the day which witnessed the revival of racing in California under the auspices of the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association. He headed a parade of a dozen mares and yearlings and some magnificent Arabians. Among the thoroughbreds were Reina de Los Angeles, Norito, Reina de Santa Anita and Adalid; among the Arabians were Mahruss, Nedjme, Nejdrez, Shiroon and Cibolo. They were all from Anita Baldwin's stables. It is needless to say that they were greeted with tremendous applause by the assembled racegoers.

Mrs. Baldwin has the greatest collection of Arabians in America. Her stud is headed by the aforementioned Mahruss. This magnificent chestnut was presented by the Shah of Persia to the late Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist. He was secured by Mrs. Baldwin from Richard Walton Tully, the playwright. He is the greatest Arabian in the world.

In Percherons, too, the Rancho is in a fair way to pre-eminence. The head of the stud is Jusque, known as the king of draft horses. He is one of the best Percherons ever permitted to leave France.

It is needless to say that Mrs. Baldwin's horses have won innumerable prizes at Expositions and shows.

The Rancho boasts nearly 500 head of pure bred Holstein-Friesian cattle. It is Mrs. Baldwin's ambition to maintain the best dairy ranch in the Southland. The piggery is one of the best in America. It is composed of pure bred Poland-Chinas and at its head is Santa Anita Chief, one of the best bred boars in America. The Rancho's collection of jacks and jennets from the Bluegrass region of Kentucky is headed by King Bersheba, who won the two-year-old championship at Lexington in 1914, and the grand championship for jacks of all ages the same year at Perryville, Kentucky.

The fame of the Anoakia Kennels at the Santa Anita Rancho is known to dog fanciers throughout the country. In Airedales, Russian wolfhounds and English bulldogs its possessions are superb. These dogs, as becomes such consistent prize-winners, are housed luxuriously, each dog having separate quarters and a large runway.

The grapes, wines and brandies of the Rancho have been celebrated for more than a generation. Honors, medals and prizes of all sorts have been awarded the products of the winery from the Centennial in 1876 to our own World's Fair this year. There are 140 acres given over to the vineyard, and the menace of prohibition is not sufficiently alarming to stay Mrs. Baldwin's plans of enlargement.

The Rancho has 170 acres of oranges, the

(Continued on Page 28.)

REY EL SANTA ANITA

The king of the Rancho Santa Anita stables, and the only living winner of the great American derby

Poems About San Franciscans

VII—TO XAVIER MARTINEZ

By George Sterling

(Xavier Martinez lives in Piedmont nowadays, but he is still a San Franciscan, as much imbued with the spirit of the city as when he was one of the Coppa coterie. Martinez paints across the bay, but he exhibits here—at the Bohemian Club, in the Park Museum. He is one of our best painters. George Sterling wrote this sonnet for The Lantern, and the editors have allowed its republication in this series.)

Poet, whose song leaves nothing more to say
  Except the mystery beyond all song,
  To thee that light and sight of Art belong
Which, searching Nature with a crystal ray,
Reveal in iris the rejected clay.
  Visions august have made thy heart too strong
  To need the fleeting plaudits of the throng,
And thou hast seen the choral stars by day.

Thy touch transmutes all things to loveliness—
  A solemn beauty, delicate and strange,
A secret that we love too well to guess.
    The goddess lingers long above thy dreams,
  Hearing beyond this world of death and change
    The lyres that glimmer by immortal streams.

The Spectator

The Clockwinder in Poetic Mood

"Dear old Nineteen-Fifteen, now that thou'rt about to shuffle off this mortal coil mine eye is big with tears." It was thus the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was expressing himself as the Mayor's secretary, Mr. Rainey, entered the pendulum room. The clockwinder was standing at a window looking down on Market street.

"What are you talking about?" Mr. Rainey asked. The clockwinder was startled.

"I was talking about the year," he said. "It's going, you know. It will be gone soon. I was thinking of writing a poem on it, but I saw Dr. Taylor walking along down below and that settled it. I'm afraid I might write a taylor."

"What's a taylor?"

"A taylor is a piece of prose done in rhyme with whiskers on it."

"If you wrote a poem on nineteen-fifteen would it be grave or gay?" Rainey asked.

"It would be a little of both. I'd sing the Exposition in lyrical lines and quickstep tempo, and the rest I'd put in the form of a dolorous threnody."

"What do you mean about the rest?"

The clockwinder soberly meditated before answering. "I think the rest means municipal politics."

"Let's talk about something pleasant," Rainey suggested, and he offered the clockwinder a cigar to put him in good humor.

The Clockwinder Approves

"All right," said the clockwinder after lighting the cigar. "Let's talk about the victory of the United Railroads. Now that the Fair is over Justice is wearing a plaster on her backbone. I suppose the corporation will get what's coming to it."

Mr. Rainey frowned.

"By the way," said the clockwinder, "I see we are going to buy all the street railroads."

"Who told you so?"

"A little bird."

"Are you in favor of buying the roads?"

"Sure, I am. I'm for organized labor, ain't I? Three dollars a day and eight hours look good to the boys. But we'll have to rush it before the dear peep find out what's doing on Geary street since the Exposition. We'll have to promise to make enough money out of the railroads to pay all the cost of Hetch-Hetchy. You're with us, ain't you?"

"I haven't given the subject much thought," said Mr. Rainey.

"Well, you better get busy. If you don't the United Railroads will quit running the cars. They can't stand the gaff any longer. Even President Lilienthal is disgusted, and you know he took the job to conciliate everybody—even the railroad commission."

At the Far End of the Tunnel

Secretary Rainey appeared to be studiously reticent.

"Of course," said the clockwinder, "I suppose it will be tough on Spring Valley to bewilder the voters with this new municipal ownership enterprise."

"I'm afraid so," said Rainey.

"I thought so," said the clockwinder. "Safety first."

"What do you mean?"

"By the way," said the clockwinder, ignoring the question, "I was out at Ingleside the other day, and I found that by standing right in the centre of the Lake Merced property I could look right into the westerly end of the Twin Peaks tunnel."

The clockwinder paused, and Mr. Rainey puffed his cigar in silence. The clockwinder rattled on. "That tunnel is going to pretty nearly double the value of Spring Valley property out there in the fog belt."

"Do you think so?"

"But I don't see that it's helped my property any though I'm in the assessment district. Say, do you know on what principle, or system or theory, or hypothesis that assessment district was laid out?"

"No, I don't."

"I think your ignorance is excusable. I've asked a hundred men who ought to know, but they don't. But I met one fellow who guessed that personality counted a lot. He said that who ever laid out the district took particular care to see that nobody close up to the Administration should be included and that he had to do some wonderful zig-zagging to follow instructions. Have they found the map of the district?"

"I didn't know it was lost," said Rainey.

"It was mislaid during the municipal campaign."

Mr. Rainey started to take his leave.

"I see," said the clockwinder, "that the city is building a railroad into Hetch-Hetchy, and I hear that the irrigationists down that way are under the impression that they are going to fall heir to it after the city gets through sinking its money."

"Don't you ever get any pleasant news?" Rainey asked, and like Pilate, he didn't wait for an answer.

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Judge Graham Sustained

It is not wrong for a judge to express an earnest desire to see justice done. A judge may affirm from the bench that he is in favor of speedy justice in the case of a Home for Aged and Disabled Hebrews, which is one of the heirs of a big estate, without justly incurring the suspicion that he is prejudiced against other claimants. These propositions appear to be elemental, but several attorneys, Matt I. Sullivan among them, thought otherwise, and they went to the Supreme Court with a large stack of printed matter in the hope of inducing the court to disqualify Judge Thomas Graham. They have suffered a grievous disappointment. The case grew out of a contest over the Friedman estate. Julius Friedman died fifteen years ago, leaving an estate that is now valued at over half a million dollars. He bequeathed the bulk of his estate to the Hebrew Home for the Aged and Disabled. Contests were started by several hundred claimants, and the litigation that ensued was pending at the time of the calamity in 1906 when the records were destroyed, the consequence being a delay of several years. In December, 1909, the Hebrew Home petitioned for partial distribution. Nobody questioned the right of the home to partial distribution. As for ten years the home had been unable to get possession of property bequeathed for its benefit there were strong reasons why the partial distribution should be ordered. Judge Graham prepared a decree of distribution after all the attorneys agreed that there should be no objection. Later the executors raised some minor technical objection, and it was then that Judge Graham expressed the hope that there would be no further delay. "I want to see these old people get the benefit of some of this money," he said. "This matter has been duly threshed out, and I have held they are entitled to the money." Finally all agreed to the order, and it was made. At this time the case of certain claimants was pending. Three years later Judge Graham decided against them. Their claims in nowise involved the bequest to the home, but in moving for a new trial they charged Judge Graham with prejudice and bias, and in support of the charge cited the sentiments expressed by him three years before in the special proceeding.

Justice Henshaw's Opinion

The Supreme Court has decided that the charge was groundless. In a long opinion Justice Henshaw points out that when Judge Graham made the order of distribution by consent for the benefit of the Hebrew Home none of the rival claimants to heirship surrendered one penny of what he was fighting for. Justice Henshaw thinks it curious that if the attorneys thought Judge Graham was prejudiced they should have gone on for three years without raising any question or objection. In this connection he says: "Certain it is that the ethics of the profession forbid, if the law does not, that one under such circumstances should be allowed to speculate upon what rulings the court will make, and if the rulings do not happen to be in his favor then to raise the jurisdictional question." Justice Henshaw thinks it quite natural that Judge Graham should have expressed the wish that a beneficiary under a will should receive the money due as soon as possible. The court unanimously agreed that Judge Graham had given no sign of bias or prejudice. In a concurring opinion Judge Shaw says: "The making of the order of partial distribution was so obviously right that the judge was fully justified in suggesting that all should agree to it."

The Mythical Journalist

A journalist writing of a certain newspaper proprietor says:

"The popular opinion of —— —— is a little bewildered, for the proprietor of —— —— and that strange collection of journals which includes —— and the —— ——, —— ——, and the —— ——, although living in our midst, is already something of a myth. A legend has grown up about him. Anecdotes about him are retailed in clubs and public places and places where folk meet to swap yarns. You hear of his caprices, his power, his jealousies, his inventiveness, his cynicism, his generosity, his mercilessness, his weakness, and his greatness. People whisper to you that his health is breaking up or his wealth breaking down. They tell you that he is behind this or that movement; that he has made this or that reputation and unmade another; that he likes to be thought like Napoleon; that he boasts of being the author of the —— War; that he heartily despises most of the papers an unkind fate has forced him to publish; that on the whole he is not a great man at all, that in short he is little more than a super-office boy who has become the greatest newspaper proprietor in the world because he has

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learnt the trick of riding to fame and fortune on the shoulders of his employees."

Perhaps you think the subject of the foregoing observation is none other than our gallant native son, the Hon. William R. Hearst. For "Our Bill," publisher and author of the Spanish War, resembles Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the Times, the Daily Mail and other London papers. It was of Lord Northcliffe that Holbrook Jackson was writing when he wrote the paragraph I have quoted.

Seen Through Other Eyes

Holbrook Jackson tells us that Northcliffe has been introduced, more or less mythologically, in books and plays. He quotes from them, and reading the quotations one finds that the resemblance to Hearst grows stronger. For instance, he is described in one book as the product of our age that "delights in the man who will advertise himself in twelve-foot letters," an age in which "you may espouse one cause today and another tomorrow, one cause here and another there: it does not matter so long as you do it with effrontery and success."

At present Northcliffe and Hearst resemble each other in this—that both are now striving to regain the subscribers they have lost since the outbreak of the war. Northcliffe lost subscribers by attacking the idol of the people, Lord Kitchener. Hearst lost subscribers by making his papers the organs of the German propaganda which had for its object an embargo on munitions. Hearst was a great enthusiast in that cause. It will be remembered that he started from New Orleans for New York with a loud shriek to do something big for the propaganda. At present he is exhibiting French war pictures to prove that he is neutral, and he isn't making good on the other end at all. I hope the pro-German propagandists are not satisfied with his assaults on the President, for in Hearst's case attacking Wilson is a labor of love.

The Death of "Towsy"

Frank Unger was so inseparably connected with the beautifully plaintive song of "Towsy Mongaley" that many thought he wrote it. He did not write it but he inspired it. He could not enter a cafe without having his ears greeted by the familiar strains, and many of his friends called him nothing but "Towsy." And now "Towsy" is no more, having passed away peacefully at the Adler after an illness of some weeks. For some time his friends had noted with misgiving that he was growing feebler every day, and that what he called laughingly his "crockery legs" were yielding him more and more uncertain support. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Frank Unger began to droop the day his lifelong friend Raphael Weill left the Bohemian Club. The affection these two bore each other was tender and strong, and when Weill concluded that a point of honor forbade his staying in the Bohemian his withdrawal left Frank Unger more lonely than he had ever been. Another of his oldtime friends, Willard Barton, has been too ill for much companionship for a long time. These things told on Frank Unger's gentle, sensitive nature. Not that he was alone. Was there ever a man of our town who had so many friends? Young and old were drawn to him alike; but the severing of the very old ties hit him hard.

A World Traveler

I think Frank Unger made the circuit of the world seven times. He had friends in every capital, and his adventures would fill a book. And what a fascinating book it would be! It was during a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean that "Towsy Mongaley" was written. Frank Unger had invented the phrase years before, inspired by the chance hearing of some musical expression of similar sound uttered by a Chinese in our streets. He used it as a greeting and as a toast, and when asked its meaning gravely replied that it meant "Long Life and Happiness." Unger had long life and happiness. Many times I have heard him say in that quiet, smiling way of his, "I've had a bully life." He never wrote his memoirs, more's the pity. Several times Scribner's tried to obtain from him a series of articles on his association with R. L. S., but Frank shrank from the ordeal of publicity. It was he who introduced Stevenson to the Bohemian Club, and it was he, together with his pal Charley Yale, who survives him, that outfitted the Casco for the famous trip to the South Seas. Frank would tell all the details of that outfitting when in the mood for reminiscence, and it is too bad the story dies with him. He was one of those who welcomed Oscar Wilde to San Francisco, and was present at the famous dinner at the Bohemian when Wilde drank his hosts under the table, with one or two exceptions. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a celebrity who has come to San Francisco in Unger's time without meeting and being charmed by him; almost as difficult as to name any celebrities of the first order whom he had not met and drawn to himself in other parts of the world long before they visited San Francisco. There was only one "Towsy," and there never can be another. How he is missed!

In a Street Car

I recognized her when she entered the car as the sweet, hard-working little woman who kept the French pastry shop in our neighborhood. I know the taste of her pastry. It is

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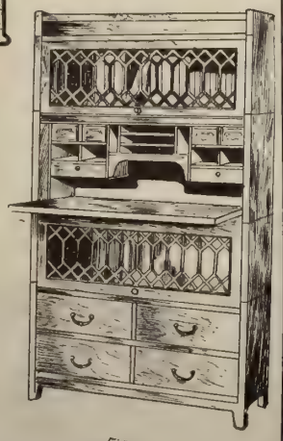

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[illegible] this mother as to her pretty child. After a [illegible] "The Columbia Theatre, can you tell me where it is?"

I gave her the necessary directions for reaching it.

"Was it not there," she said after a pause. "[illegible] years ago?" I said for that it was, and she hesitated for what she knew that she could find the theatre.

"I am so sorry," she said with a smile in her [illegible] voice.

"I wish to see the French war pictures. Maybe I shall see the picture of my husband."

"Your husband is fighting?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur," she answered. "Perhaps there will be pictures of the Vosges and I shall see him. Oh, it is, will there."

The car approached Powell street, and she [illegible] the [illegible] me.

"Come, Jeannette," she said to her little girl, "maybe we shall see papa."

I watched mother and little girl as they walked toward the sidewalk, and I hoped fervently that by some good chance they might see on the screen the face of the great man fighting in the Vosges.

Willis Polk's Plea

I have been reading the speech Willis Polk made to the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors the day the board considered the Davenport resolution relating to the preservation of the Fine Arts Palace. It is a good speech, a breezy, forcible, epigrammatic, eloquent speech. It is a strong plea for the preservation of the Fine Arts Palace in its present position. The plea, he says, will amount to little. "The Midwinter Fair art palace, Bruno Schmitz's De Young, is still standing after twenty-one years. The art palace of the Chicago Fair, despite the snow and ice of twenty-three blizzardly Chicago winters, is still standing. It has been the model and inspiration of the Field Columbian Museum, now building at a cost of more than one million of dollars on the Lake front. Therefore, let us preserve our Palace of Fine Arts as long as possible, six months, six years, or any length of time. Maybe some day it will be much [illegible]. It is [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] by the opening of [illegible] Chicago has [illegible] the Jackson Park, he says. The [illegible] Columbia, located [illegible] by the easiest way, by way of the Lake front. Now Chicago and that railway are spending millions to restore that Lake front to that city and its people. New York didn't [illegible] when the New York Central came down the Hudson river shore line. Now New York and that railroad are spending millions to restore that shore line to that city and to its people. In Washington, the Pennsylvania Railroad spent thirty years in court perfecting title to its terminal privileges on the Mall between the Capitol and the White House—only in the end to cede that land back to our Capital, and thereafter at a cost of millions, establish a new terminal. Thus it restored the plan of Washington and a scar marring the beauty of that city was removed."

His Respects to the Civic Center

Willis Polk concluded his address with a glancing blow at the Civic Center. "Do not let your action result," he said, "in a mistake as great, if not greater than the first act of your official career. I refer, your Honor, to the day of your inauguration four years ago, when you adopted the indefensible plan and the mistaken location of our Civic Center.' This was not the only reference to the Civic Center in the speech. Polk had already paid his respects to the Civic Auditorium. "Your uninspiring Civic Auditorium," he said, "that casts its pall over the future perfection of your Civic Center, and presents its disfiguring back side to one of the finest streets in the world, Market street." I happen to know that Willis Polk feels very strongly on the subject of this Civic Auditorium. Polk says a great mistake was made in having the plans drawn by Galen Howard and the other city architects instead of entrusting this work to the architectural commission of the Fair. "If the Fair architects had done the work," he says, "we'd have a real auditorium." Polk is particularly severe on the failure of the architects in the matter of acoustics. Polk has made a special study of acoustics and is perhaps the greatest authority on the subject in this country. He says there is a large library of works on the subject in German. He says an architect can build an auditorium with good acoustics as surely as he can build one with a waterproof roof. He says there is no hit or miss about the matter. So he says, the echo in the Civic Auditorium is inexcusable. Polk ought to know whereof he speaks on this as on all architectural subjects. Polk, it is said, has built ten per cent of the structures erected here since the fire of 1906, figuring the thing out in dollars and cents; yet I never heard of a single complaint concerning any of his buildings. So he is in an ideal position for a critic. Polk's criticism of the Civic Auditorium, by the way, serves to remind us that our poor city doesn't seem to get the same kind of work done that a private citizen gets for his money. The Twin Peaks reservoir leaked. The Auditorium has an echo. Will the time ever come when San Francisco will be as well served in construction work as a busines corporation is? I should like to hear Willis Polk discourse on this subject.

Their Reversed Positions

William H. Thompson, the veteran actor, was in town a few days ago, having just completed an engagement as a moving picture star at Los Angeles. His case proves that the whirligig of time spins in unexpected gyrations—something which hardly needs proving—and shows how quickly men have become magnates in filmland. A few years ago Thompson toured the Orpheum circuit as a headliner. In his company, which produced a dramatic sketch was a young man by the name of Thomas Ince. Thompson began by paying Thomas Ince forty dollars a week and ended by paying him one hundred and fifty, which indicates that Ince was a good actor. To Ince Thompson was always "the governor." There was a warm affection between them. Well, Thompson went to Los Angeles for an engagement in the movies at a salary of seven hundred and fifty a week. The salary was paid to him by Thomas Ince. The picture Thompson starred in was an Ince picture. For the vaudeville actor has become one of the great men of the movies. With Griffith and Sennet he is a member of the great "Triangle" film corporation. Prosperity has not spoiled Thomas Ince. He still refers to Thompson respectfully as "the governor."

An Unexpected Cake

Thursday, the sixteenth of December, was the birthday of John Morrissey, for many years

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manager of the Orpheum but now retired from active life. He was very much surprised and gratified to receive a great birthday cake, one of Chef Hertzler's masterpieces, with the compliments and good wishes of the management of the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey were permanent guests of the St. Francis for many years before they built their own home across the Bay, but John could not imagine how any of the St. Francis people came to remember the date of his birth. The explanation is simple. Alvah Wilson, assistant manager, has a little book for birthdays. Whenever he hears that such and such a day is so-and-so's birthday he makes a note in his little book. And when the day comes 'round he sends some sort of remembrance on behalf of the hotel. It is one of those things which make a man like Alvah Wilson valuable. There were no candles on the birthday cake sent to Morrissey, but I happen to know how many would have been needed—sixty-two.

Mrs. Mighels' Fairy Tale

How long is it since you've read a fairy story? Years perhaps, if you have no children to read to. No doubt you think you've outgrown fairy tales. I had some such thought when I took up Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels' "Fairy Tale of the White Man" (Pacific Publicaton Company). I thought I was going to read it rather perfunctorily. But very quickly I felt my interest aroused. I was soon absorbed in the tale. I read on and on, and as I read I was delighted, I was touched, I was angry when ill befell and glad when good prevailed. And at the end I drew a breath of deep satisfaction. Everything had been as it should be in a fairy story. There had been a long time since a story had wickedness, innocence and guile. But all the fine men and women in the story had been exalted, and all the mean ones punished. It had been happiness and sorrow, virtue and given me that sort of satisfaction. If you know what I mean, there is a sense of finality in the conclusion of a fairy story which is lacking in all other stories. "And they lived happily for ever afterward" is conclusive only in fairy lore; in fairy lore even it is only conclusive for adults when they read the tale with the faith of childhood. And it is good to put on that faith, if only for a little while. Happy those adults who have not forgotten how to do this!

A Deep Purpose

There is a deep purpose in all great fairy stories. Children miss it; they read only for the story. When they re-read the same tale in mature years they find the deep purpose lying very near the surface, and are surprised that they could ever have missed it. This story of Mrs. Mighels' has a deep purpose. It is a tale written to amuse children of course, and it will amuse them vastly. Read a chapter to your little boy or girl, and see if you are not eagerly entreated to go on and on. But it is also a tale written to inspire us with pride of race. Mrs. Mighels looks out over the world and sees that our white race has inherited the best of the world. She is anxious that the white race should not lose its inheritance or any part of it. She wants the white race to continue forever in the path of its great destiny. And so she wrote this beautiful story. It is indeed a beautiful story, beautiful in its simplicity of plot, in its drawing of character, in its manner of telling. Mrs. Mighels has the story-telling gift—more than that, the fairy-story-telling gift which belonged to Grimm and the great Hans Christian. She writes with a pen dipped in all the primary colors, the gorgeous colors children love. Her descriptions glow like the wonderful colored pictures in our treasured fairy story books. She knows the heart of childhood and speaks right to it without needing an interpreter. Children love Mrs. Mighels, and this book shows us why. If I were a child I should like to have Mrs. Mighels tell me fairy stories. If that were out of the question I should like to have Santa Claus bring me this book for Christmas so that I might read for myself the wonderful adventures of Una Materna, the Queen of the Bright Ones. And it wouldn't surprise me in the least to find my parents enjoying it quite as much as I did, for every wise child picks out parents who love fairy stories.

"Little Bronze Playfellows"

Here is another book that will be enjoyed alike by little ones and grown-ups. "Little Bronze Playfellows" (Paul Elder) is a delightful phantasy by Stella G. S. Perry and is published in brochure, uniform with the little books on the Fair by Bernard Maybeck and Cora Williams which I wrote about recently. The "little bronze playfellows" are the wonderful statues of children in the colonnade of the Fine Arts Palace, those statues which appealed to more people who visited the Exposition (I think) than even "The End of the Trail" appealed to. Stella Perry has a sweet imagination and a light touch with words. She makes the "little bronze playfellows" come to life for one moonlit evening when Pan, at the end of the colonnade blows his pipes. They all play their parts in this pretty phantasy—Pan and his little brother, the Flying Cupid, the Boy with the Fish, the Fighting Boys, Wild Flower, the Duck Baby, the Boy with the Frog, the Baby of the Bird Fountain and the Sun-Dial Boy. I am not going to spoil your enjoyment by summarizing the little tale. As in the case of "The Fairy Tale of the White Man" you will want to enjoy this at first-hand. There are splendid reproductions of all these little bronze statues. That fact alone would make this a book to keep even if the little story were not as delightful as it is. The publication of this brochure reminds us that pretty soon we shall need a bibliography

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of the Exposition, so many excellent books are being written about it. Has anything in San Francisco ever so stimulated our writing folk? I think not.

The Death of Stephen Phillips

The local papers did not chronicle the passing of Stephen Phillips; he was only a poet. Our local papers bother little about poets; about dead poets least of all. And yet Stephen Phillips was worth the space of an obituary. The details of a divorce complaint might have been skimped to give his passing a few lines. Or the list of those present at a dinner-dance might have been omitted to make room for him. He died at Deal the ninth of December, after several months of illness. He was only forty-seven, about the age when a captain of industry "strikes his stride." Yet he had been writing fine poetry for twenty-five years. He began in 1890 with the beautiful "Marpessa" and continued until his last illness overtook him. His last poem was "Force or Faith," and of course it was inspired by the world-war. There is a copy of it before me. It contains a very bitter attack on the Germans. He speculates on the results of German domination:

If these prevail to blacken and to blot,
Let ailing Faith in this wide grave-yard rot!
And Force triumphant, whom no pity bars,
Move now the sun in heaven and all the stars!
Here Satan once from heavenly rampart hurled,
Renews the strife and dares embroil a world!
Roaming unsatisfied he tempts again
Battle eternal on an earthly plain.
He brings a mind unchanged, untaught to yield,
And on his brow the thunder-scar, unhealed!
Behind this horde his legions dispossessed
Murmur with injuries yet unredressed.
Defeated fiends this human warfare wage,
And disinherited Archangels rage.
Better the issue joined, proclaimed the cause,
Than militant, intolerable pause!
Too long the earth hath wavered to and fro;
For ever now into the balance throw
The Lords of Heaven against the Lords of Hell
In irremediable, fierce farewell!
With but one lightning is this thunder rife;
Shall man in Force or Faith discover Life?

Poet and Business Man

Too much a poet to be a successful business man, and too much a business man to be a great poet, is an estimate which has frequently been made of Stephen Phillips, and it finds much verification in the story of his career and in the notes of his personality. While he earned much money with his pen, his total disregard of the most elementary principles of personal economy led him through impecuniosity to the bankruptcy court, after he had become, with his borrowing habits, such a bore that some of his neighbors, notably Kipling, in self-defense practically forbade him their homes. On the other hand, he had the appearance, the air, the manner of a trim, well-groomed, practical man of affairs, immeasurably removed from the traditional "poetic frenzy." He was the son and namesake of a preceptor of Peterborough Cathedral, his mother being a cousin of William Wordsworth. He was born at Somertown, near Oxford, on July 28, 1868. His education was acquired in the Stratford and Peterborough grammar schools and for a year at Queen's College, Cambridge, which he left to become a civil service coach. A year in the civil service was enough to weary him, however, and he then joined the Shakespearean company of his cousin, Frank Benson, and made the round of the British provinces, playing minor parts in a somewhat minor way, though he did once get a curtain call as the Ghost in "Hamlet." During this period he acquired much practical knowledge of stagecraft, which served him well when he became a playwright.

His Plays and Poems

He left the stage to become an army tutor, and spent six years in that occupation, meanwhile writing several small volumes. A volume of "Poems" in 1897 brought him into much public notice through its receiving the first prize of $500 given by "The Academy," of London, for the best book of the year. Then he became a lecturer on the art of poetry, and was hailed by over-zealous admirers as the coming laureate who was to recreate the English poetic drama. George Alexander, the actor and manager, commissioned him to write a play, and the result was "Paolo and Francesca," which was produced with considerable success at the St. James' Theatre in London, in 1901, and which in book form ran through several editions. Phillips' theories and methods accorded more with those of the classic Greek dramas than with those of the Elizabethan or later English writers, and his topics were chiefly of a kind to which such treatment would be appropriate: "Herod" in 1900, "Ulysses" in 1902, "The Sin of David" in 1904, "Nero" in 1906, "The Last Heir" in 1908, "Pietro of Siena" in 1910, "The King" in 1912 and "Iole" in 1913. "Herod" was written for Beerbohm Tree, and was produced by him at Her Majesty's Theatre in London in 1900, and nine years later was brought before the New York public by William Faversham. His first publication was "Marpessa" in 1890, an idyl which was republished in the volume which won "The Acadamy's" prize in 1897. "Eremus" appeared in 1894, and in 1896 his "Christ in Hades" won a generous eulogy from William Watson, though it did not greatly impress the reading public in general. Phillips was married many years ago to Miss May Lidyard, who had acted with him in Benson's company, and made his home in Finsbury.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

That Zone Party

"The guests amused themselves discovering each other in the curious costumes in which they were garbed."

I found that sentence in one of the newspaper accounts of the Zone Party, given at the San Mateo Polo Club last Saturday night. And it gave me something to think about. I am forced to make inferences concerning the success of this Zone Party, because I was not among those present. And I infer that there was no superabundance of amusement at this party, no overplus of mirth. I infer that the guests did not go home when the merrymaking was over with the feeling that they had been filled to overflowing with fun. Why do I say this? Well, just examine that sentence:

"The guests amused themselves discovering each other in the curious costumes in which they were garbed."

I submit that that is a rather unsatisfactory way to amuse oneself at any kind of party except a charade party, and we don't go to charade parties any more. The only really successful masquerade parties are those where strangers are thrown together on terms of equality. The annual Mardi Gras is an example of what I mean, but not a very good one, because at the Mardi Gras the cliques are very self-consciously in evidence. The old masquerade balls at the Art Institute were the perfect example of what I mean. A party like this Zone Party cannot be much of a party unless it has a lot of surprising features, artistic, spectacular, sensational features. But we have it on the authority I have quoted that the fun at the Zone Party consisted in the penetration of disguises.

Were Many Amused?

If the amusement at this party was derived from the discovery by one guest of the identity of another disguised guest, the question naturally arises: Were many of the guests at the Zone Party amused? For a great many of the guests wore no disguises whatever. In fact, very few of the guests were disguised beyond recognition. Among those who were not disguised were Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Fred McNear, Henry T. Scott, Mountford Wilson, Miss Doris Ryer, Mrs. Marion Lord, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Charles Lyman and ever so many others. The list of those who were garbed eccentrically but not disguised is much longer. Among the very few who were in complete disguise were Stanford Gwin, Stewart Lowery and Walter Martin. Are we to suppose that the many guests at this party derived their amusement from penetrating the disguises of these few? In that case the responsibility for amusing the guests rested on a few shoulders. And after these few disguises had been penetrated the amusement, we must infer, was exhausted. Perhaps I am limiting the possibilities of amusement a little too strictly, but at least I am doing it on the authority of a bavarde who is supposed to write with some authority. Her words justify the assumption that after a few minutes devoted to such exclamations as "I know you; you're Stanford Gwin," etc., the guests bored one another to death.

The Trouble With That Set

The trouble with all the big parties undertaken by our country house set is that all the members know one another too well. There isn't a man or woman in that set who doesn't know all about all the others. Thus Mrs. Fred McNear knows all Mrs. Frank Carolan's thoughts, ideas, ideals, habits, etc. Long association has made these people open books to one another. A set like that cannot have real fun at a masquerade. There is no amusement in the disguises, for as a matter of fact the disguises are penetrated right away. I venture to say that though Mrs. Eugene Murphy disguised herself ever so cleverly Mrs. Templeton Crocker could detect her instantly by her walk, the shape of her head or some other personal note. It is hardly too much to say that these people have been feeding on one another so long in the matter of amusement that their appetites are cloyed. What they need is new food. At a big public masquerade it is never a prominent or well known society matron or maid who makes the sensation of the evening; it it some subdebutante or some pretty, vivacious, clever girl from without the ranks of society—in a word, some stranger. In these matters familiarity need not breed contempt, but most emphatically it does not breed amusement.

The Police and the Club de Vingt

The Club de Vingt, Bob Hanford's terpsichorean promotion, did not open, as scheduled, on Thursday, the sixteenth. The newspapers explained rather vaguely that police regulations had proved an obstacle. But this cannot be correct. When Bob Hanford conceived the project of converting his beautiful home on "Affinity Hill" into a swagger dancing club with an impressive French name, he went to police headquarters and inquired about a liquor license. He was informed that formal application for a liquor license would not be necessary for such a club as he contemplated. He was instructed that if the club was properly incorporated and had a legitimate membership list it could go ahead and dispense liquid cheer on the same terms as the Pacific-Union, the Francisca or any other club. Nor would such a club need the license required by an ordinary dance hall, since it was in no sense an ordinary dance hall. These things being made clear, Bob Hanford went ahead with the organization of the Club de Vingt and there was no interference on the part

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of the police. The trouble which prevented the Club de Vingt from opening on schedule must be sought for elsewhere.

The Olympians and Their Big Show

Once more the Olympic Club has put a small fortune into the depleted treasury of the Associated Charities, making it possible for that institution to continue its benevolent work for at least another year. My congratulations to President William F. Humphrey, the chief of Olympians, whose enthusiasm inspired the members of the club, whose genius for organization and executive ability made the minstrel performance at once a pecuniary and artistic success. Aside from the object to which they have been dedicated such performances as the Olympians give are very welcome at this time of the year, for they are redolent of the holiday season and there is in them that certain zest which has been lacking since the old Tivoli went out of business. If they are amateur performances, they are not at all amateurish in quality. The Olympic Club abounds in talent for entertainment, and the performances given at the Valencia Theatre were characterized by a smartness and finish such as we look for only in professional companies of long experience. After the performance on Saturday night it seemed as though the audience adjourned as a unit to the supper dansant at the St. Francis which was like one big family affair with Mine Host Woods and his staff keeping the glow of hospitality at the right temperature. Wealth and fashion were there in abundance, and there were many box parties and many beautiful gowns, and the air was a-throb with the quiver of gaiety and music.

A Puritan on Mrs. Wilson's Clothes

Nothing relating to President Wilson's marriage interested the women of the country as much as the published accounts of the bride's trousseau. The women "ate up" all the items thereto appertaining. Men as a rule skipped all that news. Men are never interested in a trousseau except when the bill comes in; so the trousseau of the President's bride interested them not at all. It is noteworthy that there was one exception to this masculine indifference. He is a New York Puritan rejoicing in the name of the Rev. Bouck White and he preaches his drab gospel from the pulpit of the Church of the Social Revolution at Forty-second and Sixth avenue, just a short distance from the gayest section of New York's great white way. Bouck read all about the trousseau and it threw him into a religious fit of the conniption variety. Whenever Bouck throws a fit the congregaton that is happy in his ministrations dutifully follows suit. On this momentous occasion the congregation heard Bouck preach on "Mrs. Galt's Trousseau in a Catastrophic Era." To hear was to act, so they despatched a message to the President in which they raised ructions about his bride's clothes, thereby showing themselves possessed of such courage as no bridegroom would dream of asserting. Bouck and his followers told the President that his bride was luring the women of America into extravagance by her example. They delicately pointed out that Mrs. Galt's finery had been "pilfered out of the tired finger tips of operatives." Bouck went further. He blamed the President for "putting his personal happiness before the needs of his country." But the main complaint was concerning the trousseau.

They Wear Homespun

Bouck and his congregation have been wearing homespun smocks as a protest against the war. As there is nothing lowlier than a homespun smock they cannot express their protest against the President's bride sartorially, but they are terribly agitated inwardly. They back Bouck when he asks whether the new Mrs. Wilson is the proper person to set an example for the women of America. They see eye to eye with him when he depicts poor women ruining their husbands in the mad effort to accumulate clothes like those in the trousseau of the President's wealthy bride. And they indorse Bouck when he says that "cherchez la femme" is the cause of industrial unrest. It may be they don't know what "cherchez la femme" means. It is more than likely that Bouck doesn't know what it means, judging by the manner in which he uses the phrase. But what of that? The point is that these Puritans around the corner from Broadway are terrifically in earnest and that they take themselves very seriously. I don't suppose their protest reached the President if Joe Tumulty saw it first. It was a bit of impertinence of course. And yet—and yet—Is there so much difference between Bouck and his fanatic followers and some of the Puritans President Wilson and his followers take very seriously?

A Pretty Tea

Miss Dorothy Soule was hostess at a very pretty tea at the Hotel Oakland on Tuesday afternoon. The decorations were violets and roses. The guests were: Miss Ruth Beadel, Miss Florence McCarthy, Miss Dorothy Warren, Miss Pauline Adams, Miss Francis Garrett, Mrs. Philip Plummer, Miss Charlotte Culver, Miss Mildred Mallon, Mrs. Lawrence Lynch, Miss Amy Whitney and Mrs. Walter Wilson.

Christmas at the Cecil

Santa Claus is planning to visit the Cecil on Christmas Eve where a royal reception will be accorded him. There will be a large tree in "The Lounge," gaily decorated with glittering ornaments, and Christmas tinsel. "Santa's pack"

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will be filled with gifts for the different guests, and the gathering will be a merry one. Later in the evening most of the guests will participate in the bridge party that is being arranged by the management. A special dinner will be given on Christmas Day at the Cecil and Somerton, which will be followed by a dance in the ballroom of the latter hotel. Major and Mrs. J. Koester, of the U. S. army, will be hosts at a dinner Christmas Day at the Cecil. The function will take place in the private dining room and the decorations will be appropriate to the holiday season. Mrs. Edward McClernand, wife of General McClernand, gave a delightful bridge party Monday. Three tables were in play and the following guests were present: Henry Clisp Pratt, Ralph Harrison, Kenyon Joyce, Sue Merriman, Lloyd Brett, Charles Graff, Miss Gertrude Wallace. Captain S. R. Calhoun (retired), of the U. S. avy, is stopping at the Cecil. Miss Nancy Patterson, of Los Gatos, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGuire and Miss Dorothy McGuire. Robert Rathbun, the son of Mrs. Porter Ashe, is the guest of the Porter Ashes at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Breeden, a social leader of Los Angeles, entertained with twelve covers at dinner Monday. Charles Walker, a millionaire of Salt Lake, joined his wife and mother-in-law Wednesday afternoon and will spend the Christmas holidays with them.

At the Somerton

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holstrom complimented ten of their friends at dinner Monday evening. The Holstroms are from Chicago. Frank Pothast, a popular clubman of New York, gave a dinner dance Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. John Dobson motored from their home in Santa Barbara and are guests. Dr. and Mrs. L. R. Haskill, of St. Paul, were hosts at a delightful luncheon Tuesday. Among recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kendall, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Highler, of Detroit. A cordial welcome is being accorded Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Carey, of Seattle, by their San Francisco friends.

California Champagne for Holidays

Following in the footsteps of San Francisco's wealthiest families, all of our leading hotels and restaurants have been putting in extra large stocks of Paul Masson champagne, vintage of 1908, and Cresta Blanca wines. I was told a few days ago by one of this city's most popular restaurateurs. "Since the public is no longer drinking the French wines," he pointed out to me, "all our customers seem determined to get the best of the California products. For many months now the homes of our elite have been stocked with Paul Masson for all occasions, and the guests of our smart set have learned that to drink this champagne is the proper thing to do. From this practice it has followed that all of San Francisco's best cafes have felt a big increase in the demand for these wines." This seems to be the opinion held generally by all the managers of the larger cafes, and unless these men miss their guess by a big margin Paul Masson will loom up on many a dinner table at both Christmas and New Year's Eve celebrations. In fact, it seems certain that all records for being present at a large number of dinners will be broken by Paul Masson.

Techau's Air of Refinement

Of all the places where dancing is enjoyed by the elite of the dancing public there is none so delightful as Techau Tavern. There one is always sure to find that atmosphere of refinement and respectability for which this cafe is noted. The Candy Dances, each evening, are extremely popular as each lady receives a costly souvenir consisting of a beautiful fancy box or basket of Lyons' Perfection California Glacé Fruits. At the Cigarette Dances the gentlemen are remembered with a large box of Pall Mall cigarettes.

THE CABARET DANCER

Breathe not the word Tomorrow in her ears.
Tomorrow is for men who send their ships
Over the sea to moor at alien slips;
For dreamers, dawdlers, martyrs, pioneers,
Not for this golden mote. To her appears
No hovering dark that prophesies eclipse,
Grace of the swallow in the swaying hips,
Heart of the swallow, knowing not the years!

Breathe not a word of beauty that shall fade,
Of lagging steps, of bare and lonely sorrow
On roads that other dancing feet have found
Beyond the grove where life with laughter played.
Breathe not a word of that grim land To morrow,
Lest she should quake to ashes at the sound.

—Herman Hagedorn.

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WHY?

Gossip of the Theatre

Opening of the Symphony Season

We are now in the fifth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and the indications are that the storms incidental to orchestra enterprise have been weathered. The opening of the fifth season was marked by a spirit of earnestness in both listeners and performers that augurs well for the alliance of Mr. Alfred Hertz with the bandsmen organized by his predecessor. This alliance tempts the spirit of prophecy, for the orchestra is composed of really fine musicians, Mr. Hertz is a masterful personality with a wide experience, and one feels that here is a combination that with encouragement will establish a kind of tradition and something of the delightful atmosphere which one must be steeped in to enjoy music to the full. I thought I sensed a touch of this atmosphere on Friday, so earnest were Mr. Hertz and his men, so hushed, so rapt and so full of gladness was the audience. In the very first number, the Leonore Overture (No. 3), one perceived that perfect coherence and understanding between band and conductor which is one of the first necessities of first-rate orchestral work. The overture, I believe, is one of Mr. Hertz's favorites. It was played with precision and polish and with an understanding of its emotional depths. The symphony was Brahms No. 2, D Major. In this performance there was a perfect balance and beautiful vitality and roundness of tone. The Wagner Faust Overture was played with majesty and restraint, and the program closed with a charming rendition of the Roman Carnival of Berlioz. The very last was our national anthem. Poor Mr. Hertz! I'm sure, on that unfortunate day of his introduction to us he only meant to rebuke the restless persons who were making an exodus out into the sunshine. He'll have other occasions to rebuke San Francisco audiences for that, so many there are among music lovers who shortly after their arrival at our symphonies seem to have pressing engagements elsewhere.

—H. M. B.

The Road Show

To be all alone and a headliner at the Orphem this week is to enjoy something of distinction; for the Road Show is in possession of the house, and the quality of entertainment to be had there is not of the ordinary brand. There is, for instance, a vocalist on the bill who is not of the music-hall variety, a soprano with a voice of very pleasing mezzo quality, who sings with considerable art. She is Mme. Donald-Ayer of the Boston Grand Opera Company. There is a one-act play on the bill, the kind of one-act play we are vouchsafed at rare intervals in vaudeville; that is to say, a genuine little comedy. Moreover we have this play presented to us by a first-class company at the head of which is Mary Shaw, one of the best actresses on the American stage. At the foot of the cast is Ida Mulle, but you would never recognize her... Fancy Ida Mulle in the role of a bone-headed German servant girl, weighing, I should say offhand, not under one hundred and eighty-five pounds! But maybe you don't remember Ida Mulle—dainty, petite, Ida Mulle of the days of the Henderson extravaganza company. It seemed to me that she had attained her full development in those day when she wore tights and many evanescent graces. She was so tiny that the man with the bass horn might have blown her off the stage. Now she occupies almost as many cubic feet as May Irwin. Among the other Orpheum stars this week is Roshanara. Being "the royal dancer of India," according to the veracious program, Roshanara contributes an exotic flavor to the bill. To watch her is a delight because her every movement and posture was learnedly conceived, I fancy, in accordance with certain elaborate traditions of beauty. Though her evolutions have little meaning for us they are picturesque and thrilling. They do not illustrate any emotions for us, do not remind us of anything that might be seen outside India, do but enthuse us according to each one's temperament. As to her arm movements which are very elaborate and doubtless abundantly symbolical, some are the negation of grace, but esthetic judgments can never be absolute, and beauty is a matter of fashion, local fashion, and Roshanara is from India, and I am of San Francisco. Hers is the dancing of an ancient civilization, and is of course highly interesting to all who have a taste for whatever is archaeological. Roshanara is not so easily understood as Stuart Barnes, a comedian, whose eloquent silences are not the least part of his entertainment. Now it is among such folk as these I have mentioned that Anna Held enjoys the headliner distinction. Heretofore we have seen Anna Held against a background of feminine pulchritude. In musical comedy she had many adventitious aids. At the Orpheum she has none. There is only the Anna Held personality, and it carries over the footlights and up into the gallery. Anna Held has that imponderable quality called magnetism; she has technique, she has art and she has a way with her, not to mention the gift of adornment. And so she wins her way into the hearts of her audience. I find I was almost forgetting the Crisps. The Crisps are a team, as they say in vaudeville, and they dance. Their dance is as exotic as Roshanara's, but it is very modern.

—T. F. B.

"Nearly Married," at Alcazar

For New Year's week at the Alcazar, Bert Lytell, Evelyn Vaughan and their fine company offer for the first time here Edgar Selwyn's merry farce, "Nearly Married." "Nearly Married" is one of those irresistible farces that begin with a laugh and end with a scream. It is good, clean, innocent fun from the rise of the first curtain to the fall of the last. It comes to the Alcazar fresh from triumphs in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. There will be a holiday matinee on New Year's Day. Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan will be admirably fitted with the leading roles and E. D.

ANNA HELD

Who will begin the last week of her engagement at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee

Hales, Alexis Luce, Phillips Tead, Henry Shumer, William Amsdell, Jane Darwell, Margaret Armstrong and the others of the cast will be seen to the best advantage. Addison Pitt has prepared a splendid production.

De Gogorza Coming

Manager Will Greenaum's first attraction for the new year will be Emilio De Gogorza, the famous Spanish baritone. He is equally at home in German, French, English, Italian and Spanish song literature and sings his operatic numbers as if he had trodden the boards for years whereas he has steadfastly refused the most tempting offers to appear in opera. In addition to two programs in San Francisco, De Gogorza will appear at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

Emmy Destinn in Demand

At the end of last season at the Metropolitan, the management adopted a policy of retrenchment and decided to do without Emmy Destinn, the Bohemian soprano. This season her roles were divided between three new artists, but the New York public would not accept them. Even when Caruso sang the people clamored for Destinn. In the meantime Mme. Destinn had signed for twelve guest appearances with the Chicago Opera and for a tour of sixty concerts for which she was guaranteed ninety thousand dollars. Last week Gatti-Cassaza sent for her representative, acknowledged his mistake and engaged the singer for every open date on her calendar besides paying her a handsome bonus to cancel a portion of her concert tour. The engagement with Will Greenbaum stands and the diva will pay a flying visit to California in February, singing only five concerts, two in San Francisco and one in Oakland. Her opening at the Metropolitan was last Monday night when she created a furore as Elsa in "Lohengrin."

S. F. Quintet Club

The San Francisco Quintet Club, our leading chamber music organization, announces a second series of three exceptional programs to be given in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis on Thursday nights, January 6 and 20 and February 10. Many works will be given for the first time in this city. The price of a season ticket is only one dollar, the organization being maintained by E. M. Hecht and managed by Will Greenbaum without thought of financial gain. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

Margaret Illington in "The Lie"

It is extremely doubtful if there is an actress who enjoys greater popularity than Margaret Illington who opens her engagement at the Cort on Sunday night in Henry Arthur Jones' big dramatic success "The Lie." All last season Miss Illington presented this play in New York, and in it is said to have scored the most brilliant triumph of her career. The dominant characteristics of her performance are said to be intensity, naturalness and surety of touch. Miss Illington is supported by an excellent company which includes C. Aubrey Smith, G. W. Anson, Richard Hatteras, Mercedes Desmore, Bertha Kent, Virginia Chauvenet, Elsie Marder, Thomas O'Malley and that delightful child actress, little Mildred Kahle. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Daddy Long Legs" at Columbia

When "Daddy Long Legs" comes to the Columbia next Sunday night for an engagement limited to two weeks, playgoers will again see the fascinating comedy by Jean Webster that has broken theatrical records in New York, Chicago and San Francisco and which is today the reigning success on the American stage. "Daddy Long Legs" was first a serial in one of the popular magazines, then a "best-seller" among books. When Henry Miller saw in it great material for a play and had its author dramatize the charming romance, it became the greatest comedy hit in twenty years. Its success in Chicago when an original booking for three weeks lengthened into a six months' run, was followed by its triumph in New York where it remained for a year. More than six million readers were delighted by the book and nearly half a million playgoers have enjoyed the stage story of a modern Cinderella whose dreams came true. "Daddy Long Legs" will be played here by one of the finest acting organizations Henry Miller has ever assembled. The big cast will include Renee Kelly who was seen here in the role of Judy in last season's production of the play.

The Symphony Orchestra

In giving two concerts without change of program on Friday and Sunday afternoons of last week at the Cort to practically sold out houses, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, accomplished what is thought to be a record for symphony concerts here. The Musical Association, which maintains the Symphony, anticipates that the gratifying results of the first pair of concerts will not only be equalled but exceeded at the second pair to be given at the Cort on Friday afternoon, January 7, at three o'clock sharp, and Sunday afternoon, January 9, at two thirty o'clock. Seats for both concerts are on sale now at the usual places. The beautiful, balanced program for the concerts of January 7 and 9 includes "The Peri" (Danced Poem) by Paul Dukas which will be played for the first time in America, the British Folk-Music Settings of Percy Grainger and the "Scheherazade" Symphonic Suite of Rimsky-Korsakow. This symphonic suite is an attempt to translate into the universal language of music four of the Arabian Nights. The British Folk-Music Settings of Percy Aldridge Grainger are under the following titles: (a) My Love is to the Green Wood Gone, (b) Molly on the Shore, (c) Irish Tune from County Derry, (d) Shepherd's Hey. "The Peri" (Danced Poem) of the great Dukas which will be played for the first time in America, has a score of great beauty, worthy of the master-mind which also conceived the musical translation of Goethe's "Apprentice-Sorcerer." The score is a difficult one.

Second Edition Orpheum Road Show

Anna Held will begin the last week of her engagement at the Sunday matinee and will introduce a new program of songs. Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson, a standard team in the field of light entertainment, will present their "Revue of Revues." Mr. McWatters is a fine pianist and a clever character actor, and Miss Tyson in addition to being one of the best mimics on the stage is a comedienne of rare talent and magnetism. Their "Revue of Revues" consists of songs, chatter, dance and

MARGARET ILLINGTON

The distinguished emotional actress in her biggest dramatic success "The Lie" at the Cort

travesty and other hits which they scored in their musical comedies. Freeman and Dunham style themselves manufacturers and distributors of ragtime. The syncopated melodies which they sing are the compositions of Dunham and are said to be the raggiest rags that have yet been ragged. The two young men created quite a sensation in London. Harry Fern and company will appear in John P. Hymers' one-act comedy drama "Veterans." Comedy and pathos alternate through the sketch. Page, Hack and Mack, comedy equilibrists, will accomplish a series of remarkable stunts. Madame Donald-Ayer, prima donna of the Boston Grand Opera Co., will be heard in new numbers. Stuart Barnes and the Crisps will close their engagements with this bill, as will also the famous Oriental danseuse Roshanara.

Orient Girls at Pantages

Next week's holiday offering at Pantages is headed by the alluring oriental spectacle "Girls from the Orient." There are several pretty show girls in the production which embraces a comedy villain and a couple of female detectives. John and Mae Burke will offer their rollicking musical skit entitled "The Ragtime Soldier" which gives Burke an opportunity to display his talents on the piano. Other splendid acts will be shown by the four Portia sisters, flexible gymnasts; Florence Syer, the versatile singer; Les Morgan and Bernyce Grey in Willard Mack's one act "Just Married;" Naomi, the dancing violinist; and several other good acts. The second installment of the Pathe serial "The Red Circle" will also be shown.

GLADSTONE STORIES

In a recent lecture called "Recollections of Books and Authors," Mr. John Murray, of London, told a number of interesting stories of famous people. Here are two about Gladstone:

When Schliemann had returned from his expedition to Mycenae he said to my father, "Would Mr. Gladstone write a preface for my book?" My father asked Gladstone to do so. Gladstone said, "Well, I am intensely interested in this. But I am not a scholar or archaeologist by profession. I will only write a preface on condition that a scholar and archaeologist are appointed as umpires in case any dispute should arise between Schliemann and myself." The only dispute which arose was about the Greek word Kuauos, which Gladstone translated "bronze." Schliemann was in a terrible state about this. My father said:—"You must not worry yourself. It has only to be referred to the umpires. You have both to submit to them." The umpires both decided against Gladstone; but he refused to change the word.

On my father's death Gladstone called on me. In my father's library were revised copies of Sir Robert Peel's speeches. It was Peel's custom, when he had made a great speech, to have it republished as a pamphlet. For this purpose the newspaper report was pasted on foolscap, and Peel then made corrections and additions in writing on so extensive a scale that little of the original speech was left. Gladstone, examining these foolscap pages, said: "Did Peel really do that. I am astonished at it. I wonder how he reconciled it with his conscience. I don't think I ever did such a thing in my life." A short time afterwards, in going over my father's books, I found Gladstone's speech on the Jewish Disabilities Bill treated in precisely the same way.

Some men lose interest in the bond of matrimony.

The woman who marries a spoilt man ought not to complain if, as a natural result, she experiences difficulty in keeping him.

BALLAD OF FRENCH RIVERS

Of streams that men take honor in
  The Frenchman looks to three,
And each one has for origin
  The hills of Burgundy.
And each has known the quivers
  Of blood and tears and pain—
O gallant bleeding rivers,
  The Marne, the Meuse, the Aisne.

Says Marne: "My poplar fringes
  Have felt the Prussian tread,
The blood of brave men tinges
  My banks with lasting red;
Let others ask due credit,
  But France has me to thank;
Von Kluck himself has said it:
  I turned the Boche's flank!"

Says Meuse: "I claim no winning,
  No glory on the stage,
Save that, in the beginning,
  I strove to save Liege.
Alas that Frankish rivers
  Should share such shame as mine—
In spite of all endeavors
  I flow to join the Rhine!"

Says Aisne: "My silver shallows
  Are salter than the sea,
The woe of Rheims still hallows
  My endless tragedy.
Of rivers rich in story
  That run through green Champagne,
In agony and glory,
  The chief am I, the Aisne!"

Now there are other waters
  That Frenchmen all hold dear—
The Rhone, with many daughters,
  That runs so icy clear;
There's Moselle, deep and winy,
  There's Loire, Garonne, and Seine,
But, oh, the valiant, tiny
  Marne and Meuse and Aisne!

—Christopher Morley.

One and one make two,
  And if those two should marry,
Ain't it queer, that in a year,
  It's two—and one to carry.

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The Santa Anita Rancho

(Continued from Page 14.)

finest navels, Valencias and bloods of the South. There are also Eureka lemons and Marsh seedless grape fruits. In deciduous fruits the Rancho is as rich as in citrus. There are 125 acres of peaches; thirty of apricots; twenty of olives; and also an abundance of pears, plums, cherries, persimmons and apples. There are twenty acres of twelve-year-old English walnuts. The Rancho's walnuts are in great demand.

The Rancho has sixty acres in alfalfa, and preparations are under way to plant 200 acres more. Six cuttings, averaging a ton and a half to the acre are obtained yearly. The crop is fed to the horses, cows and hogs raised on the Rancho. The corn field is of sixty-five acres, and its yield goes for the fattening of mules and hogs. Much of this corn is used for seed by other ranchers.

In buildings Mrs. Baldin's is a model rancho. There are throughout the vast acreage a score of modern, reinforced concrete buildings, fireproof to the last degree, scientifically ventilated, sanitary and electric lighted. The mission style of architecture prevails. There are at ordinary times 200 men employed on the Rancho, and their quarters speak the last word in comfort and convenience. They are located near the various points of importance so that constant care of the manifold interests of the Rancho is comparatively easy.

The housing of the horses, as might be imagined, is ideal. The stalls have concrete feed boxes, running water, electric lights and other comforts unusual in stables. The same thoroughness marks the housing of the cattle, the dogs, the pigs, etc. The Rancho has its own hospital with a veterinary surgeon in charge.

Part of this famous Rancho—several thousand acres—has been subdivided and put on the market for farms and homes. Owing to the fertility of the deep, rich soil, the farm lands are not to be surpassed for fruit, vines, hay, grain, berries, vegetables; and the water facilities are unequalled.

Santa Anita Rancho is supplied with water for irrigation purposes, when such is required, by reservoir and pump. There are four reservoirs on the ranch, one big one holding 5,000,000 gallons, two holding 3,000,000 gallons each, and another holding 1,000,000 gallons. These are used more as an auxiliary system to the six pumps which have a capacity of 500 miner's inches a minute, more than an adequate supply for all ordinary purposes. Conveying this water about the ranch is a pipe system containing more than 20 miles of pipe, besides numerous concrete conduits and ditches.

That portion subdivided for homes has the advantage of possessing in abundance the great oaks of which I have spoken already. These home sites are in great demand among Californians and easterners, and the time is soon coming when the great Rancho Santa Anita will dominate a paradise peopled with the most desirable sort of home-owners. That is part of Anita Baldwin's dream, part of the wonderful work she is doing for the State of California and in memory of her father.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 12.)

the brow, had departed on a greater adventure than war.

"That brave lad from Brittany, who begged that his operation be postponed until after he had heard me sing, where is he?"

"Alas," the surgeon would answer, "he died on the table. You see, he had been shot through the stomach, and there was little chance for him."

Anna Held went also to the depots where the wounded were received on their arrival in Paris from the front. She saw them taken from the cars, hundreds of them, one after the other, "like bread taken from the oven," as she expresses it. And she went to the barracks where the soldiers waited to entrain for the fighting line. She sang there, too, mounting the mess tables and dancing and singing up and down among the dishes. But always there were the hospitals to be visited day after day, night after night, the hospitals where terrible pain gripped the soldiers and it was a work of mercy to divert their minds for a few minutes from the torture that racked them. Madame Held, in talking of this, returns again and again to their bravery. If they cry out it is because nature is too powerful to be resisted. All of them wish to return to the fighting line. They think only of the day of recovery when they may resume their places in the trenches. Those only are downcast who have learned that they may not return. Madame Held carried on her work of mercy not only in Paris, but also in Deauville, Trouville, Havre and other towns of the Normandy coast, for all France is full of hospitals today. At Havre she and the actresses who accompanied her were received with great public honor and were lodged in a great chateau, a chateau which had been prepared for the King of the Belgians when it was thought he might have to quit his native soil. They dined there on plates of gold.

"And that hurt me," says Anna Held, "for I could not eat from golden plates when I thought of the poor wounded soldiers."

The ordinary theatregoer thinks of Anna Held as a frivolous artist who has cultivated frivolity and made it pay. And indeed there is a great deal of frivolity to the Anna Held we see behind the footlights. Off the stage she is different. Vivacious, sparkling and all that she may be, but there is also a deep seriousness in her. This has been revealed by the war, revealed and accentuated. That greatest experience of modern times has touched her closely. She has had a share in it, a share in the nobility of it. She has been tried and not found wanting. No wonder she is more beautiful today than ever before—good deeds have made her happier than ever before.

Teacher—Why did Eve eat the apple?

Small Girl—They are equally good for the alimentary canal and the complexion, ma'am!

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The Christmas Truce

(Continued from Page 11.)

weary of hatred and slaughter and desired friendship and peace as men desire health when they are sick?

If we, non-combatants, talked of the war like that officer we should be called cowards or sentimentalists. It would be said that we were trying to discourage recruiting, that we, in the safety of our studies, were pretending that all our soldiers' courage and self-sacrifice were mere foolishness; that it was easy for us not to hate the Germans whose wickedness we had never seen. But now our soldiers, who are not in armchairs and who have seen the wickedness of the Germans, yet refuse to hate them; and is there any reason why we should be more irreconcilable than the men who are fighting for us and who know our enemies better than we do? We have a suspicion that the author of the famous Hymn of Hatred wrote it in an armchair and that, as he wrote, he was thinking more of the splendor of his own emotions than of any facts about the English known to him. But the men who fight have no time to enjoy the splendor of their emotions and no need to advertise their patriotism. They know better than we do the danger which England has to face, because they are facing it. They know what they are fighting for, and for that very reason they do not need to nerve themselves with hatred for the fight. For us, in our studies and armchairs, it is a war only between a good cause and a bad one; but for them, who make the war, it is also a war between men, and their enemies are not, for them, blackened by the darkness of their cause. They see that these German soldiers suffer like themselves; that in the reality of suffering they are freed from the illusions which sway their rulers; that they do not glorify war, but desire peace and friendship, and would at one word of command forget all the nonsense they have been taught about the destiny of Germany and enjoy the peace and friendship they desire.

That word will not be spoken yet. The Christmas truce was only a prophecy of what will be when men have learnt wisdom from their own hearts.

A Love Feast

(Continued from Page 10.)

"Ah, madam, is it true?"

"Really, they have touched me. You will publish them?"

"Never."

"What, never? You will conceal them from the public."

"It is enough for me that you have read them."

"That is almost a declaration, sir," she cried; "your poems are all of love!"

I remained voiceless, but my eyes were so eloquent that the princess had to lower hers.

"Ah, sir poets," she resumed, "what beautiful loves you have in your heads!"

"In our heads!" I cried. "Ah, madam, be persuaded that one never talks well of love except from his heart, and if I were a woman it seems to me that I could not be deceived."

The subject of conversation was not of a nature to make me find the time long. We reached the avenue d'Eylau as by enchantment. The carriage entered the courtyard and I helped the princess to leave it. I kept her little hand in mine as we went up the stairs, a vast staircase, mysterious like a temple, and covered with carpet where our footfalls made no sound. We had talked of nothing but love, and I was so full of my subject, I expressed myself with so much warmth, that a sweet intimacy was not slow to establish itself between us. We had ascended a dozen steps and found ourselves under the light of the candelabra when the young lady stopped.

"Then," she said in a low voice, "you, too, you love me?"

"That love is all my life, madam!"

"It is easy to say that one loves—but, the proof?"

"The proof?"

I still held the hand of the princess, who looked into my eyes as if to read my soul.

"Yes," she repeated, "the proof."

Had I the time to improvise an ardent plea, to tell her all I felt, to multiply words? It was impossible. I was wildly excited; a brilliant idea crossed my mind. And then her eyes were so alluring! Yielding to the irresistible temptation I caught her in my arms, and, for an instant, my lips sought hers.

At last they met! Oh, that was a kiss of despair; a supreme kiss wherein I seemed to lose my life! It was no longer the princess palpitating in my strong arms, but the beloved woman who thrilled at my touch and whose soul I drank. I do not know how long it lasted; we whirled upon the steps.

Then I saw the princess clinging to the gilded railing, very pale, her eyes closed. She held one hand on her breast and seemed no longer to breathe. As for me, I trembled like a criminal. When she opened her eyes she frowned at first,

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then her face softened and I saw that she tried to smile.

"You use singular arguments," she said in a light tone, from which it was impossible to divine what was passing in her mind.

At this moment we heard the sound of a door some one opened. The princess' waiting-maid came to tell her mistress that many callers awaited her.

They were Madame Gravier de Miret and her three big bachelor sons, the handsome Duke de Maules, the little Vicomte de Vombelles and the lively Marquise de Musirolles. The latter ran to embrace the princess.

"Ah, my dear," said she, "you did not expect to find such a large court. Nobody wanted to go without having seen you."

The princess would not allow them to depart immediately, and, with her bewitching grace began to chat, saying all the time the prettiest things.

I was very little acquainted with this brilliant company, and the lovers of the princess especially cast upon me stealthy looks, full of defiance and jealousy. But I paid no attention to them nor to the conversation, interesting as it was, because a small personage to whom I had not yet been presented, was all the time causing me the most cruel alarm. This was Monsieur Bonbon, the princess' little dog, a griffin of pedigree, a rare and marvelous beast as large as my two fists though he cost the price of an ox. It is inconceivable to what extent these little animals, reared in opulence, can become foppish and ridiculously vain. There is something of the vulgar upstart in their small heads. When I first entered he sprang from the armchair where he was coddling himself in soft drowsiness and came straight to me, eyeing me from head to foot, showing by most expressive grimaces the disdain and astonishment inspired by a visitor so ill-dressed. "Why do they admit people of that sort?" he seemed to say. Then, running around me, he gave a long growl, which doubtless contained all the abusive language that a dog could utter to a man. My boots, above all, appeared to him monstrous. He touched them with the tip of his paw, smelled of them with a disgusted air, and carried his insolence so far as to pretend to sneeze. At last he turned his back on me and walked off, stopping now and then to look sideways at me. It was plain that he would have me thrown out at the door if he had been able. Hoping that Monsieur Bonbon would cease his impertinences I took a seat. He was placed on the knees of his mistress, and indifferent to the caresses of the pretty hand that patted him, he gave me ugly glances that did not alarm me. Alas, he had other malice in store for me. Presently he raised his head, his nostrils dilated right and left, he gave a series of little sniffs as if he inhaled an unaccustomed odor.

"What is the matter with him now?" I asked myself uneasily. Then a subtle emanation surrounded me. Gradually the scent became stronger and more noticeable. Suddenly I comprehended the frightful truth. The fried potatoes I had in the pocket of my coat were tainting the drawing-room. No words could express the anguish into which this discovery plunged me. I might hope that the delicate people around me would not suspect the truth, but Monsieur Bonbon was not to be deceived. Whether he was allured by the odor and merely yielded to his greediness, or in his ill-nature took a spiteful pleasure in denouncing me, the detestable dog leaped to the floor and bounded toward me. Then, standing on his hind legs, he sniffed at me from every side until he had discovered the pocket of provisions, upon which he made a desperate attack.

I tried to seize him; he escaped me. I tried to push him away with my foot. I pulled my chair back; lost pains. The foolish little beast was determined to see what I had in my pocket, and nothing could make him abandon that idea. It was necessary to take a heroic stand. I rose, and, bringing under me the dangerous skirt containing the rest of my dinner, I sat down on it both to shelter it from the enterprising Monsieur Bonbon and stifle the betraying perfume.

Then my ferocious persecutor jumped on a neighboring chair and yelped with fury. After that he began to scratch my thigh with his forepaws as if he intended to disrobe me.

"How I would like to poison you," I said mentally, looking at the accursed brute with a sinister eye. General attention was attracted to me. I was in a mortal fright.

"What can ail little Bonbon?" the princess had already been asking. She came to my side to take him.

"Now she will smell the fried potatoes," I thought, becoming scarlet.

For a moment I had an idea of making a wild flight. But already everybody was rising.

"Wait a moment," the princess begged her friends. "I want you to hear my Russian romance." And coming to me with the music in her hand she said with her irresistible grace: "Pray, sir, sing a verse; you will give me the greatest pleasure."

She herself placed the music on the rack and I sat down at the piano. It was a melancholy popular song that I had learned during my stay in Russia, and, desirous of pleasing, I sang it with all my sensibility.

There was a general fluttering murmur; my slight voice had moved all hearts. I was triumphant—when I felt myself disturbed by a tugging and pulling at my coat. Aware that Monsieur Bonbon was renewing his hostilities, I turned quickly, but it was already too late.

The infernal animal had had time to rummage in my pocket and had dragged out the horn-of-plenty! Now he held it in his tiny jaws, and, shaking it violently, scattered the fried potatoes on all sides on the carpet!

Overwhelmed with confusion, I remained dumbfounded—a veil before my eyes, a ringing in my ears. I had a vague sense that there were exclamations of surprise and ill-suppressed laughs. Then there was a general retreat. Alone with the princess, I rose and made some unsteady steps toward the door. She stopped me.

"You will dine with me?" she asked in a voice sweetly earnest.

This last blow finished me. Could she not understand that at such a moment an invitation to dine resembled a charity? I wanted to speak, but I was suffocating.

As she drew nearer, I turned my head away to conceal from her the tears in my eyes, and I rushed away, overcome with shame and grief.

I lived in a pretty little room in the top story of a high house. That is where I went to abandon myself to despair. I flung myself on my bed, crushed under the breaking up of my dreams. The dreadful idea that I had been ridiculous before the woman I loved was continually crossing my mind. Now the princess knew both my misery and my love. That kiss I had stolen from her upon the stairs she might otherwise have been able to pardon, but how allow such audacity on the part of a man who carried his dinner in his coat pocket? For half an hour I sought vainly for a little relief to my chagrin, and with sorrowful soul I was looking upon the future as a black immensity without stars, when there came a gentle knocking at my door.

I started. Then sending the visitor to the infernal regions I went to open the door, resolved quickly to get rid of the importunate person.

But as soon as I saw the newcomer I drew back in amazement.

"You!" I cried.

"Yes."

"You, princess; you here?"

She appeared much moved, and her voice trembled.

"Yes," she said with a divine smile. "You would not dine with me. I have come to dine with you."

"To dine!"

With this exclamation I looked about me vaguely imagining that since the princess was in my quarters it would be no more marvelous to see my attic transform itself into a banquet hall.

"Do not be uneasy," she continued, "foreseeing

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that you would be unprepared for my visit I have brought all that is necessary."

It was not until then that I noticed she had something in her hands, and, again wounded in my pride, I frowned in abominable fashion.

"Oh! I beg of you," said she, very humbly and very sweetly, "don't be vexed, don't send me away; let me satisfy a caprice." Then going to the table she unfolded a large newspaper. "See!" said she.

I uttered a cry of surprise. She had brought nothing but a horn-of-plenty filled with fried potatoes.

"I know very well," said the gracious woman, "it is the dinner of a poet and that I am unworthy; but this time the Muses may allow me to take part."

I threw myself upon my knees and covered her hand with kisses. "Oh! how I love you!" I sighed.

"Nonsense! Get up and lay the table-cloth, I am dying of hunger."

I could not believe in so much happiness. "You, you, princess—It is really you!"

She took off her hat and cloak. "It is very nice here; you must have a superb view. I should like it here myself, if they would let me live so."

"You want to make me crazy?"

She went and came lightly as a bird, touching everything with infantine curiosity.

"You know," said she suddenly, "the Marquis de Musirolles has often begged me to give him Bonbon—well, tonight I sent the dog to him." And without giving me time to speak: "Will you allow me to open that closet? Napkins, good; that is all I wanted—don't disturb yourself." With adorable gravity she spread a napkin on the table and opened the cornucopia which contained the fried potatoes.

"Please, princess, let that be."

"Not at all, I am going to keep house."

"You will soil your dress." Possessed by I know not what demon of coquetry, she cast aside a lace shawl and revealed her beautiful bare shoulders and arms. What a radiant apparition! Transfigured by the light of her dazzling charms the exquisite creature seemed to me to be endowed with supernatural loveliness. I clasped my hands in a transport of admiration, and, with beating heart and eyes rolling in ecstasy, I was about to pour forth my love when she put her little hand over my mouth. "I know it, I know it," said she, "it is why I came. Tell me, where are the glasses?"

"The glasses? I have but one."

"But one!—oh! oh!" Then, with a gesture of contempt, "Bah!"

Having found out that the pitcher was full of pure water she placed it beside the glass and assuming a satisfied air "There!" she cried, "I have forgotten nothing. Come then, all is ready."

She flung herself upon the sofa and at once, with the mien of a gourmand, daintily dipped her slender, pink fingers into the fried potatoes and began to eat, crunching them as if she had never tasted anything more delicious. I sat down beside her and imitated her.

"Do you know that I bought them myself?"

"You, princess!"

She tried to imitate the manner of the shopkeeper, but ended in a wild burst of laughter. Then, having poured the large glass full of water, she drank half and offered me the rest.

"Drink," said she, "drink!" I emptied the glass with one draught and resumed my absorbed contemplation of the beautiful creature.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked.

"I am intoxicated."

"Already! Gracious! What will it be when we have finished the pitcher? Come, eat."

"I am eating," I said, devouring her with my eyes.

"Come, be wise, it is necessary to dine," she replied.

But it took us not less than four hours to finish our fried potatoes.

Oh! the delicious feast!

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LEAD DASH WEIGHTS, ETC., ETC.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

AGREEMENT, made and entered into between M. I. SOMMERS and R. J. HERTS.

WITNESSETH:

WHEREAS, the parties hereto have heretofore been engaged in the general and outdoor advertising business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of SOMMERS and HERTS, and

WHEREAS, the parties hereto desire this day to dissolve said partnership,

NOW, THEREFORE this agreement WITNESSETH:

First: That said partnership is this day by mutual consent hereby dissolved.

Second: The said M. I. SOMMERS does hereby assume and agree to pay all the obligations, debts and liabilities of every kind whatsoever, now or which may hereafter become due in connection with said partnership business.

Third: The said R. J. HERTS in consideration of the assumption of all of said obligations by said Sommers, does hereby sell, assign and transfer unto the said M. I. SOMMERS all of his interest in and to the partnership business and all of his right, title and interest in and to all outstanding accounts, contracts, leases and property of every kind and nature belonging to or used in or intended to be used in connection with the aforesaid business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals at San Francisco, California, this 2nd day of December, 1915.

(Seal) M. I. SOMMERS,
(Seal) R. J. HERTS.

LOUIS H. BROWNSTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
San Francisco, Cal. 12-19-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE S. ROSENTHAL, deceased.

CERF ROSENTHAL,
Administrator of the estate of Minnie S. Rosenthal, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

NORMAN A. EISNER,
Attorney for Administrator,
344-345 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2449.

Ten Cent Documentary Revenue Stamp Cancelled.

The undersigned William S. Van Cott, residing at number 1950 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of W. S. Van Cott & Co., that the principal place of business of said W. S. Van Cott & Co., is situated at number 440 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is William S. Van Cott; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated: December 2, 1915.

WILLIAM S. VAN COTT.
W. S. VAN COTT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On the 2nd day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, A. K. DAGGETT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared William S. Van Cott, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. K. DAGGETT,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed December 9, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. 12-18-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 69821.

JULIA GREGORY, Plaintiff, vs. CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CORWIN I. GREGORY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's having for more than one year, last past, immediately preceding the filing of her complaint willfully and without cause deserted and abandoned plaintiff; also for care, custody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to-wit: Vivian Gregory and Rose Gregory, and alimony, counsel fees and costs of suit; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68344, Dept. No. 16.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of Hope A. Britting, also known as Hope A. Breutting, deceased; JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the amended complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: JESSICA M. JACKSON, as distributee of the estate of Wm. E. Jackson, deceased; and JESSICA M. JACKSON, individually; JANE DOE BLACK, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and JANE DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said amended complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. ROSE and BRUCE GLIDDEN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
614 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 70203.

LILLIAN E. BERGES, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOSEPH H. BERGES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's cruelty and intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WILSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
2536 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal. 12-18-1

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Never before was money so easy in the last month of the year. The financial position of the whole country is stronger than ever before, because we have been doing an enormous business at home and abroad and the banking resources have been mobilized with the help of the Federal Reserve banks. We have been flooded with gold, but it is not the possession of surplus gold that has made the country so strong financially. We have had panics when there was plenty of gold in the country, but the gold now accumulated in a scientific way is large enough and will not be frittered away or hoarded even if some new shock of war should disturb public confidence. In spite of easy money, record breaking exports and trade balances, and railroads congested with freight and earning more than ever before, with steel and other mills running at full capacity, and a genuine boom in domestic trade throughout the country, the stock market did not behave well last week and the bears had the best of it. Wall Street is temporarily under a cloud because Congress is in session, our diplomatic relations with two of the belligerent powers are strained, and the public is staying out of the market. President Wilson can no longer control the situation. Any member of Congress can introduce a resolution to sever diplomatic relations with any other Power. Congress alone has authority to declare war and Wall Street is afraid that we will be brought nearer to it by Congress. Investors and speculators should never overlook the fact that the stock market finally reflects actual conditions. Everything is so favorable that good securities should be more attractive than they appear to be just now. The chances are all in favor of expansion of domestic and foreign trade and will establish prosperity for all industries. The tariff will be the issue, but it will not affect trade until peace is restored. The tariff of customs is not likely to be reduced, which is something on which to base calculations.

Wheat—The wheat market has shown wonderful resistance to all bearish news, and at the close of the week, prices are at the highest on the crop. It does appear strange that in the face of staggering receipts such as are now reported in the Northwest, the statistical showing at primary accumulating points should show bullishly. It would seem that the world's crop of wheat is either afloat or upon wheels, and it is a question whether it will ever appear in the official visible as last year. A greater part of the grain at the seaboard—and the volume is incalculable—is sold to foreigners, who are turning heaven and earth to procure vessel room, and as we understand the situation, regardless of the price of carriage. That they will succeed goes without saying, for there is strong necessity behind the effort and compulsion has never been associated with failure. That volume of wheat which is filling the elevators and storehouses from Maine to Mexico will move sooner or later, and the grain now congesting Buffalo will fill its place, and at the expense of stocks further West, for the great aim is to get it into a position to move quickly. Europe is watching developments with an eagle eye and sees the tendency everywhere to abridge next year's production. In Canada and the United States it is officially reported as important, not including the losses through climatic and insect depredations. She also notes the lowered estimates in Australia, in Argentina and India, and the growing possibilities of higher freights and greater vessel scarcity. Under these conditions, is it to be wondered that she is providing for the future from our abundance? We see but one outcome for wheat, which is a gradual hardening of prices and ultimately higher levels.

Corn—The shorts are awakening to the fact that the day of reckoning is near at hand, and that the farmer is showing no disposition to assist in filling their December contracts. The arrivals are astonishingly light, considering the necessity of marketing the immense amount of soft grain, and the same policy may be pursued in the holding of wheat as in September. That there is considerable shortage is apparent in the urgent pit demand for the near-by month The public seems not to have taken much stock in the Government figures of over 3,000,000,000 bushels, for on every hand is heard the prediction of much higher prices than have yet been seen on this crop. We should not advise, however, purchases of May until the effects of the first movement from first hands is determined. After a 20c advance, declines are in order, especially if the movement materializes.

Cotton—The maket has been depressed through fear of a break with Austria. While there is no good reason for this causing cotton to decline, the sentimental effect was bearish, and Wall Street firms not only sold out long cotton but some of them advised the short side and gave a lot of stale bear arguments why prices should work lower. The Government ginning figures were 10,303,000 bales ginned up to December 15th. This was construed as bearish, as it forecasted a slightly larger crop than they estimated last week, which was 11,135,000 exclusive of linters. The professional element in New York are all bearish and of course are against the market. The foreign situation overshadows everything, and with advancing freight rates and very little available freight room, our exports are quite small. Receipts of cotton were somewhat larger last week, and this caused some hedge selling, as well as some speculative selling, by the South. We advise the purchase of July contracts before January 1st, as we expect a better market after the Holidays.

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets	$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.
For the 6 months ending June 30, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased.—No. 19862; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE L. McINTYRE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Lent & Humphrey, Room 428, Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine L. McIntyre, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, 1915.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.—No. 19885; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, Attorney-at-Law, 900-907 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PHILIP HENRY HICKS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY HICKS,
Executor of the estate of Philip Henry Hicks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Executor,
900-907 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69542.

SADIE A. McNEIL, Plaintiff, vs. LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LEO M. McNEIL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

H. D. GILDMACHER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.—No. 19958

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Jas. M. Shields, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOWARD EVERETT, deceased.

SAMUEL J. LEE,
Executor of the estate of Ellen Howard Everett, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

JAS. M. SHIELDS,
Attorney for Executor,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 68185; Dept. 10.

GERTRUDE JEANETTE HARMON, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER DOYLE HARMON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of September, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WEINMANN & CUNHA,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, Deceased.—No. 19905; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, E. R. BOSSHART, Administrator of the estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of L. M. Hoefler, Room 903 California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of F. W. SCHLUTTER, deceased.

E. R. BOSSHART,
Administrator of the estate of F. W. Schlutter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 4th, 1915.

L. M. HOEFLER,
Attorney for Administrator,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, Deceased.—No. 19,916; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the undersigned Executor at his law office, No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BLANCHE ANNA HUSSON, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.
Executor of the last will and testament of Blanche Anna Husson, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4th, A. D. 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELE AMOS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WILLIAM HENRY AMOS, as Executor of the last will and testament of ADELE AMOS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Henry Ach, Room 710 in the Flatiron Building, No. 544 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ADELE AMOS, deceased.

WILLIAM HENRY AMOS,
As Executor of the last will and testament of Adele Amos, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1915.

HENRY ACH, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
544 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-12-5

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